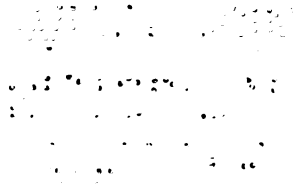


# THE COMING AGE

EDITED BY  
B. O. FLOWER  
AND  
MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

VOL. III



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Yours Truly  
Mrs. C. K. Rejlander



# THE COMING AGE

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1900

No. 1



## "SAG HARBOR:" A STUDY OF MR. HERNE'S DRAMA OF REAL LIFE AND ITS ETHICAL ASPECTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

The power, influence, and inspiration of a play, like the power, influence, and inspiration of real life, lie first in its purpose, its tone of morality, whether pure and elevating or otherwise, and secondly in the manner in which the actors express this purpose.

Judged by the first principle, we should call "Sag Harbor" a powerful play. Its inspiration for good seizes us at the beginning and remains indelibly impressed on heart and brain after the curtain falls and the lights are out; and we go home with keener insight, higher aspirations, and deeper sympathy. Its powerful purpose, pure and elevating, is not hidden (save as all human feeling is a mystery until revealed in action) to be guessed at, but appears in the first act and is held persistently until the drop falls at the close.

If the perfection of art is to conceal art, then it has this second claim to merit, because each actor lives so vividly and naturally before you that you cannot by any

possibility separate him from the part he plays.

The problem which the orphan in "Sag Harbor" has to solve is not an isolated case and one which might appear at Sag Harbor only, but one that may present itself to the spoiled darling of the millionaire as well, and does present itself in homes of every grade and lives of every degree, for the reason that love, marriage, wifehood, motherhood are masonic passwords that unite women in true sisterhood in all countries of the earth and in all conditions of life.

The question of making a choice between two men who love her, or present themselves as suitors for her hand, confronts the maiden in the cottage and the heiress in her palatial home, and true womanhood is revealed in that choice very similarly in these extreme degrees of life.

Our first interest is awakened when the magic word is spoken by Captain Dan that startles Ben Turner and sends the blood

to his cheek and brow, strong man that he is, and we hear the ring of the genuine metal in the tones of his voice as he questions the captain in regard to the revelation he is making to him that Martha loves him and wears his portrait in her bosom, "which is next thing to wearing him."

We get in sympathy with this strong, honest Ben from the moment he pronounces Martha's name, and we wait impatiently for this orphan child who has grown up in his heart to make her appearance. We see her come tripping in with Frank's letter in her hand, and watch every movement with jealous eye to see whether she responds to this brave love as it deserves. We hear the fluttering of her heart, those of us who have had our own to flutter thus, as she listens to his words, and in her ignorance leads him on to the confession we want so much to hear,—the old, old story, ever new when it falls from a brave lover's lips. We know now the secret in her heart; we see that 'tis not his portrait that is nestled in her bosom the moment he mentions Frank's name. We see her pain, we feel it, but we are so glad that she has not read him the letter or shown him the picture that would have sealed his lips and made his strong heart bleed instead of hers. We understand her better, far better, than she understands herself. While she tears at the fatal picture in her bosom, which she unconsciously drops at his feet, two loves, as unlike as the two brothers are unlike, struggle within her heart,—the boy, the man—the playmate and the kind, good, fatherly friend who for this first moment is glorified into the lover. Ben's confession of love is perfection, and Martha is not acting, but living her part. We know he means what he says when he promises to do all his courting after marriage. She cannot resist him even though her heart-strings are torn by that boyish hand that has so lately penned words of love that have filled her mind with wild dreams of which he is the hero and the king. No true woman can look unmoved upon the picture,—her sufferings and Ben's anxious face, so unconscious of the true cause of her emotion. We are glad when she runs away, promis-

ing to give her answer to-morrow, but our hearts are with him as he stands and gazes after her and asks Captain Dan, "Do all women cry when the man they love asks them to be his wife?" But the climax of that act is reached when Captain Dan has picked up the portrait from the ground where she had dropped it,—his look of sorrow, regret, and compassion as he gazes upon it and sees that it is not Ben's face, and Ben's look of misery when he recognizes it as his younger brother Frank, and says, "I see now why she cried." We forget Martha, we forget Frank, and give all our sympathy to Ben. Not that we do not feel sorry that it has all happened so on their account, but they are really of no moment as compared with Ben, because we feel by this freemasonry of love just how it will end with Martha and Frank.

Captain Dan's words to Whitmarsh rouse us, and the curtain drops on a striking tableau that is serio-comic.

In the second scene Frank and Martha appear; he asks how it came about, and she relates the circumstances. We see their misery, but we know it is merely as though two children playing at the harbor that they were man and wife had been called in and forbidden to play at lovers again. They think just now the whole world has come to an end, and that there is no more joy in life for them, since their life-long game is broken up. But we see a deeper sorrow in Ben's set face when he speaks with them.

We hear his manly words to his brother and Martha when he offers to make the sacrifice; we see with joy the frightened look that comes into Martha's face at his words, and we congratulate ourselves upon our wise penetration from the start. We can understand it all with that handsome Frank sitting there before us in his youth and manly beauty, a moment before so bright and courageous and confident, now trembling with the emotion he strives so hard to conceal. We do feel sorry for him, but we still hold on to Ben as the rightful and deserved possessor of Martha's hand and heart. Frank, the boy lover, successful at this climax, would cease to hold our interest and admiration, and become an object of our indignation,



MR. JAMES A. HERNE AS CAPTAIN DAN MARBLE  
IN "SAG HARBOR."

and Martha would dwindle into a weak Emmy in "Vanity Fair." No; we are encouraging Martha with all our moral support to be true to her womanhood and thus true to Ben. We would not love her so and uphold her if she did not cling tenderly to Frank, and involuntarily reach out her arms to him and follow him with loving eyes; but we hold on to Ben, and keep telling her it is natural that she should thus cherish her old playfellow, but that she really loves Ben. It's the tenderness of a true woman's heart to love Frank with that kind of love, but we are proud of her when she answers Ben, and we eagerly, impatiently long to see them married. Frank is very lovable; we admit that, and we know it took strength of character to make the decision she has done in favor of the staid elder brother with that impulsive youth vowing his love, and looking his misery, and striving so hard to conquer both, and telling her it is a sin to love one man and marry another. But she remembers the dream, and tells him how his mother had come to her in that dream and put her hand in Ben's. Frank says, in a bitter tone, "Mother never knew me; I was only a month old when mother died." Then he tells her how he had cried when he returned to the town the day before, the first time since he bade her good-by; but Martha is firm and Ben is accepted. This whole scene is beautiful and touching, and so true to life that the heart feels actual pain in its awakened sympathy with the three.

But when we hear Ben vow he "has loved Martha ever since he first held her a little child in his arms," and again, "Martha, I want you if you can come to me of your own free will; you owe me nothing," we rejoice to hear her say, "I come to you of my own free will; I want to be your wife." We are happy, and at Ben's warm grasp of poor Frank's hand, as he says, "I've been a fool, Frank," we congratulate him again.

The champagne scene, where the health of the prospective bride is drunk, is so admirably handled as to teach a good lesson and strengthen the purpose of the play. If the parties had become more interesting, if their good qualities were ex-

cited, we might see something objectionable; but Freeman Whitmarsh passes through all the progressive stages of intoxication so admirably,—from the heavy stupor that settles over him, the thickened speech and senseless words, the fishy eye and maudlin expression,—that we see him stung by the serpent in the glass before us and recoil as he drains the unfinished glass that Martha has put down. Elizabeth Ann for the time loses interest to us, begins to leer and look silly and sees two Captain Marbles in the picture she holds, and we see before us the baneful influence of this most fascinating of all intoxicants upon the weaker sex. Even Captain Dan for the time loses our favor, as the flush deepens on his face and his smile approaches a silly grin as he steals glances at Elizabeth Ann.

There is a lapse of two years' time between this and the next act, during which two weddings have taken place,—Ben to Martha and Captain Dan to Elizabeth Ann.

Dear old Ben! How we do congratulate him as he sits before the comfortable fire and asks proudly for the "attraction of the house."

What is it? Martha is here, but this is no longer her exclusive claim. Frank carries our curiosity with him as he leaves the room and gratifies us beyond expression when he returns with the baby.

Our hearts warm still more toward the good captain as he takes it in his arms and kisses it and wishes it was theirs, and we see that Elizabeth Ann has forgotten the Book of Genesis as she looks upon him with that baby in his arms and hears him express the wish; and we forgive Elizabeth Ann then and there that little grudge we held against her during the preceding act.

Mrs. Russell has brought to our minds a dozen or more widows all the time. She is superb as she recalls Captain John and the effect of similar interesting family affairs upon him.

The droll humor of Freeman Whitmarsh makes us laugh while tears are starting to our eyes for sympathy with Ben and Frank and Martha, and dear old Captain Dan, always waiting for an opportunity to offer those "apples of gold in pictures of

silver," never for a moment appears anything but the true friend and peacemaker that he is.

William Turner is inimitable, whether he is telling of the qualities of the "Antelope" or reading the local news. We predict for him a great future.

All the while we are uneasy about Martha and Frank, who are playing with edged tools, walking over pitfalls upon loose boards in the home of our good friend Ben. The same scene we realize was recorded in last week's paper or furnished ground for last year's divorce and scandal in the home of wealth in New York, and was repeated on the same plane in Chicago, and again in each of our lesser cities; so we watch Martha solve the problem. Will she redeem her sex as far as in her lies? Will she set a good example or follow a bad one? Surely the heart that decided upon Ben was a true heart, and the head that decided upon Ben was a good one; but the danger lies in her tender heart trying and believing itself able to hold both pictures there,—afraid to wound the boy lover, hoping to make him forget even in her presence; afraid to bear the pain of parting and sending him away "homeless and friendless, fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless," unable to analyze or show him the two separate, distinct loves in her heart and teach him that the best is not his own but her husband's, and that his is another and different kind and quality, but equally as pure. She feels she cannot send him in his sorrow out alone, as she might once have been but for Ben. Oh, mysterious mechanism is the woman's heart! Who can read it save God? No woman reads and analyzes her own heart until she sees it mirrored in another woman. So she goes on till exposure comes, and Ben realizes when he overhears a conversation that he has been deceived.

The blow that has come has fallen heaviest on Ben, as we knew it would; sorrow, shame, anger, pity, love struggle for mastery in his noble heart. His strength has at last failed, and he weakly makes up his mind to leave them. In this supreme moment Martha claims our attention. We look to her to redeem our faith in womanhood, wifehood, motherhood,



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

*Yours sincerely*  
*Julia A. Herne*



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MISS CHRYSTAL HERNE AS JANE CAULDWELL.

and her resolve that, if Ben goes, Frank too shall go, and that she will remain and rear and educate her child, gives her the victory.

We see that the picture is spoiled, the glass stained, the goblet broken. It can never be as though these things had not been. Each realizes this as they all sit there in dumb misery.

Then follow the hot, fierce words of crimination and recrimination between those two brothers that we love so well (yet never doubtful of our choice, and our determination to hold Martha steadfast to him). Then our cup of sorrow is full when Ben thrusts poor Martha aside, even though we see her striving to do what woman never yet has done, and never can do,—reconcile two men who love her, as she clings to one and looks at the other; and we say softly, Oh, if she would veil her eyes! for both men read them wrong. She cannot separate the love in her heart. She is a genuine woman. She cannot cast out the old playfellow without tenderness, for the words of Captain Dan's song are in her heart,—“Fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless, he would go forth.” She simply cannot.

Perhaps the greatest interest is in that silent night before Easter Sunday, when Captain Dan agrees to stay with Ben and Frank, while Martha and the baby are left in the care of his wife. Certainly the Lord has not yet risen in their hearts. There is the weary watch during the night, and the next morning when that look that something has happened is



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MR. W. T. HODGE AS FREEMAN WHITMARSH.

upon everything, even baby freshly toileted in Aunt Elizabeth's arms is hushed by the unnatural stillness. Natural and sympathetic is Captain Dan's answer to

that has strained and taxed his nerves till the youthful blood seems to long for any change that might come to break the unnatural spell. Ben's is a deeper sor-

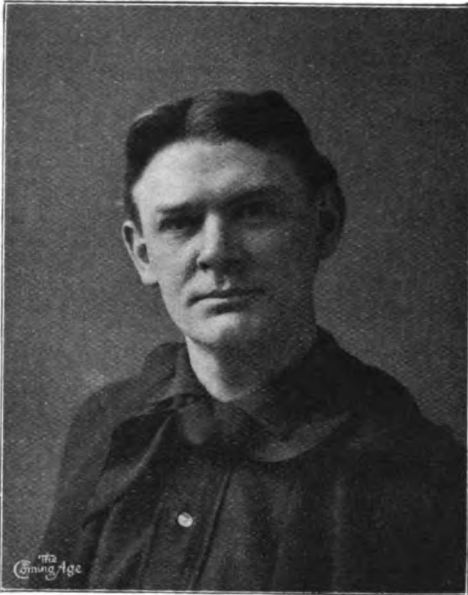


Photo;raphed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MISS CHRYSTAL HERNE AS JANE CAULDWELL.

his wife as to how the brothers had watched mutely the night through, and he had watched them. The cheerful fire, the only cheerful thing in the room, shines on, while Frank sits gloomy in his agony

row, his a real loss,—wife, child, a broken home. Frank,—well, what has Frank really lost? Something he fancied he possessed, but we know it never was his. He has only seen his sweetheart another



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MR. FORREST ROBINSON AS BEN TURNER.

man's wife, and that man his brother, his staid elder brother, and he has brooded over that brother's gain more than his own loss. Captain Dan sees it all the while; and Martha, poor Martha,—what punishment for attempting the impossible! She sits weary, worn, and haggard, glancing now at one, now at the other, as though wondering how and when it will all end.

Good Ben begins it with, "Martha, we parted last night without a kiss, without a good-by;" and she answers, in that spiritless tone of misery, "Yes, Ben."

"Did I push you from me, Martha?" In the same tone, "Yes, you did, Ben. Don't you know you did?"

"I did not know it," he says. "Captain Dan says I did; but, Martha, I did not know it."

He might speak for hours and not say so much. It expresses the misery that had locked up in his frozen, contracted heart all his senses and left him robbed of all that life held dear,—mesmerized by the terrible calamity, stunned beyond capacity to feel or realize, or to be responsible for his words or acts.

Martha radiates in true womanliness now. She does not reproach, she does not recriminate; she simply understands

what he means, and, in that intuitive knowledge, draws us nearer to her as she says:

"I needed you more last night, Ben, than the poor-house baby did."

"I'm sorry I did it, Martha."

"And I am, too."

Frank becomes a hero to us now; for we feel he is really more distressed for them than on his own account, and we love the dear, handsome fellow when he says he guesses it's selfish in him.

Now, as peace begins to dawn, while they listen to Captain Dan relate a hypothetical case, we strain our ears and listen for "the cricket on the hearth." It's there,—we know it's there; why don't it sing?

So they all go out to breakfast, Martha promising Ben and herself that she will find him as himself very soon again; and we greet Jane Cauldwell, the sensible girl who has seen the true state of the case all the while, and has only been patiently waiting until the handsome Frank could lend her his ear long enough to enlist his heart in her own favor. Sensible girl, as he realized.

Charles Dickens, that great reader of humanity, shows in his "Little Dorritt" the stupidity of a woman clinging to the



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MR. SYDNEY BOOTH AS FRANK TURNER.





Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

"I AM GOING TO PRAY TO-NIGHT AS I NEVER PRAYED BEFORE, AND TO-MORROW PERHAPS  
I WILL GIVE YOU MY ANSWER."

thought of a man continuing to love her, or being sentimental, after she was the rightful and undisputed wife of another, even after she was a widow. It's a resentment, as Frank said,—a pique; all of which the sensible Jane understood perfectly well, and so did he when she opened his eyes, and it's all perfectly natural.

The soul of the play is its naturalness, its human interest, which attracts the good in every heart. In an unconventional way we mingle with these simple Sag Harbor people, rejoice in their joy and weep in their grief, and above all recognize the power of a true woman to solve the greatest question that ever confronts her at her own fireside, with her husband and child before her, kept always foremost in her memory. This is the great purpose of Mr. Herne's play, and Martha has set an example for princesses; and Ben and Frank have proved worthy of emulation of all men under similar circumstances.

A great heart throbs beneath it all. It is a creation of a noble, true, and faithful heart, working for the enlightenment and uplifting of the human family, and utilizing that best and most effective of all places to do it—the stage. It is realism idealized, for love, truth, and honor belong equally to all planes of life. The most sacred things are set upon the highest plane, and are made to triumph at Sag Harbor, thus showing that in holding sacred the home and family, and maintaining them in all their purity, true womanhood and noble manhood are united in all countries, in all classes, and sweep away the lines of caste, so far as this great moral and spiritual emotion is concerned. The little child held in its puny hands, in its silent unconscious presence, the destiny of all, for it awakened the highest, noblest feeling that is common to all.

I wish that all women might witness Mr. Herne's play, and see this problem so often a stumbling-block to wife and maiden solved by Martha in the good, old-fashioned way, and dear, impulsive Frank, desperate and chagrined, turning naturally to the first sensible girl who diverts his attention from his wounded vanity, and loving her none the less for this chapter in his life, but honoring all women

more because he had seen one tried come through the fire unscathed. He blesses the woman who saved him from the great pitfall, and is proud to know she is his brother's wife, his own first love, and his worthy sister.

It is certainly a great achievement to write a play suited to all grades of people, all conditions of life, representing a possibility, if not a probability, common to all,—to create the ideal and make it the quickening spirit of the commonplace real.

The closing scene is most impressive and gratifying; and Mr. Herne puts the finishing touch to his marvelous skill in that silent, impressive lesson. Captain Dan leads his wife away; Mrs. Russell sits near the fire, pleasure expressed in every line of her expressive face; Jane sits in the window with Frank, from whose face the lines of sorrow, remorse, and shame are gone, to give place to the manly resignation that already promises more than peace—real earnest happiness; while Ben, himself again, even better, stronger than before, stands at the piano, listening to Martha as she vents her happiness in that song.

And we recall Captain Dan's words to her the night before,—“Angels will fly over Calvary the same as nineteen hundred years ago.” Easter has come to them in the fullness of its true meaning; for the Lord has risen and brought them peace once more.

We cannot compliment the actors too highly. Each is best; each has not only a good voice, but a pleasant voice. The excellent qualities of each impress the listener, the tones being pure, round, full, smooth, clear, sweet, and musical. This purity of tone in an entire company is most remarkable, and the result is most agreeable, for it is audible, and the cadence so perfect that each sentence ends as clearly as it begins.

The expression of each is also excellent, bringing out the meaning in the clearest and most appropriate manner, and the correct and forcible expression of emotion or passion in the accurate impersonation of character. This is accomplished by the fact that each lives his part and expresses his own feelings in the most natural way



"YOU ARE THE BRAVEST AND HANDSOMEST BOY IN THE WORLD, AND I LOVE YOU TEN TIMES MORE THAN EVER."

under the different emotions of grief, anger, and joy. Emphasis is given to each climactic point in every tone, look, posture, gesture, or movement that is necessary to give the full signification intended by the words spoken, and not, as is often the case, chiefly by an increase of vocal force on the words.

Mr. Herne's company realize that nature, left to herself, is the best guide to the right use of the voice, and that the feeling that prompts the utterance is unerring.

Another charm is the directness.

The climax between the two brothers as they angrily face each other, with that awful restraint upon them, vents itself more powerfully in that look and posture than blows. It is superb, and we are reminded of the genius of the elder Booth by the acting of his brilliant nephew.

The apostrophe of Whitmarsh over the champagne, and again at table when Mrs. Russell vainly attempts to draw his attention to herself, is the perfection of art.

Altogether Mr. Herne seems to have drilled his company under the advice of Hamlet: "Let your discretion be your tutor, suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance,—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."

Surely Mr. Herne's pupils have studied and learned from himself, and I know of no better teacher. Nowhere is the strong purpose of the dramatist better brought out than in the acting of his gifted daughter and her lover in the moral climax of the play.

We see Martha facing the great tempter, but never in so frightful a form as when as Ben's wife, he tempts her to write to Frank to return to their home.

The whole picture moves naturally and vividly before us, and the purpose of the play is to strike at the root of the evil that corrupts and disorganizes homes. In his play Mr. Herne forces men and women not only to feel, but to analyze the feelings and emotions that prompt to actions, and to rouse the higher and nobler feelings from first to last. There is a subtle analysis of the case in Captain Dan's story of Eliza Smith and Charley Jones that causes each to pause, and makes



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MRS. SOL SMITH AS MRS. JOHN RUSSELL,  
A WIDOW.

Frank realize and say afterward to Ben, "I am Charley, and Martha is Eliza." He sees that, even if his brother were dead, she could not marry him, and Ben at last sees how it has all occurred,—a mistake caused by lack of judgment in suffering Frank to remain in his home after he and Martha were married.

Mr. Herne has taken a social problem far-reaching as the habitable globe, and has the actors live it before your eyes and in your hearts that you may see and judge wherein the danger lies from beginning to end. He shows that the head and heart that through pure, good motives could choose the elder brother, the strong and long-tried friend, when the time came, could throw aside all weaker loves for him and his child.



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MR. FRANK MONROE AS WILLIAM TURNER.



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MISS GERTRUDE BINLEY AS SUSAN MURPHY.

There are many beautiful and touching incidents in the play so true to life that none but the hand of the true artist could delineate, and that hand moved by a sympathy with every human joy and sorrow has wrought a play that must live and

grow stronger in the affection of the public. Nothing is strained or overdrawn, not an incident that would not occur to those people under the circumstances, and nothing that might not occur to others, to any looker-on.



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MISS JULIE HERNE AS MARTHA REESE.



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MR. C. D. PITT AS GEORGE SALTER.



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.  
MR. W. T. HODGE AS FREEMAN WHITMARSH.

In real life we get but furtive glances at best of other lives, and we judge from the "company manners" and put much stress on what "they say;" but the stage opens the home, lays bare the secrets of the hearts within, and shows us the skeleton



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.  
MISS GERTRUDE BINLEY AS SUSAN MURPHY.

in the closet. It helps us, at least "Sag Harbor" helps us, to solve a great problem in the true way.

Beneath the marvelous touch of Mr. Herne's pen human beings—real human beings—spring into existence and live and



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.  
MISS MARION ABBOTT AS ELIZABETH ANN TURNER.



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.  
MISS JESSIE DODD AS FRANCES TOWD.

suffer before us. Surely such sympathy between playwright and actors never existed before. Inferior genius cannot interpret superior genius; so we are led to believe Mr. Herne is as wonderful a success as a teacher as he is as an author, and has found genius to begin with in his pupils, which he has found the best way to develop. The whole play starts before you like reality, and ends like reality.

There is nothing in the play that appeals to the senses in shimmering costume that trails over velvet carpets, or glittering gems rising and falling upon the sensuous hearts, to blind the eyes and steal the judgment, and make us see vice as virtue because of its beautiful apparel and its artistic setting.

No art can conceal sin, however attractive it may make it appear, and herein the danger lies in the sensational play. Sin seen in repulsive garb revolts, but with all the traps of art and virtue draping the weak or wicked forms, the frail human heart first pities, then embraces, or else the artificiality long continued blinds and weakens so that its votaries can no longer see its artificiality.

Is Mr. Herne's play artistic? Measured by great art in other lines, we find it so; for it represents the noblest natural in so artistic a manner as to conceal the art. Great painters can find no art in the fashionable dress, and are forced to copy the garb of peasants; great playwrights find no art or nature in the conventional mannerism and lack of frankness of the ultra-fashionable, and seek the simplicity of nature as found in such unaffected home and real life as represented in "Sag Harbor."

"Sag Harbor" touches not only one, but many of the leading vital questions of the day, with telling force. Thus, for example, Whitmarsh's remark, "There's money into her," when referring to Jane Cauldwell and her voice, shows the eye to the main chance which many men have open nowadays when choosing a wife. "Is there money into her" that can be developed or brought out of her in any business or profession? Mr. Herne in this very touch shows to women that their value in the eyes of such men is a marketable value, just as in the selec-

tion of any article of barter that may be got for the asking, or as Whitmarsh says, calling "Come here," and turned into use and value. Mr. Herne's Whitmarsh is a veritable Mantalini, without the Mantalini gift of saying "demnition sweet things," but is a far more natural character and one more frequently met with. It is not the heiresses only, nowadays, who are courted for their fortune. Wise papas and guardians may protect them by legal provisions, and men recognize the fact that when the money is all gone a penniless heiress may become more than a dead-weight upon their hands; so the shrewd wife-seekers look carefully into the fact whether "there's money into her." Let young ladies and widows beware of the Whitmarshes of society. Mr. Herne did not draw upon his imagination for the character.

The play is unusually rich in its suggestive lessons, which it were well to study carefully, for Mr. Herne has looked deep into the heart of things to produce this realistic play.

It may be quite terrible to some, this contrast between the reality and the dream; but we think the greatest work a dramatist can do is to put the real everyday life upon a high moral and ideal platform, and hold it there so persistently that every observer may be forced to recognize the truth and rejoice in it.

One of the best lessons I ever learned was in a theater, from a play. It revolutionized my whole feeling upon one great subject, and I realized for the first time in my life the great destiny of the stage as the means of teaching truth and forcing one to see as well as hear, to analyze as well as think, and thus to understand the great lesson, "Judge not from appearances, but judge with a righteous judgment."

The managers have done their part most admirably, nothing in the way of realistic detail has been overlooked, and the stage effect is all that one could desire.

"Sag Harbor" must be studied to be appreciated, for it is not a superficial play. Every time we see it there is a new charm, and we say, Long live Herne! Long live "Sag Harbor!"

## O FOR A THOUSAND HANDS

BY COLETTA RYAN

O for a thousand hands,  
 Tender and large and kind—  
 That the world might sway  
 In the light of day  
 To the land of the Perfect Mind;  
 That the tears of sorrow and sin and shame  
 Might leave their burden of blight and blame  
 And learn to cherish my spirit-name.  
 O for a thousand hands!

O for a thousand hands,  
 Tender and large and strong—  
 That their deeds might pray  
 For the coming day  
 Through the nights that are dark and long;  
 For in times of travail the nights are such;  
 And the heart of the woman that loved too much  
 Might live again at my gentle touch.  
 O for a thousand hands!

O for a thousand hands,  
 For hands that are smooth and rough.  
 I toil all day  
 In the common way,  
 But I am not large enough.  
 'Tis a weary stretch to the crying beach,  
 And the soul goes farther than hands can reach;  
 I must write the sermon I cannot preach.  
 O for a thousand hands!

O for a thousand hands,  
 The Master's work to do.  
 I toil all day  
 As a woman may,  
 But my hands are only two!  
 I stand alone in the village street,  
 The sad world falling about my feet,  
 While the suff'ring God and the stars entreat. . .  
 O for a thousand hands! ! !







Horace Lewis.

# CONVERSATIONS

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE FOOT-LIGHTS,

BY HORACE LEWIS.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE FOOT-LIGHTS

HORACE LEWIS.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

Horace Lewis, whose interesting conversation appears in this issue, is a representative of a large class of versatile and thoughtful American actors, men and women who love their profession and take real pleasure in creating new parts or giving fine interpretations to roles in which others have excelled, and who also take an intelligent interest in literature, in education, social problems, and other questions apart from their special profession. No nation in the world supports the dramatic profession so handsomely as our republic, and it is safe to say that in no country can we find so many members of the profession who possess general culture and an intelligent interest in those large problems which most intimately affect the happiness of humanity and the progress of the state and civilization. Nor can any other land compare with ours in the number of artists who love their calling for its art and because they realize it is a mighty educational factor.

Mr. Lewis was born in Boston. He early conceived a passion for the stage. His family sought to discourage him, but to no purpose. His first appearance was in a vaudeville or pantomime in a stable on K Street, South Boston. After some further experiences on the stage, chiefly in pantomime performances, he drifted to Chicago, where he secured a regular en-

gement at the munificent salary of six dollars a week. In speaking of this engagement Mr. Lewis on one occasion said:

"That was the first money I ever earned regularly as salary. My chief source of income, however, was derived from the thrifty handling of properties. It was in this way. In the pantomime I was allowed to buy each evening a loaf of bread, a pie, and some cakes; but somehow I managed to make the loaf of bread last about a week. The cake held out indefinitely; it was always treated with great respect on account of its age. And in this manner I was enabled to live fairly comfortably until better days dawned."

In 1874 Mr. Lewis appeared as a detective in a play entitled "The Abduction," produced at the American Museum, Chicago. It was founded on the Charley Ross case, and enjoyed quite a popular run. From Chicago he drifted to Toledo, where he was engaged at a salary of twelve dollars a week, and here he met Signor Blitz, whom he described as a magician and wonder-worker, sixty years of age, small, wearing low shoes, trousers a trifle short, and a high hat. The wonder-worker convinced Mr. Lewis that his interest lay with him. A partnership was formed. Lewis was to act as advance agent, bill-poster, ticket seller, general manager, and general utility man. For this he was to receive one-third of the profits. Business was not very good, but for some time the combination entertained high hopes of be-

ing able to work their way to New York. In speaking of this tour Mr. Lewis said:

"We had a wonderful equipment, which we carried in a champagne basket. It consisted of red curtains, magic rings, cups and balls, and a Punch and Judy family, in the manipulation of which Blitz was an adept. We also had two cigar boxes full of cats, and two kittens which appeared in champagne bottles from which I had previously knocked out the bottoms. In the three months spent going from Toledo to Buffalo we played in everything,—school-houses, court-houses, a theater, and a church. On the pulpit of the latter Blitz did Punch and Judy. In the church performance I was concealed behind a pew, from which I was to pull the invisible strings for the talking monkey in the glass, and hand the members of the Punch family as required. The audience was composed of the Baptist Sunday-school, hypnotized into subdued awe. The following conversation ensued:

"How's the house?" asked Blitz in a perfectly audible whisper.

"Nineteen dollars," I replied.

"Gee whittaker, that's a good house. If we keep on we'll get to New York. Gimme Punch."

"And in a moment he was deep in Punch and Judy, of which he was the best delineator I ever saw. But at the close there was an ominous silence, and Blitz curtly informed the audience that the show was over. But it wasn't, for Deacon . . . . ., of whom I had hired the church for three dollars, including lights, came to me and in solemn tones said:

"Young man, when I accommodated you with this church for three dollars, including lights, I thought it was going to be a scientific lecture. I could not conscientiously let you have it again for less than five dollars."

"Therefore we did not play a return date."

On reaching Buffalo the company was stranded. Blitz had his hotel bill charged against his manager's trunk and disappeared, and after many trials and tribulations Lewis finally arrived in New York.

It is frequently the case that the most unpleasant experiences of life prove the most practical and beneficial teachers. So

these months of precarious existence, with their hard work and great uncertainty, proved of real value to the young actor, inuring him to hardships, teaching him how to battle for himself, and calling out the latent resources of his nature. The years that were stretching before him were to be filled with hard work and many seasons of perplexity and disappointment. The present experience was the needed teacher which prepared him for the hardships of a famous Rocky Mountain tour, to say nothing of two disastrous incursions into the British provinces.

From New York the young actor returned to Boston, and for some time played in various companies in New England. During this period, while enacting the role of Deacon Perry in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he became acquainted with Miss Portia Albee, the Eva of the company. This fine and thoughtful young lady became Mrs. Lewis, and as a loving wife and mother has endeared herself to all who know her, while proving, as a loyal wife must ever prove to her husband, the greatest source of strength and happiness that can come into the life of a man.

Mr. Lewis's first important engagement after his marriage was as supporting character in a carefully selected company engaged for E. L. Davenport, who appeared in a round of Shakspearian and other great dramas. Mr. Lewis was deeply impressed with the versatility and essential greatness of this actor, whom he has ever since regarded as the greatest star the American stage has produced, an opinion which I hardly think many actors or the public will concur in.

Mr. Lewis next accepted a forty weeks' engagement at the Chestnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia (1875-'76), during which time he appeared in over fifteen of the most popular plays of the day. In the season of 1876-'77 he played important parts at the Walnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia. This engagement brought him into the supporting cast of many of the leading actors of the time, among whom may be mentioned Adelaide Neilson, John McCullough, John T. Raymond, Lucille Western, Mrs. John Drew, and Frank Chanfrau. At the close of

this engagement Mr. Lewis found no difficulty in securing satisfactory positions. He supported Mary Anderson, and later played in stock companies, supporting, among other stars, Charles Fechter, Edwin Booth, and John E. Owens. In 1878 he was engaged by Eugene Tompkins as a member of the splendid stock company of the Boston Theater, and at the close of the regular season, in 1879, he received the indorsement of a number of Boston's leading clergymen, including Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. James Freeman Clark, and Rev. J. Henry Wiggin, to a production of Gilbert's "Daniel Druce." The play was brought out in Union Hall on May 22d, 23d, and 24th, under the name of "The Village Blacksmith." Immediately after the last performance Mr. Lewis took his company on the road, playing "The Village Blacksmith," "Sweethearts," and "Dora" in many New England towns, under the direction of the Redpath Lecture Bureau.

Shortly after this summer diversion Mr. Lewis became attacked with the fatal managerial fever, a disease which has brought many of the brightest stars, as well as a host of lesser luminaries, to grief. In fact, he has been twice affected by the same trouble, each time with the same result,—shattered hopes, vanished dreams, empty pockets. To the would-be manager Nova Scotia appeared as a garden of the gods, a veritable dramatic Acadia, where a good company might reap a golden harvest. Accordingly he selected a troupe of twelve; many of them were actors of fine ability. Consequently the pay-roll was altogether too large for the popular prices which the good people of the provinces were accustomed to pay. Even though he played to full houses he soon found that bankruptcy stared him in the face, and the houses were not always full. The most fortunate and far-seeing of the company wrote urgent letters to the States, and impatiently awaited the hoped-for remittances. The result was seen in the gradual melting away of the company, until the entire troupe consisted of four actors and the organist. Before this falling away of his support, however, the manager had made the acquaintance of a goodly number of the sheriffs of the provinces. In-

deed, Mr. Lewis in a recent chat laughingly said, in referring to the disastrous trip: "I think before I left I had about every sheriff in Nova Scotia upon my list of acquaintances." With a troupe of four actors and an organist the condition of the stranded company became desperate. A council of war or wisdom was held, and at the suggestion of one of the company the organist, or orchestra of the troupe, was called in and anointed with dramatic oil. Henceforth he became at once a representative of Thalia and Euterpe, and with this acquisition new life was infused into the little band. Hope beamed upon them. There was now a fighting chance of once more reaching the States. Still, satisfactorily to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with fifteen speaking parts, called for much ingenuity, and when we remember that the little company had to supply the door-keeper, ticket-seller, and orchestra, one cannot help admiring the daring audacity which is sometimes born of necessity. In reply to my question, "How did you manage it?" Mr. Lewis said:

"Well, it was this way. One of our party acted as ticket-seller and one as door-keeper, after we had lugged our scenery into the hall or theater and adjusted it. When the audience began to assemble our combination orchestra and dramatic light began to grind out subdued strains of music on the little organ behind the curtain. When it became necessary to begin the play we chose two honest-looking townsmen for the honorable positions of ticket-seller and door-keeper, and in a few minutes the curtain rose on the opening scenes of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' No, the scenery was not elaborate, but it was better than they had in Shakspeare's time, when the only thing to indicate the nature of the scene was the legend, 'This is a wood,' or, 'This is a street in Rome,' hung across the stage. Our Uncle Tom played the music when not required on the stage. At other times the members of the troupe did their best. No, I did not say Eva played her own death music, although I know that rumor gained currency. How did it all end? Why, in this way. We were able to make the States, though I often say that figuratively speak-

ing I sailed to Boston on a cake of ice, with my wardrobe for sale."

"And that experience did not satisfy you?"

"No; I tried it again with no less flattering results. And yet I wish to say that the fault lay in my mistake in trying to support too expensive a company for the resources of the country. We almost always had good houses, but prevailing prices were too low. The people there were as a rule very hospitable, and I shall ever hold them in warm remembrance notwithstanding our hard luck. Even the sheriffs were gentlemen, and in spite of our numerous arrests we always managed to avoid incarceration. Still, I was glad to get back to the States. Boston is good enough for me at any time, but her dear old streets never seemed half so fair as when we reached home after our tour of the provinces."

On his return from Nova Scotia, Mr. Lewis secured an engagement to support Maude Granger in "Two Nights in Rome." Here he made a great hit as Benedetti the Corsican. Later, taking important roles, he supported several well-known actors and actresses, among them Genevieve Ward, Katherine Rogers, Frank Mayo, F. S. Chanfrau, and James O'Neill.

For the next ten years he starred in the West, his most notable and popular role being Edmund Dantes, in "The Count of Monte Cristo," a part he played for seven years. It was during this time that he made his remarkable trip across the continent, traveling over sixteen thousand miles, and doing all the Rocky Mountain States and Territories. He first appeared as Edmund Dantes in Chicago, at the Halsted Street Opera House. In speaking of his western tour to a reporter of the Chicago Chronicle, Mr. Lewis said:

It was there that I first produced "Monte Cristo," with which my career was afterward identified for about seven years, during which time I made much money and often had none, which included a marvelous trip across the country on a capital of five hundred dollars advanced by a brother actor, James Taylor, on which amount we covered in actual travel sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-five miles from New York to Chicago via San Francisco, playing every State and Territory west of the Missouri River except Utah, crossing the Rocky

Mountains ten times, once between Silverton and Ouray, Colorado, on sleds at an altitude of eleven thousand five hundred feet in winter, when the toll-road was closed to travel.

That was a most remarkable trip. In one place we crossed eighty feet of snow in a crevasse at a point where a mail carrier was once buried in a snow-slide and his body found two years afterward in a perfect state of preservation. I think we were the first company to make that trip at that season of the year, and I shall never forget it. It was five hundred miles by railroad from Silverton to Ouray, but only twenty-five miles by toll-road, six of which we made in a box car lighted by a lantern, the two ladies of the company riding on the locomotive to keep warm. I can see myself now in the hotel at Silverton, with the stage contractor, who was to take us over, in his skin coat and leggings, offering me fifty dollars to cancel the contract for fear he would lose his stock in a snow-slide. And he pointed up at the mountains, thousands of feet above us, with the snow sifting from their peaks like surf from the ocean, and said:

"I'll take you if you insist, but I won't agree to get you there in a week, for the snow is melting, and if we are caught in a slide there is no telling when we will get through."

But, as the case so frequently is in our profession, it was not what we wanted to do, but what we had to do, and we had to go.

The start was made at three o'clock in the morning with a box car and an engine, six miles up the mountain, stopping twice to remove stones from the track. At the end of the road we built a fire and waited for the teams and sleds. We heard the jingle of the bells a thousand feet below us and soon they came, three teams and ten men. The men were well wrapped up and prepared for the worst. From the sleds they threw out ropes, shovels, crowbars and snowshoes, and then we lashed the scenery to one sled, the baggage to another, and we piled into the third. There were seven in the company. At every turn of the road, which was blasted from the solid rock, skirting precipices a thousand feet high, we were obliged to stop, and push the scenery toward the precipice, as the road was not wide enough for it to clear the jutting rocks, and hang on the other edge of the sled ourselves to counter-balance the weight. In that way we made mile after mile, being fourteen hours making eighteen miles. We had many mishaps, including repeated overturnings, and were three hours making three-quarters of a mile in a canyon behind the Yankee Girl Mine, near Ironton.

At eight o'clock at night, with faces peeling, and almost blinded from the dazzling snow, we reached Ouray to give a perform-

ance at nine o'clock that night to an audience which had been patiently waiting in the hotel dining-room. In one end of the room the stage had been built for us in advance, with a sliding curtain of white muslin strung on a wire. And there we played "Monte Cristo."

Ah, the ups and downs of a professional career! On that tour we played to over fifty thousand dollars in receipts, alternately making and losing. We went to Butte, Montana, with two dollars in the treasury, and paid two weeks' salaries out of two nights' receipts. Many a time I was in possession of a large roll of bills, and again I had occasion to speak in the fourth act of the play of the paltry million in my pocket, when I scarcely knew how to reach the next town. But we always managed to get there.

At the termination of this memorable tour Mr. Lewis acted for some time in Chicago. Later he was engaged by Charles Frohman to support Annie Russell in "Sue." His interpretation of Silas Prescott displayed superior dramatic power and received much favorable comment.

We next find him a popular member of the excellent Castle Square Company, in Boston. While here he enacted with power and intelligence many exacting roles, and became one of the most popular members of that well-known company. Among the most notable of his parts at the Castle Square were Old Eccles in "Caste," Old Rogers in "Esmerelda," Hop-kee in "The First-born," Buchanan Billings in "His Wife's Father," and Micawber in "Little Emily." His representation of Micawber was particularly fine; indeed, it has seldom been equaled on the American stage. Mr. Lewis's latest creation is the important role of Chilo Chilonides in "Quo Vadis."

As a man he is genial and pleasant, quite thoughtful, and much of a philosopher. His adversities have failed to destroy his charming good-nature or dampen his courage. His success has in no way spoiled him. He is not envious of the rich, but has a profound sympathy for the poor. When at his home in Boston his friends, including clergymen, journalists, actors, and other acquaintances, are in the habit of gathering around his hospitable board of a Saturday evening, where a regular New England brown-bread and

baked-bean supper is served, and at which reminiscences of the past, present-day problems, and dreams of the future are freely discussed in that charming, informal manner which no healthy, natural person can fail to enjoy.

## REMINISCENCES OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

### CONVERSATION WITH HORACE LEWIS.

Q. Mr. Lewis, I have come to see if you will favor the readers of *The Coming Age* with some reminiscences of your twenty-five years before the foot-lights?

A. I am pleased to meet you. Be seated, and proceed to make yourself thoroughly at home. Have a cigar? Or do you prefer a pipe, the Indian emblem of peace? Apropos of which I recall a few lines which are said to have been popular with the late Edwin Booth, most revered of all American actors. They ran something like this:

The pipe, so lily-white and weak,  
Doth thus thy mortal state bespeak.  
Thou art e'en such,  
Gone with a touch;  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

Just a bit of philosophy, eh?

Q. I see you draw inspiration from the pictures of some of the master geniuses of your profession.

A. Yes. That represents Charles Fechter as Hamlet. It is somewhat rare, and came into my possession in a peculiar manner. While passing the night at a farm-house in the interior of the State, I observed it hanging on the wall, inclosed in a frame made of pine cones. In the morning I spoke of it, asking its value, and was informed that it was a picture of the Saviour, and that, as I seemed to fancy it, I might have it "to ever guide me onward and upward." Good honest souls, playing their parts in the great drama of life, they knew not of Charles Fechter or the fact that, whereas the picture was not that of Him whom millions worship, it was nevertheless the likeness of one, godlike in his genius, whose like has not been seen since he passed onward to his Creator. It was my

privilege to visit his grave but a few months since, in Mount Vernon Cemetery, Philadelphia,—a simple monument bearing his name, date of birth and death, and this inscription, "Genius hath taken its flight to God." And what a loss it was to the stage! What a wonderful artist,—one who scarcely required voice or language to portray feeling. He was oft-times almost unintelligible in English, owing to a strong French accent and intonation, and yet how eloquent withal, how graceful and powerful, apparently moving in an atmosphere surcharged with magnetism irresistible, independent of speech, of language! A movement of the hand, a glance of the eye, a slight turn of the head, and your attention was riveted, never to be diverted in his presence. It was the genius of one great soul dominating thousands. "Rest, sweet spirit, rest!"

The picture in the corner is a pen-and-ink sketch of Macready, of whom I know but little, never having seen him; but from what I have read and heard I should imagine that, like the late Lawrence Barrett, he represented the intellectual but hard and metallic school, wherein everything was rendered with precision and to order, by number or numbers, as it were, and with never varying intonation, the details in expression being not touches of what was at least once felt, but always art, finished but cold. You admire, applaud, but the tears do not flow, and you force a compliment to the artist when you smile at his comedy. He has gratified you intellectually, but has failed to touch your heart. Speaking of "hearts," how often have they proved "trumps" when played upon by that master of expression and stage-craft, James A. Herne. Why and wherefore? do you ask? Because, to repeat a sincere belief, it is one great heart surging outward, not inward, touching thousands of others in waves bearing those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. honest tears to flow unchecked—tears which relieve and bless humanity, giving birth to good resolutions, and causing smiles to bubble and bubble, you know not why, until they burst forth in sunshine. That is art,—yes, but art deep founded upon feeling and sincerity. Mr. Herne is looked upon

by the profession in general as a very great actor,—great in his knowledge of stage-craft, great in his simplicity, great in his ability to touch the human heart, great in his humanity. Some day, if not now, he will be known as a genius.

Q. Edwin Forrest also?

A. Oh, yes; he was undoubtedly a genius. But I never saw him, although I have heard much about him from many who played with him; and I never leave Philadelphia without a visit to the Edwin Forrest Home at Holmesburg,—that noble monument to his memory where actors and actresses in their declining years live in luxurious comfort as the guests of Edwin Forrest. It is a pleasure to go out there and chat with those veterans of the stage, with souls so bright and sparkling that youth shines through old age.

Q. These pictures are very interesting.

A. You are evidently fond of pictures.

Q. Human nature.

A. Yes; and there is much to be gained from the study of them. That is E. L. Davenport, the greatest actor America has ever produced. The picture represents him as Sir Giles Overreach, a wonderful characterization. See his signature, almost faded out, across the margin. No; he was not the most successful of actors. He died comparatively poor, yet he was the greatest of American actors, Forrest notwithstanding. Forrest was limited in his scope; his gigantic physique unfitted him for many roles. Mr. E. L. Davenport was practically unlimited. He played almost everything equally well, frequently Hamlet and the Stage-struck Barber on the same night. He was considered the most intellectual of all the American Hamlets, though not as ideal in appearance as Edwin Booth. He sang, danced, played the violin. He was in the true sense of the term an actor—one who impersonates different human beings, not all alike save in clothes and wigs, not himself always, but other men whom you did not recognize for some time after they appeared,—beings whom you loved, hated, or laughed with withal, but whom you always felt—you had to feel—you were forced to feel, for there was feeling, sincerity, under it all, and "like begets like."



In all probability the most thoughtful and artistic portrayal of Hamlet by any American actor since the passing of E. L. Davenport and Edwin Booth from the stage of life is that of Joseph Haworth, well known to Boston theater-goers as a member of the stock company for years at the Boston Museum. I knew of him before he joined that organization. He began his dramatic career at the very bottom round of the ladder as a supernumerary at the Academy of Music in Cleveland, Ohio, under the management of Joseph Ellsler, who in his time gave the first opportunity and encouragement to many who have since become famous,—Maggie Mitchell, Clara Morris, James O'Neill, Effie Ellsler (his daughter), and many others, belonging to his company at various times. In the force, virility, intelligence, and soul of Joseph Haworth rests the most promising material for a recognized American tragedian.

Mr. E. L. Davenport was an eminent example of the actor of from twenty-five to forty years ago, when to be called "a good all-round actor" was the greatest of compliments to the stock actor. They had to be "all-round" actors to remain for any length of time in the company, or keep off "the shelf;" for they played in comedy to-day, drama to-morrow, then burlesque, farce, tragedy. There was in the theater a music, dancing, and fencing master. It was next to impossible not to profit thereby. Even the workmen about the place were refined to a greater or less degree by their associations and by the lines of great authors constantly ringing in their ears. They absorbed dignity, respect for seniority being one of the first lessons inculcated. The most humble individual behind the scenes was treated with respect. It was not "Jones!" or "Brown!" or "White!" The "Mr." was prefixed to the name, and woe betide that individual who failed to show this courtesy to his fellows! One warning from the stage manager usually sufficed. We gained much from our seniors, from the scores of examples constantly before us in the stars, the great artists with whom we played from week to week, and from whom we surely gained something.

The young actor of to-day, in this country, is as a rule the product of a dra-

matic school, proficient in elocution, possibly in grace; necessarily lacking in experience, with little knowledge of character, and none whatsoever of the different atmospheres which should invest the different classes of plays in "tempo," movement, etc. How can it be otherwise? Intellectually and in education he is the superior of his fellow of twenty-five years ago. He is as the academic master of a vessel compared with the practical man risen from before the mast,—the former excelling in theory, the latter in execution. Why? He has had but one master (his teacher) from whom to absorb. The actor of twenty-five years ago had a hundred with whom he was brought in contact from week to week. It was a common experience for the members of a stock company to play from seventy to one hundred different parts in a season of forty weeks. Now in the combination system one plays one part sometimes three years. Therefore, I think there is virtue and hope in the recent revival of the stock company. There at least the beginner can have the advantage of a varied and broad experience, and ascertain for what special line of parts he or she may best be fitted.

Q. In looking over the past do you regret having followed the stage as a calling?

A. I cannot say that I regret the years given to my calling. They have not netted me great financial returns, but they have inured me to hardships, taught me to be happy with little, separating me to a great extent from that demon, envy, and broadening the mind to the realization of untold wealth not held in vaults, but strewn by the wayside, to be gathered at will by whomsoever cares to reach for it,—a philosophy common to many actors, also to musicians and artists—the faculty of making the best of what is oftentimes a poor situation and circumstances, of keeping in touch with humanity. They have to do so in order to portray it, often creating their own sunshine, and without the aid of a calcium light.

And this our life (frequently fraught with privation)

Finds books in the Human Soul,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.  
I would not change it.

For the actor lives in a world of his own, not a selfish world, for all are welcome who care to partake of its riches. It is not the theater; that is possibly merely a foundation from whence is drawn inspiration. The actor lives in a world the inhabitants of which enjoy life and fear not death, for they are in touch with God in appreciation of the mountains, the ocean, the silence of the forest, the running brooks, and surging humanity. He dines, and what matters it whether the dish from which the chop is served be of gold or of wood from the grocery store? More frequently it is the latter. Why, one of the wealthiest of lads, during a period of temporary financial embarrassment, found solace in his trunk, oftentimes the actor's sole possession, which on this occasion was converted into his kitchen. Having removed each article with careful estimate of its possible value when deposited with "my uncle" (the pawnbroker), and given himself a reasonable limit within which existence could be maintained, he took from his King Henry robe the washable oilcloth in which it had been wrapped, and tacked the same at the bottom and sides within the trunk. Then with the proceeds of the robe he purchased the furnishings for his palace,—a small gas stove, with rubber tube, fry-pan, coffee-pot, two plates, a cup, knife, fork, and spoon. With the residue he obtained his provender,—possibly liver, a few onions, potatoes, bread, coffee, sugar, butter, etc., to be varied on guest occasions by a chop, ham and eggs, or a delicious stew, fragrant with the odor of a touch of garlic. As he enters the house (a fashionable domicile, for he must maintain an appearance of prosperity), his commissariat is concealed within a valise previously emptied for that purpose. Once within his luxurious hall bed-room, five feet by eight, and the door locked (for his operation is necessarily secret as to the landlord), the rubber tube is adjusted to the gas jet, and the stove placed within the open trunk beneath. Thereon is set the fry-pan, with its savory mess, and the coffee-pot beside it, bubbling and sizzling; while the rich young man, stirring the potatoes and onions, and perceiving

through the window the falling snow, in contemplation murmurs to himself:

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this goodly feast;  
And all the troubles hovering o'er my head  
In deep oblivion buried.  
Now are our brows bound round with  
wreaths of sunshine,  
Our well-used props hung up with "Uncle,"  
And stern alarums changed to merry greetings.

A knock at the door,—the tube is taken from the gas jet and hastily dropped within the trunk, the lid is closed and locked to keep the onions in. It is the landlord, very courteous, particular, and stringent in his rules. He thought he detected the odor of cooking. The potatoes and onions are frying in the trunk, the air is pungent with their fragrance, yet there is no perceptible evidence of cooking, barring a little smoke. The landlord thinks it strange, that it must come from next door, and he will look to it, apologizes, and presents the rich lad with two theater tickets for having disturbed him in a meditative hour.

Later on, when circumstances were more propitious, our friend moved to other quarters, wherein with the consent of the proprietor he rose to the dignity of cooking upon instead of within his trunk, and occasionally provided a banquet to one or more invited guests, limited only by the number of chairs or dishes. Ah, those were gala occasions, for our friend was a good cook, bright wit, and a gentleman; his guests were hungry and appreciative. What delicious chops, bacon and eggs, coffee, imported Frankfurter sausage with green peas and potatoes, and onion stews that smelled to heaven, causing the clouds to open and the sun to shine. I can even now, in fancy, as I climb the stairs, hear the notes of his violin playing some sweet melody,—a bit of his soul expanding in music, while the potatoes boiled. There was a hearty welcome at the door, followed by a discussion of almost anything except the theater, and a feast of good things of which but little remained when we had finished. The room itself was not without interest, for some previous occupant, tired of life's weary struggle, had made an end of it therein, and in a corner of the room near

the window were what were supposed to be stains of blood; but the rich young man was not afraid, for in his last theatric venture on the road "the Ghost of King Henry had walked" so seldom (salary day) that he had serious doubt of the existence of anything supernatural. One day, however, the notes from the violin were weird and sad,—he had stumbled with a dish of cranberry sauce and spilled it near the blood-stains, so that it was impossible to tell "which from t'other." Our friend could not reconcile himself to the unfortunate accident, and shortly after changed his lodgings, for the thought jarred upon his artistic temperament that he might possibly in the pensive moonlight play upon his violin some weird ode to a stain of cranberry sauce.

Oh, happy days in Bohemia! How we appreciated the light that filtered through the cracks, with the dust atoms dancing in it!

Q. With your quarter of a century of experience would you advise a young person to go on the stage?

A. No. Decidedly not. Over the stage door of the theater should be inscribed, "Who enters here leaves hope behind." It is an uphill road to travel, especially for a girl of gentle, confiding nature, fresh from her mother's side, to cast her lot with comparative strangers, where for every rose she may find in her path a million thorns will pierce her feet, thorns of disappointment, of loneliness, of the lack of home comforts and associations, for in the traveling organization common to the times there is little to bless or improve a woman's life. Under former conditions of years ago (the stock system) children of actors gravitated naturally toward the profession of their parents. Thus, Willie Seymour, one of the most able of stage directors, represents, I believe, five generations of actors, reaching back to the days of David Garrick, each of which generations in turn gave something to the next of kin in tradition, atmosphere, custom, etc.,—that which I claim is lacking in the young beginner of to-day, for the very want, not of dramatic kin, but of association with individuals of long experience and the opportunity of a varied experience themselves.

Q. Will you give us something of your recollections of great actors with whom you have been thrown during your dramatic career?

A. I have already mentioned Edwin Booth, Charles Fechter, and E. L. Davenport, and I feel justified in saying that possibly the opinion of others may uphold me in the statement that the wonderful work of Lucille Western has not been duplicated by any American actress in over twenty years. Can any one who witnessed it ever forget her entrance as Nancy Sykes, with a market basket on her arm, and key nervously swinging on her finger, as she anxiously glanced over her shoulder to see if Bill was following her. Then there was her remarkable impersonation of Lady Isabel in "East Lynne." She was another genius who made you feel, you could not help it. She carried you with her impetuously. She made and lost several fortunes—began her dramatic career as a child, and died comparatively poor. The late Fanny Davenport (daughter of E. L. Davenport) was the nearest approach to the style and ability of Lucille Western that I have ever seen, and yet I cannot think of her as being quite equal to the latter.

Q. I have no doubt that you have had many humorous experiences during your career?

A. Oh, yes. For instance, in contradistinction to the great artists, I have known many members of my profession to take themselves too seriously, apparently thinking the earth stops wagging on its axis while they slumber; yet the dawn seems to break the next day, possibly by accident, yet quite in order. As a rule such are not great artists, for the latter are usually modest and most considerate to their less fortunate associates. The actor, at best, struts but a brief hour upon the stage of life, leaving his impress upon a generation or two, and then, like a stone cast into the water, there is a splash (the funeral), a few bubbles representing memory, and he is gone forever. But during his life he has reaped the reward for his labor in instantaneous public appreciation of his work, when meritorious; and therein, I think, is his greatest happiness,

the realization of having been of some benefit to his human brother, his fellow-man, of having brought tears to eyes which hitherto were dry, and following that smiles to chase away sadness,—in short, an occasional ray of sunshine through the clouds of life.

To complete the "toot and scramble" (tout ensemble), as a wealthy but ignorant promoter once said to his stage manager, and apropos to our meeting and my profession, I will conclude with the relation of an incident which occurred on a winter's night some years ago in Henry's chop-house (long since out of existence), adjacent to Wallack's, now the Star Theater, on Thirteenth street, in New York City. It was a popular resort for the profession, and famous for its chops, steaks, etc., at most moderate prices,—an ideal place of its kind, a short bar on one side of the small room, and on the other a few tables and chairs,—the walls covered with pictures of great actors and actresses, caricatures, and old programmes in frames. John Brougham, whom I haven't mentioned,—great wit, bright scholar, gentleman, and admirable comedian, whose place has never been filled, was a frequent-er of Henry's, together with Lester Wallack and others. It was snowing without,

while a party of four disengaged actors sat at a table within discussing our twenty-cent chops, and deploring the fate which permitted four such distinguished artists to be at liberty while others of mediocre ability were in lucrative positions. We agreed that something was wrong and should be made right, but we didn't exactly know how to do it, when the door opened, and out of the snow in the street entered a gentleman of about fifty-eight years of age, with white hair and moustache, silk hat, Prince Albert coat, but no overcoat. He had been drinking, but had control of himself and was evidently a man of intelligence. One of our party, with questionable judgment, attempted to chaff him, whereupon he most courteously insisted on our joining him in a toast "pat" to our meeting as strangers. We touched glasses, and he repeated the following lines, which have remained in my memory to this day:

A piece of driftwood, tossed on the ocean's  
main,  
Meets another plank, touches, and parts  
again;  
Sq men meet and part, parting eternally.

And he went out into the snow,—I have never seen him since.

## A WINTER NIGHT

BY ELTWEED POMEROY

Serenely still, earth-undefiled, and far  
When mystic darkness spreads her sable hue,  
Is the reverent hush of winter's love-deep blue.  
It covers earth's dark woe, sin's seamy scar,  
With azure depths unsounded save by star.  
Weird Night! Thy solemn silences imbue  
My soul with thoughts unspeakable yet true,  
As vast, unmeasured as thy spaces are.

O floor of heaven with disks of gold inlaid!  
May I be fit to tread thy milky way!  
At death, O grant my soul may wing its flight  
'Mid these all-glorious spirits of the night,  
And lost in their still clarities, O may  
I lose all taint of sin in peace long-prayed.

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## THE GATE BEAUTIFUL

BY PROFESSOR JOHN WARD STIMSON

The study of art is growing to be one of serious moment in the industrial as well as moral and intellectual life of the new world, but it will be upon new lines and upon new vistas.

We see to-day that all cosmos is "a work of art" (in the true and broadest sense), not because it is merely constructive and expressive, but because it constructs and expresses by intelligent and esthetic methods and principles,—that is, that the Creator of the universe is not merely a constructor, but an "Artist" and "Poet." One may build a house of planks which would shed rain, or a pig-sty that would pen in vitality, yet without building "a work of art." We see, alas, such intellectual and esthetic monstrosities built by careless men about us.

But God does not so build. Look into the exquisite frame-work, spirit, and style of every flower, butterfly, or bird. He constructs with an artist's taste and skill, with intelligent proportions, esthetic harmonies, ethical ideals. His work is found to be mechanically and mathematically perfect for function, esthetically charming for taste and beauty, ethically consistent for moral purpose.

There must, of course, be a correlated perfection which will embrace all these, and hence to-day the wisest thought is looking eagerly and justly for the harmonic union of a true science, true religion, and true art in one cosmic whole,—the three divine "graces" with arms "intertwined."

In reality, it is these underlying "principles" that fascinate the soul in all study

of life's phenomena. Were we to witness life alone, and note its vicissitudes or cataclysmic close (called "death") without perceiving elements of hope, harmony, and law, we should soon cease to care for life; it would become an insane "dance of death." But the soul, and life itself, is revived by the discovery of immortal principles capable of personal and social application.

It is found at once imperative for the individual to possess principles in order to "possess himself," and imperative for society to possess principles in order to "possess" the individual. A society that acts without principles becomes the enemy of the individual; the individual that acts without principle becomes the enemy of society. It is the supreme concern for each to discover and preserve the vital (and hence enduring and sustaining) principles which underlie cosmos, and to recognize them as equally bearing on high or low, rich or poor, isolated or collective man. Real vital principles control the individual for his own sake (though he be a Crusoe in a desert), and they control him in the collective or social state for the sake of the spiritual institutions he embodies. Religion is not a "craft" for the preservation of priests, bigotry, and sect, but a spiritual relation and preparation for "heaven" (that is, a "state" of soul, for this planet or others). Statesmanship is not a "diplomacy" for knaves and thieves, but a correlation of individual and social interests. And law is not a "quackery" for juggling with justice and perversion of equity, but the discovery.

establishment, and execution of eternal right.

It is so, too, with art, in the noblest and truest educational sense. It is not an exploitation of ignorance and crudity by fads, crazes, and fancy fashions, but the sane and broad development of good taste and skill through the knowledge and practice of illuminating principles that underlie them. And the one is as divine, fundamental, and vital to essential education or national prosperity as the other.

But in each of the above instances the logical right that a principle has to "control" man, or men, is that it existed before man did and was more important than he to cosmos. Thus, when we look out upon the sky with a telescope of high power, we discover such abysmal depths of space, inhabited by such countless worlds, swinging with unthinkable velocity, through such immeasurable years, that our earth shrivels to apparent nothingness. But, turning with an equally powerful microscope downward into the worlds of molecular life beneath us, we find as many atoms in the smallest visible particle of matter as there are stars above us. Yet each atom and element of matter below us is found to be as "alive," "characterful," consistent in nature, universal in activity, and as identifiable by forms, associations, and spectral colors as the myriad worlds above.

But now is added the master discovery that there is throughout the universe an etheric medium, an infinitely sensitive, volatile, frictionless "flux" (between matter and spirit) in which all vitalized matter floats, and from which it derives its potencies and distributive powers; and that everywhere in this is intelligence or mind, revealing itself by constantly consistent and continuous law; that the very basis of its operations is beauty, order, and prophetic growth.

The "kingdom of heaven" is, indeed, "as a seed" planted in space, that sprung up man "knoweth not how," but he can and does know the "order" and consistent process of its "growth,"—"first the blade" (or structural laws of support), "then the ear" (or evolutionary vortices of progression and environment), and then the radiating "full corn" of diverse individualities

and local adaptations to divine purpose, out of which last is revealed the flower and splendor of perfected design.

Beauty is indeed latent, and even imperfectly revealed, all along the way. But as the centuries roll on toward that fulfilling of prophecy when we are to "know as we are known," the splendor of divine beauty (by means of principle, plan, and process together) breaks upon the earnest vision through the searchings of God's spirit (that spirit that "searcheth all things, even the deep things of God").

We are told to "try all things and hold fast to the good," for "it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." Here is, indeed, significant language. Let us analyze it carefully.

The omnipresent Spirit is "in all" things, and is "active." God is a worker, an artificer, and is proud so to be. Christ himself adds, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The mystic and divine Spirit "in whom all things live, move, and have their being" is an "Artist-Artisan," a "Poet-Practicalist," taking "pleasure" in self-expression, and employing all things (even animal energies and human wills) to that purpose.

But He "wills" before he "does," he plans before he executes; and then he executes by successive steps or stages of progress. The rose seed must first root before it bears; yet in its bosom is the whole ideal. Again, each seed has its own "ideal." "To every seed its own body;" there is individuality. A lily slumbers in the same soil as a rose or daisy, but how different their dreams. Yet together they pursue the same process in attaining their ideals, and they observe the same principles of beauty in their attainment. We cannot easily say whether one is "more beautiful" than his fellow, but we can be sure his beauty depends on identical principles observed and processes pursued. They are each original and self-expressive; they are each consistent and continuous in plan; orderly in stages and steps; proportionate and harmonic to metric scales, standards, and types selected individually at the start. They all seek symmetry and equilibrium, however freely and gracefully attained by suggestiveness of "spirit"

rather than literalness of "letter." And they each culminate in expressive and appropriate composition, color, texture, and transmitted immortality of ideal. Verily, Christ was philosopher and artist alike when he stopped his disciples to "consider the lily how it grows." Total expressional beauty will be found dependent upon special significancies implied in the energies of movements (giving direction and tendencies), in the inner relations of forms (giving constructive style), in a certain peculiarity of color and texture (giving special charm of character and sentiment), with an added flavor of variety in composite cluster and changing light.

On looking deeper into beauty we find, with amazement, that the minutest gem, daintiest bird, or dazzling flower, alike with loveliest child, grandest oak, mightiest planet, or even orbit of wandering star, derive the glory of their forms from inner ratios fixed in geometric law, and are but blendings or variations of three grand "Primaries" in form reasoning itself. "Right," "round," and "radiate" relations are typical of volitions in force itself as it unfolds, and they cause the "square," "circle," and "star" to become individual types from which all forms draw "character" as they evolve and blend. A mystic trinity reigns over existence, which establishes in all it does a "unity," "balance," and "variety in unity and balance," inherent in conditions of number itself, and reflected through the triads of "prime forms" for geometry; "prime colors" for light; and "prime tones" for music. And these all together have kindred and correspondent "qualities" that show them to be symbolic of primary energies in Divine Personality. Law, love, and grace seem attributes of God himself, and give a corresponding quality of "vigor," or "kindliness," or "charm," relatively to the three prime ratios of force, or form, or color, or sound.

Truth, goodness, and beauty become their corresponding cosmic emanations; science, religion, and art, their corresponding historic cultures; good judgment, good-will, and good taste become their practical and human virtues; and man generic must re-apply this triad again through the triad of "body, mind, and heart;" through physical, intellectual, and

moral realms; and through individual, family, and social life.

Family life must ever be a triad of "fatherhood, motherhood, and childhood." There will ever reign a "dignity and strength" in the energy that sets the laws of physical life scientifically; an intellectual "balance" and bilateral "symmetry" in the mediant judgments of rational mental life; and a "variety," play, diversity, in the emotional life, which is correspondingly reflected through the father who supplies the physical unity and support of the home, the mother who balances and manipulates its education and economies, and the children who radiate and diversify the charm, sparkle, and vivacity of the emotions.

It is marvelous that God has chosen also a triad of cyclical stages or steps in revealing to man these triune personalities of himself,—for the mystic Three who said, at creation's dawn, "Come, let Us make man in Our likeness," and who revealed their wings to Abram at his tent door, became known in sequence to man, first through the rigor of law on Sinai; then through submissive love on Calvary; and lastly in universal but "diverse" visitation and inspiration to the watchers at Pentecost.

Moses, Joshua, Samson, David, Isaiah, Ezekiel become the defenders and mediums of the first; Christ and the Twelve become the mediums of the second; while all the host of humble saints, martyrs, and ministering souls in consecrated service since become the mediums for the diffusive presence of the third. Celestial beauty at every stage is the marvelous proportioning, unfolding, and expanding of these cosmic elements, within and around us, and before we ever were. And they have their sweet, symbolic harmonies and dispositions through every phase of physical vibration and every faculty of life.

The mystic equilibrium and balance, organically adapted and maintained within this vital triad of "law, love, and grace," is the key to truth, goodness, and beauty; to the eternal need for true science, religion, and art; to generative primal powers of "right, round, and radiate" relations of force and form (through "square, circle,

and star"); and to the glories of resplendent light from "blue, red, and yellow" colors; or for "tonic, mediant, and dominant" tones in musical accord.

The glory of the nineteenth century is that it has wondrously revealed and proved, and put the race of man in touch

with the mighty heart of God, whose pulsations are the rhythms of the universe, and tuned man's ear, at length, to the tones of the Divine Spirit's voice,—the symphony of the celestial Musician whose fingers are ever moving over his magic harp of thrice ten thousand strings!

## APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY; OR, HYPNO-SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS

BY HENRIK G. PETERSEN, M. D.

### FIRST PAPER.

A scientific term often proves a misnomer when the idea which it was the intention to represent has become more elucidated through continuous and progressive investigation. In a medical sense such is the case with the word hypnotism in its relation with suggestive therapeutics. It is not identical, but merely a part, and that not even an essential or a principal one, as the induced sleep, hypnosis, can be dispensed with for many clinical purposes where treatment by verbal suggestion is considered the most efficacious means of relief or cure.

The history of its evolutionary phases may be briefly stated before we proceed to give its definition and its role as a therapeutic agent. The term hypnotism or neuro-hypnotism was first used in 1841, by the English surgeon Braid, to replace the one hitherto employed, mesmerism, whereby in 1778 its originator designated a therapeutic agent which he believed productive of a new organic state. Toward the end of his life, however, Braid abandoned the term as one simply conveying an idea of sleep. It was Dr. Liebeault, of Nancy, who in 1856 advocated the importance of suggestion, and demonstrated that hypnotism, as Braid understood it, is sleep due to verbal suggestion alone, and not dependent upon passes, bright objects, etc. The record of clinical experiences published in 1884 and 1886 by Professor Bernheim, also of Nancy, further emphasized this fact, which then began seriously to attract the attention of the medical world.

At that time Professor Charcot, of Paris, revived unfortunately the old term hypnotism through his own experiments at Salpetriere upon pathological nervous diseases. Strictly scientific in nature and purpose, these demonstrations were conducted in a spectacular and sensational manner, apt to cause prejudice within the medical profession and repulsion on the part of the public. Although he earnestly maintained the therapeutic interest and utility of this agent, the method he employed limited his sphere of observation by omitting the idea of suggestion as the principal factor. Thus arose the Nancy and the Salpetriere schools in opposition to each other. The latter, in claiming that only hysterical persons could be hypnotized and benefited, had at first the advantage of Charcot's greater reputation. This grave error the Nancy school refuted by its equally scientific but broader field of experimentation, and so successfully that, even before Charcot's death a few years ago, the echo of his theory had grown faint, and lingers now only among those who do not stand abreast with modern psychological progress. Every day lessens the controversy principally due to one whose eminence otherwise gave authority; and even the hitherto often laborious task of convincing those whose borrowed or immature ideas were never put to a crucial test grows easier. Upon this ground it can hardly be said that the schools are in opposition to-day. The extensive application of suggestive therapeu-



tics has been more simplified, better understood, and consequently beneficial to a larger circle of mental and physical sufferers. The honor of having done this belongs to the Nancy school and its earnest and independent followers in all parts of the world.

If, then, suggestion is so potent an agent, how do we explain it, and how much do we really know about it? Theoretically we do not pretend to understand its mechanism any better than all other psychic phenomena, like will, memory, imagination, sleep, etc. We say that it is a mental process of which we make constant use, consciously and unconsciously, from the earliest glimmer of intellect until its final extinction. The nascent brain power is directed in its growth by the suggestions it receives as a stimulant from surrounding life. It may thus be said that suggestion impresses the mind through the intellect. Suggestibility thereby becomes a physiological brain process, which varies in accordance with individual mental growth, circumstances, and the then existing state of mind. It never creates, but adapts itself to the material and molds a form which we critically pronounce good, bad, or insignificant in all the varying shades. Recognizing this effect of strong, external influence, and cognizant also of the fact that man as a being has an unconscious as well as a conscious existence, the next step is logically an attempt to guide such influence and to assure the most beneficial result possible. This then establishes the practical phase upon which our social life is based and constructed. In other words, we attribute to suggestion both a correcting and a disturbing influence upon human life in all its departments. We acknowledge it to be one of the greatest powers for good or evil, omnipresent, our master and servant alike. It depends upon our swiftness, insight, and firmness to make this giant either a serviceable builder or, by our sloth, conceit, and laxity, a wrecking tyrant. The chosen suggestion must, first of all, make an impression, and next, be accepted, before its realization or effect can be produced. Without such complex action there is no successful suggestion. Impression, therefore,

naturally demands concentration upon the idea advanced, and to further it there must exist mental and physical calmness inducing a willing aptitude to listen. A man, biased by his own views or occupied by another train of thoughts, will let your suggestive arguments enter by one ear and leave by the other, if he renders you even that fugitive courtesy, to the temporary detriment of his own ideation. The comparatively few who can command an attentive attitude and a passive state, either by reason of their mental training which makes it easy for them, or because their individual interest is closely wrapped up in the subject itself, are distanced by the many, whose petty and diametrically opposite thoughts form a nebula wherein the idea presented is bedimmed or entirely lost.

Modern medicine has made practical application of these every-day facts. The close connection between mind and matter, their reciprocity and dependency upon each other in health and disease, evolved a theory which has been further proved and developed by practical demonstrations. Material medicine, that of drug and scalpel, had long been found inadequate to cope with many most serious conditions whenever relying upon these means alone, or giving them a preponderant role. Gradually assisting their crudeness by the milder and to human life necessary adjuvants, psychological effects were finally considered and studied as a branch of *materia medica*. Accumulating evidence as to their efficacy met no longer the scornful rejection characteristic of former orthodox generations, but an impartial and scientific scrutiny. It became more and more self-evident that without a broader knowledge of the psychic element in disease and of its intimate pathogenic and therapeutic importance, a physician was, as Bernheim said, no more than a veterinary. The last medical decades have thus succeeded in establishing as an undeniable truth the curative claims of applied psychology in the physical as well as the mental realm. The problem itself being obscure and evasive, all circuitous and merely speculative methods were abandoned as leading the honest investigator into a most be-

wildering maze, and the true scientific spirit, untrammelled by shackles of authority, refused to force a conclusion within the limit of old and preconceived ideas. Experimental psychology, patiently registering effects mechanically produced, has proved a valuable aid to clinical psychology, which is markedly individual and more in touch with man and his surroundings. The study of man as a dual being, with definite and yet extended sphere of mental action, added to its practical results. There was no longer the mere acknowledgment of such a fact, but a search for the best application of that fact to human life through precise methods, duly respecting individual differentiation.

We have already stated that concentration was needed for the acceptance of a mental impression, but while this may be strictly true of a calm mind, which easily can sever all connection with irrelevant objective thought, such placidity could not be expected under the influence of mental or bodily pain. Here the sleep image presents the best illustration of tranquil receptivity. For this reason the early suggestive therapists, when inducing hypnosis, thought that condition the curative agent itself. Although some investigators of to-day again have raised this question in a modified form, most of us are inclined to abide by a widely collected experience which demonstrates the suggestive element as the effective one. This position is strengthened by the observation that artificial sleep is not always required, and further, that a susceptible person does not necessarily prove a suggestible one, while the contrary is often the case. These two conditions are not dependent upon each other, although corresponding. It must rather be said that induced sleep is to an operation through mental channels the same as chloroform or ether to the surgeon's work. Both must insist upon impassiveness. The result is a physiological and not a pathological condition. The physician's individuality and well-directed suggestions cooperate with the patient's passive aid, and the result is success. The mere fact of putting a person to sleep under such conditions requires a technic as easily mastered by a well-organized mind as that

of administering anesthetics. The skillful use of the established condition can but belong to the one who with physiological knowledge combines psychical insight. The existing, subtle gradations are like keys opening secret chambers and every step a revelation of man's ignorance of man. The individual knows that he is asleep and replies; this state is that of hallucination and concentrated attention upon the image presented. Only a few can reach the highest degree of hypnosis, and for clinical purposes it is but seldom required or attempted. This is fortunate for the wider application of suggestive therapeutics and makes the benefit derived more general. An experienced physician would never look upon an absolute hypnotic state as the only serviceable one. He would not omit placing his suggestions as soon as a merely passive condition had been reached, well knowing that curative results are thus obtained, while often frustrated by forcing an issue. This means intelligent dosage based upon careful observation of his patient's assimilative strength. If passivity through sleep is needed, he then aids the patient in calling forth and grouping associate images which constitute the idea or illusion of sleep, at the same time that he inhibits any disturbing cerebration. Thus suggestion, derived from either individual or foreign influence, is productive of sleep, and so far as is known to-day the one is as normal as the other. Naturally the remark is now made that if hypnosis and ordinary sleep are both due to suggestion, they must then be identical as to therapeutic action. Yes, but with the difference that, while the one is induced especially for that purpose, the other has still to be prepared. A man goes to sleep and the activity of his subconscious ego is demonstrated by his dream life, with its variety of ideas belonging to the primary ego's existence in the present or the past. While he merely obeys the idea of rest, another attaches to it a specified purpose, beneficial for a mental or physical condition which needs a certain sedative or stimulating impulse. It is the mono-ideism in his case which organizes check centers capable of preventing confused thoughts which would otherwise divert his attention at a

decisive moment. He possesses, therefore, a concentration that is lacking in the other state, or, in other words, he is more suggestible. The illusion of sleep has been suggested to him in the same manner as that of a movement or an emotion. With suggestion as the dominant factor, not only in the sleeping but also in the waking state, it must therefore be admitted that the term hypnotism is altogether too general to serve as a concise determination of a therapeutic fact. Further, to designate as hypnotist any physician who adds a psychic agent to his medical knowledge equals in absurdity one's speaking of a skillful surgeon as a chloroformer or etherizer. For the itinerant showman it may have its peculiar value, but the physician can have nothing in common with the monstrous and injurious performances of the platform apparently as yet enjoying legal freedom.

In thus attempting briefly to place the agencies of applied psychology in the light of modern research, we have presented the practical experience of scientific investigators the world over, and their unanimous conclusion that an individual's suggestibility is a normal brain condition more or less developed. The physician may have to diminish or increase it in order

to establish a mental or physical equilibrium, but either way the process remains normal and productive of normal result. We speak here of the physician who considers no phase unimportant and who also, because he is a psychologist, understands how to give his patient the full advantage of beneficiary minor points, which ordinarily escape notice and consequently disappear only to reappear as formidable antagonists. In subsequent papers authentic clinical documents will show the efficacy with which hypno-suggestion is enabled to meet diseased conditions and impart to them a healthy impulse. It is at the same time well understood that it is no more a cure-all than other restoring agents, but in many ways it fills successfully the place where these have failed. It cannot infuse life, physical or mental, where the organism is decayed beyond repair, but it has prevented blunders which would have opened, in some instances, an earlier grave. It appeals to the instinct of self-preservation in man, through logic, which permits no speculative mysticism, and it liberates in him who knows only desperately to cling and as obstinately to refuse those subtle energies which demand normal freedom in order to act beneficially.

## THE CITIES OF THE WORLD TO COME— A SOCIAL STUDY

BY REV. CHARLES R. BROWN

The Bible opens with a scene in a garden. Two young married people, in the fresh, sweet innocence of their holy companionship, are wandering among the fruits and the flowers, the beasts and the birds. As the shadows fall, they hear "the voice of the Lord—their God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." Their first temptation to do wrong comes from no gross solicitation to evil such as we find in the dark places of our cities; it comes from a tree,—it makes its appeal in the luscious beauty of forbidden fruit. The whole setting in this picture of the testing and training of human life is characterized by the simplicity and joyousness

of the glad out-doors. This was the vision which the Hebrews set back at the beginning of their history; they saw life blameless in the center of a perfect garden.

A later writer, who had studied centuries of human history and who knew the grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ, undertook a higher and a harder task. The old Paradise was a garden; the new Paradise, he said, was to be a city of God. How different from the opening pages of Genesis are the closing pages of Revelation! Here we have the walls and gates, the streets and buildings of a mighty city. We see the kings of the earth, the royal influences and opportunities, bringing

glory and honor into it. We see whole nations walking in the light of this redeemed corporate life, as India and Egypt, Canada and Australia, walk to-day in the light of influences that go out from the city of London. Life is no longer simple, pastoral, country-like; it is rich, full, intricate, highly organized. It faces the difficulties that multitudes of men create when massed together. It grapples with problems world-wide in extent, in the light or darkness of whose solution nations must walk. John is brave enough and faithful enough to see that in the world that is to be men must learn how to build great and holy cities; they must learn how to live in these beautiful and shining capitals that shall either reveal the intense glory of God, or make plain the vice of men condensed and frightful. With the tasks that confront us at this hour John's vision, rather than that in Genesis, is the one that invites and inspires us.

The astonishing growth of cities in the last hundred years gives the opening twentieth century a problem and a threat. The figures are familiar, but they startle every serious mind. The people are being massed in cities by economic forces that are here to stay. The country produces what we eat. Labor-saving machinery has reduced the number of men demanded for such production. People can eat only a given amount of flour, meat, fruit, be they rich or poor, and this fact limits the number of those who can be used under modern conditions in cultivating the farms. But a couple can begin housekeeping with five chairs or fifty, with two changes of raiment or with two hundred, according to their purse. Consequently, with the introduction of improved machinery, there has been a transfer of emphasis from agriculture to manufacturing, because the demand for made articles is only limited by the wealth of the purchasers. This will increasingly gather the people into cities, where alone manufacturing can be effectively done.

The great cities, then, are here to stay and to grow greater. They are a menace to our physical, mental, and moral well-being. Hundreds of city people never taste a mouthful of pure air in months.

You stand at the top of the Masonic Temple, Chicago, twenty-three stories from the ground, and look down at the little, moving human figures. They live their lives at the bottom of deep ditches, dark always, chill, cold, and sunless in winter, hot and foul in summer. Bodily deterioration must ensue, which means moral deterioration presently. Lungs are weakened, digestion impaired, nerves worn and fretted, and then you have a different moral factor to deal with. The farmer works hard, but he has for his outlook the unsmoked blue sky, the wide horizon, the fields of growing grain, the animals, the birds, the fruit, the flowers, the native fragrance which is heaven's own appointed incense. City men toil in crowded factories, in damp, dark offices, in narrow streets, and in packed stores. The lowered physical tone weakens the power of moral resistance, which is then compelled to face vice in its most seductive city forms. It frightens us as we think of cities continuing to pile themselves upon us for redemption.

The task is herculean, and we are compelled to turn often to John's vision that we may gain assurance that city life can become holy, beautiful, and joyous. We read eagerly of the divine forces that await enlistment with ready human effort to win the splendid results he lifts before us. By the phrase, the cities of the world to come, I do not mean social creations in the hereafter. John saw the ideal city, which, as a Jew, he named the New Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God and finding place here on earth. "The world to come" is the world that must come here, and these perfected cities are to be the nerve centers in its forceful life.

Those cities must certainly be made clean. The streets must be swept, all decaying filth and garbage removed, all sanitary provisions effectively carried out. And furthermore, they must be made morally clean. Nothing shall in any wise enter or remain that defileth or worketh abomination. In accomplishing such a result, it is important that we keep our moral definitions clear, and move together steadily upon lines where moral people are already agreed. There is divergence of view as to the whole question of indul-

gence in intoxicating drinks, but all right-minded people are agreed that gambling in all forms and houses of infamy have no just standing ground in a clean city. The honest and the decent are sure that, if gambling and prostitution are not infamously and criminally wrong, nothing is wrong. They are unanimous in their conviction that such plague-spots should be destroyed. There would be wide-spread heartache and heartbreak in California, Oregon, Colorado, Tennessee, and the other States that have sent to the Philippines many of their first-born sons, as near as might be without spot or blemish, did they know the moral loss in many of their soldiers. As the Boys in Blue waited for their transports by the sea, the San Francisco dens of infamy moved out close to the camps and pointed their ugly, bejeweled fingers along the way that leads to death and to the house that takes hold on hell. Then the iniquity of Manila opened its mouth wide at the sight of the fresh, clean opportunity brought within the reach of its unholy appetite. This stands as one of the terrible attendant curses of militarism, and the ruin is wrought because cities have not yet learned how to be clean.

We have been told that such things must be,—that such organized and defiant evil cannot be driven out. This baby-like surrender tells of a moral flabbiness that is pitiable. A city that can protect itself from the leprosy that eats and rots the body can banish the licensed leprosy that eats and rots the total manhood. In the face of cholera, yellow fever, the bubonic plague, and other scourges that destroy the body, and after that have no more that they can do, stiff, stern, unbending quarantine regulations are accepted and enforced as appropriate and inevitable. And shall we who are to make the cities of the world to come lie down sheepish and helpless before the streets full of moral cholera that in a deliberate, organized way would for the sake of gain destroy both body and soul?

We are weakly told that an ordinance of cast iron directed at such evils could never be enforced. But the overwhelming majority of the people in all our cities are clean, and these people can have just what they want whenever they demand it.

We are told of the inefficiency of the police, and that they could not stamp out such iniquity. The police can do anything in reason when the people stand behind them demanding it. The crowd surged forward and threatened to crush the speakers' stand, and work havoc to the company seated there, at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument. The great Webster shouted to the police to keep the crowd back. After a few weak attempts, they called to him, "It is impossible; it cannot be done." Then in stentorian tones he shouted, in behalf of the helpless women whose lives were imperiled: "It must be done. On Bunker Hill nothing is impossible." And somehow the police did it, and the danger passed. When the pure, honest people holding the balance of power stand up in moral dignity and strength, and say of all organized infamy and gambling, "These things are low and vile; they must be cast out," the paid agents of their wish and determination will find the way, and these two initial steps will be taken toward making our cities morally clean.

John saw, too, that the cities of the world to come were to be beautiful, as fine and as fair as a bride adorned for her husband. We allow most of our cities to be made ugly. A building of two stories will abut one of ten, and farther on a huge sky-scraper will stand like a wart against the sky-line. In European cities the people who must look at the streets have more to say as to what those streets shall be. American cities also are only fairly awakened to the necessity of parks. Frequent squares and systems of larger parks; playgrounds for boys and girls, and shady walks with easy seats where the tired mother may trundle her baby carriage and sit for an hour out in God's open; breathing places, convenient and beautiful for the tired multitude that inhabits the crowded city,—these in glad abundance will adorn the city of the world to come.

All these cost money, and the tax-payers who pay the most will use the smaller and more popular parks the least. They are financially able to seek their pleasure in the far-away woods and mountains, by the sea and in the land abroad. But to

levy generous tribute on them for the benefit of the less fortunate is but to incorporate a fundamental Christian principle into municipal life; it is to train the strong to bear the burdens of the weak and not solely to please themselves. No nation has been growing rich so fast as ours; no nation ought to do so much, then, to make the cities beautiful, healthful dwelling places for all the people that must inhabit them.

John measured his city "according to the measure of a man." He estimated all things by their ability to serve the growth of real humanity. The municipality, as he viewed it, was long or broad or high, not in miles of streets or stories of buildings, but according to its ability to serve and minister to the needs of its people. The civic spirit in all its corporate expressions should become so wisely and effectively generous in its provisions for the lives of all that the humblest citizen might exclaim in loyal pride, with Paul of old, "I am a citizen of no mean city." The thought of the city as a great home, a wholesome, attractive, useful dwelling place, maintained and developed by all for each, every resident giving according to his ability and each receiving according to his need, will be a fundamental principle in all the cities of the world to come.

The city John saw was also joyous, and strains of music rose from its streets, rich and full as the sound of many waters. We have worked on the side of repression for wrong-doing in our cities; but we shall never solve our problems until we work as steadily on the side of provision. The liquor saloon is strong on account of the fiery stimulants it offers to the jaded, but still more because it is the most accessible social center for thousands of earth's weary and lonely ones. It is the poor man's club. At last it bites him like an adder, but for the present he will play with it as a place of light and warmth, of cheer and entertainment, until something better is offered. The meager social opportunities for the family living in a narrow, cheerless tenement, for the young man in the third-floor hall bed-room of a boarding-house, for the thousands seeking social change and recreation, and finding so

much of it entangled with corrupting evils, account for many of the moral problems in city life.

Social evils can only be fought with social weapons. The Young Men's Christian Association would add to its already achieved usefulness, if its habits were more elastic, the quality of its social life brighter and finer, and the general air of its establishment more that of a Christian clubhouse. If it should thus be compelled, in its wider and fuller social outreach, to leave some of the aggressive evangelistic work it now attempts to the churches, there are enough of them to undertake the task. The public libraries and reading-rooms can stand hospitably open early and late, Sunday afternoons and evenings included, with such a corps of attendants and such an adjustment of their periods of service as to work no loss to their bodily or spiritual well-being. The picture galleries, which time and wealth will expand into richer proportions, can stand open with numerous free days, carrying their messages for human completeness through the beautiful gates of the temple. The cities can go still farther in offering to the people band concerts by trained and expert musicians, thus leading them to know earth's finest harmonies. Great entertainment houses, beautiful and attractive in appointment and programme, built at public expense and endowed and sustained for the many, as universities are for the few, would find a moral usefulness unapproached by the jail or the reformatory which we now deem so indispensable to our righteousness. The city of the world to come in the total expression of its civic spirit must set the people in such helpful relations to one another, and must offer them such opportunity for full and wholesome life, that the whole movement of their intercourse will become like music and the final effect shall be the joyous vision John saw.

I have not tried to indicate programmes for progress, but rather to notice the plain principles embodied in the vision of the seer. The very contrast between the opening and the closing pages of holy writ suggest how much richer, for good or ill, are the conditions of the associated life.

If they offer the harder problems, they also entice and inspire us with the grander prospect. The results suggested can be and will be achieved as men study

and master "the art of living together," and then our children will reap their rich advantages from the clean, the beautiful, and the joyous cities of the world to come.

## THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

BY DAVID F. LINCOLN, M. D.

This remarkable institution is so progressive in its character that new developments have constantly to be chronicled. The best description yet written is less than two years old, but is practically obsolete.

It is pleasant to be able to point to evidence of its prosperity, in the doubling of its territory, the completion of three new cottages and a large barn, and much rearrangement of the grounds,—all within the past season. The accommodations do not yet permit of any considerable increase in the number of citizens, but there is no intention of stopping at the number reached.

The Republic as it now exists owes its fundamental principles, and in nearly every respect its development, to Mr. George. It originated some years ago in summer camps of city children conducted by him. After an intimate experience with this plan for four years, he reached the conclusion of its worthlessness. Some of the young people came as a "gang" for the excitement of the pursuits of this form of life. Most of them came with the object of receiving suits of clothes and other articles prominently in view. All were more or less lawless, and a nuisance to the neighborhood, and went back to their city homes in pretty much the same moral state as they came.

The first step was taken when the principle of self-support by the children was adopted. Work was furnished, and suits of clothes were thus earned. Then, it was determined to refuse all transient guests, and to limit membership to such as were willing to stay all the year; this step furnished Mr. George with a sifted few, all of whom were well-wishers of his plans, and upon this nucleus his present number of seventy-nine (fifty-eight boys, twenty-one girls) has been built up by successive

accretions, a few at a time, the stable qualities and law-abiding principles of the existing population proving at all times a complete and rapid solvent of such vicious elements as were from time to time thrown in.

A variety of financial systems was tried, which it is needless to describe here, the final result being a system of tin currency in which all debts within the Republic are paid. No one eats, sleeps, or purchases clothes or other necessities without a proper supply of the "tin," and, in correspondence with this, no one need go unprovided with work. It is the part of the superintendent to find or make work for every applicant, whether on the land or in the care of cattle, ditching, leveling, chopping, sweeping, bed-making, cooking, waiting on table, etc. The price paid for labor, food, etc., in tin corresponds nearly with those customary in the outer world, only there is leniency shown to the younger members in paying them higher wages than would be practicable in real life, which enables a little chap of eight years—Little Jack is his sobriquet—actually to pay his way with his own labor.

In reality, the product of the citizens' labor, largely unskilled and often childish, is far from sufficient for their support. The cost of the land and buildings and the yearly deficiencies in income are defrayed by subscriptions.

It is known to most of my readers that the boys carry on a system of self-government, with judge, district attorney, police, and courts as executive agents, and a town-meeting as legislative assembly. The authority of the boys extends to all cases arising between themselves, and to matters of common morality within their own numbers. These rights or customs have no existence or legal sanction except as conceded by the board of trustees and the

superintendent, and it is within the power of the latter to withdraw consent and to bring the children under ordinary asylum discipline. Such a step backward has never for a moment been thought of, as I hardly need say. The results of self-government are too precious; they constitute every citizen a defender of the state, they place responsibility for rectifying disorder upon every person who witnesses it; and this duty is not, as with us adults, a theory, but is zealously accepted by each as an individual duty.

Except in cases clearly requiring interference (incendiarism, dangerous violence, and the like), the government is not meddled with by the staff of paid officers. The superintendent, by law, has the power to veto a bill, but the veto power has never been exercised. He lets the citizens and their doings strictly alone, in so far as concerns prosecution or punishment of culprits, in this respect denying himself the privilege used by every citizen. This detachment from all penal relations enables him to become the confidant of any child; no matter how grave the offense confessed, the confidence is respected. "But what if a child confessed to a high crime?" some one may ask. The proper reply to all such suppositions is that children are not brought to the Republic to be punished; the Republic does not exist for punitive reasons; its work is solely the rebuilding of moral ruins.

The children are by no means all culprits. Some are there simply because their parents neglect them, others because they show certain tendencies. There are hoodlums and offenders against law among the members, and "toughness" is a pretty general trait upon entrance; but membership inflicts no stigma. Their past is unknown to their fellow-citizens; all start afresh, with equal chances of honor and prosperity in new circumstances.

The superintendent stands behind the school-teacher, and administers such rebukes or takes such other steps, in the usual line of school punishment, as he thinks fit in the case of troublesome scholars.

A pretty important means of control exists in the system of fines inflicted for

defective or neglected work by the employer, who may be the superintendent, matron, or other official, or even a boy or girl citizen, who is often in charge of some piece of work. This practice is in accordance with ordinary business usages, and as it is directly dependent on faults committed, its justice is not questioned. Fines may also be inflicted for tardiness or misbehavior at school. What with hasty temper, carelessness, and idleness, even a prominent citizen may sometimes find himself or herself sorely pinched for funds when pay-day reveals a balance against his account. Then there is an anxious application to one friend and another for loans to avert starvation. A destitute citizen may sleep in the lock-up, paying for the accommodation by labor. How many consecutive meals a child has ever missed I cannot say, but the lesson that hunger and cold are the penalty of anti-social conduct has been felt by most of the members.

There is a savings-bank, though the deposits are not large, and at the close of any one's connection with the Republic he has his choice between receiving his cash in American money at the rate of one cent for five in tin, or of converting his tin into goods at the store, where it has purchasing power equal to its face value.

Constant employment, the stimulus of necessity, self-dependence, self-government are therefore among the chief means in use at the Republic for building up character. To these must be added, as of equal or greater importance, the two correlative though seemingly contradictory elements of love and punishment.

As for punishment, a considerable measure of it enters into the earlier experience of nearly every member. The children are quick-tempered, ungovernable, impulsive in all directions, and the lesson of conformity is not learned at once. It is not very uncommon for a boy (or girl) to receive a sentence from a jury of his or her peers of a year's imprisonment. They are then locked in cells for the night, and made to labor for the Republic by day under charge of a boy policeman. Sentence is often shortened or parole granted, in which latter case there is an obligation to work eight hours a day and attend religious service during the period of their



parole. Successive punishments come at longer and longer intervals; the order of things around the new-comer becomes more and more acceptable, and at last he practically joins the ranks of the supporters of order and becomes a reliable citizen. It deserves very careful consideration that this change of character often requires more than one or two years of time, longer, in fact, than the usual period of a boy's residence in the best reformatories.

Does the long residence in the Republic—for the duration is practically indefinite—tend to lower the individuality, to check initiative, to “institutionalize” the child, which is apt to be the consequence of the best meant seclusion system? As far as I can see, nothing of the sort occurs. Life is as free and offers as many chances for the orderly citizen there as for the average school-boy. There is a vivacity, an alertness, a spontaneity, about the children which is wholly gratifying as an evidence of results, but which makes it very pleasant to come in contact with them. You and I have just as much right to go and talk with them as we have to speak to a farmer's boy at the gate. They are not molded into a pattern; there is no official routine more than for the rest of us. Speaking for myself, I feel much more sure of pleasant and respectful manners with them than I do with children outside; indeed, the trait is a marked one, and the open look, the cordial greeting, the friendliness are such as to lead one to look for some special source; for these are not the terms in which one would describe the “neglected classes,” the “street Arabs,” from which the Republic is chiefly drawn. The source of the great part of this pleasant result is found in the genial humanity of the founder, and his genuine, loving insight into children's character and needs. His life is identified with their welfare; and it is not too much to say the same for the wife who stands in even closer contact with some of the cases than he, and who accepts her daily share of the wear and trouble. I should be sorry to think that Mr. and Mrs. George had a monopoly of this spirit. It is communicable; and one can already name several of the young members who have begun to

feel a “call” for work in the direction of Mr. George's leading. That there will be talent enough of the right sort for conducting as many more of these institutions as may be called for, I feel assured.

The enterprise may perhaps be said at the present time to have reached maturity, but not in the sense of fixity of form. Tendencies exist which will produce new developments. It is probably not yet time to urge the establishment of new colonies in other places; and yet the “National Junior Republic,” near Annapolis Junction, and the “Carter Junior Republic,” at Readington, near Easton, Pennsylvania, are very promising embryos, both containing members of the “George” by way of colonists. By way of illustration of the newest developments, we may mention the Carter Cottage, built by private donation, which is occupied by a group of boys who “bought” the building for two hundred dollars cash down (in tin) and one thousand dollars on a mortgage. They occupy in equal right without regard to the sum contributed by each,—“like a family,” as they say. Their title gives them, not the legal fee simple, but the right to dispose of the property to other citizens in the Republic. The payment of twelve hundred dollars in tin will represent practically twelve hundred days' labor of farmer-boys, or its equivalent.

The retention of a certain number of girls is believed to be of the greatest advantage. It is a fundamental principle of the Republic to be ignorant of the special past history of citizens, and we will follow this precedent in the case of these girls, whose present value is best represented by the visible respect with which the boys treat them. The children know very well what vice is, and their laws against tobacco, profanity, and indecency are based on a clear determination on the part of the great majority of them to keep things straight. The direction of Mr. George's purposes at present is toward a more close family arrangement, allowing more direct daily intercourse between the boys and girls.

The religious status of the place having been made a subject of inquiry by my friends, it may be well to give some of my notes. The Sunday which I spent there

two gentlemen took charge of the services. In the morning a New Yorker, working with one of Dr. Hall's East-Side missions, gave a plain religious talk, accompanied with numerous hymns from one of Mr. Sankey's books; in the evening a student from the Auburn Seminary (Presbyterian) described some phases of Asiatic heathenism, and showed certain idols, again accompanied with hymns, which appear to be much enjoyed by the children.

There is a Wednesday evening service also, conducted by a Christian Endeavor Society among the citizens.

Attendance upon service (except in the case of prisoners) is voluntary. An entirely non-sectarian attitude is taken; no other would be possible in the presence of Jewish and Catholic members.

It is well known that Cornell University supports a voluntary religious service, in which clergy of all denominations take part. It is intended to invite such of the clergy as are willing to take the ten-mile ride, and secure their presence at afternoon services in the Republic.

An unannounced visit to the Carter Cottage at ten Monday morning, enabled me to note the appearance of the rooms of some of the more prosperous citizens. The appearance was that of the rooms of college students living on small means,—a narrow bed, a quantity of photographs, a crimson pennant with "H.," several sofa pillows with "C.," a draped American flag, a few books; also, in each room, a Scripture motto, the gift of Miss White, of New York. I include this in the statement of "religious influence," letting it go for what it is worth.

Mr. George is a man of religious antecedents and convictions, whose practical experience has convinced him of the necessity of strict non-sectarianism. Himself an attendant, he avoids taking a leading part in the religious services. I may add that his experience has also led him to avoid as a rule the use of religious excitement as a reformatory agent in the case of young people.

There are tendencies in various directions to be noted. Private ownership in garden land is to be encouraged. The family idea is to be strengthened. Trades are to be taught, beginning soon with shoe-

making; sewing lessons, eight hours a week, are now given to the girls. Education is cared for by two teachers, but the diversity of ages is a troublesome element, and some new developments are to be looked for under Mr. George's suggestion.

The writer has had occasion to hear many strange and many funny things at the Republic. The strangest shall remain untold; but one or two incidents will interest the reader.

C. is one of the pillars of the Republic. Never a culprit, though extricated from direful surroundings, she has compelled (one can hardly speak otherwise) her parents to give up to her little R., her sister, whose "guardian" she has become in accordance with the children's law, and is now responsible for her maintenance and that of a third sister, nine years old, whom her mother voluntarily placed in her hands. C. is sixteen, earns day wages in housework, and means to go through the high school at Freeville. R. is seven (I assisted with high honors at her birthday party), and is a kind of general sunbeam.

By invitation of some of the boys and girls, I went out with seven of them to gather nuts and apples of a Sunday afternoon, and a right good time we had in a simple way, and better than all was the children's interest—yes, affection—for the visitor who was "good to them." But do not imagine, dear reader, that all the citizens are angelic. I saw another lot on the same errand whose new birth was very incomplete.

C. is a big rosy fellow, with a constant smile and an honest eye, and a hard worker. He was sent here by a reformatory in another State as unmanageable, being described as a low, obstinate, bullying character. He is in prison clothes, for he gets punishment now and then, but it is believed that he will be thoroughly cured in a year or two more.

"I want you to know Jennie," says the superintendent. "Here she is,—as good a little girl as you ever saw, only she will run away. And we have to put her in prison every time!" With her prison clothes, her plump face seemed that of a boy. I next saw her reading in the library.

It seems she is on parole, and it is part of her parole duty to read an hour a day, which in her case has had the happy effect of establishing a fondness for the right kind of reading. Once more I saw her, this time in proper girl's dress, a sweet, pleasant little maid.

The appearance of the citizens is not in the least suggestive of an "institution," but rather of village youngsters, many of whose fathers cannot afford to clothe them properly. Rags are occasionally in evidence,—bare feet are in fashion in summer; but when one thinks that the children earn their whole outfit one's hand goes instinctively to one's pocket. Please remember that tips are forbidden! A letter was sent to a child inclosing stamps

for reply, but the reply came with a return inclosure of tin money! There are cases where help is allowed, notwithstanding.

A couple of little fellows, barefoot and in shirt-sleeves, are crying with the cold; an October frost covers the ground, and they sold their jackets while it was warm weather. A group of fellow-citizens of a year's standing encourage them with the remark, "Wait till it comes November!" adding reminiscences from their own experience of last year when they were in the same plight. "You'll know better next year!" they shout. And so they will.

Advising my friends to go and see the kind of welcome a visitor gets at the Republic, I bring this hasty sketch to a close.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE

[A friend who has made a thorough study of the conditions of good government, and who is deeply interested in the oncoming generation, sends us the following communication, which admirably supplements Dr. Lincoln's excellent paper.]

Every thinking person must have observed that the apparently theoretical ideas of the best thinkers of one generation become the common practice of the streets in another farther on. This fact finds an excellent illustration in the work of Mr. George's Junior Republic. My readings in the last few years have made me somewhat acquainted with Montesquieu, the Physiocrates of France in the middle of the last century, Kant, Hobbes, Emerson, Channing, and others. These men in their day were looked upon as dreamers, theorists, utterly impractical men. It would seem, however, that they announced principles which Mr. George has put into practice. Let me give some of these:

"Tis likewise a fundamental law in democracies that the people should have the sole power to enact laws. The people are singularly well qualified for choosing those whom they are to trust with part of their authority."\*

"When the common people adopt good maxims they adhere to them more steadily than those we call gentlemen. It is very rare that corruption commences with the former, nay, they frequently derive from their imperfect life a firmer respect for the established laws and customs."†

"The nation ought to be composed of a multitude of men instructed in the primitive and essential reason of the laws, and a corps of citizens instituted to be more par-

ticularly than others the depositaries and guardians of truth."\*

"The admission to the laws cannot be true or general unless a certainty of their wisdom is spread among the people. It is in the circle of the 'gens lumineux' (referred to above as a corps of enlightened citizens) that belongs the approval of the republic, and where may spring an emulation and salutary fear which serve as a contre-poid to the motives by which they may be turned from the ways of honor and virtue."†

M. Turgot, the most distinguished of the Physiocrates, believed in the "plain people," and that they are capable of instruction and morality. He was careful to explain to them the groundwork of his laws and reform. "You cannot," he said, "serve the people by lying to them or playing with them."

John Austin, one of the Benthamites, says: "The multitudes are fully competent to conceive the leading principles and of applying them. The broad principles of political economy may be mastered with a moderate attention in a short period. . . . The laity or non-lawyer part of the community are competent to conceive the more general rules."

John Stuart Mill, in his "Principles of Political Economy,"‡ says: "But there is a capacity of exertion and self-denial in the masses of mankind which is never known but on rare occasions on which it is appealed to in the name of some great idea or elevated sentiment."

\**Mercier de la Riviere*, one of the Physiocrates, page 93.

†*Mercier de la Riviere*, one of the Physiocrates, page 115.

‡"Principles of Political Economy," by John Stuart Mill. New York, Appleton & Co., 1864. Vol. II, page 69.

\*"Spirit of Laws," by Montesquieu. Book II, chap. 2, pages 13-17.

†"Spirit of Laws," by Montesquieu. Book V, chap. 2, page 58.

Mr. Austin shows us "that the principal source of bad government is ignorance on the part of the multitude of sound political science in the largest sense of the expression. The principal prevention of this evil must lie in the diffusion of such knowledge throughout the mass of the community. Without that good government is impossible; the bulk of the people are as capable of receiving such science as the loftiest and proudest of their superiors in standing, wealth, or learning."\*

This is true, provided they are taught by thoroughly educated, disinterested men, the "gens lumineux," in whom they have perfect confidence. Mr. Austin shows us that Mr. Hobbes's opinion was similar to that of the Physiocrates of France, though he preceded them by a century. The Physiocrates maintained that for a good government two things must pre-exist,—first, knowledge by

\*Austin's "Jurisprudence," Vol. L, page 288.

the bulk of the people of the elements of political science in the largest sense; second, a numerous body of citizens versed in political science, not misled by selfish interests, who may instruct and steer the political conduct of the less informed.

Dr. William E. Channing, in his immortal work on "Self-Culture," writes: "The minds of the multitude are not masses of passive matter, created to receive impressions unresistingly from abroad. They are not wholly shaped by foreign instruction, but have a native force, a spring of thought in themselves. Every child starts the great problems which philosophy has tried to solve for ages."

Now, all these men were thinkers, dreamers if you please. It seems to me that their thoughts or dreams are now appearing in a concrete form in this Junior Republic. Consciously or unconsciously it appears there. It is our hope that God may bless it.

## THE POEMS OF HOMER: AN ALLEGORY OF THE TEN GREAT BATTLES OF LIFE\*

BY WILLIAM COX

PRELIMINARY PAPER

Translations and interpretations of ancient works, treating on metaphysical or kindred subjects, have been more or less biased by local character, and the meaning intended for transmission dominated so as to correspond with and uphold opinions regarded as correct by those who did the work. It ought not therefore to astonish anybody when certain facts are found that have escaped the attention of the learned.

There are so many diverse opinions expressed by those who have had occasion to examine into the critical labors of antiquity regarding the origin and meaning of the Homeric poems,—as to whether they are the works of one or many authors; or whether there is not the kernel of an Achilliad within an "Iliad," or whether they are not ballads voicing the folk lore of olden time, or tales of fiction whence the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, that were orally transmitted from generation to generation until the use of letters was discovered, then collected and put into their present form

\*This paper deals with the material of which the Homeric poems are composed, the meaning they are intended to convey, and the means employed for that purpose and to establish the true conclusions from evidence therein contained.

by a skillful literary tailor. A correct agnostic summary of theories as to the authorship and origin of the Homeric poems was lately given by a school-boy, who wrote: "It is said that writing was not invented when Homer composed his poems. He must therefore have lived a good deal later." It is no wonder that from an imperfect comprehension the poems are practically unintelligible even to scholarly minds, especially when they have been pronounced by learned and critical writers as works presenting no clear view of the subject described. What should we say to the foreigner who, having read a translation of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," forthwith hied him over to the English town of Bedford, and asked to be shown the jail in which he wrote his allegory, and the room or cell he occupied, the bed he slept on, the chair he sat on, and the table he wrote upon, and, being shown these material things, he then asked to be shown the Slough of Despond, the Wicket Gate, the Hill Difficulty, the Valley of Humiliation, the Interpreter's House, Giant Despair, Doubting Castle, etc.? Yet this is precisely what has been done for centuries with the immortal and

transcendent writings of Homer, whose works were allegorical, and under a poetic veil embodied the science of intellectual law.

Inquiry is the desire of knowledge, and the object and aim of inquiry is discovery; no one can discover what is not; nor can those things which continue uncertain be discovered. But when those things which have been as it were under a veil are laid open they are said to be discovered. The Homeric poems come down to us through the aisle of time in the form of history, clad in poetic vestment; they have been received as such, and as such they have influenced the thought of the world.

Onomacritus was a seer, priest, and poet of Attica about 530 to 480 B. C. His importance lies in his connection with the religious movements in Attica during the sixth century B. C. He had great influence on the development of the Orphic religious mysteries. He was detected by Laus of Hermione making an interpolation in the oracle of Musæus, and was banished by Hipparchus. He is also said to have interpolated Homer, and has in modern times been considered by some critics to have remodeled the Homeric poems. Antiphus, who flourished about the fourth century B. C., was remarkable for a certain quickness of conception. Speaking of the Homeric poems, he exclaims, "Ye books, whose are ye? What do you keep concealed?" "We are the offsprings of Meonides, and known in the story of Troy. One, the 'Iliad,' tells of the wrath of Achilles, and the deeds by the hand of Hector, and the contests of the ten years' war; but the other, the 'Odyssey,' the labor and travel of Ulysses and the distress of Penelope about her absent spouse."

According to Plato, Hipparchus, the eldest and wisest son of Pisistratus, born 605, died 527 B. C., who exhibited many other acts of wisdom, was the first who introduced into Greece the poems of Homer, and compelled the rhapsodists during the festival of the Panathenæe to go through them successively, and this he did to instruct the citizens, in order that he might rule over them, being the best of men, nor thinking that he ought to begrudge

wisdom to any man, as being himself a highly educated person.

Plato, in "Protagoras," says: "For my part I say the art of a sophist is ancient,—in those days meaning a wise man; but the men who professed it in ancient times, fearing the odium attached to it, sought to conceal it and veiled it over, some under the garb of poetry, as Homer, and Simonides, and Hesiod, and others under that of the mysteries and prophecies, such as Orpheus and Musæus, and their followers, and some I perceive have veiled it under the gymnastic art, as Iccus of Tarentum, and one of the present day, who is a sophist inferior to none, Herodicus of Selembria, who was originally of Megara; but your own Agathocles, who was a great sophist, concealed it under the garb of music, as did Pythoclides of Ceos and many others. All these, as I say, through fear of jealousies employed these as veils."

Ephesus was one of the celebrated cities of ancient times, in which was the great temple erected in honor of Diana, esteemed as one of the seven wonders of the world. The Ephesians were in those days a highly cultivated people in the arts, sciences, and philosophy. Plato, in "Theætetus," says: "For my part, with respect to these Heraclitian, or as you say Homeric, or even older doctrines, it is no more possible to converse about them with the people of Ephesus, who pretend to be acquainted with them, than with persons who are raving mad."

Again, in "Alcibiades," he says, "Are not these poems—the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey'—concerning a difference as to what is, just and unjust? And no other question than what relates to justice and injustice caused the battles and deaths?"

Olympiodorus, in his life of Plato, says: "Plato when about to die had a dream, how that, having become a swan, he went from tree to tree and caused the greatest trouble to bird-limers. This Simias, the Socratic philosopher, expounded by saying that he would not be caught by those who after him wished to interpret him, for the interpreters who wanted to catch the meaning of the ancients were like bird-limers: and not caught he is, since one may take his words, like those of Homer, in a sense physical, moral, ethical, theo-

logical, and [to speak] in a variety of senses."

Xenophon says that Niceratus, one of the companions of Socrates, speaking at the banquet of Agathon, valued himself upon knowing by heart all the poems of Homer, and said he could repeat off-hand the whole "Iliad" and "Odyssey." "But it has escaped your knowledge," replied Antisthenes, "that all the rhapsodists likewise know these poems." "How could it escape my knowledge," rejoined Niceratus, "when I hear them every day?" "Do you know of men," said Antisthenes, "more foolish than the rhapsodists?" "Indeed," replied Niceratus, "it does not appear to me that there are any." "It is certainly very evident," replied Socrates, "that they do not know the sense of what they recite; but you have given large sums of money to Stesimbrotus and many others to explain their meaning, so that nothing of any consequence in the poems has escaped you." Stesimbrotus is mentioned by Plato in "Ion" as being an interpreter of Homer. There were numerous interpreters of Homer in those days, but it is well to bear in mind that their mental grasp in comparison with Homer is as a child to a well-grown man.

Diogenes Laertius says: "Metrodorus of Lampsacus explained Homer's theology from various speculations and phenomena of nature, and thus gave a rational account of the poet's mythology in lieu of the literal sense in which it was received by the vulgar."

Lycias's speech against Theomnestus deserves attention for the curious evidence of the way in which the ordinary vocabulary of Athens had changed between 600 and 400 years B. C.

Herodotus, one of the earliest of prose writers, says that the more learned of the Persians assert the Phocians to have been the original inciters of contention. This nation migrated from the borders of the Red Sea, and were distinguished by their long and enterprising voyages. They exported to Greece the produce of Egypt and Assyria. While the females were standing near the ship the Phoenicians seized them, among whom was Io, the daughter of the king. This was the cause of Io's arrival in Egypt. In process of

time certain Greeks were reported to have touched at Tyre and carried off Europa, daughter of the prince. In the reign that followed Paris, son of Priam, encouraged by the memory of these Greeks, determined on obtaining a wife from Greece by similar violence. Seizing Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, he carried her to Asia. The Greeks, to avenge this wrong, assembled a mighty fleet, entered Asia, and totally destroyed the kingdom of Priam. This story is supposed to be the basis on which the Homeric poems were constructed.

Josephus, in his "Antiquities of the Jews," says that "Moses, in the fortieth year after he came out of Egypt, delivered curses on those that should not live according to the Law, but should transgress the duties that were determined for them to observe. After this he read to them a poetic song which was composed in hexameter verse, and left it to them in the Holy Book. It contained a prediction of what was to come to pass afterward, agreeable to what things have happened all along and do still happen to us, and wherein he has not at all diverged from the truth. Accordingly he delivered these books in private with the Ark, into which he also put the Ten Commandments. He was a man who excelled all men in understanding, and made the best use of what that understanding suggested to him." The Homeric poems were originally written in hexameter verse.

At the laying of the foundation of the second Temple, in the reign of Darius (born 523, died 486, B. C.), the foundation was just opened and cleaned from the rubbish, that a level site might be procured for the commencement of the building. While engaged in excavation for this purpose, an avenue was discovered, supported by seven pairs of pillars, perfect and entire, which had escaped the fury of the flames that had consumed the Temple and the desolation of war which had destroyed the city. This secret vault, which had been built by Solomon as a secure depository for certain valuable secrets that would have been lost without some such expedient for their preservation, communicated by a subterranean passage with the king's palace; but, at the destruc-

tion of Jerusalem, the entrance having been closed by the rubbish of falling buildings, it had been now discovered by the appearance of a keystone among the foundations of the Sanctum Sanctorum. A careful inspection was then made, and the valuable secrets were placed in safe custody. The innermost and most sacred part of the Temple was called the Holy of Holies, and sometimes the Most Holy Place, and was ordained and made for the reception of the Ark of the Covenant, the whole end and reason of that most sacred place being none other but to be a tabernacle for it.

The Masons have a tradition that King Solomon concealed certain treasures beneath the Temple, and that the hollow of the cylinders of the pillars called Jachin and Boaz were used as archives and contained the sacred rolls which comprised the history of the Hebrew nation, their civil and religious poetry, the works of the prophetic and inspired writers, and the complete system of universal law.

Aristotle says: "Now, these philosophers are not unlike the ancient interpreters of Homer, who discover minute, but fail to observe important similitudes." Alexander the Great was taught under the intellectual Hercules, Aristotle, who dedicated divers of his books unto him. "What estimation he had learning in doth appear in these particulars,—first, in envy he used to express that he bore to Achilles, in that he had so good a trumpeter of his praises as Homer's verses; secondly, in the judgment of solution he gave touching the precious cabinet of Darius, which was found among his jewels, where, the question being asked as to what thing was worthy to be put in it, he gave his opinion for Homer's verses; thirdly, in his letters to Aristotle, after he had set forth his books concerning nature, wherein he expostulated with him for publishing the secrets and mysteries of philosophy, and gave him to understand that himself esteemed it more to excel other men in learning and knowledge than in power and empire."

The Indians of Asia had Homer in their own tongue. Virchand R. Gandhi, B. A., of Bombay, India, has published a work entitled "The Unknown Life of Christ,"

the material of which is taken from an ancient manuscript recently discovered in a Buddhist monastery in Thibet by Nicholas Notovitch. The inscription in the Mimas Monastery is divided into two paragraphs, the first of which is the salutation "to the teachers,—to the most eminent Buddha, who has the characteristics, signs, and proportions; to the excellent Law, which reveals the truth; to the congregation of the faithful, who endeavor to become delivered. All honor be to these three supremacies, after a prostration at the feet of the superior Lamas." The remainder of the first paragraph relates the faithful adherence to Buddhism of the founder of this monastery, Dharmaraja Senge Nampar Gyalva, and his father, and the universal reverence paid by the Ladakians to the Holy Triad. It is stated that Senge Nampar ordered to be built in his territory the Vihara Monastery, of the three gems, on a magnificent style, and named it "The Sangye Chi Ku Sung Thug Chi Ten," that is, the support of the meaning of Buddha's precepts, "whence the sun of the doctrines arose in this country brilliant as the dawn of the day." The careful student of Indian antiquities and literature is convinced that they present a history of Hindoo civilization for thousands of years so full and clear that he who runs may read.

Opium, hemp, tin, and many other things were known to Homer in their Sanskrit names. Homer mentions tin by its Sanskrit name, *Kasttra*, and the Phœnicians, who first learned the name from the trade through the Arabs with India, afterward gave the name of *Cassiterides* to the Scilly Islands and Cornwall, where it still survives in *Cassiter* street.

Homer's triple-gemmed ear-rings ("Iliad," xiv. 183, and "Odyssey," xviii. 298) are the jeweled ear-rings of India, composed of the three crystals of green, blue, and red; they are to be seen bright and pure in the emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby. The color of the emerald denotes faith, the blue of the sapphire hope, and the red of the ruby charity—the blessed intellectual trinity and offspring of the moral virtues. They also symbolize the three intellectual beauties, namely,

order, wisdom, and beauty; also law, harmony, and health; friendship, love, and truth; and right knowledge, right belief, and right conduct,—the pathway of Buddha to salvation.

After the second capture of Babylon Darius caused to be cut and sunk into the rock of Behistun, as a memorial forever, letters in which he declares that he had translated the ancient book containing the divine law and the prayer from the Bactrian into the old Persian. This was eleven years before Pisistratus, the father of Hipparchus, died.

Ptolemy Philadelphus procured a translation of the Law. By the advice of Demetrius Phalerus, seventy-two interpreters were sent by Eleazer, the high-priest, with the book of the Law, written upon membranes in letters of gold. They finished the translation in seventy-two days, and not only the king, but the philosopher Menedemus also admired them and said that "all things are governed by law," and it was probable thence it was that such force and beauty were discovered in this work. Now, when the Law was translated, and the labor of interpretation was over, which came to its end in seventy-two days, they all, the priests and elders and the principal men of their commonwealth, made it a request that, since the interpretation was happily finished, it might remain in the state it now was and that it might continue forever; and the king began to discourse with Demetrius how it came to pass, when this work was so wonderful, that no one of the poets or historians had ever made mention of it. Demetrius made answer that "no one durst be so bold as to touch upon the description, because it was divine and universal."

Heraclitus says: "Knowledge of divine things for the most part is lost to us by incredulity."

Cedrenus says: "There was a library in the palace of the king at Constantinople that contained a thousand and twenty books, among which there was the skin of a dragon of a hundred and twenty feet long, in which in letters of gold the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' of Homer were inscribed, which miracle of art in Basileus's time was consumed with fire."

Recently part of the "Iliad" has been taken from the wizened hand of an Egyptian mummy. Under some of the ancient religious rites and ceremonies lay concealed certain mysteries and allegories even from their first invention. Thus it seems that the philosophy of the ancients was hidden from the uninitiated under the form of hieroglyphics, fables, statuary, music, gymnastics, and poetry.

Charles Kingsley, author of "Hypatia," in chapter under the title of "The East Wind," puts the following as coming from the mouth of the beautiful Hypatia: "It matters not to us whether the poet [Homer] was altogether conscious of the meanings which we can find in him. Consciously or unconsciously to him, the meanings must be there; for, were they not there to be seen, how could we see them? There are those among the uninitiate vulgar—and those, too, who carry under the philosophic cloak hearts still uninitiate—who revile such interpretations as merely the sophistic and arbitrary sports of fancy. It lies with them to show what Homer meant if our spiritual meanings be absurd, to tell the world why Homer is admirable if that for which we hold him up to admiration does not exist in him. Will they say the honor which he has enjoyed for ages was inspired by that which seems to be his first and literal meaning? And more, will they venture to impute that literal meaning to him? Can they suppose that the divine soul of Homer could degrade itself to write of actual physical feasting, and nuptials, and dances, actual nightly thefts of horses, actual fidelity of dogs and swineherds, actual intermarriages between deities and men, or that it is this seeming vulgarity which has won for him from the wisest of every age the title of the father of poetry?"

Blaise Pascal says: "I am not surprised that the Greeks made the 'Iliad,' or the Egyptians and Chinese their histories. We have only to see how this comes about. These fabulous historians are not contemporaneous with the facts they narrate. Homer writes a romance, which he puts forth as such, and which is received as such, for no one supposed that Troy or Agamemnon existed more than did the



golden apple. So he thought not of making a history, but solely a book to amuse; he is the only man who wrote in his time, the beauty of his work has made it last, every one learns it and talks of it, we are proud to know it, and we get it by heart. Four hundred years afterward the witnesses of these things are no more,—no one knows of his own knowledge if it be fable or history; he has only learned it from his ancestors, and this may pass for true."

Macaulay, the eminent English historian, in his essay on "The Life and Writings of Addison," says: "In 1715, while he [Pope] was engaged in translating the 'Iliad,' he met Addison in a coffee-house. Philipps and Budgell were there; but their sovereign got rid of them, and asked Pope to dine with him alone. After dinner Addison said that he lay under a difficulty which he wished to explain. 'Tickell,' he said, 'translated some time ago the first book of the "Iliad." I have promised to look it over and correct it. I cannot, therefore, ask to see yours; for that would be double dealing.' Pope made a civil reply, and begged that his second book might have the advantage of Addison's revision. Addison readily agreed, looked over the second book, and sent it back with warm commendations. Tickell's version of the first book appeared soon after this conversation. In the preface all rivalry was earnestly disclaimed. Tickell declared that he should not go on with the 'Iliad.' That enterprise he should leave to powers which he admitted to be superior to his own. His only view, he said, in publishing this specimen was to bespeak the favor of the public to a translation of the 'Odyssey,' in which he had made some progress. Addison, and Addison's devoted followers, pronounced both the versions good, but maintained that Tickell's had more of the original. The town gave a decided preference to Pope's. We do not think it worth while to settle such a question of precedence. Neither of the rivals can be said to have translated the 'Iliad,' unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his own,

Peter Quince exclaims, 'Bless thee! Bottom, bless thee; thou art translated.' In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, "Bless thee, Homer; thou art translated indeed.'" Shakspeare had the faculty of concentrating in a word what would take ordinary men many sentences to explain.

From the time of Hipparchus down to the present there have been many readers of Homer who here and there have peeped beneath the veil, but for lack of proper conditions their view has remained hidden as it were under a bushel. Mythology, briefly defined, is the fables, or opinions and doctrines, representing the deities that the so-called heathen nations believed to preside over the world and influence its affairs. The gods, goddesses, demi-gods, and heroes of the Homeric poems are identical in character and employment with the twelve gods and the All-Fader of the Scandinavians and Iceland; with the gods of the Hindoos, as displayed in their national poems, "Mahabarata" and "Raymanaya," which correspond with the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of the Greeks; also with the gods of the Persians, Syrians, Romans, and Egyptians. In fact, all nations before the Christian Era,—if we except the Jews, who yet had their twelve tribes under the administration and government of the supreme Law-giver,—believed in a plurality of gods, who supervised and controlled the affairs of mankind, and that besides the one supreme God there were twelve others far inferior to him, but immortal and of great power and endowments, whom the supreme God employed as his ministers in the government of the world.

The American Indians believe in the one great Spirit, Manitou, who has twelve great sachems to look after and care for red men in the happy hunting-grounds. Is not the last supper, with the Master in the midst, symbolical of mythology?

In the days of the gymnosophists and magi the mass of the people had little or no access to institutions of learning. Poverty first, then social distinction, then scholarly haughtiness, were hinderances; and by these influences learning in the various schools became subsidiary to secret

and mysterious teaching, and for fear too much would be known, hieroglyphics, fables, riddles, enigmas, and symbols were employed as means of instruction.

As intimated by Plato, many grand and great secrets lie hidden under the garb of gymnastics, statuary, music, and poetry. For him to whom it may fortunately be allotted to discover their concealment, awaits the glorious reward of intellectual pleasure, the beautiful prize of truth.

Mr. Francis Galton, in his work on "Hereditary Genius," speaking of the comparative worth of the different races of mankind, says: "The Greeks were the ablest race of whom history bears record, partly because their masterpieces in the principal departments of intellectual activity are still unsurpassed, in many respects unequaled, and partly because the population that gave birth to the creators of those masterpieces was very small. During the space of one century, namely, between 530 and 430 B. C., Athens alone produced the following illustrious persons, fourteen in number: Statesmen and commanders—Themistocles, Miltiades, Aristides, Cimon, and Pericles; Literary and scientific men—Thucydides, Socrates, Xenophon, Plato; Poets—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; Sculptor—Phidias." Mr. Galton says that

the average standard of the mental superiority of the white race of to-day is two degrees above the negro race. Five hundred years before Christ the Greek race was two degrees above the white race of to-day in intellectual quality, activity, and development. What the negro race is to the white race, so is the white race of to-day to the Greeks 500 B. C.

Mental growth is of slow progress, and is developed according to geometrical progression. If the negro race is analogous to one, and the white race is two degrees above, it would be similar to four, and eight would indicate the comparative standard or mental development of the Greeks 500 B. C. The days of Pericles were the golden days of Greece, and then the Homeric poems were the Bible of the Greeks. They not only imitated and made their morals and manners after the teachings of Homer, but modeled the images of gods and demi-gods according to his description of them. To the Greeks Homer's works were looked upon as of divine origin. They were their spiritual guide, and to them those illustrious Greeks whose equals the world has never known looked to as the highest and noblest model of the order, wisdom, and beauty of intellectual law. Let this be deemed sufficient concerning the poems.

## A NEW PROPHET IN THE CHOIR OF PROGRESS\*

BY B. O. FLOWER

### BACK TO THE FATHER'S HOUSE.

It is impossible to estimate the nature and extent of the influence of a man of strong individuality, who steps from the beaten path of conventional ease and raises his voice for that true progress which is based on justice, fraternity, and liberty, and which has been desired and demanded ever since the dream of better things leaped from Plato's brain.

The last fifty years have been rich in strong and rugged characters who are proving a real inspiration to many of our finest natures among the young men of

to-day, who in turn are sowing seeds which hold redemptive power for state and civilization.

John Ruskin and William Morris in England, Count Tolstoi in Russia, and Henry George in America, are names truly typical, not only as representative spirits who have boldly stood for truer manhood and juster social conditions, but also as illustrating the different view-points from which the higher truth and life are apprehended, and suggesting something of the many factors and influences which will contribute to and in some degree mold the new civilization.

The human heart is so constituted that, as soon as it reaches a certain altitude on

\*"Plain Talks in Psalm and Parable," by Ernest H. Crosby. Cloth. Pp. 180. Price, \$2.00. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co.

the journey up the spiritual Alps, or, to change the figure, after it has been baptized with the light on the way to Damascus, it can no longer find satisfaction save in a tireless search for the best. Emerson truly says:

The fiend that man harries  
Is love of the best;

and it is doubly true of those who have caught a glimpse of the larger life, or felt the diviner impulses stir within their beings.

It is a fact worthy of special attention that, amid the insane struggle for gold, the feverish mania for gambling, and the stolid materialism which sneers at the eternal verities and, ox-like, persists in riveting the gaze on the grosser things of life, there is to-day as never before a growing company of the best minds who have come into a realization of the fact that they are in the far country, while their true place is in the Father's house; and the splendid part of the new realization of a higher destiny is that it marks so boldly the rise of man,—he is awakening to the supreme fact that in that selfless love, which goes forth like the sun's rays to bless all, is found the age-long secret of the peace which passes understanding and which the world can neither give nor take away. When a man finds his chief happiness in increasing the joy, the growth, and the development of others, he has in fact reached the Father's house,—he has entered the audience chamber of Infinite Love and has become a co-worker with the Eternal One. This is a fact of supreme importance, a growing realization of which marks the real development of man, society, and civilization.

#### SOME MEN WHO ARE HELPING THE WORLD UPWARD.

The past fifty years have been rendered luminous by the number of men of superior culture and refinement who have had the moral strength and true heroism to rise above all the multitudinous temptations of wealth, fame, position, and influence, and renounce that which the world calls success—surrendering ease, personal comfort, and the homage of the

millions—that they might help the less fortunate into a larger and sweeter life and aid in opening the eyes of the world or quickening the conscience of civilization, that the reign of order, justice, fraternity, and freedom may be hastened. John Ruskin refused selfishly to enjoy his princely fortune when by the giving of it he could enrich the lives of struggling young men and women, increase the comfort of the poor, and help his fellow-beings into the larger life which a recognition of beauty and a love of art ever carry with them. William Morris doubtless might have been the laureate of England, as he was one of the most popular poets with conventionalism when he, like Paul of old, was overpowered with the light so that henceforth his life was given to enriching the lives of all men and preaching the gospel of justice and fraternity. Count Tolstoi's fame was world-wide as a novelist. He was the most popular author in Russia, a nobleman who enjoyed the favor of the throne, the court, and the people; but he heard the voice of those under the wheel. The cry of humanity fell on his soul as the stroke of an alarm bell at midnight. Then he too came unto himself and realized that amid all the pomp, splendor, and popularity he was nevertheless starving in the far country. Now, these men and others who have renounced those things which the world most covets, that they might add to the happiness, wisdom, and moral growth of the world, are influencing thousands of hungry souls, and each in his way is helping to lay the foundation for a nobler state. Among those who have come under the influence of the great Russian is the author of "Plain Talks in Psalm and Parable."

#### ERNEST CROSBY THE MAN.

The young disciple of Count Tolstoi was born November 4, 1856. He came into a home of culture, a home where intellectuality and refinement were married to moral enthusiasm and high ideals. His father was one of the ablest clergymen in New York City, a man of large views and deep scholarship. His son became the idol of the home. To help him to live a normal life, to become good as well as

wise,—this was the chief concern of his loving parents. Happy indeed is the baby which is welcomed into such a home. The best educational advantages were given the boy, that the intellectual development might at no point be retarded. In 1876 he graduated from the University of the City of New York at the head of his class. Two years later he won the degree of Bachelor of Laws in Columbia College. He then began the practice of law. In 1886 he was nominated and elected to the Legislature of New York, to which position he was twice re-elected. During the last two years in the legislature he held the very important position of chairman of the Committee for Cities. In 1889 President Harrison nominated him to be the republic's representative judge in the Tribunal of Nations in Egypt. This nomination was promptly confirmed by the khedive. This position was an extremely important one, as all the European nations are there represented by able jurists. The proceedings are conducted in French and German, and all his opinions were written by Judge Crosby in both these languages. The position was for life, but after five years the young jurist resigned, owing to a feeling of unrest and spiritual hunger having become so pronounced as to urge him upward. During all these years, and indeed long before his appointment, the soul of the young man had felt that disquiet which sensitive natures always feel when haunted by an ideal nobler than they are able to live up to or realize in their environment. His soul became more and more restless. He longed for the spiritual serenity and satisfaction born of peace which comes not from the world, but springs in the deep recesses of the soul which has come in close rapport with the Divine. He sought for his own soul and for God, and how he found the Divine within and without is set forth in the following lines:

No one could tell me where my soul might be;  
I sought for God, but God eluded me,  
I sought my brother out and found all three.

A soul thus conscious that it was in the far country, a spirit thus hungry for a satisfaction not yielded by gold, fame, honor, or other gifts the world esteems

highly, was naturally attracted by a life so noble and austere as that of the great Russian novelist. The teachings of Tolstoi, re-inforced by his consistent life, produced a deep impression on the young judge. After resigning his office in Egypt he made a pilgrimage to Russia, where he came still more under the fascination of rugged sincerity and goodness. The life and work of Count Tolstoi confirmed Mr. Crosby in his resolution. He renounced the profession of law and abandoned his political career, which promised so much in advancement, emolument, and large honors. He became a farmer, lecturer, and an author. It is from the cultured pen of this young man, whose intellectual attainments are only eclipsed by his moral enthusiasm, that we have this remarkable volume whose pages are fairly ablaze with vital thought and moral lessons sorely needed at the present stage of civilization.

#### THE BOOK.

The work, like the man, is unconventional. Many of the themes are treated with a rugged simplicity and directness which strongly suggest Walt Whitman; and if he offends the stickler for poetic form he will please those who care more for the direct and positive presentation of living truths and needed lessons than for conformity to the hard and fast rules of the schools. In order that my readers may appreciate at once the thought and the style of the author, I shall present a series of his sermons and parables taken from different parts of the volume, the whole conveying something of Mr. Crosby's belief touching many of the great problems of life. The work opens with the following noble dedication to Count Tolstoi:

Hail, Tolstoi, bold, archaic shape,  
Rude pattern of the man to be,  
From 'neath whose rugged traits escape  
Hints of a manhood fair and free.

I read a meaning in your face,  
A message wafted from above,  
Prophetic of an equal race  
Fused into one by robust love.

Like some quaint statue long concealed,  
Deep buried in Mycenae's mart,  
Wherein we clearly see revealed  
The promise of Hellenic art,

So stand you; while aloof and proud,  
The world that scribbles, prates, and frets  
Seems but a simpering, futile crowd  
Of Dresden china statuettes.

Like John the Baptist, once more scan  
The signs that mark the dawn of day.  
Forerunner of the Perfect Man,  
Make straight His path, prepare the way.

The desert too is your abode,  
Your garb and fare of little worth;  
Thus ever has the Spirit showed  
The coming reign of heaven on earth.

Not in kings' houses may we greet  
The prophets whom the world shall bless,  
To lay my verses at your feet  
I seek you in the wilderness.

## NOT THE LORD.

## I.

Praise ye the Lord,  
For he hath given to his poor a world stored  
with all riches:  
Stone in the mountain, brick in the field, tim-  
ber in the forest to build them their  
houses;  
Wool and cotton to make them clothing;  
Corn and fruit and every manner of plant  
for their food.  
Who hath shut them out from the fullest  
enjoyment of all these things which  
they themselves produce?  
It is not God. Praise ye the Lord.

## II.

Praise ye the Lord,  
For he hath given to his poor brains, and  
eyes and ears of the best,  
So that they might know the beauty of the  
landscape,  
So that they might acknowledge the sway of  
the old masters of art,  
And feel the thrill of the noblest music,  
And take to their bosom the greatest poets,  
And love their books as themselves.  
Who hath shut them out from all this  
fruitful?  
It is not God. Praise ye the Lord.

## III.

Praise ye the Lord,  
For he hath given to his poor hearts to love  
their fellows,  
So that they might have the key to the king-  
dom of heaven.  
Who is it that taketh away the key and  
shutteth up the kingdom against them?  
That neither goeth in himself nor suffereth  
them that are entering to go in?  
It is not God. Praise ye the Lord.

## DEBIT AND CREDIT.

## I.

Half the world is laboring for you to-day;  
The Chinese coolie is hard at work plucking  
tea-leaves or wading in the rice-fields  
for you;

The southern negro, the fellah of the Nile  
are sowing cotton under a blazing sun  
for you;

Factory men and women, and young girls  
and little children, at home and abroad,  
are leading cheerless, steam-driven  
lives for you;

Farm laborers on the prairie are tolling with  
sweating brows from sunrise to sunset  
for you;

You have slaves in every clime to-day, suffer-  
ing every degree of weariness and  
degradation,—and all for you.

What are you doing for them?

## II.

Believe me, you cannot discharge this great  
obligation with money;

The recording angel, who keeps the book of  
life, knows no money except that  
which you have rightfully earned, and  
which is therefore your labor.

With other money you can only shift your  
duties upon the shoulders of others;

And these others already have their own  
duties, which they must neglect if they  
assume yours.

You must acquit yourself with your labor,  
and with you labor alone.

How, then, do your books stand?

Is the balance hopelessly against you?

If so, acknowledge your bankruptcy; tell  
yourself no lies; begin life again.

Henceforth insist on giving more than you  
get, and on serving rather than being  
served;

Even as the Son of Man came not to be  
ministered unto, but to minister.

## HIS MESSAGE.

## I.

He came with good tidings, it is true,  
But they were good tidings only to the poor.  
For us, who are content to be rich while our  
brethren suffer want,  
There was not one word of cheer in all his  
message.

## II.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest,"  
was his cry,  
But he addressed it only to them that "labor  
and are heavy laden."  
To us, who have never done for a single day  
our share of the work of the world,  
There comes no such invitation.

## III.

But he had words for us also;  
We too must hear him speak, but from an-  
other stand-point.

Let us take our proper place in the group of  
scornful, self-satisfied scribes and  
Pharisees who stand aloof over  
against him.

From that post let us listen to his burning  
eloquence,

And find a newer and truer life and power  
in his language.

## IV.

We can claim no more than this;  
Neither may we take to ourselves his expres-  
sions of sympathy and love,  
Nor recline with our head upon his bosom,  
Until with him we make ourselves equal with  
the least,  
And accept gladly the common suffering, the  
privation, and the toil.

## THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

## I.

Live in others;  
Have life abundantly, but have it in the  
circle of the beloved.  
Bathe yourself with rapture in the crowd on  
the street;  
Let the bath in the unwashed, unkempt,  
elbowing multitude be to you as a dip  
in the sea,  
For it purifies the soul as the salt, heaving  
ocean purifies.  
Let your attitude to all men be one of con-  
tinual embrace.  
So do, and death will not know where to find  
you.

## II.

These expressions of love to your fellows,—  
The glad eye, the hand-shake, the evident  
content,—  
They but reflect a new truth at the bottom  
of your soul.  
Do your branches spread out among the  
boughs of the forest?  
So, in equal measure, your hidden, mysterious  
roots are feeling their way.  
There in the depths is the source of all;  
There you are stretching out to God;  
There you find the message that you bear to  
your neighbor.  
Your chief significance lies in this, that you  
help bind your neighbor to God, as he  
in turn may help to bind you.  
It is thus that you complete the magnetic  
circuit of the universe,  
And share in the all-vibrating Love.

## SHINE LIKE THE SUN.

Shine like the sun on one and all, on the  
evil and on the good, on the just and  
on the unjust, on the obliging and on  
the disobliging, on them that love and  
on them that hate.  
This is no sign of weakness or foolishness,  
of a mean spirit or of fear.  
It but shows our near relation to the source  
of all force and light and heat and life;  
It proves the inexhaustible resources of the  
mighty reservoir on which we draw.

TALIAM EST ENIM REGNUM COELORUM.

## I.

A hot, dusty crowd has gathered in the rail-  
way station, and is elbowing its way  
through the funnel at the door while  
the porter punches the tickets.

The hour-glass is filled with unruly, unnat-  
ural human sand,

Dropping its anxious, questioning, uncom-  
fortable grains one by one on the plat-  
form.

But a little child joins the throng and is  
sucked into the vortex.

A way is opened for him.

Men and women whose faces showed a  
moment ago no trace of aught but the  
sharpening, narrowing struggle for ex-  
istence, begin at last to smile.

One strokes the little fellow's head, another  
playfully pulls his ear, a third shows  
him where to present his ticket;

Even the busy doorkeeper finds time for a  
friendly wink.

The travelers interchange glances, and are  
almost ashamed that their naked moral  
selves have been exposed to view.

But it is too late; the magic deed has been  
done.

For an instant the boy has crystallized those  
repellent atoms of sand into a beautiful  
unity,

And the little wizard has passed on, uncon-  
scious of his work.

## II.

Ah me, what goodness lies buried in every  
human soul, waiting for the enchant-  
er's wand!

We were each of us wizards once.

We were born such, and for a few brief  
years we went about turning hearts of  
stone into hearts of flesh.

How did we lose the happy art?

How did we sink so low as to need its minis-  
trations for ourselves?

Can we not regain the subtle power?

At least let us open our souls to its influence,  
and perchance it may revive a kindred  
force within us.

What function is there nobler than the call-  
ing forth of what is best in others?

What career grander than that which devotes  
us to such a mission?

What triumph more sublime than the open-  
ing flowers, which greet each ray of  
the rising sun?

## THE NEW CREATION.

The world to-day is without form and void,  
and darkness is upon the face of the  
deep.

But, lo, the Spirit of Love moveth upon the  
face of the waters of humanity,

And we shall ere long see a new heaven and  
a new earth;

And, behold, it will be very good.

## BLOSSOMS.

## I.

When in April the cherry trees spring into bloom,  
 And the blossoms cluster thick like white  
 butterflies on the bare branches,  
 They all don their gay uniforms together; not  
 one lags behind.  
 The same impulse at the same moment stirs  
 the old trees in the garden, and the  
 wild cherry trees in the woods across  
 the road.  
 The early birds and insects gather to them,  
 and hail their fragrance with cheerful  
 chirp and hum.  
 A week later comes the time of the pear  
 trees, and their life bursts forth simul-  
 taneously everywhere.  
 Our orchard displays its colors as at the  
 word of command.  
 On the far hill-side we see other orchards  
 aligned like battalions of infantry.  
 The solitary pear tree by the door forgets not  
 its duty, and signals back to the others.  
 And now, while the pear blossoms fall,  
 the apple trees bring up their re-in-  
 forcements, and their blossoms break  
 out in the midst of the young green  
 leaves.  
 The apple tree in the pear orchard has made  
 no mistake; it has bided its time, and  
 now lets itself go with its brethren.  
 What subtle, palpitating bond has drawn  
 these trees together in sympathy?  
 Whence is the magnetic thrill to which each  
 in its turn responds?

## II.

The world of souls hath its seasons of bloom  
 likewise.  
 Nay, one of them is even now upon us.  
 Are you not conscious of the new love-blos-  
 som unfolding within you,  
 The blossom of fellowship with man, of a  
 wider, closer communion?  
 Look forth on distant lands, and see on every  
 hand the same delicate flower here and  
 there appearing.  
 We feel the same mystic bond; we yield to  
 the same inexplicable thrill.  
 There have been other blooming times and  
 other blossoms;  
 We rejoice that it was so, and have no  
 quarrel with those who came before  
 us.  
 But now at last it is our day; we feel the  
 sap within us, we mutually recognize  
 the tint and the perfume, the joy of  
 life and of reproduction is ours.  
 We foresee that at the great harvest-home  
 our rosy, mellow fruit will be gathered  
 in in basketfuls with the rest.

These selections fairly represent the  
 splendid thought and the character of the

work. There are more than one hundred  
 of the psalms and parables. Many of  
 them are extremely beautiful. Others  
 are strong and suggestive. Some carry an  
 impressive sermon in a few epigrammatic  
 lines. Occasionally the prophet becomes  
 the stern accuser, and we are reminded of  
 Isaiah or Savonarola; but for the most  
 part the spirit of gentleness is present.  
 Perhaps the character of the book is no-  
 where so well typified as in the following  
 poem, entitled "The State," in which the  
 barbarism of the present is placed in bold  
 antithesis with the higher and truer civili-  
 zation which waits on the work of such  
 earnest men as the heroic band of whom  
 we have been writing:

## THE STATE.

## I.

They talked much of the State—the State.  
 I had never seen the State, and I asked them  
 to picture it to me, as my gross mind  
 could not follow their subtle language  
 when they spake of it.  
 Then they told me to think of it as a beauti-  
 ful goddess, enthroned and sceptered,  
 benignly caring for her children.  
 But for some reason I was not satisfied.

And once upon a time, as I was lying awake  
 at night and thinking, I had as it were  
 a vision,  
 And I seemed to see a barren ridge of sand  
 beneath a lurid sky;  
 And lo, against the sky stood out in bold  
 relief a black scaffold and gallows-tree,  
 and from the end of its gaunt arm  
 hung, limp and motionless, a shadowy  
 empty noose.  
 And a Voice whispered in my ear, "Behold  
 the State incarnate!"  
 And as I looked aghast, the desert became  
 thickly peopled, and all the countless  
 throngs did obeisance to the gibbet;  
 And they that were clad in rich raiment  
 bowed down the lowest of all.

## II.

The sheriff is reading his warrant to the con-  
 demned man in his cell.  
 He stammers and hesitates, and his voice is  
 husky.  
 The executioner takes off his victim's collar  
 and unbuttons his shirt, while the un-  
 happy man smoothes down his new  
 black coat with twitching fingers, and  
 watches the sheriff's fat hands, and  
 wonders whether he can get his gold  
 ring off his little finger or not.  
 Now his hands are tied behind him, and the  
 procession moves.

There is the doctor, the soldier of life, turned deserter, and serving in the army of death.

There is the priest, holding out hopes, in an undertone, of another world, where the inhabitants are less inhuman than in this.

There are the correspondents of the press, eager for any news that will sell.

The majesty of the law leads and brings up the rear—the sheriff and his deputies, the attorneys and the police.

All that is respected in the community is represented here.

They have congregated like vultures scenting carrion from afar.

The doomed man has braced himself up for a supreme effort, but his knees are unsteady, his underlip quivers, and his face is livid.

In these last weeks he has died a thousand deaths, and in his mind has suffered every kind of torment.

How often has he gone through this scene before, and yet how different it is—so much more trivial and usual, and yet so much more dreadful.

The ordinary words, "Good morning," and "Thank you," sound like a foreign language, and still the day strangely resembles other days.

As we turn a corner in the jail yard, and the frightful hanging machine appears, he averts his eyes, and stumbles and nearly falls.

At last he is in place, the black cap is pulled over his face and the noose adjusted.

The sheriff drops his handkerchief, the floor gives way with a creak—there is a sickening jerk, and the rope stretches taut;

Then after some minutes of convulsive struggle, that seem like years, all is quiet.

The doctor comes forward and feels the dying man's pulse.

He nods his head, and the little crowd disperses, while four men lower the body into a box.

There was not one man in that company but felt that something awful was happening which ought not to happen;—

Not one who did not know that the punishment was infinitely more devilish than the crime;—

Not one who at the bottom of his heart believed in his right or in any one else's right to dispose of the life of his fel-

low-man, and trifle thus with the mystery of death.

Yet with inexorable precision they went on to the end.

Even the felon himself accepted the inevitable, and never in all his talks with his confessor did he think of asking how forgiveness and love of neighbors and enemies was consistent with all this.

What was it that urged them relentlessly on? When the sheriff's little boy climbs on his knee in the evening, and hides his face against the breast of his coat, and says, "Father, why did you do it?" what will he answer?

Was it fate and destiny, or divine justice? Or was it not rather a poor, human makeshift for these—a necessity, a justice of the imagination?

"Don't cry, my child; you cannot understand now, but I am a servant of the State, and must do as the State directs."

The State?

Ah, thus it is that men conjure up specters out of nothingness, and name them, and cast their sins upon them, and fall down and worship them.

### III.

I feel the force stirring within me which in time will re-form the world.

It does not push or obtrude, but I am conscious of it drawing gently and irresistibly at my vitals.

And I see that, as I am attracted, so I begin unaccountably to attract others.

I draw them and they in turn draw me, and we recognize a tendency to group ourselves anew.

Get in touch with the great central magnet, and you will yourself become a magnet; And as more and more of us find our bearings and exert our powers, gradually the new world will take shape.

We become indeed legislators of the divine law, receiving it from God himself in the Mount, and human laws shrivel and dry up before us.

And I asked the force within my soul, "Who art thou?"

And it answered and said, "I am Love, the Lord of Heaven, and I would be called Love, the Lord of Earth.

I am the mightiest of all the heavenly hosts, and I am come to create the State that is to be."



## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

## ELEVENTH PAPER

## "MONADNOC."—III.

The scientist is having some trouble with the conception of prayer. A rigid and implacable metaphysics leaves us, in the physical world at least, stranded upon blank determinism. The theologian, the moralist struggle against it, but with arguments so weak that they inure as service to the other side. We ask, Is this all that can be said? Browning says, "All is love, and yet all is law;" and Emerson would leave us in the contradiction of fate and free will, and postpone a settlement indefinitely. And yet, forever, science and logic bring us back to law, which is a modern name for fate.

What is the rationale of prayer? And if it can make out a good case in answer to this question, why is science losing confidence in it, and why do scientific men cease to pray and throw away this function as effete and worthless? Men of other generations had faith in prayer. A great many have such faith now, but generally they are men of simple minds, who take such views as have floated down to them and do not examine the grounds of what they believe in. They accept such pabulum as their spiritual guides and shepherds spread before them. This is perhaps inevitable, and perhaps this is also best. They could not do as well if left to provide for themselves. But these impertinent and vexatious thinkers—"Beware," says Emerson, "when the great God lets loose one of them on this planet." Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned tomorrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religions of nations, the manners and morals of man-

kind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization.

Mr. Tyndall, was it, who shocked the religious world a few years ago by proposing a prayer test, and yet is not this done privately in ten thousand cases? We are reminded of a little girl we know whose case may be representative.

"Minnie," said the good aunt, who went to the bedside, "have you said your prayer?"

"No," said Minnie.

"Why not?" said the aunt.

"Because it does no good," the child answered.

"How do you know it does no good?" said the aunt.

"Because I've tried it," was the conclusive answer.

Our good people of half a century ago would frequently hold meetings and pray for rain, for great changes in the weather. We have learned that the weather is an extensive plant. It has one factor at the north pole and another at the equator, one in the far east and one in the far west, and so many conditions are involved that it would seem as if all the machinery is required to produce a storm. Can the prayers of a few good people hope to do much in so complicated a problem? But this doubt would hardly have been allowed, here in Boston, one hundred years ago.

What says Emerson about prayer? I quote from "Self-Reliance" the following:

"It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

"In what prayers do men allow themselves! That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some

foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity,—anything less than all good,—is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature though for cheap ends. Caratach, in Fletcher's 'Bonduca,' when admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate, replies:

"His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors;  
Our valors are our best gods."

"Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities, if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work, and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide: him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him, because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him, because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. 'To the persevering mortal,' said Zoroaster, 'the blessed immortals are swift.'

"As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish

Israelites, 'Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey.' Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors, and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God."

If we study the above a little we shall get Emerson's idea of prayer. "That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly." This is indeed a fearful impeachment. Is it true? If one should wish to observe a severe propriety, perhaps he might say, "I have no right to pray for what does not belong to me. Let me not pray for happy accidents, for a good I have not earned or paid for. Let me not expect anything from a prayer which is inert and powerless in the nature of things, trusting that some mysterious agency, which I call divine, will work above nature, in spite of nature, and grant my wish. Nature is a big thing. I am very small, but my presumption is enormous if I think the order of the world will be changed for my behoof; and again and again this is the presumption implied in a prayer. In the great model prayer it says, "Thy will be done," and "thy will" is abundantly provided for in law, that is, in the nature of things. We fear it is a vicious theory of prayer, that which must run beyond this. Certainly it is a vicious prayer which asks anything beyond the limit, "Thy will be done,"—beyond law, which is only a metaphor for the nature of things. Emerson says, "Cause and effect are God's chancellors." If we have sinned we must settle it with the chancellors, namely, with cause and effect. That is "thy will." That is God's way in this world, and, let us believe, in all worlds. Now let us read again another of the great sentences in the above extract. "Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous." Should we not try the "chancellors," and exhaust "cause and effect," before looking farther? Again, "Prayer that craves a particular commodity,—anything less than all good,—is vicious." How it thrills us, the brave word of that heathen poet who said, "I

would scorn a salvation for myself alone, and which I could not share with all my fellows." How mean and ignoble that a man should live and labor and pray just to save his own soul. I am afraid that such a soul would hardly be worth saving. "Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view." And what is the "highest point of view" but "thy will" and its blessed equivalent, namely, "all good?" "It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul." "It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good." And so God prays the prayer. We are but instruments, and such prayers are effectual. They are answered already and before we utter them, because they must exist in character before they become events. Again, pertinent to this distinction of universality as describing a true prayer, Emerson adds, "Prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. It supposes duality and not unity in nature and consciousness." And now we come to statements explicit and more within the range of common thought. "As soon as a man is at one with God he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action." "The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends." These actions are valid in cause and effect, in God's chancery, and reach the great law, "Thy will be done." Let us not ask for things impossible or improper. In many questionable business operations one gets only what another loses. Can such gains be objects it is right to pray for? When armies go into battle each prays to see which will kill the most. Are not the functions of the chaplains a little questionable? Would it not be more consistent to omit the prayers and let the guns settle it? But a deeper law is contemplated in the claim that there is prayer in all action. The first half of a prayer,—the subjective half,—is a desire of the heart. It may be good and it may be bad. The action in which it makes itself external, gets itself embodied in things, is not good or bad morally. That distinction lies in the subjective antecedent. Outwardly it is cause

and effect, and is simply cosmical phenomenon. The action, considered as a whole, may be bad morally, but good mechanically—good as means to an end. Laws in action do not favor saints. They work just as well for sinners. So with prayers. Good prayers and bad prayers are alike in this. What are they as causes? That is the question at this point.

Among the fables prevalent with the Persian poets about Solomon is one to the effect that he could work many miraculous wonders by means of a name upon his signet ring. The grand vizier lost the ring, and it was found by some very wicked people called Daws; and, behold, the name would work just as well for them. They furnished the wonders for some time, or until Solomon recovered the ring. The fabled ring is a good symbol for law. It will work just as well for a thief breaking into a bank as for a missionary distributing Bibles. A bad ship will drown a good man. A good ship will save a pirate. It is doubtful if prayer becomes effectual until a desire of the heart comes to a full circle in an act. If we desire a thing as the initial movement in a prayer, then the question we may ask ourselves is, How much do we desire it? Do we desire it enough to work for it? A transient desire or act would not be sufficient in many cases. A brief, thoughtless prayer, made from time to time in a perfunctory way, would not answer as the kind of "cause" which we have contemplated, and which nature could accept as valid. A mere spasmodic prayer without action is generally an inert fragment, we must believe, a seed without a soil. A certain Boston minister, it was said, made the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience. The saying, unwittingly, indicated one of the defects of this prayer and implied that the prayer didn't aim very high. Such a prayer was some kind of a cause, however, and had its proper effect, though not the effect theoretically aimed at. It was not supposed to affect the Deity so far as to work a change in the sequence of cosmical events by means of divine interference. "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." Waiving the appearance of tautology, which is only a superficial

stricture, the conceptions of "effectual" and "avaieth much" appearing to mean the same thing, we should be safe in saying that an effectual prayer must produce an effect. The thought of an effect upon God would involve some grave metaphysical difficulties which would lead us to prefer a location in nature as a ground for the "effect" of an effectual prayer. We will not pause to consider the philosophical question of identity as between God and nature, which Emerson would ask us to remember. We are working in the meshes of a web, and must be a little inconsistent, or stop talking. "Of that ineffable essence he who thinks most will say least." But on the platform of common parlance, or of common philosophy even, we may be allowed to make a distinction between God and nature, and so consider a prayer, or such a prayer as is valid and effectual in God's world, although it does not effectuate a change in God.

It is sometimes said that a man should vote as he prays. The politician means by this that a man should vote as he, the said politician, prays. What shall we poor sinners do who propose to vote as our good ministers pray, and who are supposed to lead us in prayer? Take that great Philippine question, and the vexatious antithesis of expansion and anti-expansion, for our blessed ministers are praying in every direction. It would be like trying to tell which way the little animals swim in a drop of vinegar. They swim in all directions. If we have a desire for a thing or a result, not only that, but a strong desire,—we have made a good beginning for an effectual prayer. We want energy, momentum, but continuity also. To "pray without ceasing" expresses another trait of an ideal prayer,—not feeble, halting, intermittent. Prayer, when effectual, must rise superior to these limitations. A boy sets his heart on education. He would go to college. This prayer arises in his dreams while he is at work in his father's field. It is not a spasm, a momentary desire. It haunts him day after day. It is his thought day and night. He goes in his moments of leisure to his books. It is thus passing

its inception as wish into its second phase as action. It grows stronger and stronger, and moving beyond thought into love, it becomes a passion and at last a trend, a habit in character. Now he is safely on the way. I knew such a boy in the town in Maine where I lived. When he had fitted for college, with only five dollars in his pocket, he went on foot a hundred miles to his college, with only three dollars and fifty cents left of his money; and buying Indian meal and molasses, he actually lived a term on this scanty pittance. That was a prayer which nature must respect, an impulse, a stress, a trend in one's thoughts and feelings,—“a prayer without ceasing.” Such a prayer is effectual. Another chooses not culture, education, but money. He may fail from accident, but all the same the law holds good. Generally he gets there. Jay Gould, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller have been praying men, praying with ceaseless, fervent prayers for money. Who knows what were the prayers “without ceasing” of Demosthenes, Chatham, Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, for the “great voice of eloquence?” There was prayer in these cases. Holland has just had a favorable decision on his boat after twenty-five years of fervent, unceasing prayer. I need not speak of the prayers of Washington and Lincoln. Did they pray once or twice only? There was never an hour in the public lives of these great men of action in which action did not have prayer as another name for it.

Now we come to the poem again.

These gray crags  
Not on crags are hung,  
But beads are of a rosary  
On prayer and music strung.

In the observation of good analogies we have spoken of prayer as not a force of interrupted, broken continuity. The new conception of the continuity of force may be called prayer. That would be allowed as a poet's word for it. “Emerson,” says William T. Harris, “is the first to sing the great concepts of science.” But he does not sing them in the vocabulary of the scientist. His language is a

poet's language. It is metaphor. It is enough that it is good of its kind.

These gray crags  
Not on crags are hung.  
But beads are of a rosary  
On prayer and music strung.

This cluster of stars well might lie upon the brow of Shakspeare.

If we look out upon nature for a symbol which shall stand for prayer and show a worthy verisimilitude in its analogies, or, as Emerson calls it, in its "metamorphosis" as going up from a first and literal meaning into a double, a quadruple, a centuple meaning, metamorphosis upon metamorphosis, where shall we find it but in gravitation? Gravitation is a prayer in nature.

These gray crags  
Not on crags are hung.

Crag hangs to crag by cohesion. What if the cohesion break? It then falls into the strong hands of a power which can never lose it. Gravitation takes care of it. It hangs on prayer! On gravitation! We shall by and by consider the other support, namely, music. Let us inquire where Emerson found this wonderful metamorphosis, this "centuple meaning," this flight into "regions higher far," "where unlike things are like." The solvent and the analogies we have indicated. When Theodore Parker introduced me to Emerson I spoke of my interest in his books. He said with characteristic modesty, "I am a great borrower. I read all sorts of books, and take what belongs to me." No doubt he illustrates another of his sayings, "None but an inventor knows how to borrow." The second use of a thought is sometimes better than the first, and the man who borrows is the best original.

When Emerson lent me the "Bhagavat Gita," fifty years ago, I read it and got one new thought from it which has always been of great service to me in my reading of Emerson. It is the thought of identity; and the peculiar way in which it is given in this old poem has always helped me to an understanding of Emerson when he uses the thought. I was thus able to read easily that apparently meaningless poem called "Brahma," when it was pub-

lished in 1857. The poem in "Bhagavat Gita" style celebrates the conception of identity.

If the red slayer think he slays,  
Or if the slain think he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Under what appears to be many lives there is but one, and that one is Brahma. Brahma is all. There is nothing else but Brahma.

I read the "Bhagavat Gita" but little. Emerson said I might keep the book "just six weeks." I went through it hastily, and thinking I would study it at my leisure, I copied it. But I did not read it again, and after a little time I gave my copy away. As years passed I found one line, and only one, remained in my memory. Brahma is made to say:

All things hang upon me like precious  
gems upon a string.

The copy of the "Bhagavat Gita" from Emerson was translated by Charles Wilkins, in India, and under the auspices of Warren Hastings. Hastings wrote an introduction for it. Several translations have since been made. They vary somewhat at many points, and particularly at the above verse.

Mohini Chatterji says:

All this is threaded by me as gem beads  
by string.

Annie Besant says:

All this is woven in me as multitudes of  
jewels on a string.

Mr. Mitra, the Hindoo translator, says:

All this is strung in me as pearls in a thread.

This last is bad. Pearls in a thread is not our idiom. "As gem beads by string" is but little better. Mrs. Besant is idiomatic, but heavy and unattractive. The incomparable superiority of the form by Wilkins I need not say anything to maintain.

All things hang on me like precious gems  
upon a string.

This line has been singing itself in my memory for fifty years.

Farther on in the poem *Monadnoc* is made to say:

"Every morn I lift my head,  
See New England underspread,  
South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,  
From Katskill east to the sea-bound.  
Anchored fast for many an age,  
I await the bard and sage,  
Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,  
Shall string *Monadnoc* like a bead."

This last line will remind us of its origin in the "*Bhagavat Gita*."

Emerson borrows from Shakspeare great daring and risks in his ascensions. He does not fear astonished commonplace, but raises a word, when he will, up to its "tenth power." We may gather several fine moral applications from the way in which he would seem to identify prayer and gravitation. What a type in gravitation, and thence in prayer, do we find for justice in human affairs. If the *Leaning Tower of Pisa* leaned a little more it would fall. A building at its maximum of strength must be plumb. It then has the support of gravitation. The earth by a pull from down to its very center holds it in place. If it leans too much the same power pulls it over. How often are nations given the terrible lesson contained

in this analogy. Nothing is so strong as justice. Nothing like justice will hold the world of men together. The beads of the rosary keep their places because each bead takes care of itself. They do not depend upon one another. They do not hold by cement or mechanism. The holding force is dynamic, and not from without. All the atoms in the cosmos work together. In going around the sun they are united in power and direction. If the smallest grain should by any means become detached from the rest it would find its way around the sun all the same. It would be as safe as a planet. Gravitation, prayer, would take care of it. Gravitation, justice, prayer, keep watch and ward. Nothing shall be lost because it is small and weak. Oh, when will man learn that with this secret he lies in the very hand of the Eternal? He is safe there because his brother is there with him. "Prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft." "Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother," because my prayer is for myself and not for him also.

The other strand of the string, namely, music, I must postpone to another paper.

## NIGHT HATH COME

BY ELTWEED POMEROY

Night hath come,  
With its balm and healing mild,  
Rest for wearied brain and limb,  
Rest for day-worn man and child.  
Time has come day's light to trim,  
Flickering now so bright and wild.

Night hath come.  
Life has reached the brink of day,  
Poises on its sunset verge,  
Then glides down the misty way  
Where is naught to vex or urge,  
Drawn within unfathomed sleep.  
Unremembered sounds are there,  
And forgotten sights adorn its steep,  
Worrying memory with their prayer  
To be numbered with the things that are.

Life has gone, we know not where,  
Sunk in earth or flown to star.  
Only hints of hints come back  
And we vaguely see their track  
When the mists of dream float high,  
Like a ghastly storm-lashed wrack  
Writhing with a soundless sigh,  
Like a shining shaft of joy,  
Fair, elusive, ungrasped toy;  
Till, wide whirl the gates of morn,  
 ushering in the day new born.

Night has gone.  
Time was. Time is. Time is past.  
How or where we cannot say.  
Now to light, we're anchored fast,  
To the solid work-filled day.

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

Who shall tell us what a dream is,—that state which is characterized by an absence of consciousness with regard to external things, and an entire suspension of voluntary control over the current of thought, so that the principle of suggestion, one thought calling up another according to the laws of association, has unlimited operation?

The subject of dreams is one of the most intricate and puzzling in the entire field of mental philosophy, and it is only of recent years meeting with the amount of earnest attention that its vast importance demands by the Society for Psychological Research.

Some persons assert they have never dreamed. Sir William Hamilton holds that, "whether we recollect our dreams or not, we always dream. To have no recollection of our dreams does not prove that one has not dreamed, though the dream has left no trace upon the memory." Many other philosophers have held the same opinion. Kant distinctly maintains that we always dream when asleep,—that to cease to dream would be to cease to live; and that those who fancy they have not dreamed have only forgotten their dreams.

The phenomena of dreams must go far to prove, what I believe is generally considered to be true, that different mental faculties have different portions of the brain appropriated to them through which they act. Probably the most remarkable feature of dreaming is the rapidity with which the mind acts in passing through a long series of events, and nothing is more conclusive of their spiritual origin. Whole years seem to the dreamer to elapse, and a multitude of images are successively piled up before him, though the time occupied therewith is only a few minutes, or even a few seconds. There is a waking

state when in time of great peril the same mental faculties are called into action, as where a man has supposed himself to be drowning and every act of a lifetime has rushed upon him, or else years in the future were pictured—beginning with the grief that the family would suffer at hearing of his death, what would become of children or other loved ones dependent upon him—showing that recollection of past events and persons and thoughts of future events alike flash through the mind in the dream state, and in the waking state where the same mental faculties are aroused by excitement.

In this condition the hearing becomes more acute and we hear noises distinctly that are inaudible to other ears, and might be to our own under different circumstances.

We have had such varied and conclusive experiences of our own that we can fully understand and appreciate those of others, while we know full well that to those who have not had similar experience the following is as a sealed book.

Noise, even music, such as Mrs. J. D. C. gives in her experience, may cause a dream similar to her own. The question is, Does not music correspond to some spiritual phenomenon, as well as sight and hearing, and might not the spiritual phenomenon that caused the girl to play the piano touch and arouse the spiritual part of her which renders active and conscious the part of the brain which is dormant or unconscious while awake? And again we hear in our sleep music and harmonies which are inaudible to the waking sense of hearing.

Some persons aver that one cannot dream of sound unless there is a sound, as in this case, but that sound which, audible to the waking person, may be very

commonplace, may be beautiful and harmonious to the dreamer. For instance, the patter of rain in a tin pan on a porch caused a man who slept near the open window to dream of a charming serenade, or thus it was interpreted by others, while he averred the pattering rain in the pan had nothing to do with the music he heard, for he remembered the very airs he heard played in his dream and the words that were sung.

But the question is, Why should that music recall to Mrs. J. D. C.'s mind Dora A., and why did she have the dream just before the receipt of the letter which announced the fact that Dora A. was an artist in music? Did she catch the "spirit" of the communication before she did the "letter," and was she in the dream listening to Dora A., instead of the girl who practiced over the way and who annoyed

her husband who was awake? That is the question. Why her second dream of her sister's marriage while the letter giving that information was en route?

All these subjects are learnedly discussed in the Reports of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research; and it is interesting to see that many of the most profound scientists of the world regard this subject of sufficient importance to receive the most painstaking investigation. The paper by the scholarly writer, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, on the Subliminal Self, in the Reports of the Society for Psychical Research, is so rich in suggestions that we wish our readers might read it. We give this month some of the experiences therein related, bearing on the same subject as the experience related by Colonel Coffin given below.

## SOME INTERESTING DREAMS

We are often disturbed very early in the morning by the persistent piano practice of some one in the house across the square.

One morning last summer (1898) I was half awakened by an impatient remark of my husband's about issuing an injunction restraining public nuisances. The music was making a pleasant accompaniment to the movement of my light dreams, and I answered sleepily, "Do let the little girl practice. It is Dora A. She is devoted to her music; they are going to take her abroad to study." "And who is Dora A.? You are talking in your sleep," he said, rousing me to full consciousness.

I was not dreaming of her, as I recall. I have never seen Dora A., nor have I heard of her but once in a dozen years, when I was told that she had a remarkable aptitude for music, and that if she fulfilled the promise of early genius would be taken to Europe to study under masters.

What was my surprise, therefore, to receive a letter in the course of a few days from a friend, wherein was written, "My niece, Georgiana A. (Dora's sister), has been paying me a visit. I have enjoyed it thoroughly—she is very sweet and

pretty, but as you know, Dora is my favorite. She is a most charming girl and an artist in music."

A year has wrought many changes in our home. With my husband I have come two thousand miles into the sunny South. My oldest sister has married, and a younger one, G., has gone to the extreme West, where she holds a position. The thought of the Christmas-tide, hitherto a time of joyous reunion, brings only regret that we are too widely separated to hope to meet.

Last Friday night I dreamed that the holidays had come, that, after all, my wish had been granted and I was with the dear ones at home. My oldest sister, radiant with her new happiness, was there, and we were sitting about the grate fire talking and wishing for the absent one, when the door opened and G. came in. After we had greeted her many times, she said: "I have another surprise for you. I was married day before yesterday, and we were so anxious to get here for Christmas. Bessie, dear, hang my stocking in the old place."

The dream was so vivid that I awoke and repeated it to my husband. He



laughed at the presentiment that I was going to hear unwelcome news, and suggested that a late dinner explained the phenomenon. But I could not throw off the feeling, and when the postman brought me a letter at nine o'clock I was not surprised to see G.'s handwriting on the envelope. "This came yesterday afternoon," he said; "but no one answered the bell, and you do not like your letters

left." The letter was from Gertie, the sister of whom I dreamed. On the third page she wrote, "And now I am going to tell you something that I know will break your little heart—I am going to be married on the 22d of December to a man in this city. We will go East immediately and will reach home in time to hang up our stockings with the children." MRS. J. D. C.

## WARNED CLAIRAUDIENTLY

When I was twelve years old my father put me to work helping a bound boy who was much older than I. We were hauling manure from the barn-yard to a field on the other side of Horse Pen Creek. We were using a two-wheel cart which had a bed that was open at both ends. The boy sat in front driving two yoke of oxen. I sat on the back end of the cart.

The creek was crossed by a bridge built upon the trunks of three long trees, covered with two-inch boards, and had no siding whatever. Just as the oxen were going upon the bridge I heard three distinct knocks, loud and clear as though they were being made by a hard stick striking on a hard log quite near by. I looked in the direction the knocks came from, and there was absolutely nothing in sight but a naked sand-bar where the creek had washed over in a recent freshet. It immediately occurred to me that the

knocks were a warning to me to get off the cart at once, which I did. I stood at the end of the bridge watching the cart and fully expecting some calamity. As the cart with its heavy load of manure reached the middle of the bridge, the sleepers began breaking. I ran forward and shouted an alarm. We urged the oxen to their greatest speed and they were just able to pull the cart clear of the sinking bridge. The bridge went clear down some ten or twelve feet into water four feet deep. If I had not left the back open end of the cart, if I had not been watching and waiting, and ready to run to warn the driver and urge the oxen forward, the cart would have been drawn back by its own weight to a place where I would have been caught between the load of manure and the broken bridge, and carried by them into the waters below.

W. G. COFFIN.

## MR. F. W. H. MYERS ON THE SUBLIMINAL SELF\*

Turning to the sense of hearing, we have several cases where an intimation which the percipient regarded as supernatural may have depended on subconscious interpretation of a slight sound. For instance, two friends, walking together along a street in a storm, just evade by sudden movements a falling mass of masonry. Each thinks that he has received some monition of the fall; each asserting that he heard no noise whatever to warn him. Here is an instance where subliminal perception may seem slightly quicker and more delicate than supraliminal, and may have warned them just in time.

In the next case there may have been some subliminal hyperaesthesia of hearing which dimly warned Mr. Wyman of the approach of the extra train.

Mr. Wm. H. Wyman writes from Dunkirk, New York:

Some years ago my brother was employed and had charge as conductor and engineer of a working train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, running between Buffalo and Erie, which passes through this city (Dunkirk, New York). I often went with him to the Grave Bank, where he had his headquarters, and returned on his train with him. On one occasion I was with him, and after the train of cars was loaded, we went together to the telegraph office to see if there were any orders and to find out if the trains were on time, as he had to keep out of the way of all reg-

\*We quote from pages 415 and 422, Vol. XI of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.

ular trains. After looking over the train reports and finding them all on time, we started for Buffalo. As we approached near Westfield Station, running about twelve miles per hour, and when within about one mile of a long curve in the line, my brother all of a sudden shut off the steam, and quickly stepped over to the fireman's side of the engine, he looked out of the cab window, and then to the rear of his train, to see if there was anything the matter with either. Not discovering anything wrong, he stopped and put on steam, but almost immediately again shut it off and gave the signal for brakes and stopped. After inspecting the engine and train and finding nothing wrong, he seemed very much excited, and for a short time he acted as if he did not know where he was or what to do. I asked what was the matter. He replied that he did not know, when, after looking at his watch and orders, he said that he felt that there was some trouble on the line of the road. I suggested that he had better run his train to the station and find out. He then ordered his flagman with his flag to go ahead around the curve, which was just ahead of us, and we would follow with the train. The flagman started and had just time to flag an extra express train, with the general superintendent and others on board, coming full forty miles per hour. The superintendent inquired what he was doing there, and if he did not receive orders to keep out of the way of the extra. My brother told him that he had not received orders and did not know of any extra train coming; that we had both examined the train reports before leaving the station. The train then backed to the station, where it was found that no orders had been given. The train dispatcher was at once discharged from the road, and from that time to this both my brother and myself are unable to account for his stopping the train as he did. I consider it quite a mystery, and cannot give or find any intelligent reason for it. Can you suggest any?

In the next case some warning may have been received from the closer smell of slimy water, or perhaps from a vague difference in the look of the darkness, or even in the resistance of the air.

Dr. Hodgson:

Dear Sir—I send you an account of an incident in which, I think, my life was saved by my obedience to an impulse arising from nothing within my conscious knowledge or perception.

Some years ago I landed in Stillwater, Minnesota, from a steamboat on which I had come down the St. Croix River. The boat was a small local affair, and no conveyances came to meet it. I was, I believe, the only passenger on board when we reached Stillwater, and there I was left to

make my way alone to the hotel. We landed at about nine on a starless night, and in the shadow of a warehouse which cut off the lights of the town, the hour, the clouded sky, and the shadow of the warehouse uniting to make the dock extremely dark.

I had been in Stillwater once before, and had a general idea of the topography of the town, although some years had passed since my previous visit, and I am quite certain that I had never passed over this particular locality.

As I left the boat I saw the lights of the bridge at some distance on my left, and knowing the bridge to be at the foot of the principal street, on which stood the hotel where I intended to put up, I naturally commenced to walk around the dock in that direction. I had gone but a very short distance, when I suddenly felt so strong an impulse to turn and go the other way that I instantly obeyed. I saw nothing, heard nothing; I did not even have an impression of danger, though I did have a feeling that it must be in some way better to turn.

I distinctly remember that my reason protested, and berated me for a fool in taking a roundabout way to my destination when the straight way lay before me, with the added prospect of losing myself in the railway yards, with perhaps a ten-foot fence to climb. I laughed aloud, and articulated, or at least mentally formed the words, "You fool! What are you doing this for?" However, my impulse proved stronger than my reason. I persisted in "going round Robin Hood's barn," reached my hotel, and there the matter passed from my mind.

The next day I casually came to the same place, and discovered that I had turned within a few feet of a spot where the dock was cut away into an incline for hauling freight up into the warehouse. This incline was so steep that a person could have kept his footing on it only by great care. If I had unexpectedly stepped down upon it in the darkness, I should certainly have lost my footing, and should have slipped into the river; and as I am but a feeble swimmer under the most favorable circumstances, and was incumbered with a fall overcoat and a rather heavy satchel, I should just as certainly have been drowned.

The value of the incident lies in the fact, for which you must take my word, that I am not an impulsive and changeable person, but rather logical and persistent. My action was entirely contrary to my nature, and the unavailing protest of my reason against what appeared to me an inconsequent and absurd proceeding convinces me either that I was influenced by some intelligence entirely without, or that my "subliminal self" perceived and acted upon what my "supraliminal self" could not see.

I have never had any other supernatural experiences.

MARSHALL WAIT.

# ORIGINAL FICTION

## A MODERN MINISTER\*

BY GEORGE SANDFORD EDDY

### PART I.

The "People's Church" of Milltown was in despair. For ten years Dr. Wilson had been its pastor, and had held his own against all the storms which beset the independent church and the independent minister. Six months ago his devoted followers had laid him to rest in the cemetery on the hill. Six months, twenty-six Sundays, and nearly every Sunday a new applicant in the pulpit, and still the trustees were apparently no nearer the selection of a successor to Dr. Wilson than they were the day he was buried. As Sunday after Sunday passed, each with its fresh candidate, the members of the congregation looked into each other's faces and read there the disappointment and doubt they did not care to express in words. How long was this state of affairs to continue? Were they never to find a pastor who came up to their requirements? The situation was becoming amusing to outsiders and annoying to insiders. Something must be done.

Dr. Wilson had been an able and aggressive man, and had held this church together and brought it up to a standard highly satisfactory to a majority of its members by the sheer force of his individuality. His congregation was composed of the aristocracy of Milltown. The church was, in fact, a fashionable Sunday club-house where intellectual and elevating discourses were listened to twice each Sunday, and around it centered during the rest of the week the most exclusive society of the city. It was with the maintenance of this standard in view that the church had been so long trying in vain to select

a satisfactory pastor. And now, as a last resort, the trustees were about to try a theological student with no previous pulpit experience.

Grant McDonald had been sent forward to them in response to a request made to an eastern theological school of liberal tendencies. The "People's Church" at Milltown had a reputation among its kind, and when it asked for the most promising material from the graduating class of this seminary, the request was carefully considered by the head of the institution. The "People's Church" had asked for a man of ability and culture, not too young and accustomed to "society." The shrewd old President of ——— Theological Seminary read between the lines of this frank request, and selected Grant McDonald as the right man for the right place.

Two members of the board of trustees of the "People's Church" met McDonald at the depot, and were mildly surprised when a smooth-faced young man, wearing a sack coat, singled them out from the small crowd at the station and asked if they were from the "People's Church." After introductions were over, and the committee-men had discovered that this was the candidate who had been sent forward in answer to their request, their disappointment was too great to be entirely hidden. If this was the best material of ——— Seminary where could they hope to find a pastor? They had already exhausted the eligible material from every other source known to them. The innocent cause of their consternation seemed not at all abashed by the chilly nature of

his reception. He was tall and slender. His erect figure and buoyant step showed good physical development. His firmly set under jaw evidenced determination. His complexion was light and his features regular. The most striking thing about his appearance was the expression of his face,—a peculiarly sad, sweet, almost feminine expression when in repose, a fascinating friendliness of expression when he spoke. For a young man coming to his first appointment, and that such an important one as the "People's Church" of Milltown, his self-possession was remarkable. No shadow of awe of the dignified committee which seemingly held his ministerial future in its hands showed itself. After a pleasant ride, during which the committee-men felt themselves gradually thawing out, the party arrived at the hotel where McDonald had insisted upon being taken.

"Will you not come home with me for dinner, Mr. McDonald?" courteously urged Mr. Wellington, the chairman of the board.

"Thank you. I regret having to decline your kind invitation," replied McDonald; "but it is Saturday night, and I have been so pressed for time since receiving your letter that I have not yet had an opportunity to prepare my sermons for to-morrow."

As they left him the committee-men looked at each other and smiled. Whether it was because a ray of hope had come to them through those fascinatingly friendly eyes, or whether they were smiling at the presumption of the young man who could come to preach in the "People's Church" of Milltown without even having his sermons prepared the day before, they hardly knew.

The church was packed the next morning for two reasons. First, the congregation was eager to sample the best product of ——— Seminary; and second, Miss Pauline Ellsworth was to sing a solo for the offertory. Miss Ellsworth was the recently engaged teacher of music in Milltown College, and rumor had it that her voice was one of great promise. Promptly at the hour of service Rev. Grant McDonald entered the church by the back door, and several of the good ladies adjusted

their glasses to see if really they had seen aright when he appeared dressed in an ordinary business suit instead of the conventional "Prince Albert" and white tie. He occupied the pulpit alone. He took up and glanced over the printed programme, and announced the opening hymn. But few of the congregation joined in the singing, and the remainder occupied their time in observing McDonald, who stood with easy grace and joined in the hymn. His voice was rich and peculiarly expressive, and he sang the hymn as though it meant something more than a formal part of the service. In fact, he did everything with a peculiar air of wanting and liking to do it, and doing it for its own sake and not for the sake of form.

The congregation of that church had never before listened to just such a sermon as that which followed. McDonald took as his theme, "By their fruits ye shall know them." He began by drawing a picture of the Master as he went about doing good, and so vivid yet simple was his presentation of this picture that the people listened as to a new revelation. They had heard the story of the Master's life again and again, but it had never been made so real to them before. They had seen the dim, far-off figure of the Man of Sorrows, but it had never meant more to them than a subject of speculation. The doctrinal significance of His words and acts had been the glasses through which they had looked at this perfect life. But this quiet young man, with the sad but friendly eyes, took away all barriers, all distorting lenses, all doctrinal smoked glasses, and held up before them the life of Jesus in all its beauty,—so simple, so harmonious, so rich in deeds of kindness, so scant in emphasis upon doctrine and creed, so sublime in its devotion to duty. In the rich, mellow tones of this young minister came to this listening congregation a new vision. For the first time these worldly disciples caught the spirit of the Master whom they professed to follow. Then, turning from the example thus placed before them, the speaker dwelt upon the condition of organized society to-day,—the bitterness of business competition, the hollowness of social life, the

corruption in politics, the greed for gold. His voice rose in power, his gentle eyes grew stern and the determination shown in his firm chin spread over his whole face, and gave to it the expression of the gladiator's engaged in combat. And then, dropping his voice to its mellow sweetness again, he drew a picture of the possibilities before the disciples of Jesus in the midst of this environment.

Chairman Wellington sat in his pew and mused to himself: "The Rev. Grant McDonald is undeniably eloquent and cultured, but he is altogether too much of an enthusiast for this church. The congregation couldn't stand such a sermon every week. It is too harrowing on the feelings." But when the service was over and McDonald came forward to meet the congregation, Mr. Wellington felt an unexplainable pleasure in introducing him to the wealthiest and most exclusive people present. The service had been a success. The audience had been deeply interested. The programme had passed off smoothly and without a jar. The music had been good; Miss Ellsworth's offertory had been more,—it had been beautiful. She had sung "Not a Sparrow Falleth" with such feeling and power that the congregation had looked into their handkerchiefs instead of at the new minister. Everything had been interesting; nothing had been vulgar. There had been a tendency toward the "intense," which Dr. Wilson had always avoided; but, after all, the feeling generated was not altogether unpleasant. No doubt the Rev. McDonald would outgrow that. His congregation would gradually tone him down.

Grant McDonald was about thirty years of age, but looked younger. His father had died while Grant was an infant, and his mother had never married again, but had devoted her life to the rearing of her only child. Grant idolized her. When he was a boy of twenty she had nursed him through a fever only to take the same disease herself and never recover. Since she died in his arms that spring day ten years ago, that sad, sweet look had never left Grant's eyes. It was then, in the presence of his great sorrow, he consecrated himself to the service of humanity. The next ten years of his life had been

devoted to study,—not of books alone, but of men and their environment. He had gone among all classes and shared their life. He had traveled abroad and studied the institutions and social life of other peoples. His mother had left him a small income sufficient for his simple wants, and he had never regularly occupied a pulpit or drawn a salary. When about to close his course of study at ——— Seminary the good doctor who presided over that institution had called Grant into the office one day and read to him the letter from the "People's Church" at Milltown. There was a strong sympathy between these two men, and both read the same story between the lines. Grant looked up some statistics regarding the place and decided to accept the invitation. He had gone out the night of his arrival at Milltown and looked the city over; the next morning in church he had looked his congregation over; then he had preached the sermon which he thought that congregation, in the midst of their environment, needed. As a result the committee met the next morning and extended a call to the Rev. Grant McDonald for a trial engagement of one year.

It was the evening of the next Friday, and Miss Ellsworth was walking through the little garden at the side of her new home. The new minister was far from her thoughts as she bent her head to drink the perfume from an early cluster of flowering peas or stooped to examine more closely the coloring of a newly blossomed pansy. As she glanced up the street she saw the slender figure of McDonald approaching. She hoped he would not stop. She wanted to be alone. Her thoughts were of the past, and the very walk of the new minister was somehow a call to the present. He halted when he observed her and raised his hat in his peculiarly graceful manner. He did things as though they were being done for the first time, and had not become mere matters of form. She had the day before noticed him raise his hat with the same gesture and smile when answering an inquiry put to him by a negro woman on the street. Miss Ellsworth thought of that now, and his smile and the grace of his salutation annoyed her. But he had stopped, and she could

not but invite him in. He entered the gate with his hat in his hand.

"How did you manage to get your sweet peas out so early?" He had touched a favorite subject with her, and they were soon engaged in an animated conversation on floral culture.

Presently he said: "I must not forget the subject which brought me here this evening. You have probably heard that I have been engaged here for the coming year. I want to accomplish much, and I want your help. You know the value of your voice, of course. We cannot hope to keep such a voice here long, but while you are here I want your help in my work."

"You are very kind, Mr. McDonald, and you flatter my voice, but I had thought I would not enter any church choir here."

"No, I do not flatter; your voice is a great gift. We must have music in the church, and I want good and appropriate music. I shall gladly spare you for other Sunday engagements here and elsewhere, but I want my choir under the direction of your taste and musical culture. I have quite set my heart on this arrangement. I must have different singing from that we had last Sunday, and you are the one who can bring it out. I say this to you because I know you understand that while the choir sang correctly they sang mechanically. I want you to teach them some of the feeling you put into your singing."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"Pardon me for speaking of consideration," he continued. "I know the mere mention of money cheapens service of any kind and spoils art. I know you would gladly give your art freely, just as I would give my service freely; but under present circumstances it is better that both of us accept compensation. So let me say that you would receive two hundred dollars a year for this work."

"Thank you, both for the offer and your way of stating it." She was moved by his earnestness and delicate consideration.

Only that morning she had received a letter from another wealthy church in Milltown which read: "We wish to hire you twice each Sunday for one year for five dollars per Sunday." The contrast

in the wording of the two offers impressed her. She needed the money; her mother could have some of the luxuries of the old days out of this extra income. It had been but a year since Mr. Ellsworth had died, and his supposed large estate had yielded barely enough to pay his debts. Pauline had bravely faced the problem of supporting herself and her mother, but she felt keenly their changed circumstances on account of her mother.

"I shall consult mamma and let you know this week, Mr. McDonald. You are a good pleader; you seem used to having your own way."

"Please do not look at it in that light," he said, earnestly. "I want you to do this work for the Master, and I cannot ask you to do it unless you wish to for his sake." He spoke so frankly and with such an absence of anything like cant, that she felt ashamed of her hesitancy to do her part in the work in which he was so deeply interested.

"Pardon me," she said, humbly. "I was jesting while you were very much in earnest. I shall consult mamma now, if you will excuse me a moment, and give you your answer at once."

She went in and was gone some time. Returning, she smiled at his expression of pleasure when she told him she would accept his kind offer.

"Thank you," he said, simply. "I shall send you my theme each Tuesday for the following Sunday. You can then select appropriate music and teach the choir how it should be sung. If you favor us with one solo for each Sunday when you have no outside engagements we shall feel that you are liberal."

As he was leaving the gate he turned and asked: "Where does Mrs. Jones live, —the woman whose boy fell from the scaffolding at the church last week and broke his leg?"

"Down on the river bottom, at the end of the second street, in a small green house. You go two blocks south when you reach the bluff, and then turn west again. Her house is the last one and on this side of the street. If you are going down there, will you carry some flowers to them for me?"

He smiled his pleasure. "Gladly. I wanted to ask you for some, but felt I had asked enough favors for one day."

She took her trimming scissors which hung at her waist, and cut him a bunch of sweet peas from the vines along the walk.

"I love sweet peas," he said. "Their fragrance produces the same emotion in me that music does. How the deaf must love flowers!"

"Do you think so? I shall carry some to the little deaf girl who lives near the conservatory."

He lifted his hat and started on with a pleasant good-bye, and she went in singing softly to herself, her mind no longer on the past.

Milltown is situated on the east bank of ——— River, a lumbering stream of some importance. The city of some ten thousand inhabitants draws its support largely from the lumber business. On the east and north lie the great pine forests; on the south and west stretch the wide prairies. Agriculture, therefore, contributes its share to the productive forces of the community of which Milltown is the commercial and social center. The firm of Wellington & Company controls all of the lumber mills and logging interests. This firm, composed of a dozen active members, is very wealthy. All of the mills of this firm are located above the city near the natural water power furnished by what is known as the "Narrows." At this point the river is forced in between two perpendicular bluffs, at the lower end of which a dam has been erected. Below this dam the valley again widens and the banks of the river run back in a series of terraces. Roughly speaking, Milltown society was, when McDonald came there, graded according to the level of the different terraces on which the inhabitants of that city then lived. On the lowlands along the river, which are known in Milltown parlance as the "Bottoms," were crowded the houses of the poorer class of workingmen.

As McDonald neared the river and noted the contrast between the small, dingy homes crowded into the Bottoms and the fine residences of the upper town, with their beautiful lawns and gardens, the sad expression of his eyes deepened,

and he took off his hat and stood for some time on the higher land looking out over the river below. The sun had gone down, but far in the west the sky was aflame with color, while near at hand the western river bluff threw dark shadows over the scene. Two men in a boat were slowly and laboriously rowing against the strong current of the river; a group of children were splashing in a pool of backwater; a barefooted woman, with her skirts tucked up about her ankles, was standing on a projecting platform spearing driftwood from an eddy in the current; a small but very energetic dog was barking at the men in the boat,—and over it all rested the somber shadows of the bluff with the bright sky beyond. McDonald took one long look at the glorious coloring of the western sky, his face catching there some of the brightness which streamed above the horizon; then replacing his hat he walked quickly down the hill toward the little green house at the end of the street.

Tom Jones was lying on a cot and his mother sat at his side fanning him.

"To-morrow is rent day, isn't it, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, two weeks' rent due, and not a cent to pay it with. Marks makes an awful fuss when he don't get his dollar every Saturday night. You'd never think by the way he hangs on for his dollar that he owns half the houses on the Bottoms."

"I wish he had been in the bottom of the river before he ever got a mortgage on our house," replied Tom.

"If your father hadn't got killed at the mill he'd have paid the mortgage. We never thought when we borrowed the hundred dollars that the mortgage would be foreclosed." She wiped a tear from her cheek with the corner of her apron.

Tom groaned. "What a fool I was to fall off that plank. We'd been all right if I hadn't got hurt. It was my own fault. The church folks did their share when they agreed to pay the doctor for settin' my leg. I wouldn't ask them for anything. I'd starve first. And there is no danger of any of 'em ever gettin' down this far, unless it's Miss Ellsworth."

"There, Tom, you musn't worry,—it'll make you feverish." But a hard lump

seemed rising in the mother's throat as she choked back the tears for Tom's sake. She and her boy had gotten along very well before this accident, for he was sober and industrious and always managed to find something to do; but now she dared not think what would become of them. Despair filled her heart as she thought of the future, though she tried to keep cheerful for the sake of Tom. She turned quickly as the gate clicked, and rose with a look of surprise and came to the door as McDonald entered the yard.

"Good evening, madam," he said, lifting his hat. "Is this Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, interrogatively.

"I am Mr. McDonald, of the People's Church. I learned only to-day that your son was injured while painting our church. I came down to see how he was getting along."

"He's middlin', but plum discouraged. Won't you come in?"

"Why discouraged?" asked McDonald, to draw her out.

"Since the mills shut down nights he has been doin' odd jobs about town, but not bein' used to paintin' he slipped from the swingin' thing he was standin' on an' now he's laid up for nobody knows how long. I can't get anything to do, an' he worries about the rent an' livin'."

"There, mother, never mind," said Tom. "Give the gentleman a chair."

McDonald took the proffered chair and sat down beside the cot.

"Here are some flowers Miss Ellsworth sent down to you," he said, placing the fragrant blossoms in Tom's hand.

"She's the lady who tied the handkerchief about my wrist the day I fell. She sings, doesn't she? She was practicin' in the church. She told me her name was Miss Ellsworth."

"Yes, it was she who sent the flowers. Did you enjoy her singing?"

"Yes; I liked it. It was different from most singin'."

"Do you remember what she was singing?"

"Yes; I've thought about the words since I was hurt. It was somethin' about a sparrow fallin' an' the Father carin'."

"She sings that beautifully. She sang

it last Sunday. Would you like to hear it again?"

"Yes; may be I could remember more of it then."

"I will sing it. I can't sing as well as Miss Ellsworth; but I can give you the words."

He began in a low, well-modulated voice and sang simply and expressively the tender words: "Not a sparrow falleth but the Father cares."

Tears were in Mrs. Jones's eyes when he had finished.

"It don't seem as if He cared very much for us down here in the Bottoms," she said, half defiantly, trying to hide her emotion.

"But he does," replied McDonald. "He cares for all of his children."

"I suppose so; and I suppose it's wicked to doubt it. But I've felt since Tom broke his leg as though we was forgot."

"Can you do sewing, Mrs. Jones?" McDonald asked.

"Yes; I could if I had any to do; but there ain't none down here. I did lots of sewin' by hand when I was a girl."

"Now, that is fortunate," said McDonald, cheerily. "I have quite a lot of sewing I want done and I'd like to have it done by hand. If you will do it, I'll send the goods down to-morrow and you can begin as soon as you get time. You see I'm to keep house, and I'll need a lot of bed linen made. I shall want some other things, too. I've been wanting to find some one who could make up my outfit for me."

"Don't your wife sew?" asked Mrs. Jones, innocently.

"No; I'm not married. I have a negro friend who took a liking to me for some kindness he thinks I did him. He took care of my rooms in the East and is a good housekeeper."

McDonald possessed the happy faculty of talking with people on their own level. His "negro friend" was a former butler who had been discharged from a wealthy family for drunkenness. McDonald had rescued him from the gutter and saved him from his vice of drunkenness, and ever since had been rewarded by the most devoted service from the grateful man. When McDonald had come West this negro had been left behind to pack and



bring on McDonald's few household goods, and McDonald intended installing him in the parsonage as his housekeeper.

"I will pay you for part of the work in advance," McDonald said, handing her a five-dollar bill as he rose to go. "You may need some things for Tom."

"If I didn't just need it I'd rather wait. But I do need the money, and so I'll take it."

"Certainly; there is no reason why I should not make a deposit with you the same as I do with my tailor. It enables him to pay cash for his goods and get the discount. It may enable you to pay cash at your grocer's and get better prices. I believe in a cash business, you see," he said, smiling.

As he was leaving he turned to Tom. "Would you like something to read?" he asked.

"I do like to read, but never had much time lately," said Tom. "I can't do anything else now, though."

"Here is a late magazine," said McDonald, handing him one from his pocket. "I'll send you something more by the boy who will bring down my sewing."

He shook hands with them both, and passed quickly out to escape their expressions of gratitude. As he passed up the narrow street the brightness of the western sky was still in his face.

Arthur Wellington called at the Ellsworth cottage shortly after McDonald had left there. Arthur Wellington was the son of James Wellington, the head of the great lumber firm of Wellington & Company. Arthur had graduated from Harvard the spring before, and on his return to Milltown had been taken into the firm by his father. He had met Miss Ellsworth at Boston while she was studying music there, and had become well acquainted with her since her location in Milltown.

As he entered the gate she was sitting on the veranda, dressed in a soft white gown of Grecian design, which set off her beautifully formed neck and the poise of her classic head. Miss Ellsworth was not beautiful, according to modern ideals. Her figure was too robust in its outline, her nose too prominent, and her mouth too large to come up to the modern draw-

ing-room requirements of feminine beauty. Intellectuality was written large in her expressive features. As she rose to greet Arthur her luminous brown eyes still reflected the mysterious shadows of the early evening. She had been watching the coloring of the sky under the magic touch of the fading sunset. The cottage was in the outskirts of the city, where nature had not been wholly dispossessed. The drowsy murmur of insect voices came from the hedge across the way. Far down toward the river, from the deer park on the second terrace, a whip-poor-will was plaintively calling, while the perfume of the early blossomed flowers came up from the garden like incense on the evening air. Nature made the proper background for Miss Ellsworth. It occurred to Arthur that Sappho must have looked thus long ago under Grecian skies. As Arthur came up the garden walk Miss Ellsworth met him with a friendly smile. He was tall and muscular, with a frank, open countenance and the easy grace that comes from cultivation,—a western boy with eastern finish.

"You look as if you had just seen an angel in those sunset clouds," he said.

"I have. The angels of beauty, of poetry, and of music are all there. How closely all beautiful things are related. There is music in color and there is color in music."

"You find music in the sunsets, then?"

"Yes. Especially when there are moving clouds. Did you never associate clouds with music?"

"No, unless it was the music of thunder."

"Thunder is music. It is the deep bass of cloud music. All the other notes are there in the clouds, too. Nothing is more full of music than a heavy thunderstorm as it approaches. As the great clouds roll up pile on pile, each varying form suggests new heights and depths of sound, each shade of changing color expresses new degrees of tone."

"I thought just now that Sappho must have resembled you in appearance. You speak as she must have spoken, also."

"Now you are making fun of me. I shall change the subject at once."

"No, indeed. I was serious. Let us have some more of your cloud thoughts."

"No, I shall not risk further comparison with Sappho. I want to ask you about the young man who was injured at the church last week. How did he happen to fall?"

"Oh, he was careless or frightened, or both. He was not a painter by trade, and never ought to have been engaged for that work."

"Are the family so situated as not to suffer from his enforced idleness?"

"I really don't know. Dr. Johnson reduced the fracture, and we told him the church would pay the bill. As the accident was the boy's fault we are not responsible in any way for the results of it. I suppose some damage lawyer will get after him, however, and induce him to sue for damages. That seems to be the fashion among his class. We have two or three damage suits on hand every year from accidents at the mills or in the woods."

"Didn't this young man work for your firm once?"

"I believe he was on the night force before we shut down nights. He came to father for work last week, and father sent him to the contractor in charge of repairing the church. You seem interested in this young man."

"I was practicing at the church when they carried him in. I admire his fortitude. He cut his wrist from putting his hand through a window as he fell. I checked the flow of blood till the doctor came."

"He is to be envied if he has your admiration."

"I don't know. Admiration will not pay rent. I rode down with the ambulance when they took him home, to render what assistance I could, and from what I observed I fear they are very poor."

"Well, so are a hundred other families in Milltown. What is the use of thinking about them? One cannot look out for them all. Besides, if you help them you make paupers of them," said Arthur, with an air of wisdom.

"That depends on the way help is given," she replied, decidedly. His indifference nettled her.

"Well, what would you do for the one hundred families in Milltown that are at present without visible means of support?"

"I can do very little. Here comes Mr. McDonald. Ask him that question."

McDonald glanced up at the veranda as he reached the gate, and Miss Ellsworth invited him in.

"I want you to answer a question Mr. Wellington just asked. What can be done for the one hundred families in Milltown that are at present without means of support?"

"That is a very difficult question to answer," replied McDonald. "There are individual cases where private help and sympathy can do much, but the only real and lasting remedy must go to the root of the matter. Our whole social and economic system will have to be revised and placed on a more sure and equitable basis before idleness and want can be abolished. If we wish to avoid the danger of the sudden overthrow of the present system, and bring about a peaceful adjustment to the new conditions that have been thrust upon us within the last hundred years, we must have more recognition of our interdependence, more co-operation, more generousness of thought and action in our study and discussion of social questions and in our practice of social life."

"What new conditions have been thrust upon us?" asked Arthur.

"Modern machinery and its application to life," replied McDonald. "Conditions have changed completely within the last hundred years. The average of comfort and luxury from a material stand-point has increased greatly, but the independence and security of the laborer have been endangered by the vast combinations over which he has no control. There is a feeling of insecurity everywhere, and especially among those who are working for wages. The spread of knowledge has also widened and enlarged the wants and needs of the so-called lower classes. I say needs advisedly, for if these enlarged desires are not to be gratified in some degree, then the diffusion of knowledge is not only vain, but it is cruel as well. But I fear I am boring you."

"No, indeed. I am very much interested," replied Arthur. "I think this much more sensible and profitable than the average society talk. You may be surprised at my ignorance on these subjects."

You would naturally suppose that a young man just from college would be well read on such questions. There was a set that went in for this sort of thing, but I gave all the time I could spare from my regular studies to athletics. If a man trains for the foot-ball team he hasn't much time for side lines of study, you know. What solution of the labor problem would you suggest?"

McDonald smiled. "Please don't take me for an oracle. I have no solution. More than the labor question is involved in the present unrest. All questions that deal with men's relations to each other are at issue. The race has practically solved the question of production; the great question that confronts us now and reaches through all departments of civil life, everywhere demanding solution, is the question of distribution. If we are ever to solve this question we must not be afraid to face it in an honest spirit of investigation. One thing is clear to me at present. If society is to survive, and we are to progress beyond the governments of the past, we must insist on ethical and spiritual principles as the true bonds of society. If we fully recognize the brotherhood of man, and set about the task of solving the problems which confront us with the determination to find that solution which shall do equal and exact justice to all, then we shall succeed; but if we attempt to solve these problems in any spirit of narrow class interest, if we attempt to divide the people up into warring factions, if this spirit controls the handling of these questions, we shall go the way of all the nations of the past. But I must go. Excuse me if I have monopolized the conversation, I do not intend to give you a lecture on sociology to-night. I am glad to see you interested in these questions, however. I wish we might organize a class in practical sociology in Milltown. Will you both join?"

"Indeed, I will," replied Miss Ellsworth.

"I don't know," said Arthur. "I'll think it over. I'm afraid I would not be of much help. May I walk up town with you, Mr. McDonald?"

"Certainly; I shall enjoy your company."

"What would be the first practical work of your class in sociology?" asked Arthur of McDonald, as the two young men were walking up town together.

"I think it would be to try to better the condition and surroundings of those people on the Bottoms. They are not well located. That ground down there is not fit for human residence. I see by the flood marks on the banks that the water must often drive the people out of their homes."

"Yes; but some of them own their houses down there and you can't get them out. The others rent from a man by the name of Marks. He is a usurer who does business among the poor people only, who can get no credit elsewhere. He has made a small fortune by his methods. He has about fifty houses in the Bottoms, nearly all taken on mortgages. He is a relentless collector, and has most of his tenants completely within his power. Only the poorest of the workmen, who are idle half the time, rent from him."

"Irregular employment is not calculated to encourage thrift."

"I know it. But we can't carry our full winter force the year around just to encourage thrift among the men. We must look out for our profits. The men must look out for themselves."

"I know that is 'business;' but some day perhaps we shall be wise enough to do both."

"I doubt it, in our business. If the men think you are going to 'baby' them they will impose on you in every conceivable way. It is human nature."

"A great many sins are laid at the door of human nature that don't belong there. I believe in the inherent goodness of human nature. Environment is to blame for much of the evil that is charged to human nature. Thorns and thistles spring up in the most fertile soil if it is not cultivated. Give the same soil careful cultivation and it will produce flowers and grain."

"I doubt the inherent goodness of human nature. Look over there in that vacant lot. Those young fellows haven't been brought up as savages, but they are torturing that cat with as much fiendish delight as if they were Apache Indians."

He pointed to where a group of young men and boys were gathered in a vacant lot. They had caught a stray cat and tied a stout cord around its leg and attached the cord to a telephone pole. Then they had chased the animal up the pole and were throwing stones at it from a distance. The cat had climbed to the cross-trees and had so far managed to dodge the missiles, and the boys were laughing at their own ineffectual marksmanship.

"There is a sample of human nature for you," said Arthur. McDonald did not answer. He took in the situation at a glance; then vaulting the fence that inclosed the grounds he confronted the group with blazing eyes.

"For shame," he cried, in a voice that rang with indignation. "Stop stoning that cat, instantly!"

"What's it to ye?" insolently replied a muscular-looking tough, who appeared to be the leader. "Git out o' the way or we'll plunk you!"

Another shower of stones were thrown, but all missed their mark. McDonald turned, and going up to the pole drew his pocket knife with which to cut the string by which the cat was tied.

"Stone de guy!" yelled the leader. "We can hit him if we can't de cat."

Several stones were thrown, two or three of which took effect on McDonald, but he cut the string and the cat jumped to the ground and disappeared down an alley. Before the boys could gather another round of stones Arthur sprung over the fence and stood before them.

"Here, you young ruffians," he cried, "the next one of you who throws a stone gets a thrashing!"

"Nother guy! Let's go for 'em, boys," cried the leader, who prided himself on his pugilistic abilities.

Two of the largest of the gang made a rush for Arthur, but before they could touch him his right arm shot out and then his left, and the two young men went down on the hard gravel. Arthur was a college athlete and had paid considerable attention to boxing. The boys had

made the mistake common among their class. They thought a well dressed man couldn't fight. One of the young men Arthur had struck rose and sneaked off, but the leader of the gang lay unconscious on the ground with blood running from a cut over his left eye. Arthur's right hand knuckles had caught him just as the young ruffian was lunging forward, and the impact had been so great that he had been knocked unconscious.

McDonald bent over the fallen young man while his companions stood aloof in a frightened group. Arthur's prowess with his fists had filled them with wholesome awe.

"Bring me some water, boys," McDonald said, all the anger gone from his voice and pity taking its place.

"Let the brute lie there," said Arthur. "He is only stunned. He will come to in a minute. It's Jem Smith, the worst young tough in town. You have a lump as big as a hen's egg on your own forehead where he hit you with a stone."

McDonald put up his hand and felt the lump raised by the stone which had struck his forehead.

"That's a new place for the bump of combativeness," he said, smiling.

A basin of water was brought, and McDonald began washing the blood from the face of the prostrate youth. The cool water revived the young man and he opened his eyes.

"I give up," he said, feebly; "don't hit me again."

Arthur and McDonald laughed.

"Don't worry. We are not going to hurt you. You know now how the cat felt," said McDonald, helping the dazed lad to his feet and supporting him on his arm. "You had better go home now. I'll walk home with you if you will show me the way."

"You ain't no copper, be you?" asked Jem, suspiciously.

"No; I am not a policeman," said McDonald, smiling. "but I am the next thing to it. I'm a minister. Here, lean on me, that way; now I'll take you home."

(To be continued.)

# TWO HEARTS FOR ONE\*

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## CHAPTER I.

It was a warm morning in June, 1860. A stranger, who had been in the saddle since sunrise, stopped to rest himself and his horse at a spring near the road leading from St. Louis to Mexico. It was at the foot of a rocky hill. The road had been cut out of a thick forest, and he could not see many yards on either side of it for the heavy foliage.

He unsaddled his horse, and staked him where he could refresh himself with cool leaves and grass and drink from the rivulet made by the spring as it gushed from the hill-side.

The stranger had a book and made himself comfortable. It was not long before he caught the sound of voices—children's voices—coming from the east down the road. He was so sheltered that he could see without being seen.

"I shan't go to school this morning," said one. "Let's make us a swing and have a picnic."

It was not the voice of the ordinary country child. It drawled a little, but the song of birds was not sweeter. There was determination in it, too.

"What'll your ma say, Missy, when she hears of it?"

"How will she hear of it?" drawled the sweet voice again.

"Oh, the teacher might ask your pa why you wasn't at school, you know."

"Yes, and pa'll tell him the truth and say he don't know, and forget all about it, and the teacher wouldn't dare ask him again, and he'll forget it before he sees ma."

"I'd just as lief stay here, and a little liefier," answered the other child, who was a pretty little mulatto of about the same age as the white child. Her features were prettier and more regular and she

had a healthy look, while the white child was decidedly sickly-looking, full of ague, as the observing stranger reflected. She had big, dark eyes, a good nose, a wide mouth and a dimple in her chin. The upper part of her face was strong, frank, and intellectual; the lower part not so strong. But it was still not the face of a happy child. The big, dark eyes looked out with a yearning, questioning gaze, in which physical suffering lent the predominant expression. She was one of those natures that must love something or somebody and be loved, and yet she was evidently shy and a little spoiled and willful.

While he looked musingly at her she seemed to grow up to womanhood before him through sorrow and trial which her sad eyes in childhood seemed to foresee, yet with a courage marvelous in one so tender and clinging. Her slender, bony arms, which a loose sleeve displayed, seemed as tough and clinging as the grapevine which her slender fingers clasped. Her foot attracted his attention, with its delicate mold and dainty shoe—a city shoe upon a well-born child's foot.

"Amy," said the white child, when each had found a convenient loop in a grapevine for a swing, neither very near the ground, for each seemed to climb like a squirrel,—*"Amy, let's sing."*

"I like that. But they're going to haul some wood to-day, and they pass down this road."

"Who's they?"

"Why, the niggers up at the house. I he'd master tell Dan'l to get up wood for the cook-stove, some o' that dry walnut."

The white child considered a moment, and then she said:

"I don't care. I'm going to sing, and if you hear the wagons coming why we can stop, but you know the niggers sing so loud themselves they couldn't hear us."

"I guess that's so. What shall we sing, Missy?"

"Let's sing 'Gentle Annie' or 'Darling Nellie Gray.'"

"All right." And without more ado the little darky took the lead, and the white child followed in her sweet, plaintive tones so noticeable in speaking.

They had quite a little concert, and afterward lapsed into such a deep silence that the stranger wondered if they had silently stolen away or fallen asleep.

Then he peeped out from his hiding-place; the mulatto was swinging in a noiseless way, her right arm locked the grapevine in close embrace, and the left hand lay heavy in her lap. Her face as turned up toward the top of the trees was intent, absorbed, but not eager; it was wondering, wondering. To her view the trees touched the sky, and she might have been wondering if she might climb up and touch the very heavens.

The white child was absorbed in a book—perhaps studying her school lesson. After an hour she looked up and said:

"I'd walk a hundred miles to see a person who could talk without a tongue."

"Oh, goodness," said the mulatto child: "that's wicked, Missy. I hope there isn't such a person in the world, and I wouldn't want to see it if there was."

"It's not wicked to want to see all about science. If the Bible says that people talk with their tongues I believe they do."

"So does I, Missy."

"But see here. This 'Physiology' says that they can talk without the tongue, and that it takes one longer to learn to eat without the tongue than to talk without it."

"Gracious me! I eats with my teeth; don't you, Missy?"

"I thought I did until I read this last week, and then I watched; you need your tongue to turn the food with."

"I don't. I gist chaws it and swallows it; no use turning it over, even if it's just buttered on one side; it tastes just as good up or down."

"But without the tongue it wouldn't taste so good; it might not taste at all."

The little mulatto became more interested, but she did all those things in a way peculiar to herself, for she said:

"I tastes with my teeth an' jaws an' stomic."

"Oh, yes, and your lips and mouth; but you just watch your tongue next time you eat."

"All right. Just let's eat now an' try it," she said, jumping from her swing and looking up into the sky.

"What do you always look into the sky to tell the time of day for, Amy?"

"Because I'se got no watch."

"How can you tell?"

Amy looked wise and shook her head.

"Don't them school-books tell you, Missy?"

"Yes; but not the 'Physiology.' But—tell me!"

The voice changed now, the mistress asserting herself.

"Well, I knows it's twelve o'clock now, 'cause the trees don't make no shadows out there across the road; the sun's right straight up."

"Why don't the trees throw their shadows across the road, though?"

"That's more'n I can tell, Missy. I knows they don't, but why they don't can't say. I guess God don't want 'em to."

The stranger watched the mulatto child take two baskets from a tree, and opening one hand it to her young mistress. Then she stood waiting as though she dared not open her own before her little mistress had finished.

"Eat," said the white child. "Sit down there and eat, and watch your tongue."

"How can I watch my tongue? I'se got no eyes in my mouth, Missy."

The white child then took great pains to show her what she meant by watching her tongue, and the stranger observed that she divided the contents of her basket, consisting of more delicate food, with the other child, and his heart warmed toward her. He forgot the tone of voice that jarred so painfully upon him as she gave her first imperious command; she was born a mistress and the other a slave.

These tests as to whether the tongue or the teeth did the work went on, and they opened their mouths to each other for examination.

"Oh, ho," said the mulatto, pointing toward the open mouth of her mistress with a broad grin, "it's every bit on top

yo' lower teeth and not a blessed bit on yo' tongue. I know'd it! The teeth eats and the tongue talks, Missy, as shuah as the sun goes round and round."

"But the sun don't go around and around; the earth goes around the sun."

The mulatto sat staring at her young mistress. They sat Turk fashion upon the ground, with their food between them, part in the baskets and part in the up-turned lids.



"PRAY, CHILDREN, DON'T BE FRIGHTENED."

"What do you look like that at me for?" asked the white child.

"'Cause, Missy, I jist don't believe no sich stuff—unless it's in the night time when we're all asleep; for just as shuah

as yo'se born I don't remember of this world ever bobbin' up over that 'ere sun; and besides, the world would be turned upside down and spill every last white pusson an' nigger all over creation, an' get 'em so mixed up as they would never know theirselves again."

The white child threw back her head, opened her mouth so wide that the stranger saw every white tooth in it, and gave the merriest, longest, sweetest laugh he had ever heard in all his life, and the little face was transformed, the sad, suffering look vanished, the longing, penetrating eyes sparkled, the blood rose to the sallow cheeks, her hat fell back, her rich curls tumbled down; and he thought her the most attractive child he had ever seen, a foreshadowing of what joy could do for her.

The laugh was contagious; the other child laughed, and the stranger laughed, too.

"What's that? Who's that?" said the white child, with strained ears and attention pouring from her beautiful eyes.

He came forward, and both children started up in fright.

"Pray, children, don't be frightened," he said, in the most peculiar voice they had ever heard, as though he had another man hidden inside of himself who talked for him. They looked at him and then at each other. "I was resting over there and heard your conversation. I thought, if this little girl would walk a hun-

dred miles to see a man talk without a tongue, she must be very earnest in her desire for true knowledge, and I knew I could help her and save her such a long walk."

Missy's face was now intent, her great eyes fastened upon his face, on one side of which was a cruel scar; his eyes were fine, but so, so sad; yet he was a very distinguished-looking gentleman.

"Do you," she asked, "believe it? I mean, do you believe a man can talk without a tongue?"

"I know it."

The mulatto child gave evidence of her disbelief by a sniff, and then tried to sneeze lest her young mistress should rebuke her.

"If you'll let me sit down on this log near you, I'll tell you a true story.

"Once there was a little boy who lived with a rich uncle, who had many fine horses. This boy grew up to understand much about these animals and loved them very much, and trained many of them in all the beautiful gaits for driving and saddle use, so that his uncle's stable became famous for fine horses. Finally, when he was about sixteen years old, he learned by sad experience what he never could have believed otherwise, and that was that horses, like people, have different natures, that the same horse will not act the same way under all circumstances, and that a vicious horse can only be compared to a vicious human being.

"The uncle, in his purchases with an unprincipled dealer, got into his possession one of those vicious brutes. His uncle lived in Kentucky, was a slaveholder, and all his negro men vowed that this horse would kill anybody who bestrode him. The boy would not believe it; he even finally succeeded in mounting and riding him. But the next time he made the attempt the horse sprung at him like an infuriated beast, threw him to earth, and would have stamped his life out had not a negro run a long pitchfork into the horse and killed him.

"Now, this horse struck this boy just here," he said, raising his hand to the scarred cheek, "and literally tore the tongue from his mouth. The boy got well by the surgeon's skill; the tongue of course, he had to do without, and just as your 'Physiology' says, it took him longer to learn to eat than to learn to talk."

"Did you ever see that boy?"

"Oh, yes. Would you like to see him?"

"Indeed, I should, because pa says he scarcely believes it, although he says textbooks do not dare teach falsehoods."

"I'll just open my mouth and let you count my teeth."

Both children rose and looked eagerly, but timidly, into his mouth.

"Good gracious!" said they, starting back; "you've got no tongue yourself."

"I was the boy I was telling you about."

They looked at him in fear and wonder, and at last the white child said:

"I just wish you'd go to our house and let my pa see into your mouth."

"But," said the man, smiling, "he would wonder why I came and who sent me."

"Tell him I did."

"Then he might ask me where I had seen you, and when, and then he'd know you hadn't gone to school to-day. Never mind; just tell me where you live, and I'll go there later on after you go home, and we shall say nothing about having met before. Will that do?"

The mulatto jumped at the suggestion.

"Yes. Won't it, Missy?"

But the white child's cheek turned crimson and blazed up to her very forehead, for she felt two mild, kind eyes upon her.

"I do not tell stories to my pa and ma," she said. "It's low and mean to lie." She could not raise her head; those eyes riveted her lids.

"You mean you would say nothing at all about staying from school?"

"Yes; that's it."

If your parents should question you about your school to-day—how many pupils there were, or something like that—what would you say?"

The crimson deepened. She knew that she would have lied,—that she would have made some answer which was not true,—and she knew he knew it.

"They have never asked me such questions—"

"Yes, Missy, your ma did that cold day, you know, when you said you would go just to show them that you wasn't afraid of cold."

"Oh, yes; but it's not cold to-day."

"But it is very hot—very hot for June, and she might want to know whether the heat affected the size of the school."



"Oh, well," she answered; "you know I don't have to go to the district school at all, and if I didn't want to go at all I wouldn't,—that's all. Pa told the teacher he'd subscribe for me, and I could go if I wanted to. Our teacher wants to be a doctor. He teaches in the summer and goes to college in the winter, and pa says he is a good man if he is poor; and he promised to let me study anything I pleased, and do as I pleased, so I've gone pretty regular."

"Ah, that's it. I see. Now, little lady, as I take it, you are such a very little queen, so far as doing as you please is concerned, that I do not see that it would ever be necessary for you to tell lies. You could just do as you chose, and would, I'm sure, choose always to be frank and truthful, and say, 'I did not feel like going to school, and I did not go; and I learned more than if I had, for I verified to-day out of school what I had only read about in school.'"

The child looked up, her face still flushed, but bright.

"I'll do it, and you, please, come along with us." She had a keen appreciation of delicacy and honor.

"That I shall, just as soon as I saddle my horse. I'll walk beside you."

They waited until he saddled his dappled gray, and then throwing the reins over his arm, they struck the main road and walked on together, the mulatto carrying both baskets; the stranger had fastened the books to his saddle. Amy wanted to run ahead and herald the approach, but she knew her orders were always to remain within sight and call of her mistress. Master's law was as immutable as death. Another law was to walk behind; so she fell into the rear, and reflected: "I'm always the buggy, and Missy's the horse going ahead a-pullin' of me."

"You see," said the stranger, after they were once on the straight, shady road, and he saw that Amy was too far behind to catch his tone, "you are a very privileged little lady, to be a mistress, to own a slave; that's over and over again greater than owning a horse."

"Oh, yes; pa says they cost much more."

"Besides their cost, or money value," said he, feeling his way. "you believe they—slaves—have souls, don't you?"

"Why, yes, of course; they belong to church same as ma does; they sing hymns and say prayers, too."

"They are moral creatures; but, as I was going to say, it is a great privilege, a great responsibility, to own the body of your own little servant." (He came near saying companion.) "She can learn all the good she knows from you. She will consciously and unconsciously make you her model of all that is pure and good; she will learn truth, honor, piety, virtue from her young mistress, if—" He looked down at her, and she looked up at him as he paused and emphasized that "if." Her exquisite sensitiveness caught his meaning, and she answered:

"Yes; if I am truthful, honorable, and pious. If I tell lies she will learn that, too."

"Just so. But of course you are incapable of such things; you couldn't do what is mean."

She looked at him with parted lips and quickening breath, and said:

"Yes, I could. I have done mean things a good many times, but—but—I won't do it any more, because, as you say, I don't have to; so you see what meanness I do is meaner than if Amy did it. If Amy wanted a certain thing she would have to keep on wanting it, or else to steal it—like five cents or a dime. I can ask pa for it and get it. Amy never has any money unless I give it to her, and couldn't have unless she'd steal it. I can go to school and learn to be smart, while Amy must sit outside under the trees or in the swing till I'm ready to go home."

"And when it's cold?"

"Why, that's the worst of it. When it was cold she nearly froze one day, because, you see, these people say they won't go to school with 'niggers,' so she stayed outside where the house kept the wind off. At recess she was so cold I asked the teacher if she could come in and warm, and he was afraid to let her, for he said it would break up his school."

"Slave-holders' children, slave-holders, talk so?"

"No; they are those 'creek' folks that hate people who own 'niggers,' but hate the niggers worse. Pa says they're what's called abolitionists."

"What did you do then?" going back to the cold and Amy.

"Oh, I just put on my shawl and bonnet and took Amy, and we ran to Mr. Hill's not far off; he owns slaves. And I said, 'Amy's nearly frozen, let her go to the negro cabin and me stay here while she warms;' but Mrs. Hill said, 'Come right in here, Amy.' You see, the house servants and nurses can go into the house to warm; it's the field hands that must not,—they go to the kitchen."

"Amy can't read?"

"Why, no; that's not allowed."

"You don't mean to say you couldn't do it if you made up your mind to it,—to teach her to read her Bible, for instance?"

"Oh, do you mean would pa let me?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I made up my mind to do it, you see, I shouldn't ask him anything about it; I'd do it."

He smiled at the comic transformation from child to mistress.

"What are you thinking about, my little lady?"

"Just wondering how long it would take Amy to learn to read. I'll tell you just why I determined to go to this district school," she said, suddenly changing her tone. "Ma don't 'low me to play out of doors and I like out of doors; I have to study and sew and learn to be a lady, of course. I don't like to study because somebody tells me to; I like to study because I want to. I learn easy if I'm let alone; so I said, 'I'll go to school,' and pa said to the teacher, when he was around for subscriptions, 'She's delicate and she won't probably go regularly, but I'll pay just the same.' You see, the district money don't last long, and then they subscribe. So then, you see, when I don't feel like it I don't go, but I take my books along and study my lessons even when I don't go to school; and you can take any of my books and examine me and see if I've cheated pa. He says for me to learn, and I learn; but if I don't choose to go to school, why, I don't."

"But your father has never found it out?"

"No; but if he did I think he'd laugh, provided—"

"What?"

She grew serious. "Provided I did not lie about it. Ma would cry about it, and be, oh, so sorry; for she'd say to act a lie was as bad as to tell one. I always feel dreadful when I've done a mean thing. I lie awake at nights and think over it and pray about it, and think I'll never do it again."

Ah, this explained the expression of her face in repose,—lying awake at night thinking over sins.

Another silence.

"Now, wouldn't you like to feel free from all this,—never to do a mean thing and then be sorry?"

"Oh, yes; I should."

"Then never do a secret or hidden thing. Confess to your parents that you stayed to-day by the spring. Make them the offer you made me, to be examined in your studies, and when they find you are just as thorough I am sure they will not be displeased. And if they ask you if you have stayed from school before, say so frankly."

She was silent a long time.

"Were you born in this State, little lady?" he asked.

She raised her curly head with such sudden pride that the hat fell back on her shoulders, and its pink silk lining and strings seemed to lend something of their delicate tint to her sallow features.

"Oh, no, sir. We came from Richmond, Virginia. Pa owned this land out here, and he came to have a change, he said. The negroes raise wheat and tobacco, corn and cattle. I believe," she said, modestly, "that my father is a rich man."

"So I should think; and only one child?"

"Only one; I am his 'children' he says."

She laughed a little silvery laugh at some pleasant memory of her father and his "children;" then her face suddenly clouded with the habitual expression of pain or sadness, as if she recalled some naughty trick or ungrateful deed of his "children."

"Have you any friends, associates, or companions?"

"No. You know there are not very many slave-holders in this State. Slave-holders and non-slaveholders' families do not associate together, and my mamma doesn't think little girls ought to have

many companions. I have books and horses and ponies,—everything I want. Pa is a good playfellow when I want a game, and ma dresses my dolls and teaches me fancy work when I want to learn, and then in May we go south. Were you ever in the South, sir?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it the most beautiful country from February till June? It's like heaven, all abloom. Every year in May we go to New Orleans. Pa has a brother there; he has one daughter, but her mamma is dead. She is older than I, but I love her, and she is beautiful. I wish you could see her. Her mother was a creole, and she lives the dearest, jolliest life. She has the nicest boy to come to see her; his name is Hal; he is the prettiest boy in all the world, I know. What makes you laugh and twinkle your eyes just like papa? Never mind, if you should ever see him you will say the same yourself. They are just like brother and sister, Hal and Nellie. I do wish they lived here or else that we lived in New Orleans."

"You see them only once a year?"

"Just once; we go there every May. Uncle Morgan won't come up here; he is not well, and the climate doesn't agree with him."

"You correspond with these two, Nellie and Hal?"

"Of course; Hal sends me the funniest presents, only suited for boys, and his letters—you may see them, they are just as though I were a boy. But poor Hal?"

"What ails Hal?"

"Why, both his mother and father died last month, and they have sent him—I mean his guardians have—to some place in Spain."

Her whole form and motion expressed her sympathy with Hal in his great sorrow, and it was not until she looked up and saw they were nearing her home that she spoke again. She was looking up at him with wonder and joy in her face; he would confirm her lesson in physiology to her father, and may be stay awhile at the farm, for like all children she was very fond of company.

When they reached the pretty country home, she led him into the room where her parents were, and, not knowing his

name, told the story of their meeting. Then the stranger handed a letter of introduction to her father; he was a freemason, too, so it all turned out right; and Missy was so delighted at the thought of always telling the truth, and of her exalted position as mistress, which now in her heart assumed the higher responsibility of guardianship, that when Amy knelt down to take off her shoes for her that night, she asked:

"Amy, would you like to be able to read?"

"Well, in course I should; what nigger wouldn't?"

"But are you willing to try to learn?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Then we'll begin this very night. You get me my old 'Primer' that's ma's saving to keep always with my little baby shoes."

"Laws a massy! Mistiss would break my head."

"You go get that 'Primer,'" and the wave of the hand, the motion toward the door would have done credit to a queen of the drama; and the slave child bowed and went out, and returned with the book.

"What did ma say?"

"She asked what you wanted with it; I said I didn't know."

"And you lied. You did know."

"Yes, 'm; but she wouldn't let me have it then, may be."

Missy's impulse was to fly to her mother and father, tell her purpose, and defy them; but she felt that Amy was right, and she felt for a great good she must do a little wrong. So she took the "Primer," and before she slept that night her little maid knew all the capital letters. When she woke she found Amy already awake, going over them as she lay face downward on the floor with the "Primer" spread out before her.

"Did you forget?" asked Missy.

"No, not one; and I'se pretty near got all these little fellers, too. I say big A, little a, big B, little b, and so on."

Missy laughed; but her mother, who had a suspicion about the "Primer," surprised them. Amy put her head on the floor and feigned sleep; but Missy knew her mother had heard them talking. Her mother was delicate and beautiful in her white morning wrapper.



MRS. MORGAN.

"What are you doing, Minnie?"

"Why, I made up my mind to teach Amy to read."

"Don't you know your pa doesn't allow that?"

"He never told me so."

"But you knew it?"

"Yes, ma."

"Then, why did you disobey him?"

She wanted to answer, "Because I want to;" but the imperious nature came from the mother, and, child as she was, she knew it, and never opposed a will equal to her own and in authority.

"He never told me not to, and besides, ma, what harm can it do? I want Amy to learn to read the Bible—to read it to me when I'm sick or cross."

The mother looked at her little daughter with the traces of suffering on her delicate face, and something caused her to say:

"It's all nonsense, but it really is no harm."

"Thank you, ma," and the tears sprung to Minnie's eyes as her mother went quickly out of the room.

Oh, how sweet, how blessed, to do it now,—no lying, no hiding; but Amy seemed to think the one great charm was gone.

Ruth came up one morning to wake Missy and Amy, and went rushing off to her cabin to tell that "Missy was a-teaching that white nigger to read," for the "black" negro always hated a white one, as the mulatto was called, and the hate was returned.

Mrs. Morgan was the embodiment of refinement. A delicate, beautiful creature, somewhat imperious in her nature, but gentle and loving to her husband and child.

Major Morgan was built like a Hercules—bone, muscle, and sinew, not a pound of surplus flesh—with a handsome face and the easy polished manner of the Southern gentleman. He was an ideal husband, father, friend, and master, generous and broad gauge in everything but politics. He had naturally a fine mind, and had traveled extensively. Minnie, our little heroine, was the only result of this marriage of strength and beauty.



MAJOR MORGAN.

(To be continued.)

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## THE COMING HYGIENE OF DIETETICS AND DEVELOPMENT

BY PROFESSOR JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

In response to your kind invitation to speak of hygienic science and practice, I would say that this class of subjects has been so well presented already in *The Coming Age* that it gives me pleasure to co-operate.

In the triple man, soul, brain, and body (portrayed by the science of sarcognomy), each of the three elements is reciprocally cause and effect, as in the cosmos the three elements, the material world of land and sea, the ether world of the infinite space, and the soul world that reaches up to God, are perpetually interactive and require to be studied together by the cosmic philosopher.

Thus does the benevolent study of man for his welfare require us to seek the foundation of his eternal life and bliss in the body and the foundation of physiological and psychic life in the earthly environment that sustains the body, as studied by sociology and hygiene, in which we find the very foundation of the life of heaven, his second life which reaches up to the divine.

To the experimental investigation of these subjects sixty-five years of my life have been given for the welfare of humanity in our two worlds of life, under the conditions that, if I succeed in finding a broad road to longevity, health, and happiness for all mankind, I shall be fully rewarded by enjoying myself the length of a happy life on earth which I would per-

suade all to enjoy by obedience to nature's divine laws. As the arrival of A. D. 1900 signifies that I have enjoyed eighty-five full years, I have no reason to doubt my philosophy, which has overcome adverse conditions, while all the contemporaries whom I recollect, and associates in my labors, and even many of their sons, have bidden farewell to earth, yielding to adverse conditions. But to me life is as fresh and bright as ever, and I know no other life, however blessed with power, wealth, fame, and love, for which I would be willing to exchange my own eighty-five years of service on the upward path of science, which I would again invite all men to follow.

The happy and long-enduring life on earth for the human being (body, brain, and spirit), an analogue of the cosmic trinity, requires many things; for the body itself is a trinity or triple combination. Its three essential vital elements, lying in the cranium, the thorax, and the abdomen, each require equal attention to win longevity and happiness on earth, and each is not confined in power to earth, but sends an influence on into the higher world.

In building for the two lives, the foundation of all is in the material world, to which we are related by the abdomen, the basement of the edifice on which it must stand. Food—diet—is therefore the fundamental question of all anthro-

pology as well as of hygiene, for it has a direct relation to all virtue and wisdom, as well as to athletic power and endurance.

The world has always dimly seen this, but never fully comprehended it. It has always known that gluttony and intemperance debase and shorten life, destroying every virtue, corrupting governments, spreading pestilence and destroying nations, but it has never realized that nature is the benevolent nursing mother of humanity if rightly approached, and that every substance in the universe embodies the Divine benevolence to man, not merely in luscious, tempting foods, but in all things that exist,—not only in gross quantitative substance, but in its finer particles, approaching the molecule, the atom, the aura, and the essential spirit.

The subtle investigations introduced by Hahnemann show that nothing is inert and there is nothing that may not be beneficent. The smallest grain of sand is in the hands of scientists potential for human relief from infirmity, and the poison of the rattlesnake is equally beneficial when wisely handled. The word poison expresses not the malignity of natural elements, but the ignorance of man. When we say that all is good, we mean good to the wise, but the children of this juvenile world continually burn their fingers in spite of their best teachers.

All this is pre-eminently true of food, and as the teacher of dietetic hygiene is a kind nurse for juvenile nations, I would magnify the importance of this department of The Coming Age, for there is a coming age in which the elaborate, skillful, and truly progressive medicine of the nineteenth century will be overshadowed by the dietetics of a more benevolent skill, which prevents instead of merely alleviating suffering.

I speak of the progressive medicine of the latter half of the nineteenth century, but not of its first third, when its most eminent leaders confessed that the world could do fully as well without it; and the writer, with many others, and with able colleagues, had to fight a hard battle to introduce the elements of common sense and humanity; but the battle was won and the lancet buried.

That a complete dietetic science may meet and conquer all diseases as they are approaching, and that a complete education may give the practical knowledge of all this to the rising generation (even better than to the parents), may seem a little visionary to those who have not studied the questions, but not to those who are advanced in the study.

The truth is that nearly all the hygienic potentialities of medicine (to reach many of which requires a careful study of infinitesimals) may be found in several hundred articles of food within the reach of each nation, and more than a thousand that experts may bring us, who will respond to a popular demand when dietetic education is fairly developed, if with even half the skill and industry given already to druggery and palatable medicines.

Chemistry will assist in this, but the value of chemistry as a guide in dietetic hygiene has been exaggerated. It can tell us the amounts of carbon, hydrogen, oil, iron, phosphorus, salt, gluten, starch, and sugar,—which assists our knowledge, but does not tell us the results of food. The chemical differences of foods, poisons, and medicines do not tell us what to expect. Fibrine, the essential element of muscle, which would seem chemically the beau ideal of a strong food, is utterly worthless for dogs and men. The same may be said of meat when its juices are all extracted. When England lived chiefly on dry-salted, and hence impoverished beef, scurvy was its great national disease, that sometimes almost paralyzed a naval squadron until the lemon and potato became the national savior; but, alas, such was the heartless corruption of the government and the medical profession, that it was one hundred and sixty-five years after the discovery before the navy got the benefit of it.

But civilization has advanced since that in spite of red-tape. Hydrogen and nitrogen are the ideal elements for the brain and muscular system, but when they are combined the constitution cannot accept them at all and they are expelled.

Nearly the same is true of oxygen and nitrogen, which combine into a caustic poison. Hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon,

the three leading elements of the body (aside from oxygen), when combined—an atom each of hydrogen (the basis of water) and nitrogen (the special element of muscle and flesh), with two atoms of carbon, which is more than half of our muscles and our food—produce the prussic acid, one of the quickest and deadliest poisons known; the same three elements, with the addition of oxygen, produce the wholesome carbonate of ammonia, which is not a food. The character of food depends upon a number of minute elements and modes of combination, the value of which can be determined only by the results of their use, and an intelligent, sensitive individual needs no chemical knowledge, for his personal experience carefully observed and recorded, or remembered, is worth more than all the science in the world for him, and for others of similar constitutions, but not for different temperaments. Hence our attention must be given to personal experience chiefly.

And personal experience in all ages has shown that a nice adaptation of the character and quantity of food to each individual is the basis of all progress. In this study the importance of quantity has been enforced, and it has been affirmed that one of the greatest mistakes made by mankind has been in the excessive quantity of food when they had abundance, and the total failure to adjust the supply to the actual requirements of the person. Critical hygienists speak of the majority of mankind as "digging their graves with their teeth," and that excellent author, Dr. B. W. Richardson, of England, says that "for the majority of persons an average of twenty-four ounces of mixed solid food, a third only of which should be animal, is sufficient. The amount of animal and vegetable food combined should not exceed thirty ounces in the twenty-four hours." This every one knows is a rule habitually violated by the majority, but I think it too rigid.

The poorly fed needle-women of London use twenty-eight to twenty-nine ounces (one-twelfth being animal food), and the average daily food of British laborers of all classes, calculated by Dr. E. Smith, is about forty-eight ounces. Evidently Dr. Richardson's allowance applies

only to those who do not lead an active, laborious life, for the food required at hard labor is twice the amount sufficient for a quiet life. Farm laborers in Scotland consume on an average forty-one ounces daily of plain, cheap food. Thirty ounces does not sustain prisoners well, and a few ounces less is a slow emaciation, as it does not supply the bodily waste.

The ascetic view was expressed by Professor Hitchcock about seventy years ago, in his work on "Dyspepsia Forestalled and Resisted." The general impression it gave was that two or three crackers and a glass of water were a proper standard of temperance, and the wits pronounced his book an example of "Dyspepsia stalled and assisted." We cannot avoid nervousness, degenerate blood, and consumptive tendencies or general debility, without a satisfactory diet and exercise enough to insure its digestion; on which I have given many lectures to medical students showing how to build up the constitution above the level of liabilities to consumption and nervous affections. The faculty were greatly disposed in my young days to pull down instead of building up. Our distinguished professor (Dr. Dudley) urged "bran bread and blue milk" for consumptives, and as they cured nobody then they were positive that consumption was incurable. My able friend, Dr. McDowell, of Louisville, who made the first cures in 1840, was looked upon as a pretender. His system built up instead of pulling down. Sir Henry Thompson, F. R. C. S., in his work on "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity," expresses the opinion "that more mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor, and of shortened life accrues to civilized man from erroneous habits in eating than from the habitual use of alcoholic drink, considerable as I know the evil of that to be." He sympathizes with Cornaro, and believes excess in quantity the great error of the latter half of life. If he is right, the development of scientific dietetics will accomplish more than all that medical science has thus far achieved for health and longevity.

But there is no foundation yet laid for dietetic science, because the relation of the stomach to the brain, the muscles,

and all vital forces has not been ascertained, and each writer on the subject has been guided and misled unconsciously by his own personal experience, from Professor Hitchcock to Dr. Dewey, and many have inclined to the ascetic view, which diminishes the pleasures of life, while a sound philosophy largely increases the happiness of this life, and much of human happiness is realized at the festal board. Real progress is effected not by curtailment and repression, but by continual development and improvement.

My half-century of investigation of the brain and nervous system revealed the law determining, if applied, the amount of food for different temperaments and different vocations and climates, which I could not present in this essay, as it would diverge too far from our theme and occupy too much space. I can only suggest that every convolution of the brain represents a certain psychic element, of which it is the organ, and consequently demands a certain species and quantity of food. Outlines of this demonstrated science were published in 1854 at Cincinnati, and I hope to live long enough to present to the world the science which has been growing with me in the forty-five years since.

To return to our theme, a complete dietetic science would almost supersede medicine, but more by prevention than by cure, and must be developed by a large amount of experimental investigation on new lines of progress.

The people generally, the housewife, the nurse, and the dietetic reformer need not hesitate to undertake a portion of this work, in which every one can easily engage, for it is a fact not generally known that real medical science was evolved by the people. Four-fifths and some say nine-tenths of the medicines in general use (until chemists became so active in the last forty years with their ten-syllabled compounds) were brought into use by the common people, and mainly by women, and slowly, reluctantly, suspiciously adopted by doctors. The lily of the valley was long in use in Russia before the profession adopted it for the heart under the name convallaria, and comfrey, really one of the most valuable medicines, is still

neglected by the profession that prefers ~~herpic medication~~ to many better things.

Few things are more extensively used than oats. Everybody knows how it develops the vitality of the horse. Oats, said Dr. Johnson, were food for horses in England, for men in Scotland. Everybody knows rolled oats in this country, but only physicians know that potency of the oats from which they obtain the fluid extract, *avena sativa*, a valuable nerve tonic and antispasmodic used in many nervous affections.

Celery is a fine nerve tonic, quite harmless and coming into fashion in nostrums. Lettuce furnishes an extract not yet properly appreciated. I have found it an excellent remedy for the stomach in dyspeptic and apeptic conditions, with a pleasant soothing influence on the brain and kidneys. It would be a good adjunct in yellow fever and other fevers.

Parsley, considered a fancy ornament of dishes and soups, has great medical value. Wherever applied it allays inflammation, and may be applied to external bruises and injuries or the eyes. For the kidneys it is equal to the majority of restorative diuretics and very valuable in all genito-urinary diseases, and what is a remarkable combination of virtues, it also possesses the virtues of quinine in intermittent fevers, in which its seeds have been successfully used without the injurious effects of quinine.

There is a great deal of unrecorded experience in dietetics, which will be gathered up hereafter by those who follow the example of Mrs. Reifsnider, whom I have not had the pleasure of meeting. For example, it has been suggested that the nasturtiums now in bloom deserve a place on the table like lettuce, cresses, celery, shallots, and tongue grass. It is said that the fresh leaves and stems are good to tone up the digestive organs and improve the appetite, and they may be chopped up and used like parsley with potatoes, and I would suggest that the seed pods are much the best part of the plant.

The peanut, ground pea (or goober pea of the negro), is said to be wholesome for the liver and to have great virtue when eaten in resisting the injurious effects of



wine, brandy, and whiskey, by its oil, which, by the way, is now made a substitute for butter.

The onion is a most valuable food medicine. It has special relation to the lungs and skin, both of which it keeps open, for it makes its exit promptly through both. Raw, it is quite stimulant, and has a tonic or quieting influence on the nervous system, useful at night. It is a needed food everywhere. Boiled it acquires a new soothing demulcent nature. Fried brown or black it is a rich nutrient stimulant. But beware, my very young friends, when you cut it up. If you do not keep your eyes out of reach of its emanations you will wish it was ten feet away, with the wind blowing side-wise between you. But it fights against disease, and a plate of sliced onions in a sick chamber, is said to be turned dark or black by the impurities unless the place is well ventilated. The onion makes a rich, healthful combination with the tomato, supplying what the latter lacks.

The tomato, a favorite food, but not recognized as a medicine, has great medical value, and may be relied upon for the whole alimentary canal and liver—keeping the bowels open so effectively that we should not use it to excess. What a blessing to mankind it would have been if the delicious tomato had been humanely adopted to the exclusion of all nauseous and drastic cathartics and mercurials, which once made the doctor's visit a mysterious calamity. Even the witty Professor Holmes would have been willing to save the tomato when he proposed to tumble all medicines into the ocean.

It was said in *The Coming Age* that physicians differ in their opinions as to its use. Of course, it has different effects on different persons; but its virtue depends much on its preparation. As commonly served, with a little water somewhat boiled, I would call it mere pig-slop, unfit for table, but rightly cooked it is a rich, royal luxury as well as medicine. It should be cut up and cooked in its own juices without water for about three or four hours at least, seasoned with a little salt and green or red pepper, sugar and spices at discretion, butter and broken crackers or bread crumbs liberally, mak-

ing a substantial, pungent, rich dish with no fluids, including thin sliced or chopped onions. I know no dish to compare with it for luxury and health.\*

The tomato requires a good soil to be perfect; on some soil it is not fit to eat, and the plant is liable to disease like the potato.

Surely I have said enough to prove the hygienic potency of foods, which in the last century saved the navy and army of England, when the medical profession was helpless, by which our kind nursing mother, the earth, aided by a motherly woman, is able to supersede the doctors if we kindly receive and study her ample gifts, and I shall be pleased to teach my friends how, in a little book I am preparing as a "Perfect Guide," of which more anon.

And yet I cannot resist the temptation of presenting other wholesome foods which in their curative power have eclipsed the apothecary's drugs and proved the most beneficent contributions of the nineteenth century, notwithstanding the great energy of homeopathic and allopathic colleges for the last fifty years.

I offer water and milk, which unlike fashionable drugs are not liable to produce disease, and may carry off everything morbid. I need say nothing of the value of water to those who know the wide and splendid career of hydropathy (introduced by the Austrian peasant, Priessnitz) during the last seventy-five years, and the influence it has had upon medical practice. Equally important, though less famous, has been the power of water in the form of steam introduced by an original American inventor, Samuel Thomson, contemporary with Priessnitz, whose innovation, associated with few remedies as a rude system of practice, did much to impel medical progress and excite the hostility of medical graduates. I am disposed to regard the practical value of steam as greater than that of liquid water, which has had a

\*To a pound of ripe tomatoes add an ounce of green peppers, but omit their seeds unless pungency is desired. Add a level teaspoon of salt, a level dessert-spoon of sugar, three ounces of cracker or bread richly buttered, and any spices or sauces desired. Otherwise, half an ounce of Chili peppers might be used or a quarter of a level teaspoon of red pepper, and do not forget chopped onions. The whole must be cooked until concentrated to a sharp pungency.

greater prestige, and its extensive use now in vapor baths is signally successful.

But the wonderful hygienic power of milk (superior to that of water) is a recent discovery generally unknown at present, and seems so well proved, that I would not be surprised if lacteopathy should prove a greater blessing to mankind than hydropathy has been.

It is not the discovery of a peasant or a nurse, but comes from an educated physician of the land of the Boers, at Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, where war is now in progress. W. Byron Sampson, M. D., has the honor of this discovery, and his experience from 1884 to 1894 was related by himself in a letter published in the *English Mechanic and World of Science*, January 11, 1895. His doctrine was tested and indorsed by the famous Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, of London, and Dr. D. Younger, of London, claims to have used milk with great success during forty years of practice and that its use was known to his mother.

Dr. Sampson affirms, as the result of ten years of practice, that when the smallpox broke out in 1884 he visited the house where a smallpox patient had been removed by the Board of Health, and undertook to arrest the progress of the disease by taking every new case as it appeared and aborting the disease entirely before the eruption appeared, by applying a milk-wet sheet in which the patient was wrapped for an hour in every four, suppressing the eruption entirely and curing the patient in five days. In a bad case not attended by him the eruption had already appeared all over the body, but a friend of the doctor applied the milk sheet for two hours, and the attending physician next morning was astonished to find the eruption gone and the patient convalescent, going out well four days later. In his first eighteen or twenty cases all were readily cured by Dr. Sampson. Dr. Sampson says that if a smallpox patient is treated with the milk sheet for an hour every four hours, night and day, the cure will be complete in five days without a mark upon the skin.

Dr. Sampson claims a vast range of power for lacteopathy, and I have seen no

more valuable contribution to therapeutics in the present century, except in the practice of Dr. Junod, of Paris, in the application of his discovery of hemospasia, which I regard as the greatest therapeutic discovery of the century. I have seen no mention of Dr. Sampson's discovery in medical journals, and the discovery of Junod, though indorsed by the leading physicians of France, has been shamefully neglected by the profession in this country. In my "Perfect Guide" I shall demonstrate the value of both systems.

Dr. Sampson says "the virtues of the milk sheet are not confined to the cure of smallpox; it will abort all kinds of fevers and inflammatory conditions. In scarlet fever, measles, typhus, typhoid, malaria, puerperal, and all blood fevers, the effect of this milk treatment is simply wonderful. It lowers the temperature, stops delirium, promotes sleep, and generally puts the patient into a comfortable condition. Rheumatic ailments soon yield to this treatment, and the milk sheet is only to be used intelligently in most diseases to prove its marvelous efficacy. The relief given to syphilitic and leprosy patients must be observed to be believed, and if my premises are correct, it will not astonish any one to credit that these diseases are curable; I know they are. I boldly affirm that of all agents used for the prevention or the cure of disease nothing at all can compare with it in its results."

We know nothing of Dr. Sampson, but the indorsement of his system by so eminent a gentleman as Dr. Wilkinson is enough to give it credit. And as we know that milk is our very best friend, that preserved our life and led us out of our total helplessness into the pleasures of this life as nothing else could do, let us adhere to our friend when science demands it.

The third food that claims the crown of honor in the treatment of disease and restoration of health is nearer to us than either water or milk. It is blood, from which comes all our life and which is presented by physicians and surgeons of high standing as the safe and genial *ne plus ultra* of the medical art—a perfect food and a perfect restorative application to diseased organs. How plausible a state-

ment! The life of every organ comes from the blood, and rises in power as the blood increases in perfection and abundance. If the blood of the healthy, sturdy ox can supply what we need as the milk of the cow takes the place of our mother's milk, it is no dangerous experiment to rely upon it, and able physicians are using it successfully in controlling the most formidable medical and surgical diseases in New York and in hospitals. They give ample and detailed descriptions of formidable surgical cases treated successfully by their prepared blood, called bovine, which seem convincing to a candid reader. We cannot here present any details. But surely, if foods have the values we have mentioned, and if the three genial, harmless foods, water, milk, and blood, are believed by their devotees—successful physicians—to be not only safer but more restorative than all that has ever been called medicine, is it not reasonable to hope and anticipate that the builders of the human constitution may repair and sustain it when battered and decayed by storm and accident?

Nature attracts us rightly if we obey her. It attracted rightly the famous Davy Crockett, Congressman of Tennessee, who ended an original and somewhat humorous life by dying as a hero in the Alamo with the Mexican dead lying around him. We remember that at a presidential dinner, when the waiter changed his plate and asked his wish, he called for "a little more bacon and greens." That was what he needed,—the strongest animal food from a quadruped unsurpassed in its digestive and fattening powers, fortified by the salt so necessary to digestion, and assisted by the greens, the young turnip tops, a delicious tonic, as appropriate to the bacon as lemons are to scurvy, or butter to bread, as harmonious as sugar to ice-cream or vinegar to salads. Some pharmacist will yet explore the virtues of the turnip, though half our population may not yet know the value of the young turnip greens enjoyed in Virginia and Kentucky.

The object of hygienic dietetics is to improve and prolong life, and Sir J. Crichton Browne says truly and impressively that one hundred years should be con-

sidered the normal life of man, but that numbers become old, dull, and infirm at fifty, upon which Dr. Densmore and others think this early decline due to calcareous deposits that obstruct the blood-vessels, chiefly due to eating too much bread, which does not leave the mind as clear as fruit. There is some truth in this, but I think it is also due to drinking very freely of hard, calcareous waters, which has been observed in northern Illinois and in England, which has furnished examples of the ossification of the arteries and of urinary calculi.

The gentlemen who give us this alarm as to premature old age, arising from calcareous deposits choking the blood-vessels, have not suggested any direct remedy for it. They ask us to eat less bread and more fruit, which is a good suggestion.

But it is not difficult to abolish this danger medically; and as no one has proposed a proper remedy the writer will now offer it, and guarantee that, if premature old age is due to calcareous deposits in the small blood-vessels, it can easily be removed. The most agreeable remedy is lactic acid, and this acid has been recently introduced at Boston under the name of lactart, but perhaps not sufficiently appreciated. Taken with sweetened water, it is as pleasant and wholesome a drink as lemonade.

If lactart is not within reach we may use the lactic acid, sweetening it and preparing it as lemonade. It is a valuable assistant to digestion, and has been used in dyspepsia. It dissolves the phosphate of lime and the calcareous elements in the urine. If calcareous deposits have been formed, this will gradually remove them pleasantly and wholesomely, and we may assist its action by using buttermilk, which owes its chief merit to lactic acid.

Muriatic acid may be used for the same purpose (two drops to a pint of water), but the lactic is preferable and safer. Whatever may be said of the lime theory, I am sure that early old age is mainly due to habitual errors in diet, and many other habits, and especially to the paralysis of the soul by selfishness.

There is a vast field open for exploration to supersede medicine by food, and I wished hopefully once to perform that

task, but my tasks were already gigantic and unfinished. Though I knew it was practicable, the completion of four new sciences for which the world was not ready was still an unfinished task to which I was mortgaged; and I shall not yet be released until by the completion of my sixteenth volume, if still alive, I may be ready to show that the medical innovations which I have introduced may be superseded by something better—not to “throw physic to the dogs,” but to keep it carefully in reserve for the uneducated and unfortunate who are not protected by dietetics and the other two sciences by which we may develop life in the thorax, and the nobler manhood in the brain, so that we need not blush on entering the realms of immortality.

This triple science, for the regulation and development of the grand normal powers latent in every human brain, thorax, and abdomen, to give the higher world strong and lovely spirits, and to this world the uplifting reformers that it needs, remains to be recorded.

We have been speaking of what concerns the welfare of all mankind, but it is also an intensely personal matter to each and all of us—a matter of success or failure in life, more important than wealth

or poverty, exalted or degraded rank—a matter to many of gloomy suffering and early death,—of tragedy more intense than all other tragedies. And yet in all our superficial education and equally superficial ethics, it has been through all the centuries turned out as a poor wanderer from the door of the college and the church, as if neither college nor church, nor both combined, could give us strong, manly, honorable men and women, capable of living a full, normal life.

But the goddess Hygeia will have her temples in the next century,—they are beginning to be built now.

The question we are approaching is ever more ethical than physiological, and the just direction of thought may be suggested by the question, Have we any better right to violate the laws of health than to violate the laws of ethics or the laws of the land that are less comprehensive, less imperative, and less infallibly stern than the laws of nature, which are the laws of nature's God? And if we are willing personally to die with one-half of our normal life lost, have we a right to maintain the selfish social system which condemns the major half of our brethren to much less than half of their right to “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?”

## SLEEP

The hygienic purpose of sleep lies not only in repose and cessation of waste, but in assimilation and excretion. Therefore, we need for perfect sleep a faculty that will sustain the assimilation and excretion.

The true central organ of sleep in the brain, says Dr. Jos. Rodés Buchanan, is above and behind the ear, in antagonism to consciousness or intellectual wakefulness, which it tends to suppress; and on the chest behind the middle of the arm, a little lower than the tips of the shoulder blades. Its action is intelligible, as it tends to restrain and suspend intellectual action.

As the region of repose produces its

effects through the solar plexus and abdominal action, it is assisted by the regions of somnolence and assimilation, which extend on the abdomen below the sternum, and thus correspond with the plexus—hence, the application of a hand on the abdomen, extending upward from the umbilicus, will tend to produce sleep.

A restless excitability at the knee, which often interferes with sleep, should be allayed by dispersive passes toward the foot.

Above all things, when endeavoring to produce sleep, relax. Let every member of your body rest flat upon the bed. Warmth and circulation in the lower limbs are necessary to sleep.

# EDITORIALS

## THE TWO WORLDS IN WHICH WE LIVE

### I.—THE IDEAL OR DREAMLAND REALM.

Two spheres of influence act and react on every human life. We live in two worlds,—the ideal, or dreamland, and that of the outer life, or the sphere of environment. This fact, so simple and apparent, yet so little considered in its relation to the life of the young, must come to be appreciated in the higher and truer education of the future, because if the ideal, or thought and dream world, is kept clean, wholesome, and normal, it more than any single influence will make life bright and joyous, and rich in its beneficent influence, for here is the throne of the imagination,—here life's deep well-springs take their rise. Let the ideal or dream world of a child be thoroughly normal, and quickened in a wholesome way, while he is surrounded by a healthful environment, and society has little to fear and much to hope from the manhood of such a youth.

Let these conditions become general, and the rapid transformation of civilization must follow, for whatever unfavorable influence heredity might exert would necessarily be corrected in the course of a few generations with the well-springs of being and the atmosphere of life kept pure and wholesome.

Few of us consider how much we live in the dream or ideal world. There memory weaves a magic film of rainbow tints, and flings it over the vanished past. A simple sound, the sight of a common weed, or the perfume of a flower, and lo, "the past rises before us like a dream." The tinkling of a bell on the distant hill is doubtless prosaic enough to you, but to me it weaves a magic spell, for with speed

more swift than lightning it has spanned many years, and I am back in childhood's realm. Broad fields are stretched before me, I hear the tinkle of a bell, mingled with the lowing of home-coming cows and the sharp, nervous bleating of many sheep. Gates are open here and there; these with some familiar sounds from the poultry yard, and the cries of the insects and frogs, break into the wonderful silence which comes after the setting of the sun, in a not unmusical way. The west is aflame with splendor, and a creek in the distance has caught new witchery from the sky; the erstwhile ribbon of silver has become a serpentine stream of molten glory. Lights twinkle here and there in the farm-house, and twilight is lost under the sable mantle of night.

In this interior world, however, the ideal life is more concerned with the future and the present than the past. How much of the future we are living, in our thoughts, hopes, dreams, and aspirations.

A noble life, a splendid deed, a glorious work of art,—they appeal to the young in a compelling way. They make youth aspire to be noble, brave, and useful. They light up the imagination and carry the dream into the halls of the to-morrow, filling life with new meaning, and planting high and serious resolutions where listless thoughts had grown. So in the eternal now the internal world tinges life with glory or gloom, and gives tone and color to almost every thought.

If the imagination has been educated, quickened, and brought in tune with that which is purest and best, the soul is so cultivated that it feasts on beauty, and draws inspiration from all that is essen-

tially lovely and divine. The sleeping poet, artist, and sculptor—aye, the sleeping God—within each breast is awakened, and glory and utility blossom on every hand, even for the humblest life. Herein lies the supreme importance of giving this subjective, dream, and ideal world paramount attention while yet the child is young. When it is neglected, all life is apt to become not merely dull and prosaic, but a desert waste, in which the blunted and blinded imagination wanders past fountain, flower, and fruit, with music and perfume and beauty on every hand, yet seeing and hearing naught to satisfy its profound cravings.

This thought is admirably illustrated by a story told of two young men who spent a summer in a cottage on a mountain slope in New Hampshire. One was a youth brought up in luxury, but whose imagination had never been appealed to in a high or noble way. He was one of that large and, sad to say, increasing class of American youths, whose parents are well off, and whose children are trained in modern business methods, while receiving the conventional schooling, but whose home influence is neglected, and in whom the poetic, artistic, and emotional natures are not quickened on the higher plane of being. Hence the finest, purest, and deepest well-springs of enjoyment frequently remain hidden from view. The spiritual nature is not cultivated, and imagination remains deaf and blind in the presence of ravishing melody and inspiring beauty. This youth had come to regard life as a bore, and consequently was a bore to every one. Hence, it was with no regret that his family learned that he had decided to spend the summer on the mountain side, where he understood one of his old class-mates was to be.

The other youth had learned to view life from a different view-point. Born into a humble but cultured home, his open nature had been nurtured by a wise and loving mother. She had early taught him to see the beauty that floods and fills this old world of ours. She taught him to love the flowers, went with him into the woods, pointed out the difference in form and structure of the blossoms and leaves,

taught him the names and shared with him the joy of examining the rare flowers, when they chanced to find them. In like manner she taught him to know and love the forest trees. The birds that filled woods and meadow with songs and gladness were all known to the boy, and from nature in her more minute aspects the mother turned to the grander phenomena of the sky. The gorgeous and ever changing splendor of the sunset was dwelt upon, every tint and color pointed out, and comparisons made, in such a way that the child could not fail to see and feel the wonder of the new scenes almost nightly unfolded before his view; and when the moon and stars were studding the blue with a glory all their own his mother had pointed out the planets and the great constellations, had told the child something of the magnitude of certain stars and related to him many of the wonder stories and myths which are associated with the names of some of the clusters of the heavenly bodies. And thus, though they lived in a very flat and prosaic country, the boy unconsciously came to derive a deep, pure pleasure and inspiration from the exhaustless treasury of nature, such as poets and painters know and feel, and what all should enjoy to the extent of their capacity. Years fled, and chance threw these youths with such widely different childhoods together in school and later on the mountain side in summer time. Here the power of the subjective world to weave sunshine or clouds, joy or gloom, into the woof of life was broadly emphasized.

The child of wealth in early life had never learned to drink gladness from the purest fountains of pleasure; his happiness had been gleaned largely from artificial and feverish sources of amusement. Little of the highest and best had come into his imagination during his childhood's formative years. He had fallen upon many of those pseudo pleasures which cloy and satiate without satisfying the longing of the soul, and in the mountain home he found little to amuse or entertain him. A glorious lake gleamed below him, a chain of mountains in emerald from base to summit lay before him, while to the right rose rugged, rock-ribbed Chocorua and

still farther Mount Washington and other peaks, while still to the right and in full view towered Kearsarge, with North Conway nestling at its base. Behind them rose a mountain with a gradual slope affording a broad expanse of upland pasture land, rock strewn, and at first sight barren to look upon, but on those acres was a wealth of food, a procession of fruits.

The wild strawberry which carpeted the ground gave place to the raspberry, which grew around the rocks and along the old stone walls, and it in turn yielded scepter to the ever present blueberry, which in due time was followed by the blackberry, all in the profusion and abandon of nature. The land was dotted with dandelions, little golden suns, spangling the emerald earth, and these presently gave place to the buttercups and daisies. The woods were fragrant with fir, pine, cedar, and sweet ferns, and all nature seemed joyous, and yet this youth was unmoved. He passed to and fro, seeing little, hearing little, and enjoying less. Though he crushed the strawberry at every step, leaving a crimson trail exhaling rare fragrance, he saw nothing attractive in it, and marveled that his companion loved to stop and pick the luscious berry. He cared for fruit only when others prepared and served it. The beauty of the flora, the fruit, and forest was unfelt by him. So also with the splendor of the hills and mountains, and wonder, mingled with a certain contemptuous pity, was aroused at sight of his friend's enthusiasm. Often at eventide, as the sun sank behind the mountain before them, he would look up from a feverish novel with a perplexed expression which ended in a look of commiseration as he contemplated the schoolmate of other years, whose very soul drew inspiration from nature's grand phenomena. "Is it all put on, or is he so simple that such things satisfy him?" Such were his mental observations. Simple? Yes, he was simple; just as the poet, the artist, the child of genius, and those who are so near the veil that hides the Infinite that they hear the throbbing of the Eternal heart, are simple in heart, pure in imagination, and deep in feeling.

Thus the child of neglect became wearied by what he regarded monotonous, while the youth who had been early cultured drank in new life and grew with each fleeting hour. To him the miracles of nature, from the delicate flower to the noble mountain, were constant revelations and seasons of unalloyed delight. On every side he beheld a world of beauty; he loved the meadow, carpeted with flowers and the rock, fringed with vines, bushes, and ferns. The birch, with its manifold layers of bark, reminded him of the Indian, who used also to love these hills, and who in this tree believed he found a special provision made by the great Spirit for his red-skinned children.

The fruits gathered from the stems where he had enjoyed the blossoms possessed a sweetness all their own, and were rich with associations that delighted him. He loved the fragrant wood, where the solemn pine and the hemlock shut out all light. He enjoyed the fragrance of forest and meadow, and drank in new life from the wealth of soul food which met the cravings of his imagination as never before. But most of all he loved the more august aspects of nature,—the mountains, the lake, and the sky. Night and morning he beheld new beauties, for the scene ever changed. One evening he pointed out to his friend how deep a mantle of blue rested over Chocorua and its fellow sentinels of the ages. So deep and impenetrable was the mantle borrowed from the sky that it seemed they would never appear defined, but at break of day he looked forth again. The sun was rising, and lo, the mountains were clad in a bridal veil of mist to welcome the king of day. An hour elapsed, and the serried sides, hard, stern, and grim, rose above the mantle of green, and when evening came what splendor rolled before him. The sky, sometimes crimson, sometimes gold, orange, lemon, and scarlet, with clouds rolled together in mighty billows, and taking on tints as gorgeous and multitudinous as were their shapes, varied and suggestive, sometimes a royal purple seemed to predominate, and then beaten gold, with here and there a cloud which glistened with that dazzling whiteness that we associate with the robes of those whose purity of

heart has admitted them to the audience chamber of the Eternal. And all the while the lakes below, fringed with trees whose reflection they mirrored, were answering to the beauty of the sky. No artist ever approached these wonderful phenomena, which almost nightly flooded the receptive imagination with ever changing series of dazzling pictures.

Sometimes the skies were overcast,—nature seemed gloomy or moody; and on one occasion a great tempest added solemnity to the scene. The young man watched its approach as a sculptor watches the growing statue under his chisel. A heavy, solemn curtain of gray seemed to shut out the distant mountains; nearer it came, enveloping all as it approached, and growing with each successive moment. Soon all the mountains save those across the lake were hidden; a vast canvas, dark and menacing and angry, seemed to wall in all but a little spot of earth, while from its mysterious depths came a rumbling, which grew into a savage roar; lightning flashed and the cannonading of the heavens burst forth, followed by gale and torrent such as is rarely seen in New England, and then all became clear and calm,—the storm had spent its fury, and nature smiled through her tears. Then there were the nights when the lakes were silver mirrors set in jet,—when the stars refused to yield their glory to the moon, and the deep blue firmament on high was studded with diamond dust, while below the mountains, sable and solemn, appeared, as in fact they are, age-long sentinels witnessing the march of civilization and the rise and fall of races. And thus by day and night, in sunshine and storm, the youth grew in soul. His imagination was fed, his vision expanded; he was brought nearer nature's heart, nearer to Infinity.

And when the season was gone they returned to their separate spheres of life, one wearied with the dull monotony of nature, and the other strong with a new life and joyous in the possession of a wealth of beauty which had given indefinable sweetness to a few brief months, and better still had filled the picture gallery of memory with a treasury of beauty to delight his future years.

This story serves the important purpose of illustrating how much of life's joys or miseries may depend on the subjective, dream, or ideal world. It reminds us of a fact we are all prone to forget, that we are in reality living in two worlds, and that often the sphere of the subjective eclipses for good or evil the world of environment which hedges us round about, while it also suggests the importance of the sacred trust imposed upon parents and teachers of educating the imagination to dwell upon the pure, the true, and the beautiful, and developing, while the child's mind is in its formative stages, a love and appreciation for those sources of pure pleasures which nature has so bountifully supplied us with. The child should be made to see all that is good and beautiful in everything. He should not be left ignorant of evil, but, once emphasized, it should not be so dwelt upon as powerfully to affect the mind, lest it in turn become fascinated with that which it should avoid; for it is a well established psychological fact that anything upon which the plastic mind of youth long dwells comes to influence the thought world in such a way as frequently to disturb the normal growth and perfect poise of the growing faculties and the as yet undeveloped emotional nature. If great care is taken to stimulate the imagination on the plane of the higher emotions in the young, a greater service will be rendered than a course in a conventional college.

And I say this without wishing to disparage intellectual training. What is most needed to-day is that broader culture which develops the character, and with it the poetic and artistic emotions, and leads them to look out upon life from the upper windows of being instead of through the cellar grating. Most people go through the world like blind men in so far as realizing and appreciating the pleasures that might be derived if their finer faculties had been properly developed in youth when the mind was yet plastic. "What do you see there?" said a sculptor to a new-comer in an Italian village. "A block of stone." "I see that and much more," replied the first speaker. "What more?" "Come here in three months and I will answer you." The visitor de-



parted, and journeyed over Italy and Greece. Returning, he called on his friend, who taking him into his studio unveiled an exquisite breathing statue, so wonderful as to call forth an exclamation of admiration from the visitor. "That is what I saw in the stone," said the sculptor. We may not all see with the eyes of the sculptor, the poet, and the artist, for the imagination has its limits, yet ever mind is more or less imaginative. Every one lives largely in the imagination, and if the artistic and poetic impulses are early and rightly directed and stimulated, they

will bring a brightness, joy, and satisfaction into each life that is sadly wanting in the world to-day.

Here, then, is work for parents and teachers, and indeed for all who are laboring to elevate and transform civilization,—a work which, when complemented by a proper or healthful environment, will do much toward fulfilling that age-long dream of a noble and normal civilization, in which the hand is the servant of the brain and the brain is the handmaid of the soul.

B. O. FLOWER.

## THE CULTIVATION OF UNSELFISHNESS

"What is noble? 'Tis the finer  
Portion of our mind and heart,  
Linked to something still diviner  
Than mere language can impart.  
Ever prompting,—ever seeking  
Some improvement yet to plan  
To uplift our fellow-beings,  
And like man to feel for man."

All influences that promote selfishness, or take from life its great and noble purposes and encourage a butterfly existence, are essentially demoralizing, and render impossible the moral development of the higher nature. When we measure a life by the work accomplished in it in ameliorating the suffering and brightening the existence of the struggling brotherhood of man; in creating an ideal home where the soul is cultured, where the fruits of the spirit ripen into the richest maturity; where the flowers of truth, charity, and gentleness send forth their fragrance on every hand; where day by day man advances nearer and nearer the great, throbbing soul of Infinity, while his soul expands and becomes more God-like at every step,—I say, measured by this standard (and only by this can we regard life worth living), many whose names are great, and whose fame hangs on the lips of tens of thousands, are only skeletons, fleshless, soulless, and lifeless, while thousands whose names the mad world little notes are in truth grandly great.

I wish at the present time to write a few words about unselfishness, that sweet flower of the spirit so like the vio-

let, mignonette, and lily of the valley, which beneath the shade of their showy companions are content, all unobserved, to live and die in lavishing on the air their heavenly fragrance, and delighting all life that passes within the scope of their influence with their wonderfully delicate perfume. Self-sacrifice softens, broadens, and beautifies every spirit which practices it. There is so much inborn selfishness in the heart of man that must be uprooted, so much love of one's own enjoyments and disregard for the fate of others that must be placed in subordination, that he who wishes so to develop his soul as to make life on earth a blessing to the race, and life beyond a triumphal march of endless progression, he who appreciates the boundless possibilities of the spirit, and who would, so far as opportunities permit, benefit every life that comes in contact with his own, will find before him a lesson requiring all the days allotted him to master. He cannot hope to attain a disinterested or unselfish heart in an hour, a day, or a year; it is a growth,—the changing of the crude rock into the breathing statue; one might as well expect to master Greek and Latin in a day, as suddenly to change his nature, in which there is so much that is selfish, into a life of self-sacrifice. Every day opportunities will be presented, and if the nobler voicings of the soul are heeded each night will find the spirit

more unselfish and richer in love for the race.

Nowhere is this cultivation of unselfishness more important than at the fireside. If the husband and wife will mutually determine to cultivate the spirit of self-sacrifice in their daily life, their homes will be gardens of joy, peace, and fragrance, and the children that come into such charmed circles will follow the precepts enforced by example as seen in the lives of their parents, and grow up strong in this cardinal virtue. Lives in which self-sacrifice has blossomed forth in richness and beauty are to be seen on every hand; and nowhere are more impressive examples found than at the firesides that jewel the land, where mothers, with tireless devotion, labor night and

day for their loved ones, bearing with the thousands of vexatious circumstances,—the aggravation of willful children, the pinching grasp of poverty, and the thoughtlessness of husbands. By early dawn and far into the silent watches of the night these patient workers pursue the path of duty, asking for no sweeter recompense than the happiness of those whose lot falls within the sacred circle of their holy influence. Such lives are sublime. But, besides this army of heroic natures who are silently guiding the destinies of the future, the pages of history are luminous with examples of self-sacrifice that gleam forth as stars from the recesses of every age, and in every land and clime.

B. O. FLOWER.

## “IF I WERE YOU”

“If I were you,” I would do this, or I would not do that, is a common expression of advice that awakens a longer train of thought than many an eloquent sermon has done.

If I were you, I should certainly be hedged in by different circumstances from what I am at present. When we censure an unwise course taken by our neighbor with the insinuating, “If I were you, I would act differently,” do we pause to think how bold and uncharitable we are?

When we walk the streets, and see children of tender years battling with the world for their daily bread, which, God knows, is scant and hardly earned, to say nothing of the temptation the struggle for it brings, can we not look with a pitying eye and sympathizing heart at the criminal list in to-day’s paper, and shudder with sickening horror the next Friday when some uncared for urchin cries out, “Evening paper,—all about the execution,” as we wonder if the criminal was wholly responsible for the crime for which he died, or, like the boy who cries out the fatal doom, was thrown upon the world to withstand its temptation with his puny strength before old enough to discern between right and

wrong or to reason out the result of a misdeed?

When we look into the pure faces of our darlings, who have slept in our bosoms and been taught to fear evil as the broad road to everlasting misery, can we say whether, under different influences and other circumstances, they would be better than the dirty little herd we saw this morning fighting and swearing in the street? Would they be brave enough to take their places in the ranks of the great surging army of neglected beings, and work their way as many have done, with blacking-brush or newspapers, up to a higher and better place in life?

If I were you, would I be as patient, as untiring, as faithful as you are? Let us look at our neighbors, and ask ourselves the question.

When a friend comes to you for a word of advice upon a weighty question, too long studied in secret, and with parted lips and eager eyes listens to hear an expression from you that may give him courage to do what he knows to be right, and you say, “If I were you,” I would do so, or I would not do so, how little you can know; for he could never tell you the thousand mingled feelings which render it impossible for him to do that, and how

his heart had yearned to hear you say, "Dear friend, you understand so much better than I the circumstances which surround you, and which must needs make your impulses and convictions so incomprehensible to me, that I can only say do what your highest sense of honor and duty directs and I have the faith in you that it will be right."

If I were you with your nature and your temperament, under the same circumstances I am sure I would do as you do, and if I were you with my own individuality, in your position I might not do half so well as you do. It is so hard to judge other people justly, indeed, it is so impossible to do so, that I wonder we are bold enough to judge them at all.

Only recently I heard a lady say, after reading of the execution of a young criminal, "How sad to think that, depraved as he was at the time he committed the deed, he was once pure and somebody's darling."

Perhaps he was. But is it sadder to think so, or that he was never the cherished object of some tender mother's love and father's constant care,—had never known love or tenderness, but was born and reared to die the death he died? Which is the sadder contemplation? Which would be the greater criminal? Indeed, who is the criminal—the executed or the executioner? If I were you, who and what would I be?

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.

## THE STORY OF FOUR UNSELFISH LIVES

Just at this moment there comes to my mind the story of the labors of Mrs. Chisholm, which forms a striking illustration of self-sacrifice. While yet a girl she formed a life plan of action by which she felt that she could rescue her unfortunate sisters, who were being cast hither and thither by the waves of an adverse fate, ultimately sinking to ruin in the sloughs of vice. Nor did she change her purpose when she grew into womanhood; sacrificing the enjoyment of a home of ease and luxury, she went to India, where she founded the flourishing "School of Industry" for the daughters of soldiers. From India she went to Australia; here she found hundreds of girls constantly arriving from England filled with the hope of securing homes and employment, but helpless and unprotected, the majority of whom fell with startling rapidity into lives of shame. This noble-souled woman set about saving them. She founded a college and a bureau of employment, by which she was enabled to keep them from danger and ruin until she could get them good positions. In this way excellent homes were secured for more than one thousand unprotected girls, a large proportion of whom would otherwise have fallen into lives of sin. How rich the life that wrought such an eternal blessing to the race!

The wonderful life and work of Dorothy Dix affords a striking illustration of the lofty heights to which a soul may rise that sinks self. Miss Dix at an early age began teaching the street arabs and those who were too poor to pay for schooling. Later her attention was called to the frightful condition of the insane in Massachusetts, where she lived at that time. A maniac was kept by whomsoever would bid the lowest. No ferocious wild beast received such terrible treatment as did the poor human being who had lost his mind; starved, penned in filth, and often half frozen, the insane presented a sight too pitiful for words. Miss Dix personally investigated the matter; she asked no aid; from her own limited purse she paid all expenses. When an overwhelming array of facts had been collected, she applied to the legislature, where she met with fierce opposition; she had to face and overcome conservative thought, a blunted public conscience, and the self-interest of those who profited by the brutal system. She faltered not until victory crowned her work, and the insane of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts were better provided for than ever before. Then began her pilgrimage. She visited State by State; she revolutionized the treatment of the insane in America. But this was not enough; the most pitiable class in other

lands were to be looked after. Accordingly, she visited the various European nations even to the heart of Turkey. Everywhere victory crowned her efforts. When the War of the Rebellion broke out she immediately entered hospitals, and served as nurse during the long, weary struggle. After peace once more brooded over the republic, she set about her old work of bettering the condition of the insane. Such was her glorious life. She shrank from fame and abhorred ostentation. She only asked to be allowed to work silently for those who most needed aid. Her life was as beautiful in reality as any angel vision that ever floated through artist's brain.

Another noteworthy example of unselfishness was seen in the action of Dr. Guyon. A terrible plague was raging in Marseilles,—it seemed that the entire population would be cut off. The physicians of the city were unable to stay the curse, not knowing the nature of the disease. The dissection of a corpse seemed to be the only means of giving the necessary knowledge, but the contagious nature of the disease and its fatality made it sure death to any one who undertook it. A counsel of physicians had for some time deliberated. Finally Dr. Guyon, one of the most celebrated doctors of the city, and a man in the very prime of life, arose, saying: "So be it; I devote my life to the safety of my country." He dissected a corpse and critically examined all conditions of the organism that would throw light on the nature of the malady. He then wrote out a careful, detailed description of the result of his investigations, placing the paper on which it was written in a vase of vinegar to prevent communicating the contagion to those who might read it, after which he retired to his apartments, where he died in twelve hours.

One other example representing this spirit, though in a different way, was seen in the brave action of Grace Bussell. The steamer "Georgette" was stranded off Perth; a boat laden with women and chil-

dren left the wreck, but was swamped by the surf. Clinging to the little bark, these victims of the ocean's caprice shrieked wildly for aid, only to be answered by the loud mocking of the billows. Suddenly, over the hilltop and down the precipitous coast, a young woman mounted on a coal black charger came dashing along at break-neck speed. Arriving at the brink of the sea she paused a moment, then dashed forward into the water; her steed tried to turn, but she urged him on till the boat was reached. In this manner she made several trips, and succeeded in landing all who were alive. Then, almost fainting from fatigue and drenching wet, but thinking not of self, she galloped home to send relief to the poor creatures she had rescued.

We have taken these illustrations from the innumerable instances of this kind that illuminate the history of every age, because they serve as examples of different phases of this lofty virtue, and because many people thoughtlessly regard its cultivation of little moment, when in truth it is one of the foundation stones on which true character rests. It is a lesson in the higher education that is difficult to learn, but rich in its fruition, something that yields a harvest of happiness to others, and a hundred-fold to the one that acquires it. Not in the empty honor of funeral pageant, not in the brilliant eulogium of gifted orators, not in the splendor of costly sepulchers, do the true and the noble perpetuate their names and their callings on earth, but in the sweet fragrance that follows their unselfish lives, by the beauty that lingers in their deeds long after their spirits have been promoted.

Needs there be praise of the love-written record,

The name or the epitaph graved on the stone?

The things we have lived for, let them be our story,

We, ourselves, but remembered by what we have done.

B. O. FLOWER.

# THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

## THE TREATMENT OF DRUNKARDS

A commission appointed by the Mayor of Boston, to examine into the actual operation of the laws against drunkenness, recently made a report that reveals at once great inequality in the administration of the law and the essential folly and injustice of the statutes. Thus, for example, it is shown by the committee's report that in one court in Boston fully sixty per cent of the cases are released without any punishment, and this court imposes fines on only about ten per cent of the cases brought before it, while in the same city in another court ninety-five per cent of the cases brought before it receive punishment, and in another court at least eighty-five per cent of the cases are fined. In the next place the commission shows the essential injustice exhibited in the active operation of the fine system, where in many cases the poor wives, daughters, and hard-working relatives of the offender are compelled to get together their scanty earnings to pay the fine of the husband, brother, or father, who, as is the case in many instances, repeats the offense at short intervals. In other cases the offender is held in idleness in prison, and the family is deprived of his earnings. The committee holds that, in cases where the offender is not a habitual drunkard, it would be wiser to place him on probation, making his freedom conditional on his working out his fine during the probationary period. The report is very interesting and suggestive, and it is peculiarly valuable as showing how inadequate and short-sighted are our laws, and how inequitably are they administered in the various courts of the city.

The problem of dealing with the drunkard is of course far less important

than the greater questions of cause and prevention, and yet, until statesmen and the people are wise and brave enough to make these issues subjects of education and legislation, it will be necessary for the state to adopt the most practicable methods of dealing with the evil, and here we find a crying need for a high order of statesmanship. Whenever an effort is made to have the offenders against law employed in creating or adding to society's wealth, a short-sighted and selfish cry is raised by demagogues, that it is taking work from the honest toilers, though of course if the matter were wisely managed no such result would follow. There is a vast amount of important public work demanded which would immensely benefit the community and state, but which it is not deemed wise or right to expend the state's income to execute, while our prisons are filled with idle hands who are living at an enormous expense to the commonwealths. This condition of affairs displays a culpable lack of common sense and wisdom on the part of the people and their law-makers. There are many things at which the prisoners might be employed. Take, for example, the question of the punishment of drunkards, on the one hand, and the need of good roads, on the other. France owes much of the wonderful prosperity which has enabled her to meet her great obligations during the past thirty years to her good roads, which enable the population to convey all products to the market at all seasons, and this renders it profitable to improve every foot of land, making the great nation a veritable garden-spot. With us, so long as the cities and states continue to license the liquor traffic, the drunkards will be a great burden and a

menace to society, and it seems to me that, while this condition continues, it would be the part of true statesmanship to see to it that the offenders, who are now a burden and an expense to the commonwealth and to society, assist in adding to the wealth of the state by helping to carry out a comprehensive plan for the building of good roads from city to city. It cannot be urged that this would in any degree take from the work of others. It would be the performance of important internal improvements, the value of which is recog-

nized by all, but which the state does not yet feel able to undertake. On the other hand, if this course was vigorously carried out, we would without doubt find a positive diminution in the amount of drunkenness and its incidental burdens to the city and state.

We trust that the day is at hand when the problem of crime and its punishments will receive more thoughtful consideration from our statesmen and the people at large, and that the days of enforced idleness for any persons may be near an end.

## MUNICIPAL INNOVATIONS IN THE OLD WORLD

The following interesting facts relating to certain municipalities in Europe are from an English paper, and are worthy of the serious consideration of thoughtful Americans:

The Liverpool Corporation has introduced a development of the penny-in-the-slot machine for the purpose of supplying hot water at a halfpenny per gallon,—a particularly useful institution, especially in cold weather.

Glasgow may be said to be in the entertainment business, for it gives many splendid concerts in the large halls on winter evenings, out of which a profit is made. The corporation, too, have an extensive system of municipal insurance.

Penrhyn is a happy place, for it knows no rate collector—a truly enviable position. It has no borough or district rate, for it has so much property that its rents meet all expenses, and the only rate levied in the town is the poor rate.

There are, however, some continental communities in an even happier state than this. The municipality of Orsa, in Kopparberg, Sweden, owns extensive forest lands, and by the judicious sale of some of them, the village has a revenue of about seventy-five thousand dollars per year. No taxes of any kind have to be paid. Moreover, each district has its own telephone, which is free to the public use.

Staufenberg, in Darmstadt, also owns a large tract of forest land, which yields enough revenue to pay all municipal expenses, and in addition, every citizen gets a "dividend" of about five dollars a year and free fuel. The revenues derived from the public estate pay for the town-hall, schools, water supply, municipal bake-houses, etc.

Freudenstadt, in Baden, is more fortunate still. Out of the income derived from the land the municipal authorities supply the inhabitants with free wood for firing and building, with free pasture for the cattle, and with roads, schools, churches, fountains, hospital, communal music, etc., without levying any rates, and gives each family a yearly present which amounts to from ten to fifteen dollars.

Klingenberg-on-the-Main and Langenselbold, in Hanau, are equally as fortunate. No rates or taxes are claimed, and the villagers of each place receive annual bonuses.

A truly delightful prospect would open itself to Englishmen were our municipal authorities to follow the example set by the city of Grenoble. The municipality has been running a restaurant and kitchen for fifty years. Meals are supplied at cost price in the restaurant, or delivered at residences, as may be desired. The city makes no financial profit from this huge restaurant, which serves from fifteen to twenty thousand meals a day.

Good men, like angels, find all their happiness in usefulness.

No man can lift others up until he first lifts himself above sin.

A wise man gathers out of the present world the best that is in it.

The man who by example shows others how to live is the greatest of all men.

# OUR MONTHLY CHAT

## ART.

We take great pleasure in publishing the first of some papers on art by Professor John W. Stimson. Professor Stimson is a practical worker as well as a vigorous thinker. He has ascended the mountains and has caught a glimpse of the higher things in regard to art and life, as will be seen by a perusal of his luminous paper. The reader will be pleased to see that frequent contributions from his thoughtful pen will be features of *The Coming Age*.

## APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY.

Our readers will be deeply interested in Dr. Petersen's excellent contribution on "Applied Psychology, or Hypno-Suggestive Therapeutics." This contribution is the first of three papers which are to appear from the pen of Dr. Petersen, who is one of the ablest authorities on hypnotism in the new world. Dr. Petersen has spent much time in making an exhaustive study of the subject before preparing his very able book on hypnotism. He has been remarkably successful in the treatment of disease through suggestion for the past several years.

## MISS JULIE A. HERNE.

Among the many signs of better days and the advent of a higher and finer civilization, one that to me is very significant, is the great number of young persons in every walk, profession, and pursuit, who are deeply thoughtful, whose hearts and brains are touched by the divine passion for knowledge and love of truth and whose aspirations are for the best. We have a right to expect much of those who have reached the meridian of life, but we are not accustomed to think of the young as being interested in life's grander and deeper themes, and I doubt if ever before was there anything like the number of really thoughtful young persons that we have in our midst to-day,—young people who, instead of being artificial

and essentially butterfly-like, are natural, genuine, sincere, and thoughtful.

In Miss Julie A. Herne, whose picture is published in this issue of *The Coming Age*, we have a fine representation of this class of young persons who are awake to the deeper things of life. Miss Herne at the present time is giving a magnificent interpretation of the very exacting leading part in her father's new play, "Sag Harbor," a part which would tax the abilities of an actress of many years' experience. The fact that she is able to fill this extremely difficult role evinces much of that peculiar emotional power which marks the fine acting of Dusé and Mrs. Herne, and which is beyond all natural, suggesting as it does so much that the old-time tearing of passion to tatters failed even to hint.

If Miss Herne had not adopted her father and mother's profession she would have undoubtedly made a name in literature. When only thirteen years of age she wrote a little character sketch, entitled "On a Barn Roof," and which evinced great power and foreshadowed bright things had she followed literature as a life calling. That sketch I published in the *Arena*, and at the time it called forth many favorable notices. Last February we published in *The Coming Age* a charming sonnet entitled "The Second Nocturne of Chopin." Miss Herne is not yet twenty years of age, but for some time she has been deeply interested in social problems, especially in the land theory of Mr. George. It is a pleasure to present the admirable photograph which is found in this number of *The Coming Age*, taken of this young lady a few weeks since.

## THE PICTURES IN "SAG HARBOR."

I desire to call special attention to the finely executed photographs of "Sag Harbor" appearing in this number of the magazine. Almost all of the photographs were

taken by the well-known Boston photographer, Elmer Chickering, who has already attained a national reputation for his fine work in photography.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF LEIBNITZ.

We regret very much that it is impossible for us to present Professor Chesley's paper in this issue of the magazine. It will, however, be a feature of our February number.

#### TWO STRONG ATTRACTIONS.

Among the many good things awaiting our readers in early numbers is a paper, entitled "Happy Hours in Mirthless Childhood," by Alma Calder Johnson. This contribution will appear in either the February or March issue. Another paper of special interest is entitled, "The Message of the Madonna," from the graceful and thoughtful pen of Elizabeth Boynton Harbert.

#### A CONVERSATION BY DR. OSGOOD MASON.

Dr. R. Osgood Mason's conversation on "The Educational and Therapeutic Value of Hypnotism, and the Relation of Suggestion to Psychical Research," is unavoidably crowded out this month, but will be a feature of our February number. It will be preceded by a portrait of Dr. Mason and an editorial sketch of the distinguished physician and author. Dr. Mason's paper, "The New Therapeutics," in the November issue of *The Coming Age*, has attracted widespread attention. It is certainly one of the strongest magazine articles which have appeared in recent months.

#### THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

Our series of papers dealing with social problems is continued in this number by Dr. Lincoln's admirable sketch of "The George Junior Republic." Next month we hope to give a paper on the work which Elbert Hubbard and the Roycrofters are carrying on in East Aurora, New York.

#### PROFESSOR BUCHANAN'S GREAT PAPER.

One of the most timely contributions in this number is a valuable paper from the pen of the venerable Joseph Rodes Buchanan on dietetics. Professor Buchanan is one of those few thinkers whose brain has grown more and more vigorous and active as they have advanced in life. Already he has

passed the fourscore limit, and yet his thought is as practical, suggestive, and profound as his magnificent work of earlier years. Our readers will be pleased to know that he is to contribute from time to time to *The Coming Age* during the ensuing year.

#### MR. COX'S INTERPRETATION OF HOMER.

In this number we publish a preliminary paper of Mr. Cox's series on the poems of Homer, in which we believe our readers will be deeply interested as the author unfolds them. It will be remembered that the Greeks long regarded Homer's poems as a sacred work, and Mr. Cox holds that they are among the most profound philosophical treatises known to literature, sacred or profane.

#### "SAG HARBOR."

In this number Mrs. Reifsnider furnishes a criticism of Mr. Herne's late drama, "Sag Harbor," with special reference to its ethical bearing. This paper has been illustrated in a manner in which we propose from time to time to illustrate notable and timely subjects during the present year. Owing to the length of the paper on "Sag Harbor," we have omitted one of our conversations this month, but the February and subsequent numbers of *The Coming Age* will contain two conversations, which have become a feature of this magazine.

#### "A GARDEN-SPOT IN THE NORTH-LAND."

Our readers will have a continuation of our series of papers which are especially designed to be suggestive to home-builders and wage-earners of America. It will be our constant aim to make *The Coming Age* of practical value to every reader.

#### OUR FICTION.

We wish to call the special attention of our readers to the two serial stories which open in this number. "Two Hearts for One," by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, will run during the entire year and will be suitably illustrated from month to month. It is a strong romance of life and love, and we feel will be enjoyed by all members of the home circle. "A Modern Minister," by Mr. George Sandford Eddy, is one of the most vital short stories we have read for months. It will appear in the January, February, and March numbers.



## THE INFLUENCE OF THE IDEAL.

An editorial this month deals with the influence of the Ideal on Life. Next month this discussion will be concluded by a consideration of the Influences of Environment.

## THE COMING AGE AND ITS FRIENDS.

We are receiving a great many letters from friends all over the country, expressing a deep appreciation of The Coming Age, which they feel is becoming an indispensable educational factor. It is impossible to acknowledge all of these kind expressions, and we desire to take this opportunity to thank our friends, and also to express our appreciation to those workers who are sending in clubs and in other ways seeking to extend the circulation of The Coming Age.

## SHAKSPEARE AND THE PEOPLE.

Our conversations next month will be peculiarly interesting. In addition to Dr. R. Osgood Mason's conversation, we shall present a delightful discussion of "Shakspeare and the Development of General Culture," by the Rev. H. C. Meserve. This conversation will be one of a series devoted to the development of general culture and a taste for the best in literature, which we intend to make a feature of the attractions in The Coming Age for the ensuing year.

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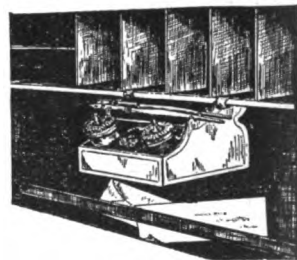


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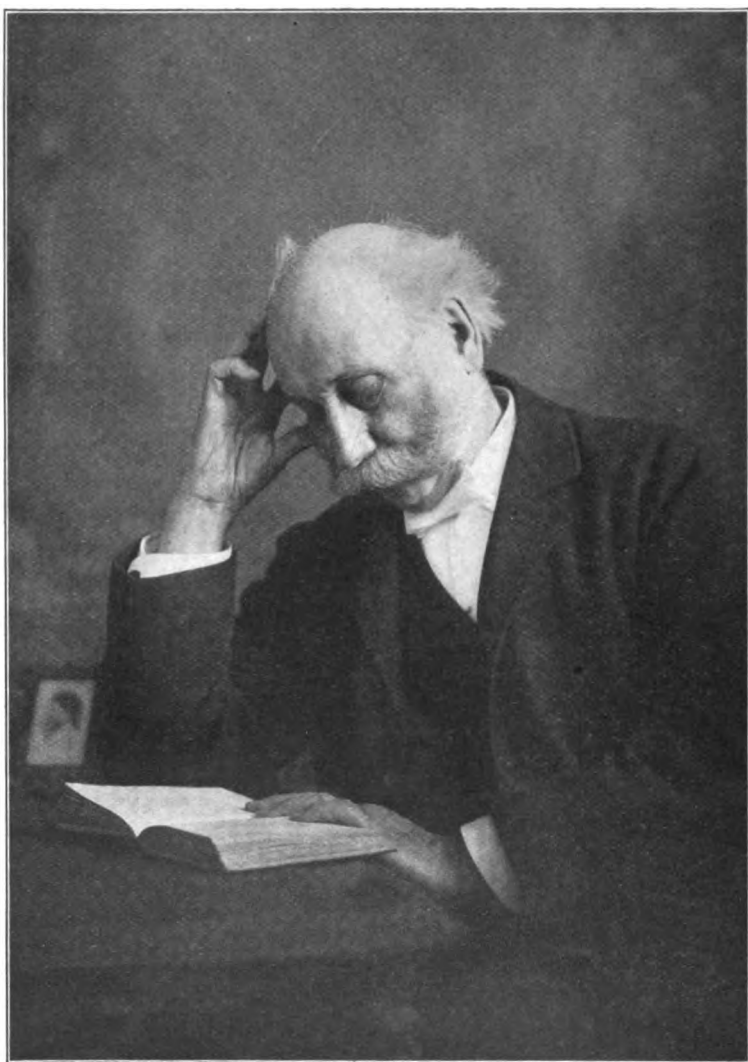
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# THE COMING AGE

VOL. III

FEBRUARY, 1900

No. 2



## CONVERSATIONS

I.—THE EDUCATIONAL AND THERAPEUTIC VALUE OF HYPNOTISM, AND THE RELATION OF SUGGESTION TO PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, BY R. OSGOOD MASON, M. D.

II.—SHAKSPEARE AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF GENERAL CULTURE, BY REV. H. C. MESERVE.

### I.—THE EDUCATIONAL AND THERAPEUTIC VALUE OF HYPNOTISM, AND THE RE- LATION OF SUGGESTION TO PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

R. OSGOOD MASON, A. M., M. D.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

In a conversation about ten years ago one of the foremost physicians of New England described to me the ill-disguised incredulity and in some instances the openly expressed skepticism occasioned by a paper read by him before the Massachusetts Medical Society on results of hypnotic experiments. In one of the largest western cities some time later a similar paper brought out the openly expressed contempt of many present, and much of the intolerance so frequently ex-

hibited by conservative bodies was manifested. In New York, not many years ago, Dr. R. Osgood Mason, who long had enjoyed an honorable position in the regular profession of his adopted State and city, read a paper recounting some of the remarkable results obtained in his practice, as well as that of eminent European physicians and scientists, by means of hypnotic suggestion. At the conclusion of his address a well-known physician, who was also president of the society before which Dr. Mason had been requested to appear, gave him the following rather doubtful compliment: "Well, doctor, you

have taxed our credulity." These cases illustrate the extremely conservative attitude which has characterized the medical profession in regard to the discovery and possible utility of various agencies for the relief of the sick and the preservation of health; and nowhere has this extreme conservatism, amounting in many cases to unreasoning skepticism, been so apparent as in regard to the psychic nature and the potential value of suggestion in the treatment of disease. Happily at the present time the vast accumulation of authentic data relating to psychic phenomena in general, and to hypnotic suggestion in particular, has served to convince the able and progressive members of the profession of the reality and therapeutic value of suggestion in the treatment of many diseases. Among the few eminent physicians who were pioneers in the employment of hypnotic suggestion in this country the subject of this sketch is entitled to a foremost position.

R. Osgood Mason, A. M., M. D., was born in the town of Sullivan, New Hampshire, on January 22, 1830. He is of Puritan descent, his ancestors having come from England to Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1634.

His early education was obtained in the public schools of his native town, the academy at Keene, New Hampshire, and later at the academy of Thetford, Vermont, where he was fitted for Dartmouth. He entered that well-known institution in 1850 and was graduated four years later. His parents were of orthodox Puritan mold, and the early years of Dr. Mason's life, in home and school, were spent in an environment of religious thought corresponding to the early New England theology.

Of his college life and the general intellectual activity which marked the time of his youth Dr. Mason gives us this vivid reminiscent description:

"Those were stirring times in the literary, scientific, and religious world. The coterie of New England literary men was already attracting much attention; the evolution theory was still new and far from being generally accepted; the anti-slavery agitation was approaching high-water mark, and the conflict between un-

modified Calvinism and a more liberal theology was disturbing the orthodox Christian churches.

"Dr. Nathan Lord was president of Dartmouth College,—a man of most vigorous intellect, strong convictions, and unswerving honesty; a conservative of the conservatives,—an implicit believer in the plenary inspiration of the Bible and its literal truth, both in its historic and its prophetic parts; he also believed that the millennium was not far distant, but that the world would wax worse and worse until a final catastrophe would inaugurate the kingdom of Christ on earth. Holding such beliefs, he was a most consistent and powerful opponent of the 'Andover theology,' headed by Professor Park, and an open letter to his friend, the Rev. Dr. Daniel Dana, in May, 1852, is the most powerful arraignment of the new school and the most powerful defense of Calvinism as set forth in the 'Catechism' and 'Statutes' that can well be imagined. It can be conceived with what interest I watched this battle of the giants.

"Looking back over almost half a century I seem to see these two marked individualities—President Lord and Professor Park—heroic figures, giant-like, standing on the 'great divide,'—one grim and hoar, though still vigorous, clad in skins and armed with weapons of flint and bone, the other youthful and agile, clad in bright armor and equipped with the marrow-piercing steel, the sword of truth; the one looking backward, with ideals all in the past, earnestly proclaiming the virtues and valor of its heroes and declaring that their days and their virtues must return or humanity be lost,—it is a pathetic figure, yet how noble, how grand; the other with face to the future, with ideals glowing with hope for all men, for humanity; with animated eye, elasticity in every movement, with foot advanced and muscles tense—the personification of the champion.

"Those were the days also when Lyell and Hugh Miller were beginning to read the 'Record in the Rocks,' and Taylor Lewis to point out the more extended meaning of the Hebrew word translated 'day,' and to show that the 'six days of creation' were vast periods of time in-

stead of literal days. The so-called spiritualistic movement had commenced; the 'Fox Sisters' were moving tables and getting messages rapped out in the most mysterious manner."

After graduation at Dartmouth, Dr. Mason went directly to Union Theological Seminary. Of his seminary life he speaks as follows:

"Here I was brought face to face with the dogmatic side of theology, and I had to think very seriously whether I was prepared to accept, believe, and teach the tenets of orthodoxy. Religion was now no longer a sentiment, a feeling. It was a creed, and was to be a profession and a life. Did I fully and absolutely believe and accept as literally true the Christian scheme,—original innocence and perfection, the fall, total depravity and helplessness, the vicarious atonement, the miraculous incarnation, resurrection, and ascension? Was that scheme really in the records of the life of Christ? Was there anything in the Bible, except the writings of one man, upon which such a scheme could be founded? Leave Paul out of the Testament, and where could any such plan of salvation be discovered? Paul was a lawyer, a convert to the new faith, and an acute dialectician, but he had never seen Christ or listened to his teachings. What authority, then, had he to interpret his life and mission? I doubted. The more I studied the gospels—the simple narratives of the life of Christ—the more plain and simple they seemed. They showed the union of the human and the Divine, not only in Christ, but in humanity. Was not that the mission of Christ,—to demonstrate that unity, and not to become a vicarious sacrifice and atonement, in accordance with a barbarous mythological idea? Christ's religion was a life, not a dogma; Paul's religion was a dogma, life or no life. I was dissatisfied, wretched. My health became miserable. In the middle of my second year an offer came to me to go to Cleveland, Ohio, and teach. It seemed an angel's message of deliverance. I went, taught, became interested in the young lives with which I came in contact, and in nature, which I loved. I botanized; I geologized. Christ had said, "Consider

the lilies, how they grow." I did; it was wonderful; how did they grow? Perhaps God was in the lily. What else could make it grow? And the rocks, layer upon layer, laid down like the leaves of a book containing the story of life on the earth from the very simplest beginning up to man himself, all written out in characters so plain that even the uninstructed may read and understand if they will. There are the very forms which millions of years ago were living forms, and now, as seed and stem and leaf of plant and tree, or bony structure of animals, turned to stone and made indestructible, there they lie, infolded leaf above leaf—a glorious volume written by the finger of God, his imprint on every page; and whatever conflicts with this record is false and must eventually come to naught. And the heavens, how they inspired David by their beauty and grandeur, even as seen by the unaided eye: but when we consider the heavens which the telescope reveals, what is man, indeed, that he should be so greatly taken into account?

"I considered the lilies, how they grew, and the rocks, what they revealed, and the heavens, what they declared; and I did not go back to the study of Hebrew, but entered upon a course of study in which nature and life seemed more nearly in accord."

On deciding to adopt medicine as a life profession, Dr. Mason began to study with the earnest faithfulness and thoroughness which had marked his college life, and in 1859 he graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York City. On the breaking out of the war, in 1861, he entered the United States Navy as acting assistant surgeon, serving continuously in that capacity until near the close of the war, when he took up the regular practice of his profession in the city of New York, where he has since remained, enjoying a large share of public confidence.

From early boyhood Dr. Mason has been an ardent lover of nature and a faithful student of her varied phenomena. His interest in this has been exceeded only by the more specific study of the structure and life of man, though this subject even may be said to have possessed for

him less fascination than was afforded in the still more limited field of psychology; or perhaps he recognized the fact that, while there were thousands of scholarly physicians studying the physical body, the large majority of doctors did not attempt to go beyond the borders of the realm known as psychic, which they turn from as a dark continent. Thus here more than elsewhere was the need for the serious student who appreciated the momentous possibilities for good which would follow knowledge of the laws and processes which operate throughout the psychic realm. With this conviction Dr. Mason gave much of his time to the new psychology, and as early as 1870 became a student of hypnotic suggestion with a view to employing it in his practice. In 1888 he reported cases treated by this method in a notable address before the New York Academy of Medicine. He also read papers for three consecutive years before the American Medical Association on "Double Personality in Relation to Hypnotism," "Alternating Personalities—Their Origin and Medico-legal Aspect," and "The Effect of Hypnotism upon Physiological Processes." For more than a quarter of a century he has frequently contributed to leading reviews and magazines. Among many important contributions may be mentioned "Evolution and the After Life," contributed to the Popular Science Monthly; "The Educational Uses of Hypnotism," which appeared in the North American Review; "Forms of Suggestion Useful in the Treatment of Inebriety," in the Quarterly Journal of Inebriety; and "The New Therapeutics," in The Coming Age. He has for many years been an active and efficient member of the Society for Psychical Research. His papers on "Double Personality," "Lucidity," "Genius," and other subjects related to unusual psychic phenomena, have been among the most thoughtful of many able discussions which this society of earnest investigators has given to the world. Dr. Mason's work entitled "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self," which grew out of a series of papers published in the New York Times, entitled "In the Field of Psychology," has

taken its place among the few standard works in the scientific literature of psychic phenomena. It is now in its fourth edition. No writer on psychic science in the United States has given more time or research to the important subject of the therapeutic value of hypnotic suggestion in the treatment of mental and moral disturbances and diseases, and in criminal tendencies, than Dr. Mason. He is one of the few physicians in this country who are entitled to be considered as authorities on subjects relating to hypnotic suggestion.

Dr. Mason has by no means lost the interest in religion which marked his early youth, but his views have undergone changes and have broadened with the broadening thought of our age. His interest is no longer found in religious sects or theological dogmas. He loves to contemplate nature in its various phases and developments as an expression of Deity—an uninterrupted revelation of Divine Love, Beauty, and Wisdom. He believes that education in general, and especially religious education, is mistaken in neglecting the study of nature as a manifestation of the Divine thought and purpose regarding man.

#### THE EDUCATIONAL AND THERAPEUTIC VALUE OF HYPNOTISM, AND THE RELATION OF SUGGESTION TO PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

CONVERSATION WITH R. OSGOOD MASON,  
A. M., M. D.

Q. As a well-known physician who has long been recognized as a pioneer in the employment of hypnotic suggestion for therapeutic purposes, and as an earnest investigator of psychic phenomena along strictly scientific lines, I feel that whatever you may have to say to our readers will prove of special interest. In the first place, will you tell us something about the way in which your interest and attention were first directed to psychical phenomena?

A. I cannot remember the time when I was not interested in psychical phenom-



ena. My mother, a most intelligent and high-minded woman, while a sincere and earnest Christian and interested student of the Bible, was herself intuitional and psychic. She was a capital story-teller, and delighted in those tales which had a flavor of the supernatural, whether stories from books or the product of her own fancy, and the pictures engraved on the memory by these stories, told by her to a group of three children, myself and two sisters, are even now among the most distinct and most easily visualized of any that I am able to recall. They were not ghost stories in the ordinary sense of the term. She was too wise for that; but they represented scenes in which unusual events and curious phenomena bore a part. They were from Josephus, the Bible, Scott, or some quaint old novel of those earlier days. She delighted in the pathetic, the heroic, the supernatural, and her own laughter, song, or tears, as the case might be, illustrated and impressed the tale.

One of the stories of the supernatural sort related to a phantom funeral which occurred a day or two after the battle of Lexington, and was witnessed by persons of her acquaintance. The casualties of war were not then flashed by telegraph all over the country, but there were days of anxious waiting at home to know the fate of loved ones who were in the battle. Toward one such home, where friends were anxiously waiting, a funeral train came slowly along the country road; stopped in front of the house in full view of all the inmates; the coffin was removed from the hearse, and carried by the bearers up the short walk to the house and deposited in the front room, and then suddenly all vanished, leaving the inmates of the house relieved for the moment, but full of apprehensions,—apprehensions which were too truly realized upon the following day, when another funeral procession came along the same road and stopped at the same point in front of the house. The bearers removed the coffin and deposited it in the front room,—this time a sad reality, of which the previous occurrence had been in every respect an exact counterpart. It was a "collective hallucination," exact data of which the Society for Psy-

chical Research would be much pleased to receive and investigate; but, alas, I have only my own childish recollections to offer and the vivid picture of the scene which comes up in my mind as I relate the incident.

Later came the commencement of the spiritualistic movement—the "Rochester knockings," and especially the remarkable experiences of Andrew Jackson Davis. So well even now do I remember a leaflet or small pamphlet, roughly printed, without cover, which somehow found its way into the rural town where my boyhood was spent and fell into my hands while he was delivering the remarkable lectures in his room in lower Broadway, New York, which afterward made up the volume, "Nature: Her Divine Revelation." It was simply a sketch relating to the trance condition brought about by hypnotism of this wholly uneducated youth, and a report of the lecture in which he describes the formation of the solar system according to the nebular hypothesis, which was then little known and still less believed in. The speaker, however, did not treat the subject as a hypothesis; but described in detail the majestic operations of nature by which each planet in turn was formed, as a fact, a process going on under his own observation. It made a deep impression upon me, for it was the grandest thought that had ever come into my mind. As you can readily see, habits of thought like this predisposed me to the study of unusual psychic phenomena, such, for instance, as trance, sleep-walking, beatific visions, especially the long continued trance, like that of the Rev. Mr. Tennant, of New Jersey, which was often talked about. All these things intensely interested without unduly exciting me. I looked upon them as facts, and was seriously inquisitive about their cause; I read such books as Denton's "Soul of Things," Ashburner, Gregory, and Esdaile on animal magnetism and hypnotism and their curious phenomena. So, when later I became acquainted with the work of the Society for Psychical Research, and Dr. Hodgson came from England to establish an American branch of the society, the work at once impressed me as important, and it so happened that I presided and

introduced Dr. Hodgson at the first meeting in New York, called for the purpose of organizing a New York section.

Q. When did you begin to take up hypnotism and apply it as a therapeutic agent?

A. I hypnotized my first patient in 1870. That was nearly thirty years ago, and more than ten years before Charcot by the prestige of his name and his scientific standing had drawn favorable attention to the subject, or Bernheim had made known the great value of suggestion in connection with it. But I found that the hypnotic sleep alone was most useful as a therapeutic agent, and the first cases reported by me were treated by hypnotism alone without verbal suggestion. Indeed, some of the best work that has ever been done was accomplished fifty years ago by such men as Gregory, Ashburner, and Esdaile; and to stigmatize such men as charlatans simply because their work was known as mesmerism instead of hypnotism is most unjust, and seems to me to show utter ignorance of both the men and their work. They were all noble men, educated physicians, and pioneers in what is now acknowledged to be one of the most important additions to modern therapeutics, as well as one of the most helpful means of investigating psychological problems generally. They did not know all about hypnotism; neither did Franklin know all about electricity, nor Fulton all about steam engines.

Q. What do you consider the legitimate field of hypnotism, and in what field have you secured the best results?

A. Many people, and especially physicians who have had but little experience, seem to think the field of usefulness for hypnotic suggestion a very narrow one, restricted chiefly to imaginary and nervous diseases. On the contrary, it seems to me to be a very wide one. It is no panacea, no cure-all, in any department; but there is scarcely any class of diseases in which it may not be made useful, and under favorable circumstances, that is, a curable disease, a good subject, and a skillful operator, really marvelous results are obtained. In connection with surgery it is most useful in allaying the fear and dread of an operation, either surgical or

dental, a dread which in many persons is so pronounced as to be worse than the operation itself. By hypnotism and suggestion this dread is often entirely removed, so that the time of waiting is rendered comfortable and hopeful. Again, although chloroform and ether have now superseded its use as an anesthetic, hypnotism has frequently been used for that purpose with success both in surgery and midwifery; and Esdaile, a surgeon in the East India Company's service, performed more than six hundred capital operations under the use of hypnotism as an anesthetic before the use of chloroform was known. Many of these operations were of the most formidable character, but were undergone without the slightest suffering. This fact alone should silence the detractors of the pioneers in this noble work, by whatever name they were called.

As a real though minor example of its practical utility, the following occurred only a few weeks ago. A patient came to me with a deep cut extending three inches along the outer aspect of the left thumb and hand. It had been neglected for nearly a week, was inflamed and covered with a gray, unhealthy slough, and was so painful and exceedingly sensitive that the least attempt to dress it or even touch it was violently resisted, and evoked the most earnest protests and almost hysterical shrieks. My patient was easily hypnotized, and it was suggested that she had nothing to fear—that the dressing of the wound would be painless and the healing rapid. Awakening her five minutes later, I proceeded immediately to cleanse and dress the wound without the slightest protest or any attempt even to withdraw the hand. In ordinary illnesses annoying symptoms, such as high temperature, cough, pains, and sleeplessness, are wonderfully modified, and so the cure facilitated. The alcohol, morphine, and other drug habits, while often requiring time as well as judicious care and management, are sometimes immediately cured; and hypnotism is always a most important aid in the treatment of these cases.

Q. Can you give cases showing the use of hypnotism in the alcohol habit?

A. Yes. I recently reported one, among other cases so treated, in the New

York Medical Journal. The patient was a chronic inebriate and victim of the morphine habit, taking his quart of whiskey and twelve to fifteen grains of morphine daily. He proved to be a good hypnotic subject, and within a week the whiskey was entirely left off, not only without suffering, but with decided improvement in sleep, ability to take food, and in general condition. No one had any supervision over him; he simply left off the whiskey as directed by suggestion while he was asleep. In six weeks the morphia also was entirely discontinued, he having full control of the drug and the injections, excepting the last week, when I furnished each day's portion, assuring him that it would soon be entirely left off without suffering to himself. He took the hypodermic injections the last three days without a particle of the drug and without knowing when it was discontinued.

I have found the tobacco habit easily dealt with by hypnotism, especially the cigarette habit in boys; it is quite remarkable how quickly and easily they are influenced to leave off the habit.

But it is in mental and moral deficiencies and, we might say, deformities that hypnotism shows some of its best results, because it is a department in which unsatisfactory results are so often experienced by other modes of treatment. This is essentially an educational work, and it is the educational use of hypnotism which is at present evoking much favorable comment. It would astonish those whose attention has not been specially called to the subject to know how many children in the various educational institutions, not mentioning criminal and reformatory ones, as well as elsewhere, are deficient at some point of their mental or moral development. In one it may be simply lack of power of attention, slowness of perception, a deficient memory or loss of self-control when called upon to recite in the class-room, or even to speak a few words in ordinary conversation before strangers. In another the moral nature may be at fault, and the evil results are manifested in exaggerations, deception, or lying, in petty thefts or habitual kleptomania, in cruelty, lack of natural affection, stubborn-

ness, inveterate idleness, truancy, cigarette smoking, moral perversity, and general wrong-doing. Still another class relates to nervous troubles, such as chorea, biting and picking the nails and lips, stammering, bashfulness, excessive blushing, sleep-walking, night terror, and cowardice. In this whole list of cases, as well as others of a more serious nature, including some forms of insanity, hypnotism and suggestion have been found to be of the greatest service; the dull intellect has been brightened, the power of attention increased, the memory strengthened, evil habits and even hereditary evil tendencies removed or corrected, and a moral sense and restraining influence implanted in the criminal. Sudden changes may not always occur, but by patient and wise repetition of the needed suggestion while in the hypnotic condition such an impression is produced as can seldom be effected while the ordinary consciousness is fully awake. I could give you many instances of the successful application of hypnotic suggestion in these cases. I might refer to one or two.

A little girl, five years of age, was afflicted with night terror. She went soundly to sleep when first put to bed, but after two or three hours she awoke screaming and trembling with terror on account of the vision of a hideous black man which always came to her in her dream. The impression of the vision was vivid and persistent, and her screams kept the household aroused and alarmed for hours every night; and this state of things had already continued for months. One day when she was perfectly bright and happy I placed her in her high chair in front of me, put my hands gently upon her shoulders, and asked her to look steadily at a trinket easily in her view, while I quieted her with passes and soothing touches until her drooping eyelids denoted the subjective condition. I then commenced in a gentle sing-song manner to suggest that she would go pleasantly to sleep as usual that night, but that no frightful dream would come to her; she would not see the black man any more, but would sleep quietly on the whole night through. These suggestions were repeated over and over in the same gentle manner at

intervals for ten or fifteen minutes, and then she was aroused. She did not see the black man that night, nor has she had the slightest trouble from him since.

A young man nineteen years of age had a dominant idea with reference to disease. It was a prevailing fear and expectation of being attacked by every serious ailment of which he heard. The idea haunted him day and night, suddenly overwhelming him with uncontrollable terror and trembling. With this was also associated a deep melancholy, inability to attend to any kind of business, and frequent impulses to suicide. He proved to be an excellent hypnotic subject. I suggested that all these depressing and abnormal thoughts would be removed, that he had nothing to fear from disease, that all these hallucinations would be dispelled, and that normal and cheerful thoughts and improved health would come.

Awakened, he knew nothing of what had been said to him. I simply requested him to return in three days. At the appointed time he came with a smiling face and a confident and manly bearing. I asked him how he felt; his reply was, "All the world is made over new to me." The whole delusion had been swept away, and his mind made clear and normal in its action. The subsequent history of this youth from an educational point of view is most interesting; from a lazy, useless boy of whom nothing was expected, he was by judicious suggestion while in the hypnotic condition transformed into an energetic, useful business man, and on his twenty-first birthday he was made a partner in an excellent business.

Q. Have you found in your practice that persons when in the hypnotic state were able to see clairvoyantly?

A. Two or three of my patients certainly have shown an ability to acquire knowledge of events occurring at a distance, and entirely beyond the range of the physical senses. I never experiment for such effects unless they are spontaneously manifested, as, for example, in the following case—a patient suffering from serious organic disease whom I have called Miss A. She was an excellent hypnotic subject, going quickly into the deep sleep,

and she had on one or two occasions been able to report correctly events that were occurring at her own home three hundred miles away. On the occasion which I will describe, when I made my visit, it happened to be the day of the races, occurring at a well-known course some ten miles from the city, and members of the household where she was residing had gone to witness them. She was a stranger in the city, and neither she nor I had ever attended these races; we knew nothing of the appearance of the place, of the events that were expected, nor even of the ordinary routine of the sport.

She was put into the deep hypnotic sleep, and I requested her to go to the grounds, and I carefully directed her on her journey. Once within the inclosure, she had no help from me. I had never been there, but she described the bright and cheerful appearance of the place, the pavilion, the judges' stand, and the positions of persons whom she knew. She said there was no race at the time, but boys were going around among the spectators and getting money, that the people seemed excited, that they stood up and held out money, and beckoned the boys to come, but she did not know what it meant. I suggested that perhaps they were betting. She seemed to look very carefully for a minute, and then said, "That is just what they are doing." She described the race which followed, was much excited, and told who of the persons she knew were winners. I then said: "You will remember all this perfectly and be able to tell M. when she comes home?" It was found that everything had taken place as she had described. One of the races had for some cause been a failure, all bets were canceled and new bets made, which caused the excitement which she had witnessed. She surprised those who were present by the accuracy of her description, both of the place and the events. A year later, being in the office of the New York Times, I had the curiosity to look for the report of that afternoon's races. I made a copy, and here it is. It was the paper of July 4, 1894, giving a report of Sheepshead Bay races for after-

noon of July 3d (the day the experiment was made):

**Second race**—Roundelay started to bleed after his preliminary gallop, and he was scratched. This occasioned the making of a new book.

So my experience is that patients while in the hypnotic sleep are not generally clairvoyant, but cases occasionally occur which indicate perception of some kind quite beyond the range of the senses in their normal action.

**Q.** Will you tell us something about your views and conclusions as to what may be called assured results which have grown out of recent psychical investigations?

**A.** The last twenty years include practically the work of the Society for Psychical Research, the Charcot and Bernheim period of hypnotism, and the more critical study of spiritualism. Before that came the mesmerists, who did some good pioneer work, much of which may be found reported in the *Zoist*. But previous to the last twenty years all psychological work was to a great extent individual, and the reported cases of unusual phenomena lacked corroboration. Since then the work has been done more by societies, and it was reserved for the Society for Psychical Research, with its large membership and its well trained scientific leaders, to collect a great number of well authenticated cases of these various phenomena, patiently to classify and intelligently study them; and for Mr. Myers, the able secretary of the society, to define and point out the qualities and faculties of the subconscious mind or subliminal self. This last work has been an epoch-making event in psychology; and it is that, and not the recent technical work of the laboratories, excellent as that has been in its way, which constitutes the "new psychology." A radical step forward in any department of knowledge is always met by incredulity and neglect; it takes a generation to educate people, even scientific people, up to the new idea; but it prevails at last, and so will this. It is the key to many unusual and supposed supernatural psychic phenomena—telepathy, psychometry, clairvoyance, and the won-

derful work of genius and so-called inspiration, from the grand "Thus saith Jehovah" of the old Hebrew prophets, the oracles of Greece and Rome, and the visions of Peter, Paul, and St. John, to the voices and visions of Joan of Arc and the trance utterances of modern illuminati and ecstasies. The value to psychological investigation of this new thought can hardly be overestimated; and this is one of the assured results which have grown out of recent psychical investigations.

So you see my conclusion as to the assured results which have grown out of recent investigations is that they are very important; and while some of these results have not been sufficiently studied and observed by a large proportion of scientific people, especially those engaged in the study of psychical science, to command their entire belief, still they do command the belief of many of our best scientific minds, because they have given attention to them and are able to appreciate and give proper weight to the evidence adduced. Such results, I think, may be considered "assured," and only await more wide-spread knowledge on the part of the public to make them still further accepted.

In addition to the differentiation of the subliminal self, telepathy, or the passage of intelligence from one mind to another otherwise than through the recognized channels of communication furnished by the senses, and clairvoyance, or the faculty of visual perception independent of the physical organ of sight, I think are two of these assured results.

**Q.** You speak of spiritualism as one of the subjects which have received attention in recent psychical investigations. What results do you think have been attained regarding it?

**A.** Spiritualism has been on trial now more than fifty years. At first it was ridiculed by nearly everybody; later it was received as true, for the most part uncritically, by a multitude of people numbering, probably, millions. The work of the last twenty years has been an examination, carefully conducted by fair-minded, capable men, of the phenomena upon which spiritualism is based, as well as a more critical discussion of its theories and

claims. The majority of scientific men do not allow that any assured results have been attained. So if results, to be "assured," must be accepted by a majority of scientific people no such results appear. Nevertheless, the following statements will not, I think, be disputed:

A greater number of educated people, unprejudiced and only anxious to find the truth, are engaged upon the problems of spiritualism now than ever before in its history.

Many of the physical phenomena claimed as of spiritualistic origin, such as, for instance, rappings, automatic writing, and the movement of ponderable objects without perceptible physical contact, must be conceded by all persons who have had opportunities for observing such phenomena, and the opinion of others is of course valueless. But what forces there may be in nature capable of producing these effects we do not know.

Also, we must concede the truth and honesty of at least some trance mediums, and that the messages which come through them are given without their conscious knowledge and without any intent to deceive, while the real origin of these messages is still a question; for the limit of the power of the subconscious mind is yet by no means defined.

Another thing to be considered is the fact that, if these messages purporting to come from spirit existences really are only the product of the subconscious mind,

then all the subconscious minds that have reported themselves have agreed to lie, for they almost uniformly declare that they are spirits formerly inhabiting human bodies. Such a stupendous lie is hardly supposable.

On the other hand, the contents of the messages purporting to come from the spirit world are not equal either in knowledge or dignity to messages coming to us every day from minds still working through human organizations.

So it must be conceded that, while modern research is constantly making more and more evident the genuineness of spiritualistic phenomena—that is, that they are not the result of fraud,—it is also constantly bringing into view natural forces and causes which may account for them, and which tend to throw doubt upon the spiritualistic origin of the phenomena, both physical and psychical.

On the whole, while the most unfavorable verdict which could to-day be rendered by an intelligent jury having all the known facts and evidence before it would be the Scotch one of "not proven," many an intelligent jury under the same circumstances would render a verdict establishing the main claim of spiritualism, namely, that the spirit survives the death of the body, and is able to communicate with persons still in this life. During the last twenty years, I think, among intelligent people spiritualism has scored better than its opponents.

## II.—SHAKSPEARE AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF GENERAL CULTURE

REV. H. C. MESERVE.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

Rev. H. C. Meserve was born in Quincy, Illinois, on the twelfth of July, 1868. He came into a home of true culture, where deep spirituality was wedded to a keen appreciation of intellectual worth. His mother is one of the rare souls whose religion illumines life, and whose desire is ever to be like the One whose feet pressed the hot sands of Galilee in his tireless and selfless labor of love. From

her at an early age the boy imbibed a passion for the nobility which is born of an awakened spiritual life,—that love which goes out in helpfulness wherever a hand is raised for succor or a voice is heard crying in the night of need. His father is a man of culture and has ever appreciated the fact that the early period of childhood, while the mind is plastic, is the time when tastes are formed and ideals born which remain through life and haunt the brain in all after years. Hence he took great pains to stimulate

and cultivate in the boy's mind a love for the best in literature; and while the son was very small he read to him from Shakspeare and other masters of our language, never tiring of explaining what every passage meant. Later he encouraged the lad to memorize many of the noblest passages in the works of the great dramatists and other authors. Thus the child was dowered at the fireside with that which is incomparably more important than a princely inheritance in gold. The parents who carefully and faithfully lay the foundations of a noble and exalted character, and who cultivate a passionate love for the best in life and literature in the mind of the child, give to their offspring that which all the wealth of the Rothschilds is powerless to bestow.

When the boy was still very young his parents moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, where he entered the public schools, graduating from the high school in 1886. After a period of private study and research he entered the divinity school at Yale College, where he remained for a one-year post-graduate course, devoting much of his time to sociological investigation.

Unlike many young clergymen his desire was not for a fine or fashionable congregation. He wished to go to those whose lives were hard and dark, and like the great Master lead them into the joy and peace which come through exalted living and high thinking. He believed he might build up a large congregation in some missionary field in a city by lovingly laboring among the poor, and striving by consistent life no less than by faithful ministration to show his people the better way. Accordingly he located in a small mission congregation in Springfield, Massachusetts, where he has worked faithfully and rationally. He has avoided all artificial devices, choosing rather to build firmly by touching the heart and mind of his friends. How he has succeeded may be seen from the fact that his congregation has almost trebled in size, and it is now engaged in erecting an edifice which has more than twice the seating capacity of the former building.

Shortly after locating in Springfield

Mr. Meserve started a Shakspeare Club. The maximum membership was to be twenty-five, but for some time it only numbered six, the oldest being fifty-five and the youngest fifteen. Many persons predicted the early demise of the club. The very idea of creating an interest in Shakspeare among the church people over which the young minister presided was considered absurd. Some thought it might last three months. A few gave it a year in which to die. But, contrary to the hopes and fears of the cheerful brood of prophets, the club steadily grew until it reached the limit of membership, and the interest has grown with each succeeding year. At the present time there is a large waiting list of those who are eager to belong to this club which is adding so much to the culture and true pleasure of the lives of its members. In speaking to me of his parents and his life Mr. Meserve said very feelingly: "With such parents it would be strange indeed if I did not feel that all I am under God I owe to the wisdom, co-operation, and sacrificing love of this faithful and cultured father and this sweet and gracious mother. I love my work," he continued; "I try to make all things minister to the great end, but God is so good in his dealings with men that everywhere I find his sanctifying touch, and I dare not call anything which carries a blessing to men common or unclean. Therefore I feel that the work is much broader than we had at first conceived it to be, and that so much as in us lies we must minister in all ways to the blessing of men in the Christ's name."

If the church possessed more such ministers as Mr. Meserve, whose passion is to help the poor into the enjoyment of a true, rich, and pure life, and who would ever be ready to imitate the Master in going to the people with a heart of love, a life of purity and consistency, and a brain aflame with high ideals, it would be found that the church would soon be made the magnet that it was in the days of the apostles, and the old-time moral enthusiasm would again dwell in the congregations and lift each life to a higher plane, making heroes and martyrs of men.

who had previously lived dull, aimless, and hopeless lives.

## SHAKSPEARE AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF GENERAL CULTURE.

CONVERSATION WITH REV. H. C. MESERVE.

Q. Mr. Meserve, your experience in successfully awakening the interest of earnest young men and women in the works of such master minds as Shakspeare and Browning must have shown you something of the influence which our great dramatic poet exerts as a teacher in the things of life where his works are enjoyed. Will you give our readers your impressions on this subject based on your observation and study?

A. My experience has, perhaps, been more intensive than extensive. In the active duties of a pastor's busy life everything must, directly or indirectly, bring forth the eternal possibilities latent in life. The very ideal of Jesus is the "well rounded" life, and he who shuts the door of the good things of this world upon his people has lost much of the art required to withdraw the veil which shuts the heavenly mysteries from view. Much has been written and more said concerning the advantages of general culture; and it seems impossible that any one save a demagogue should for a moment desire his people to lack ideals of culture, even though such culture be considered from the stand-point of good to humanity rather than as an aid to religion, which it most certainly is. The one dangerous man, to the church, to society, and to himself, is the ignoramus; and he is an ignoramus who knows not the relation of his own to other lives, who hears no voice save the monotonous reiteration of his own virtues, who follows no star other than the dim taper of his own narrow experience.

One is surprised at the audience to which the poet appeals. It is not to the literary dilettante, nor to those who by nature or training have been prepared to enjoy contact with the master mind alone, but to men and women of the most diverse types,—the most commonplace of men, the most prosaic of women. He reaches those whose literature is confined

to the newspaper and the letters of the market or the fashion book and the routine of the household economy. As a mind stimulus Shakspeare cannot be excelled. He speaks the language of the people. As a man with no pretense to culture enthusiastically exclaimed, "He gets right down to business." Half unconsciously the reader dips into life, becomes a part of that life himself; he begins to think in terms that are new and fresh, his point of view changes, his outlook is enlarged. He gets a better opinion of his own powers, and as he respects himself the more so he desires to know more of the new world on whose threshold he stands. Again and again have I observed this process of awakening. Beginning with the poor soul, haughtily indifferent to the poet's genius, dramatic situations, and subtle suggestions, through the sudden start of the aroused mind action, to the growing appreciation and positive love of the poet's power.

Shakspeare is something more than a stimulus to the mental processes; he invests all life with a new meaning,—for he takes the common things of life and reveals them idealized but real, spirit yet substance.

As a nation we work too hard and too long, and we think on great themes too narrowly and too infrequently. Our world has become a conventionalized world without our fully knowing it. It is nature compressed to utility, art reduced to economy, and religion is machine-made rather than born of the Spirit. Against these false conditions of our life the poets wage a mighty battle, and perhaps the doughtiest warrior is Shakspeare, for he fights the battle for the ideal with the very weapons of the materialist.

Q. Victor Hugo insisted that there were no greater educators than the great men of genius who understood the heart of man so thoroughly that they seemed to experience every emotion, thought, impulse, and phase of feeling known to human life. He insisted that one of the most urgent needs of the age was the work of bringing the masses into the closest touch with the works of the geniuses of the ages: and it seems to me that, quite apart from the benefits that



come from the study of Shakspeare, the fact that the reader is made to see, know, and feel the emotions, hopes, fears, joys, sadness, pleasure, satisfaction, and unrest of others in all life's varied conditions, from king and cardinal to simple maid and unschooled grave-digger, from the grave philosopher to the prattling child, from the most austere and exalted soul to those stained with crime and bowed with guilt, enables him to understand life as he could in no other way; for the fact that he is placed, so to speak, in almost every position in which man may be placed, enables him to view and gauge action and judge broadly, and with a degree of justice and intelligence that would be impossible had not a man of such transcendent genius and imagination enabled him to gain this all-round knowledge of life in all stations, with the peculiar difficulties, temptations, drawbacks, and limitations under which each life is lived. What are your views on this point?

A. Your question reminds me of the world-famous "double" of Dr. Hale, who was instructed to say, "There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time," but there is room for much enthusiasm on this point and I launch forth.

It is certain that the line of demarkation between the immortals and the "poets of a day" follows this light of revelation of which you have spoken. It is not necessary that humanity's nakedness be uncovered, and that we thereby be put to shame, but it is essential that humanity, conscious of the disturbances within its own breast and enslaved by the master passions of its selfish life, should rise to higher things. That which we call "natural" in the poet is rather "ideal," for the "ideal" is but "nature" perfected. We do not see the Richard the Third of history, but Richard the Third perfected in his own complex, evil way. Rome did not know the Brutus and Cassius or the Antony of "Julius Caesar;" but we recognize all these characters in the perfection of an ideal presentation. Hamlet, a more profound psychological study than most of us are able to undertake, is not the arbitrary creation of Shakspeare's mind, as many seem to think (as witness the im-

possible solutions of that character proposed, but the raising of the loves and hates, the poetry and passion, in us all to the highest power,—the drawing together of the extremes in human nature into one magnificent, but complex and terrible, whole.

Lady Macbeth is but the aggregate of ambition bending all to its unworthy end, while Ophelia is the distillation of pure love overwhelmed by sorrow.

Portia is none other than the quintessence of true womanhood. We call all these "natural," and discourse on the elements of this naturalness, by which we mean that they are truly "ideal."

Take one line from Hamlet, and he is the wronged heir of the modern melodrama, while by the same process Macbeth becomes the villain and his lady the evil genius. Every true artist presents the living ideal; setting forth all evil the more hideously for that it is evil, bringing all good the nearer and making it at once dearer and more accessible to men.

Q. In what other way do you regard the study of Shakspeare to be of especial benefit?

A. The mine of educational possibilities in Shakspeare is for most of us inexhaustible. We get the truth in nuggets (the only way many will receive it), but one forgets that he has been obliged to dig, so great is the reward.

A bit of history, a charming word of description, a figure of speech that lives for days and serves many an emergency, a truth that unconsciously but surely reforms the life, a fluency that surprises our friends and ourselves.

No greater, though unwitting testimony as to Shakspeare's hold on the English-speaking world and the universality of his clientele is needed than the question which every theologian used to meet in his examinations for licensure and ordination. It surely happened that before the ordeal was finished some "defender of the faith" would rise and inquire, with a world of meaning in his tone, as to whether the candidate considered "The inspiration of Shakspeare to be like or equal to that of the Bible." Happy was the student of liberal opinions who could pass this test with ap-

proval by the examining board and with fidelity to his convictions. And if he halted between two opinions (and who did not?), reverencing tradition but acknowledging the divine in man, by this very act he declared that all inspiration is from God and comes to men in a thousand forms and under many conditions, but always it is true and ever his own.

Through this divine inspiration of unconscious influence, then, as well as directly, has the poet wonderfully benefited mankind.

Q. Does the study of Shakspeare lead young people to push their reading farther? I have known many instances where the seeing of Shakspeare's play of "Julius Caesar" has led the young to read Plutarch and other writers on Caesar; while "Richard the Third" has led to the study of English history under the Plantagenets.

A. It certainly does. I shall answer this question more fully later on. Now I have only to say that the possibilities in this line are rarely appreciated; when appreciated, even to a moderate degree, a good working knowledge of contemporaneous history is obtained, and otherwise obscure passages in the poet's plays are made clear.

Q. I have often felt myself that the study of Shakspeare and other poets of life and nature have immeasurably enriched life, through opening the eyes to what would not have been otherwise noted. They compel the thoughtful person to be observant; and how full of beauty and food for high, earnest thinking is our world when we learn to see and think and feel. Have you noticed this tendency to increase observation as one of the results of the study of Shakspeare?

A. Of course, Shakspeare does for us in the superlative degree what every writer with a message does to a limited extent. Blind eyes are opened, dull ears are sharpened by the allusions to the sights and sounds in nature and men. And Shakspeare is wonderfully clever in creating a thirst for the new and unknown, but, under his painting, beautiful world.

We seize with the greatest satisfaction the truth, which the "life" of Shakspeare's men and women holds, so simple as

to be an almost universal experience, and we exclaim, 'Here is a wise man at last,' and through that open door of the mind we pass out into a world of new truth which presently becomes our own. We find that we are commonplace only when we elect to be so,—when we will not see and refuse to hear. We easily come to believe that it is not a blind man nor yet a dumb man, but a dead man who will not hear the winsome voice, or see the beautiful word pictures, or rejoice his soul in the wonderful new world of the master poet's creation.

Q. How do you rank Shakspeare among the great poets, philosophers, and students of life who have enriched literature?

A. You expect me to say "first," as every man expects every other man so to answer. But it is a most ungracious task to reply at all, or, if replying, to defend what one says. Mere greatness is relative. All men who bless their fellows are great. One star differeth from another star in glory only, not in kind. And I like to feel that every man has in himself more than he shows to men.

All I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me,

said Browning, and how truly.

You recall Victor Hugo's words, written late in life when this world's work was all but done: "The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song; I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning."

When we ask, "Who is greatest?" then, one may with truth say Dante, another Milton, another Browning, and another Tennyson, and all desire to say Shakspeare; but is not he first who ministers most, not only to the great soul of the world, but to one's own poor heart, even

though he who thus ministers be a minor poet with a minor strain here? Perchance he has not said all to-day, and that in the long to-morrow he may break forth into immortal melodies.

Q. Now, leaving the poets, let me ask you to give us an outline of the work adopted in the Shakspeare Club in which you are interested, as these facts, I feel, will be of value to many of our readers who are interested in the broader culture which the new time demands?

A. My answer shall resolve itself largely into a symposium in which members of the club shall bear testimony. Our organization is most simple. A constitution and by-laws made to be broken and "more honored in the breach than in the observance." The usual officers, and a teacher who is more often taught perhaps than teaches. A meeting at the house of one of the members once in two weeks. It is a business meeting from the beginning to the end. No refreshments, however simple, are served. Upon beginning a new play an outline is prepared by one of the club, a history of the play by another, contemporaneous history by a third, and special items of interest are noted by a fourth. Characters are assigned, ordinarily, without reference to the capabilities of the members. The student, having appropriated the character to himself, gives an informal and very general description of his conception, and this forms the rough block out of which the character is to be carved as the play progresses. We are now ready to read. Rarely do we cover more than one act in an evening. The more we study the slower we go. The teacher queries at every convenient stopping place,—now as to the change in the meaning of a word, now the bearing of a sentence on the plot of the play, again concerning the consistency of a character. Often he asks, "Why did you read that part thus?" all the time trying to create an atmosphere that will be at once scholarly and dramatic.

We stand when we read. It is not "Miss A" and "Mr. B." but Portia and Shylock, Rosalind and Touchstone.

You should see the citizens who throng the streets of Rome (a drawing-

room) and crack jokes with the patri-  
cians.

With no attempt at professional rivalry it was a real education for our students to prepare and present "Twelfth Night" with scenery painted by the artists of the club and costumes largely of their own devising, artistic in design and correct as to detail.

Orsino, grave and dignified, was a business man with many interests next day. Sir Toby Belch, notoriously profligate, taught school with no trace of his debauch, on the morrow. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, delightfully mellow, was acted to the life by the proprietor of a large manufactory. Malvolio, now in a passion of love and now in a prison of fears, disguised a young bank official. Olivia and Viola, charming, gracious, and witty, are mistresses of refined homes.

The social life of the club is of a high order. At the close of each play we have a "social evening." It is a "bit" of the play we have just finished, enacted by some of our members, or a talented reader from the outside, or an actor of worth, or music,—whatever the healthy soul of culture craves. Now we have refreshments, not at the expense of the host (for we are socialists), but paid for out of the club treasury, and discussed as an incident rather than the event of the evening.

What has been accomplished? I asked a half-dozen members the following, and I quote from their replies: "Does the study of Shakspeare, as pursued in our club, arouse literary instincts, give a clearer understanding of the poet's thought, lead to wider reading, and promote general culture?"

A "club" woman writes briefly and to the point: "Yes, certainly; the study of Shakspeare does rouse literary instincts, a much clearer understanding of the poet's thought, and stimulates general culture. I can truthfully say both for my husband and for myself that it incites to a deep desire for wider reading."

The secretary of the club, a business woman, says: "I consider the greatest benefit is derived in the desire for wider reading and general culture. Especially

is an interest aroused for the study of history, not only in connection with the play, but in a broader sense." I find that this woman appreciates the reading aloud in the club and the discussions which are continually arising on the plays.

The following is from a young woman until recently a school-teacher: "From childhood I have heard the oft-repeated statement of the noble poet's powers, but not till I began the study of his plays in the club did I begin to appreciate the full depth and breadth of 'sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,' who 'was not for an age, but for all time.' One reads to admire, studies to revere, and then it becomes easy to take up other authors for study and comparison, and to pick out the gems of thought they hold to treasure for our own."

This is from one of the deeper thinkers, a woman of experience and rather older than the others, who are in the late twenties or very early thirties: "The study of Shakspeare as enjoyed in our club for the past five winters has been not only delightful, but in a real sense profitable. Our minds have been quickened and stimulated. We have learned to discern subtle shadings of thought and differences of meaning in terms we might once have passed over as synonymous. We have gained a deeper insight and understanding of the human heart,—its motives of action, its temptations, its aspirations. We have gazed upon our own hearts portrayed as in flawless mirrors. It has revived and stimulated our interest in ancient history, and given a taste for and appreciation of better literature.

And surely we ought to have a better command of language."

The president of the club, who holds a responsible position in a banking-house, has this to say: "The study of Shakspeare in our club is a recreation and a benefit,—a recreation in that it turns my mind from the cares of business and introduces unlimited pictures of varied and beautiful scenes; a benefit in the grasp of human nature revealed. It is an aid to criticism, debarring all that is cheap and vulgar. It brings an extended interest in the study of history. And all together tend to bring us to the highest plane of intellectual activity and enjoyment."

Finally, a word from a young woman, a confidential secretary to a public man, and an occasional reader in public: "As to the practical use of our study together of Shakspeare's works, I am confident that, although I was fond of his writings, I have never so clearly understood them nor have been more ready and eager for further study than since taking it up in our club work. I have enjoyed particularly those plays on which we have spent the most time and discussion. In my life of 'hurry, hurry,' with little time for literary recreation, my whole system often tired with the day's activity, I have found my study a delight and benefit, surely inciting me to a desire for closer touch, by research, with our great master. The plays of Shakspeare on the stage have a new meaning to me now that I know them at first hand."

That is all. It is something for a few. I wish, with all my heart, it were more and for many.

An unwise man appropriates the worst things in life, because they delight him at the time.

A life of true charity can be acquired only by living in the world, not by withdrawing from it.

A man of business sense knows that the man he can bribe against his competitor can be bribed against himself.

Pure and gentle conversation at meal times and elevated thoughts build up the body as food otherwise appropriated cannot do.

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## THE IDEAL PHILOSOPHY OF LEIBNITZ

BY PROFESSOR E. M. CHESLEY, A. M.

I. The philosopher Leibnitz was born in the year 1646 and died in 1716, having lived a life of almost unparalleled mental activity in nearly every department of human knowledge. He was distinctively the father of German philosophy. It may also be justly said of this great thinker, that in his massive mind lay the seed-principles of that whole modern movement known as German Transcendentalism.

He very early gave evidence of precocious genius. At the age of fifteen, when he entered the University of Leipzig, he was familiar with the Latin and Greek languages, acquainted with the poets and historians of antiquity, and well versed in philosophy. At the age of twenty he had published a dissertation on philosophy, a mathematical treatise, and several legal treatises. He had a wonderful memory, what he once fairly grasped being always at his command. He was a prodigious worker, often spending whole days and nights in succession in the most severe mental studies, taking only occasionally an hour or two of sleep.

He shares with Sir Isaac Newton the glory of inventing the differential and integral calculus. His principle of pre-established harmony, teaching the perfect order and unity of the universe; his well-known theory of innate ideas, teaching the capacity of man to perceive necessary and eternal truths; and his splendid system of philosophical optimism, teaching that everything is for the best in the best of possible worlds, have had a wide and important influence on the ethical and religious thought of modern times. He easily ranks among the six greatest thinkers in

the history of European philosophy—Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel.

His genius was of a very comprehensive or universal order. He was statesman, diplomatist, historian, mathematician, logician, physicist, psychologist, theologian, and speculative philosopher. Frederic the Great said of him that he represented in his single personality a whole academy of learning. There is scarcely a single problem of modern thought which was not investigated by the mind of Leibnitz, and in the treatment of which he was not, to a certain extent, the pioneer. But he was by no means a mere student and philosopher. He was a man of the world, intensely interested in all the great practical and political affairs of his time. Princes and nations were glad to avail themselves of his distinguished services, and were eager to confer upon him all possible honors. "In a large sense," as one writer says of him, "his career belongs to the history of Europe." His whole life was an unusually brilliant and successful one—perhaps largely due to his well-known unbounded optimism, by which he had allied himself with the universal Law of the Good.

From the thirty or more principal philosophical works of Leibnitz one might select these three as perhaps the most important, namely, the *Monadology*, the *Theodicea*, and the *New Essays concerning the Human Understanding*. The first unfolds his famous system of idealism and is one of the most compact and profound metaphysical essays in existence; the second, the treatise on theology, gives his views on the Being of God, the method

of the divine government of the world, and the great problem of the existence of evil; and the third is an able criticism of the philosophical teachings of John Locke.

II. Leibnitz belongs to that school of philosophy known as the spiritual or transcendental, as distinguished from the sensational or empirical. Speaking generally, the spiritual or idealistic school of philosophy is characterized by four great central doctrines. First, it believes in God as divine and universal Spirit, ground of all life, all being, all phenomenal manifestation. Secondly, it recognizes the existence of a spiritual and immortal ego or divine Self in man, always to be distinguished from his unreal, phenomenal self. In other words, it holds that the roots of man's being are in spirit and not in matter; that he is not in and of the dust of the earth; he is in and of God. Thirdly, the idealistic school of philosophy teaches that there are in man's nature certain primary intuitions, or first principles of knowledge, given in the constitution of the soul—apart from experience in space and time—unfolded indeed through experience, but not derived from it, as the empiricists teach. Fourthly, this school of philosophy advocates, as a rule, the freedom of the human will—not the will of the lower, natural, sensuous man, but the will of the higher, spiritual, real man, resting in the universal Mind of God.

These four fundamental principles were, of course, characteristic of the philosophy of Leibnitz. As to the freedom of the will, he teaches that true freedom proceeds from character, the inner and essential nature of the man; and the greatest freedom flows from the largest wisdom. No soul is determined by any power outside of itself. Each soul is a little divinity in its own sphere. It is always in a state of change, desire, outreaching activity, and this perpetual change is its life. But *its own* preceding states have determined its present conditions, and these present conditions are to determine largely the future.

III. Let me now proceed to an exposition of Leibnitz's famous system of Idealism. All is mind, there is no matter, proclaims this philosopher. The underlying reality of the universe is wholly

spiritual, not at all physical. Material substance having material properties—all this is but subjective appearance, illusion, confused modes of sensible apprehension. Not only are the secondary qualities of matter non-existent, but the primary as well. Extension, figure, solidity, motion, as commonly apprehended, are wholly unreal. All cosmical corporeal substance, all cosmical material laws, are phenomenal manifestations. The laws of nature are the laws of universal mind. The mighty dream-fabrie of the material universe, as such, dissolves away into nothingness, and Mind or Spirit is sufficient to explain all things. To him who knows, to him who has insight, to him who penetrates within the external husk of nature, all is a system of divine and living energies.

In the philosophy of Leibnitz the ultimate atoms of the universe, instead of being infinitesimally small material bodies, are souls or living intelligences. The atoms are no longer physical, but metaphysical. Instead of having the property of extension, they are unextended points of being. The genius of Leibnitz could not rest content with the old corpuscular or atomic theory. His mathematical mind forced him to carry on the division of the atoms to infinity. In this way, he saw that the atoms must lose the property of extension altogether and retain only the property of resistance. In other words, they resolved themselves into centers of force. Their extension in space was reduced to zero. This dynamical solution of the problem of matter has been a favorite one among our modern physicists. It has been insisted on by Boscovich, Faraday, Spencer, and many others. But Leibnitz saw into the heart of reality more deeply than this. He saw that the essence of the cosmical atoms was not only force, but intelligent force. He saw that they had an infinite depth of inner life, that they contained potentially, or coiled up within themselves, the supreme attributes of Mind. While he took away from them the dimension of extension in space, he gave back to them a new and wonderful dimension in the direction of pure metaphysical Being. These ultimate spiritual or metaphysical atoms, these soul-entities filling the universe, Leibnitz called *monads*.

In modern times the two eminent German philosophers, Herbart and Lotze, have advocated, with certain special modifications, this same kind of idealism taught by Leibnitz, namely, the idealism of the metaphysical monads or spiritual atoms.

Let us now consider more particularly the nature of these metaphysical atoms of Leibnitz. They are, of course, without position or distance from each other. For us only is there the appearance of an aggregate or extended mass. The monads themselves are immaterial, unextended, indivisible, and imperishable. Their number in the universe is infinite, and no two of this infinite number of monads are precisely alike. They are endlessly diversified, as are the blades of grass, the leaves of the tree, the pebbles on the shore. The differences characterizing these monadic entities arise from the fact that they are at different stages of evolution. Ranging from the lowest to the highest, they are all on the march up the royal heights of knowledge and power. Striving ever after a larger and more perfect self-realization, in this way they enter more and more completely into an understanding of the universe and God. All changes, unfoldment, progress, take place, not through external influences, but only through internal energies—through the splendid potentialities of being resident in the nature of each monad.

There are inherent in the nature of every monad, according to Leibnitz, two very important faculties or powers of mind. These are *perception* and *appetition* or *desire*. The faculty of perception means the faculty of knowledge, means the capacity to unfold gradually the inner potentialities of one's being. Perception does not always, however, imply *conscious* intelligence. The intelligence may be merely potential, unmanifested, ready to be evolved. It may exist in the form of unconscious or subconscious mind. Perception, in the philosophy of Leibnitz, may be defined in another way. It is that power, gradually unfolding in the monad, of representing in itself, or mirroring, the whole universe. There is an infinite number of grades of perception, ranging from the lowest to the highest. In the highest grade of monad,

to which all are tending, perception becomes clear, and all confusion disappears. Knowledge then becomes rich and royal and universal. In this system of philosophy, it is to be especially noted that there are far higher and nobler spiritual monads or intelligences than human souls. They range upward from man to God, the supreme and perfect Monad of monads. In other words, there is no break in the splendid continuity of life and being in the universe. This is a most suggestive and far-reaching idea of our philosopher, and is doubtless profoundly true. It is most reasonable to believe that in this mighty universe of God there are innumerable planes of being, each the home of its own special order of intelligences, and that there are beings as far above us in powers of mind and heart as we are above the lowest forms of animal and vegetable life.

But that other faculty of *appetition* or *desire*—what of its nature? It means an endless longing and striving after progress, unfoldment, attainment. All monads, all created substances, are, in this philosophy, active and not passive. Activity, energy, striving, growth—these constitute the very essence of all monadic entities. The name substance cannot properly be applied to that which is passive and inert. The whole Leibnitzian philosophy is an exposition of *dynamism* in the universe.

Here we have before us a magnificent system of evolution—anticipating the great modern doctrine of evolution as taught by Darwin and Spencer. And the theory of Leibnitz was strongest in the very points where the Darwinian theory is weakest, namely, in the recognition of the inner, potential factors of growth and development. The Leibnitzian evolution is from within outward, from interior fountains of causation, or potentialities of being, which are all-determining. The Darwinian system of evolution lays far too much stress upon the outer factors, the external modifying conditions. The laws of heredity, variation, the struggle for existence, and natural selection are not the real causes of growth, unfoldment, evolution; they are simply the conditions through which the inner spiritual energies of the cosmos realize themselves in

space and time. And the best scientific thought since Darwin is recognizing more and more the importance of that great principle for which Leibnitz contended, namely, that all that which has been evolved in manifestation was first involved in Being, and that an inner divine intelligence has directed the whole stupendous process of human and animal development. The philosopher often sees more deeply into the heart of reality than the scientist, because the latter concerns himself chiefly with those outer phenomena which lie in the realm of effects, not in the realm of causes.

Profoundly significant is that unique doctrine of Leibnitz that each individual monad mirrors in itself, or represents, though imperfectly, the whole universe of reality. A most wonderful conception is this! How grandly it exalts the nature and dignity of the soul! Each soul is a center of all things, a microcosm or little universe. In it is contained ideally the perfection of the Whole. All that ever has taken place in this vast cosmos, all that ever will take place, may be clearly read in each particular monad by him who has the power to see things as they are. All that the various monads perceive dimly and confusedly, God, the supreme Monad of monads, knows with perfect clearness and distinctness. Were it not for the passive, the imperfect, the material element in the monads, each would be a God. But in this case there would be no organic unity, no reciprocal influence or connection among the monads, no universe of growth and progress. As at present constituted, there is the greatest possible unity plus the greatest possible variety in the mighty spectacle of creation. "The soul," says Leibnitz, "would be God if it could enter at once and with distinctness into everything occurring within it." But it is necessary "that we should have passions which consist in confused ideas, in which there is something involuntary and unknown, and which represent the body, and constitute our imperfection." In other words, it was thought best, in the eternal wisdom of God, that there should be a stupendous system of cosmical evolution—the gradual unfolding to conscious-

ness of that sublime reality which is at the heart of all existences.

According to the ideal philosophy of Leibnitz, matter, motion, space, and time are only phenomena. They are not absolute realities. Are they then wholly non-existent? Are they no more than passing dreams or empty illusions? Have they no reality whatsoever? Yes, certainly, they have *relative* reality. They are real enough on the plane of the senses. They are real enough as modes of consciousness—as our present, imperfect interpretations of that which is spiritual and eternal. Space, time, matter, and motion are relatively real, but not absolutely real. Like Berkeley and the great idealists generally, Leibnitz would maintain that the reality of sense phenomena consists in their steadiness, orderliness, and coherence. There is a magnificent cosmical order depending on the universal Divine Intelligence and Will. But metaphysically, in the absolute sense, in the last analysis, from the Divine stand-point, all is mind, there is no matter. It would be well, I think, for the disciples of the New Philosophy of Health carefully to observe this philosophical distinction between relative and absolute reality, and it would save them much confusion of thought and popular misunderstanding.

When these astounding theories of Leibnitz as to the ultimate nature of the cosmical atoms were first given to the world, about two hundred years ago, they must have been received as the wild speculations of a metaphysical dreamer, utterly unworthy of credence by all sane men. But the strangest thing about it all is the fact that modern science is now beginning to confirm, in a striking way, the precise contention of this eagle-eyed philosopher. The best scientific thought of our time is coming rapidly to the conclusion that all matter is ensouled. It is coming, in other words, to regard the ultimate chemical atoms and molecules as psychical in their nature, that is, as endowed with sensation, capable of feeling each other and responding to mental stimulus. This is the view of Ernst Haeckel, sometimes known as the great modern scientific materialist. This theory has also been advocated by W. Max Wundt, greatest of living German physi-



ological psychologists, who emphasizes greatly, however, the psychical factor, rather than the physical, in the nature of the atoms, thus approaching more nearly the thought of Leibnitz. Very much the same view was held by Professor William Kingdon Clifford, who originated the conception of *a universe of mind-stuff*, and also by the late Dr. George J. Romanes, the eminent British naturalist. According to this interpretation of the ultimate constitution of matter, which I am now considering, the atoms are psychical and the cells are living intelligences.

Professor Tyndall may have been right when he said some years ago that every form and quality of life were contained potentially in matter. But this could be only because the primal cosmic substance is essentially mind, containing all the potentialities of mind.

In the coming century science, in the course of her tireless investigations, may take one further step in this direction of idealism. She will probably discover, through her subtle experimental processes, that all the ultimate cosmical atomic entities are not merely ensouled, but that they are souls, in other words, metaphysical monads. Of course, in this case, we should have no material universe at all, save in appearance. We should have only one infinite ocean of Life, one boundless universe of spiritual reality—just such a universe as Leibnitz conceived to be the true and only one.

The eternal reality of spirit and the essential unreality of matter have been taught by the world's greatest thinkers in all ages. This is the teaching of the ancient and venerable Vedanta philosophy of India. This is the teaching of the subtle psychology of the great Gautama Buddha. Consciousness is all. Matter in all its phases is purely phenomenal, manifesting that supersensuous essence which is rational or spiritual. The eternal reality of spirit and the essential unreality of matter have been taught by Parmenides, Plato, and Plotinus; by Spinoza, Berkeley, and Emerson; by Kant, Fichte, and Hegel.

In this philosophy of Leibnitz there are certain spiritual correspondencies, answering to certain material properties and laws. In the outer world of phenomena there is

extension; in the inner noumenal world there is the perfect continuity of the monads. In the outer world of physics there is motion; in the inner world of the monads there is that ceaseless energy or activity which constitutes their very essence. In the outer material realm there is resistance or inertia; in the inner spiritual realm there is passivity or absence of complete activity, arising from lack of true knowledge. In the outer world of shadows we find resistance or impenetrability as a property of bodies; in the inner world of substances and realities we find the endless persistence or individuality of the monads. In the outer world is space; in the inner world is the ideal relation of co-existence.

Let me here repeat and summarize some of the main positions in this Ideal Philosophy. The underlying reality of all matter is spiritual intelligence. Its phenomenality arises from our inability to apprehend the entire spiritual or metaphysical character of the cosmos. That which is apprehended by the monad in a confused and passive manner constitutes its body. The material world, considered as passivity or imperfection of development in the monads, is not absolutely opposed to spirit, but is rather the infinite potentiality of spirit, capable some time of realizing its sublime spiritual quality, activity, and divinity, now simply lying latent or unrecognized.

What a magnificent and inspiring thought is this of Leibnitz, that there is no point of so-called space which does not represent, in a profound and true sense, the entire universe of reality, activity, and knowledge. In what a world of glory are we living and we do not know it. What we already apprehend is as nothing compared with that which is. We are not determined by our environment; we create our own environment. Such as we are at any stage of our unfoldment, so is the appearance of the universe to us. In us, in deep reality, are the fountains of causation: in us is all the power there is. Remove the veil of "maya," or ignorance, remove the passive or material element from the consciousness of the monad, and the one infinite universe of reality stands revealed, the one infinite Life of God is

realized. The correspondence between this philosophy and some of the more radical teachings of the New Philosophy of Health is perfectly evident.

It ought also to be said here that Leibnitz anticipated all that is most vital in modern psychological researches into the nature and influence of the *subconscious mind*, wherein, as he clearly saw, rests the larger part of our mental life. The subconscious mind, in the philosophy of Leibnitz, was the realm of the *petites perceptions*—that half-conscious, half-illuminated, yet infinite, background of the human soul. Through this mind we are, as he taught, connected with all parts of the universe and receive impressions from all. These are his words: "Each soul knows the infinite, knows all, but confusedly. As, in walking on the sea-shore and hearing the great noise which it makes, we hear the individual sounds of each wave, of which the total sound is composed, but without distinguishing them, so our confused perceptions are the result of the impressions which the whole universe makes upon us. It is the same with each monad." Again he says: "It is through these minute latent perceptions that the present is big with the future and loaded with the past: that all things conspire together: and that in the smallest substances eyes as piercing as those of God might read the whole series of events in the universe. . . . These unconscious perceptions also mark and constitute the individuality of each person, through the traces which they preserve of his former states as connected with his present being: and they might be observed by a superior intelligence, even when the man himself had no express remembrance of them."

In these exceedingly suggestive ideas of Leibnitz we may be able to find a very good explanation of some of the mysterious psychological phenomena of *multiple personality*, of which we have heard so much in recent times. Furthermore, if each ego has within itself a more or less imperfect knowledge of all its past experiences through evolution, and indeed of all that has ever taken place in this vast universe, then a great flood of light is thrown upon the phenomena of *modern spiritualism*. It may readily be seen, I think, how the

psychic or medium may obtain very much, if not all, of her knowledge without the aid of the returning spirit friends. It should also be observed that this doctrine of Leibnitz as to the existence of the unconscious or subconscious perceptions has anticipated, to a large extent, certain well-known modern researches into the nature and phenomena of the so-called *subliminal self*. What is this subliminal self but that vast background of our existence which lies beneath our ordinary waking consciousness, and by which we are connected with the whole universe of reality?

According to the Leibnitzian philosophy there are three great classes into which the monads may be divided. The first class compose the so-called material objects. The consciousness of these lower monads is dormant. Therefore material objects seem to manifest only physical properties. The monads composing them are very undeveloped.

The second class of monadic entities are those composing the souls of plants and animals. The consciousness of these is indistinct, but not dormant. They are all marching on toward the higher and clearer consciousness of men. This strange doctrine that plants have souls is now practically accepted by modern science—the psychic difference between plants and animals being recognized as simply one of degree. This was the precise idea of Leibnitz.

The third class of monads, much more highly developed, constitute the souls of men. These have at length arrived at a clear and distinct consciousness and have become capable of manifesting the nobler and diviner faculties of the human spirit. And yet even now, at this stage of our development, we are but infants as compared with the grandeur of our true being—the as yet unrecognized capacities of the Self. St. Paul was right when he intimated that we are to be filled unto all the fullness of God. All good things indeed are ours now.

Having considered the nature of the central souls of the plants and animals, what now shall we say of their bodies? It is the teaching of Leibnitz that the bodies of all plants and animals are composed of myriads of inferior, that is, of less de-

veloped monads, all obeying the behests of the supreme, co-ordinating principle, the soul of the organism. Just so with the human body. It, too, is composed of myriads of monadic entities collected about the spiritual ego, which is the true man. These inferior monads are arranged into groups or systems, each system having its own governing intelligence. Each organ of the human body is such a monadic system, dependent on and subserving the interests of the general organism. Each organ forms a little kingdom with its king, co-operation being secured by *the pre-established harmony*—the order and unity of the cosmos. Herein are set forth some of the profoundest mysteries of biology, physiology, and psychology. Modern scientific researches are tending in this same direction indicated by Leibnitz, whose views, I have no doubt, will yet be very fully confirmed, as they have been in so many other instances.

It must not be supposed that this grouping of inferior or undeveloped monads about the central souls of men and animals to constitute their bodies is a grouping that exists in outward space. It appears to be spatial and extended to us. But we must remember that both space and time are but modes of mortal consciousness—our ways of apprehending the invisible realities and their interrelations. That every portion of matter is filled with souls or monads means that there is an absolute continuity of spiritual principles. So also, when it is said that the central soul of a plant or animal is the governing intelligence in that body, the meaning is that this control is not immediate and direct, but mediate—through those eternal laws of correspondence which have been inwrought into the universe.

The philosophy of Leibnitz favors the doctrine of *Re-incarnation*, as taught in ancient and in modern times. He holds that all souls or monads, whether belonging to the mineral, vegetable, animal, or distinctively human kingdom, are as old as the world. They eternally exist as souls in the cosmos. Birth and death are but changes in their states or conditions. No souls are ever newly created through any of the ordinary means of production.

At death our bodies are merely resolved into their component parts—the elementary monads. These ultimately form new compounds, passing through higher and higher stages of existence, in accordance with the eternal laws of progress. The souls or central monads of human beings, before arriving at their present advanced condition of rational self-consciousness, have passed through a long and unbroken series of inferior orders of being. "I believe," says Leibnitz, "that the souls of men have pre-existed, not as reasonable souls, but as merely sensitive souls, which did not reach the supreme stage of reason until the man whom the soul was to animate was conceived." After the dissolution of our present bodies, our souls, according to this philosophy, will pass successively into other corporeal forms, carrying with them higher energies, larger and nobler thoughts and aspirations. Lying latent in each soul are always the dim, subconscious memories of all it has learned and experienced in its previous earthly lives. Ultimately all this dimly perceived past will become clear and open to our conscious understanding. So the soul ever ascends through that infinite scale of being whose goal is universal consciousness—godlike power and freedom. From unconscious inorganic substance, through countless eons of time, to celestial cognition—absolute love and wisdom. Such is the law. All this last is the precise teaching of Modern Theosophy.

All spiritual being is in man—that is Emerson. The human spirit represents the Infinite Spirit—that is Leibnitz. All truth is in the soul of man—that is Browning. God and man are one—that is the thought of Jesus. "Thou thyself art that ocean of light and love, infinite, absolute, and eternal"—that is the essence of the Vedanta philosophy. We have a perfect right to say: I am wisdom: I am love: I am freedom: I am power: I am in and of Universal Being: I am one with the eternal Law of the Good. By using these sublime affirmations of spiritual reality understandingly and persistently, in the face of all appearances to the contrary, the soul grows rapidly into the realization of its divinity—including its health or wholeness, happiness, and true

prosperity. Such is the teaching of the New Philosophy of Health. It has brought out a principle just here—that of *ideal suggestion*—which is of the most profound and far-reaching significance; a principle whose general application will do more to moralize and spiritualize the race, elevate it in the scale of being, and bring it into its true dominion, than a hundred other agencies combined.

IV. We come now to Leibnitz's celebrated system of Optimism. This is set forth at fullest in his theological treatise—*Essays on Theodicy in relation to the Goodness of God, the Liberty of Man, and the Origin of Evil*. We observe that this universal genius does not hesitate to grapple with that greatest problem of all the ages—the problem of the existence of evil in the universe of the good and perfect God. His notable work dealing with the subject, published in 1710, rapidly acquired popularity and was translated into almost every European language. The philosopher of the *Monadology* undertakes a magnificent vindication of the love and wisdom of God. Among all the numberless systems presenting themselves before the Infinite Intelligence, there has been originated, in this our present universe, the best, the most perfect one, physically and morally. The existence of evil is entirely compatible with the general perfection of the cosmos. Metaphysical evil arises from that limitation, that imperfection, which are inseparable from all created worlds. Moral evil proceeds from the free choices of men in time and grows out of that same limitation and imperfection of the creatures. But ultimately all partial and apparent evil will be swallowed up in the universal good. The most perfect universe which could possibly have been conceived or created has been absolutely necessitated, because of the perfect wisdom of the one Infinite Spirit. Looked at from the stand-point of universal intelligence—*sub specie æternitatis*—all things work together for the good of the Perfect Whole.

In the present plan of the universe there is the greatest possible variety along with the greatest order and unity. The grandest effects are produced in the simplest ways. There is the most power, knowl-

edge, happiness, and goodness in created beings that this universe allowed; and, as has been said, this universe is the best, because it is grounded in the supreme perfection of God. Even in the external world the same principle applies. The laws of motion, for example, are the most fitting that could have been chosen by an infinite wisdom. All things whatsoever are regulated with as much order and mutual connection as possible. Not only is the order of the entire universe the most perfect possible, but each living monad has all its powers and faculties as thoroughly well ordered as is compatible with its own endless progress and the welfare of all the rest. The tendency of all created monads, we are to remember, is to advance to higher and higher happiness and perfection, or, in other words, to a larger and larger understanding of the universe and God. "Though we sometimes fall back," says Leibnitz, "like lines which have bends in them, advance none the less prevails and in the end gets the victory." Errors and evil inclinations are not the positive possessions of the soul, neither do they belong to the essence of the soul, but they grow out of our lack of receptivity to the good. The whole beauty of the universe, we know, is involved in the heart of each monad, to be gradually evolved in time. The glories prepared for us, as we endlessly progress toward God, are beyond our wildest dreams. The more we understand and love the Supreme Source of our being, and of all good, the greater our perfection, the greater our felicity. Even in the outer world of phenomena, the more we penetrate into the depths of things, the more do we find inimitable beauty and unimagined order and wisdom.

We may imagine worlds without evil and suffering, but they would still be inferior to ours. Progress in virtue is a far greater good than mere passive happiness. The glory of the struggle is essential. Character cannot be bestowed upon us ready made, but is consolidated and perfected through the order of cosmic evolution, involving, as it does, imperfection and sin. Each individual virtue presupposes either unhappiness or wrong. Courage presupposes danger; fortitude

implies pain; temperance involves the possibility of intemperance; love and benevolence require opportunities for their growth and exercise. Evil is not an independent power like good, but is a defect or limitation, "standing continually under the supremacy of the good." In the final analysis evil is a necessary condition of that good which is the one eternal reality. The perfect picture is not without its shades, the perfect harmony is not without its dissonances, and the perfect man is perfected through long experience and discipline. This, then, is the central principle in the Leibnitzian theodicy: *Everything is for the best in the best of possible worlds.*

V. Another important feature of the Leibnitzian philosophy is its doctrine of *Innate Ideas*. According to Leibnitz, it is not true that our knowledge can come to us, either directly or indirectly, through the senses of the body, through mere sense-perceptions of the mind, or any combinations of the same. On the contrary, all our knowledge is a development of the soul's own inherent and eternal activity. John Locke, in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," had appropriated and defended the scholastic principle that *there is nothing in the understanding of man which was not first in sense-perception*. In other words, all our knowledge grows out of our relations with the external world, which to Locke was a very real and substantial world. The reply of Leibnitz was most characteristic and most admirable. There is nothing in the human understanding which was not first in sense-perception, *except indeed the understanding itself*. That is, the whole intellect of man is a creative, self-unfolding principle. The very ultimate nature of the soul is active, evolving intelligence. The outer always presupposes the inner. The roots of man's being are not in things material, but in things spiritual. Locke had also made the astounding empirical claim that the soul or mind is originally like a *tabula rasa*, a blank sheet of paper, ready to be written on by the world external. Or, the mind is originally a mere empty cabinet which has to be furnished with all its contents from without. By no means, is the reply of Leibnitz. Rather is the hu-

man soul like a block of marble in which there are hidden veins *preformed* to guide the chisel of the sculptor.

The profoundest modern investigations, even among the empirical psychologists themselves, are beginning, of course, to confirm the views of Leibnitz. Modern psychology more and more openly proclaims that the origin of the individual consciousness, that inner center of memory, action, and feeling, is the fundamental problem of knowledge. It is beginning to discern that the inner unity, constituting the psychical individuality, can never be explained as the mere resultant of heredity and experience. It is being freely admitted that the human ego can never be wholly resolved into any combination or association of passive sensations or so-called units of feeling. We can never go farther back, according to leading authorities in modern psychology, in all our deepest analyses and investigations, than that irreducible constructive power in human consciousness—that wonderful synthetic, unifying energy of the soul itself. And all this but adds new luster to the splendid genius of the philosopher of the pre-established harmony.

According to Leibnitz, we have innate ideas, we discern necessary and eternal truths intuitively, for this very simple reason—they are grounded in universal intelligence, that is, in the nature of God, and we, as sharers in the nature of God, therein perceive them and know them to be true. We cognize the necessary and eternal truths of the pure reason from our very constitution and the constitution of the world. In this philosophy, as has been already said, all knowledge is from within. The monad, having no windows through which anything may enter or depart, can perceive only the self. But the self represents the universe and contains, either implicitly or explicitly, all the truth there is. We think we look out on an external world and observe in this way its facts, laws, and properties, its beauty, order, and variety. What we really see, however, is the world within ourselves. In us, the microcosm, is expressed in miniature all that transpires in the whole boundless universe. The more developed the soul, the more complete and perfect its

conception of the cosmos. We see, in other words, only that which we are. According to the philosophy of Leibnitz, therefore, any denial of the doctrine of innate ideas becomes a self-evident absurdity, having no place at all in the kingdom of the real.

VI. This leads us to a consideration of that important Leibnitzian principle known as the *Pre-established Harmony*. If the innumerable monadic entities constituting the cosmos are subject to no external or foreign influence, all changes taking place in virtue of inherent energies only, how shall we account for the apparent mutual dependence and interaction of all created substances? How shall we explain the wonderful reciprocal relationship of soul and body? "Each monad," our philosopher assures us, "is like a separate world, sufficient unto itself, independent of every other creature, involving the infinite, expressing the universe." That is, each monad expresses the universe from its own individual, special point of view. All these individual, special views, arising from the different stages of development of the monads, in the mind of God, from the stand-point of universal intelligence, constitute that magnificent and orderly scheme we call the world. And in this eternal intellectual order each real thing has its place, and all things are perfectly interrelated and connected. Everywhere, according to Leibnitz, there is definitely established, in the creation of the world, the perfect mutual accord of all substances. Each substance, though following entirely its own laws, yet agrees with all the rest and answers to their demands. Changes in one are met by correlative changes in the others. In this way the operation of one substance on another is explained, and also the intimate relations subsisting between mind and body, mind and its environment. And this is the celebrated doctrine of the *Pre-established Harmony*. It will now be at once evident how, from our limited point of view, to all outward appearance, all things in the phenomenal world constitute one connected and organic whole, subject to the great general laws of causation, of mutual dependence and interaction. The eternally established laws of unity and

harmony in the inner essences of things guarantee unity and harmony in their whole manifestation in space and time. And so, for all practical purposes, we may return to our ordinary realistic and scientific conceptions of universal nature and her universal laws. "According to my system," says Leibnitz, "bodies act as if there were no souls, and souls act as if there were no bodies, and both act as if each influenced the other." The endless chain of an outward world-history and evolutionary order relatively is and absolutely is not.

VII. Let me now, finally, consider the *Religious Philosophy* of Leibnitz. It is of the most advanced and exalted character. The supreme perfection and glory of God—this is the goal of the human spirit. The love of God and the knowledge of God—these are the basic principles of all true and divine life. The moral perfection of man, the true peace and freedom of man, the true and universal brotherhood of man, are all indissolubly connected with the love and the knowledge of God. All monads throughout the universe represent, and strive toward, their Source. This representation, this perpetual evolutionary striving, first come to consciousness in man. The relation of man to God is to be an inward, conscious, *joyous* relation. The human spirit may enter into veritable communion with the Universal Spirit. The assembly of all created spirits, by virtue of the immanent divine reason, properly constitutes the royal City of God—the most perfect state possible, under the most perfect of all monarchs. Leibnitz tells us, in his *Monadology*, that, whereas souls in general are living images or mirrors of the universe of the creatures, human and more exalted spirits are the images of God himself. Without God the eternal spiritual needs of humanity are never to be satisfied.

There is, according to Leibnitz, the moral world or the kingdom of the Spirit, and there is the natural world or the kingdom of nature. The moral and spiritual world, within the natural, is the truly universal world—the most divine and sublime of all God's mighty works.

Like all really great souls, our philosopher perceives the hollowness and vanity

of merely external, formal, and ceremonial religion. He strenuously insists that the forms and ceremonies of the medieval church have been exceedingly pernicious, blinding the souls of men that they could not discern the eternal verities. All merely outward modes of worship, he contends, are poor substitutes for the fulfillment of moral duty and the realization of the truly spiritual life. Creeds and formulas represent to Leibnitz the merest shadows of the truth.

Leibnitz anticipated all that is best in modern rational religion when he insisted upon the fact that the love of God and the knowledge of God are inseparable. In other words, religion and culture, theology and philosophy, should never be divorced. He was the fearless opponent of all superstition and ignorance. No divine revelation, he contends, must stand in conflict with the clear perceptions of the natural reason.

He clearly grasped the essence of the Christian religion when he declared that its superiority consisted in the fact that it makes God the object of the love of man and not the fear, and when he taught that religion and morality could never be divorced. Love of God leads of necessity to love of the neighbor, because the kingdom of the created divine spirits cannot be separated from God himself. He strikes at the heart of all religious insincerity and corruption, when he assures us that without the genuine love of the neighbor there can be no true religious devotion, and without the genuine love of God there can be only a false and apparent piety.

Leibnitz anticipated the view-point of the ethics of Modern Idealism in the emphasis he placed upon self-perfection, self-development, self-realization. True and lasting joy or happiness proceeds from the continuous unfoldment of the power, freedom, harmony, and beauty of our own inner being. It proceeds from the continuous rationalization of man. The highest end, the supreme good, for man is happiness. But this happiness is grounded in his capacity for goodness, truth, and love for his fellow-beings. "Hence it follows that nothing serves more to happiness than the enlight-

enment of his understanding and the exercise of his will, to act at all times according to reason, and that such enlightenment is chiefly to be sought in the knowledge of those things which are able to advance our understanding always further, and to bring it to a higher light, since there arises out of it a continuous progress in wisdom and virtue, and consequently also in perfection and in joy, the fruits of which abide for the soul even after this life."

The views of Leibnitz as to the duty and privilege of perfect faith in God, and rest in his eternal order, are finely shown in one of his *Letters to Arnauld*. His words suggest a whole philosophy of the inner mystical life, and are worthy of our careful consideration even in these modern days. He says in substance: "We ought always to be content with the order of the past, because it is in conformity with the absolute will of God, which we know through what has come to pass. We should not distract ourselves with vain regrets, but press on toward the creation of a new and better future. If success does not at once crown our efforts, let us not repine, but rest calmly in the assurance that God will find the most fitting seasons in which to work changes for the better. Those who are not reconciled with the universal and divine order should not flatter themselves that they have any genuine faith in God." In short, the heart of Leibnitz's practical religious philosophy consists in the referring of all things to God as a center, whereby the soul is strengthened and steadied in the midst of all its mortal experiences, and human life is made truly divine. And the more intimately we become acquainted with the Author of our being, who indeed is none other than our own Higher Self, the more will we see evidences of his divine love and perfect wisdom in the ordering of the cosmos and of us.

The master mind of Leibnitz clearly saw that, although a man may have explored successfully the natural laws and processes of this outward husk of the world, he has in this way made himself acquainted with a very small and relatively unimportant portion of the boundless universe of reality. He clearly saw that in

the realm of the spiritual and eternal verities alone do we touch the supreme fountains of life and causation. The philosophic and scientific insight of Leibnitz penetrated far beneath the surface realm of merely physical and mechanical nature, far beneath the realm of mind as mere intellect and natural feeling. He would solve the mighty problem of the cosmos by postulating God as absolute Spiritual Personality—as supreme purposive Intelligence. There is a great gulf fixed between this higher religious philosophy and that narrow materialistic and agnostic

philosophy which made its appearance in later times. But the reaction has already come. There is now a return to the teachings of the great idealists. The younger school of evolutionists is repudiating agnosticism as irrational. The knowledge of God is rightly being recognized as the truest and highest of all knowledge, and Spirit, not matter, is seen to be supreme—the underlying reality of all things, the one source and cause of all phenomenal manifestation, the goal of human aspiration, the crown and consummation of human life.

## FRA ELBERTUS AND THE ROYCROFTERS: A SOCIAL STUDY

BY B. O. FLOWER

The influence of a noble and sincere life never dies. The good man passes from view, his work seems to have come to naught, and men may say, "Behold, he is dead, and his dream and his labors have resulted in nothing." By no means. He has wrought for all ages; he has sowed seeds for all eternity; he has blessed the world, and left a trail of light which will grow brighter as years roll by. Like the acorn, which in itself seems so insignificant and unpromising, but which holds the promise of a giant oak, so the life of the true man holds the promise of ten thousand noble lives.

Doubtless the judges of Socrates, who won an immortality of infamy for condemning the great philosopher, imagined that his influence would die with the drinking of the hemlock. They knew naught of the potentiality of truth. They little dreamed that Socrates had already lit up and fired with divine enthusiasm the minds of Plato, Xenophon, and other chosen spirits, whose record of their master's thought and life and death should light up the ages yet unborn and become an inspiration to millions of lives.

Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius were sustained and encouraged through life's bitterest hours by the example and precepts of Socrates, and who shall name the number of lives which have been bright-

ened and strengthened by the teachings and examples of the slave and the emperor. So it has ever been: the torch of truth lighted by a good man is handed to others, who in turn pass it on; and as the years go by many bring their torches to the radiant flame, and so aid in dispelling the gloom. No fact in the annals of human experience is taught more clearly than that those who give their lives to further a richer and ampler life for others become stars in the firmament of human progress, which illumine the pathway others tread long after they have gone.

A striking illustration of this character is found in the life, work, and dream of one of England's artists, poets, and social philosophers, who has only recently gone from us. William Morris was once "the idle singer of an empty day." He composed elegant verses and charming rhymes; he delighted the lovers of "art for art's sake," but he failed to satisfy the divine promptings of his own soul. Deep down in his rich, fine nature was that which urged the poet to go up higher. One day he came under the spell of the divine afflatus, although he knew it not. He gradually became aware of a growing passion for justice burning in his soul, and the presence of a love which went out to all mankind. From henceforth the artist poet ceased to be "the idle singer of an



empty day," and became the prophet of justice and the champion of emancipated manhood. He sought to ennoble his fellow-men. He loved art only less than he loved humanity, and he believed that the beautiful was the handmaid of the useful. He felt that art and utility should be wedded, and all life made ampler and happier thereby; he became the high-priest of socialism while he remained the artistic artisan, and while preaching the gospel of brotherhood he fashioned the most beautiful book which the England of the century has produced, and sought in many other ways to cultivate and develop the artistic and call the people back to the love of labor and art, which should result in the creation by the human hand, from concepts of the human brain, of beautiful wares for hearth and home, which should delight and stimulate the imagination and largely take the place of the machine-made articles which had so completely wiped out individuality in workmanship, while it had taken from multitudes of skilled artisans the source of their livelihood. With a heart full of love, with a brain teeming with plans for the furtherance of art and the elevation of humanity, the many-sided man of genius pressed forward with the soul of an enthusiast tempered by the philosophy of a sage; but in the midst of his glorious work the imperious summons came, and he left the world. Superficial conventionalism said the last years of William Morris's life were spent in vain. "Had he written less of the rights of the people and the dignity of labor he might have been the laureate of England. He sacrificed himself to an impracticable vision." But conventionalism always errs in estimating the work of the prophets, pioneers, and pathfinders of the race. As a matter of fact, we are only beginning to realize the tremendous influence over the heart of the people of the life of this artist, poet, and man. His burning words for justice, his songs of freedom and love, were wafted everywhere like the thistledown, and they have taken root in the hearts of unnumbered multitudes. But this was not all. The influence of his life and example stole forth as the light of dawn, which gilds the tree-tops and heralds day.

## II.—THE REALIZATION OF THE DREAM.

In the new world one, among thousands who felt the light and warmth of the illuminated life and beheld the glory of the artist's dream, was impelled to act. It was as if the old story were told again; the mantle of Elijah fell again upon Elisha, or the torch passed from the hands of Socrates to be held aloft by Plato. Morris obeyed the imperious summons, but his work did not cease. In the little village of East Aurora, in the State of New York, a young man became the successor of the artistic artisan. He heard the message, he beheld the vision, and determined to test the practicability of the poet's dream. That was more than four years ago.

From every stand-point of business experience and common sense his experiment seemed foolish, for as a center of work he selected the little village of East Aurora, containing less than a thousand inhabitants; and here, without the facilities for commerce, without the machinery which is supposed to be necessary for fine work and which is found in our great printing-offices in the cities, and without skilled artisans, he began publishing the hand-made books which were soon to rival and indeed distance the magnificent work of the Kelmscott press established by William Morris. Indeed, not satisfied with equaling the master who had so recently gone away, the young dreamer aspired to give the people in the closing years of the nineteenth century dainty volumes which should rank side by side with the wonderful works of the Venetian masters, who wrought into their work the art and the spirit of sunny Italy during the Renaissance, and who, indeed, were the successors of the book-making monks who in the cloisters of the middle ages patiently but lovingly fashioned with pen and brush those wonderful manuscript works whose rich, illuminated initials and titles arrest even the hurried and careless ones who throng the world's museums of to-day. The late Mr. Gladstone, who was a great lover of beautiful books, ranked the Roycroft productions with the famous works of the Venetian masters, for in a letter

to Mr. Hubbard, shortly before his death, the great statesman wrote:

The Roycroft books are a delight, and I am showing them to my friends with intent to prove that the world moves. And in moving backward to the time of those early Venetian printers, who made such beautiful books while Columbus was discovering America, you have done well. I cannot say that you have improved on the Venetians, but you have nearly equaled them.

In the beginning the Roycroft shop was a very small affair. The present imposing, churchly building, no less than the large and prosperous band of artistic workers, is the result of gradual but rapid growth, even during a period of hard times. Less than five years ago Mr. Hubbard\* was his own chief employee, but he was no stranger to manual labor. He gloried in the fact that he had long ago carried a dinner pail and was never above hard work with his hands. Before he began the publication of his famous and delightful "Little Journeys," indeed, before he wrote that wholesome and enjoyable romance of Concord and Cambridge life, "Forbes of Harvard," he had taken orders from an employer, when fortunate enough to have one.

### III.—A UNIQUE SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

Beginning in a small way and without any flourish of trumpets, he found he was soon able deeply to interest several boys and girls and young men and maidens in his own town and the adjacent country. These young people, who had hitherto been drifting as are millions of young lives, without fixed purposes and seeming to be in the grasp of a blind and not infrequently unkind chance, came under the

genial guidance of the simple worker who was counted as a friend. Before they were aware of the fact they were enthused with the spirit of the master and eager for an opportunity to learn to set type, to paint with water colors, to design and work at the binder's art. It was more a delightful diversion than a school,—something which had come into their all too prosaic young lives to broaden, enrich, and beautify them. Hence, it is not strange that they made surprising progress, or that they soon resembled in many ways the pupils of Raphael, who were never so happy as when at work under the direction of the painter. Their hearts went into their work, and they soon reached such perfection as to be able to vie with their teacher. Then they were given places, at good wages, for all the time the orders for the few beautiful books that were being made were multiplying. The prices charged were high, but the work was so excellent, so unique and beautiful, that many lovers of art in literature placed orders for illuminated copies of all books brought out by the Roycrofters.

It early became evident that while the printer's art was exceedingly prosaic in the great bustling, dirty, and disorderly offices of our cities, in the little village of East Aurora it was a calling which appealed to the enthusiasm and love of the artist soul; and it had been made so attractive that the very work became a joy. But there are other callings and labors far from being regarded as artistic under any consideration. What, for example, could the creative mind, which loved the beautiful, do when fate decreed that its possessor should be a blacksmith or a maker of chairs and tables? There was one case in point at East Aurora. A young Irishman, with the body of a Greek hero and the soul of a Greek artist, was trying to eke out a precarious and unsatisfactory existence at the forge. Now, Mr. Hubbard is a disciple of John Ruskin and William Morris to the extent that he believes that all artisans should be artists, that the art nature should be cultivated and brought out, and that so far as possible the enthusiasm resident in each life should be fostered and turned to account in the hours of recreation and labor which come

\*Elbert Hubbard is one of the most versatile men I have ever known. He has been thus admirably characterized by a writer in a recent number of the Chicago Post:

"He is a jack of all trades and a master of most of them. He is a farmer, a printer, an artist, a wood-worker, an iron-worker, a writer, and a gentleman. From his beautiful shop in East Aurora he sends out every month a dainty little 'magazinelet' called The Phillipsine, and in his inkstand he has both honey and gall—especially gall."

I would add that he is nowhere more pleasing than on the lecture platform, though he is perhaps better known to the general public through his very popular "Little Journeys," published by the Putnams, and his novels, "Forbes of Harvard," "No Enemy but Himself," and "One Day." At the present time he is at work on a new romance entitled "Time and Chance," and a history of John Brown.

into each life. The case of the young blacksmith appealed to the kind-hearted and unpretentious philosopher who was so quietly seeking to solve one of the most momentous problems of our age. The more he conversed with the blacksmith the more he became convinced that he possessed a rich imagination and the soul of a true artist. At length he determined to test him. The maker of horse-shoes had an abundance of leisure. Mr. Hubbard sketched some original designs for andirons and submitted them to the blacksmith with the suggestion that together they attempt to fashion out of wrought iron something after the order of the design. Right heartily did the young craftsman enter into the work. It was the first time since he began his trade that his hands were engaged in an art creation. Utility and beauty,—ah, that is what life calls for to-day; and so the two blacksmiths wrought upon the dream until it materialized in unique, hand-made andirons. Now it was found that, like the Roycroft books, the andirons were wanted by the people, and the craftsman had new work to engage his hours,—work which he enjoyed far better than any business he had known; but this was not all. Mr. Hubbard had learned that the youth was gifted beyond his previous expectations. He therefore encouraged him to try working in stone, where he soon excelled in a surprising manner, and next he began to model in clay. To-day he has a little studio near the Roycroft shop, and in the new guild of workers he is known as St. Gerome Roycroft.

There was also a carpenter in East Aurora, with time on his hands and with the heart of a man, who next fell under the influence of the disciple of Ruskin and Morris, and he to-day has all the work he can do making handsome hand-made furniture of simple pattern. In a letter received a short time ago from Mr. Hubbard the writer says:

We are making solid oak tables, chairs, and desks, the prices of which are something over double most of the first-class machine-made furniture found in stores. We have, however, found ready sale for all of our wares. Hand-made things are necessarily imperfect, just as individuality is a departure from a perfect standard. Yet in-

dividuality has its charm, and I have discovered that anything with the loving marks of the tool upon it is prized by the elect few.

Pottery is the latest addition to the artistic manual industries which have sprung into prosperous existence under the silent, persistent, and wise direction of the guiding genius of the Roycroft brotherhood of workers. Four years ago Mr. Hubbard was practically alone in his labors. To-day the Roycroft family numbers one hundred and ten, and with the exception of an expert book-binder from Leipsic, all the workers are from East Aurora or the farms adjoining. And what is more, all these workers are touched with divine enthusiasm born of love for the work, and which under no condition blossoms so perfectly as when art goes hand in hand with service.

#### IV.—THE HOME OF THE ROYCROFTERS.

And now a few words in regard to the Roycroft shop and its presiding genius. At the beginning I think the shop occupied a part of Mr. Hubbard's barn. Prosperity, however, brought a striking change. The commodious building now owned by the Roycrofters is made of stone, and it so much resembles a beautiful little church that the stranger might easily mistake it, were it not for the horse-shoe nailed over the door. And within one still finds to a great degree the illusion. It is more like a church than like the ordinary printing-office, and here, too, all suggests beauty and refinement. There is but little noise; the floors are spotless; the halls are adorned with pictures; and here and there may be seen choice pieces of bric-a-brac and a good supply of cut flowers. There is also a piano, a library, and bath-rooms for the use of all the workers. No one could long labor in such a place without becoming refined. Hence it is not strange that the easy manners and fine decorum of the truly cultured are found here far more markedly than in many drawing-rooms. And yet there is no air of affected sanctity or musty stiffness,—no Sunday manners, in the sense that such manners suggest Puritanism. On the contrary, joyousness prevails, for the master is a rare spirit, whose sense of humor is only eclipsed by his good

heart, and whose appreciation of the importance of discipline and industrious application to the work in hand is only exceeded by his love of all who are bravely trying to live a true and worthy life. The workers have a recess morning and afternoon of fifteen minutes, at which time all hands usually enjoy a game of ball or some other outdoor recreation. One hour is given at noon, and half-holidays on Saturday the year round are features of the Roycroft rules. The employees are well paid, and at the end of each year share the profits of the shop. A new library made of boulders is now being erected, and each day at three o'clock Fra Elbertus, as the faithful call the "Pastor of his Flock," heads the procession of men and boys belonging to the establishment, as they sally forth to aid in the mixing of mortar, wheeling the barrows, and carrying stones to assist in the rearing of this new temple to the goddess of wisdom, for Mr. Hubbard is never unmindful of the moral and intellectual welfare of his faithful Roycrofters.

William Morris made a determined protest against the displacing of the man by the machine. He pointed out how modern invention was rapidly taking the bread from the mouths and hope from the souls of millions of artisans, while it destroyed individuality in work and reduced those who operated the machines to, in most instances, mere cogs in a great ugly factory which ground out wares according to an unvarying pattern. He showed how the machine was necessarily destroying the old-time enthusiasm of the skilled artisans, who in earlier days wrought with their hands and made of their work at once a pleasure and an art. He urged that, if the hours of labor were fewer and if wares were again made by hand, there would be a new-found happiness thrilling through civilization, as all who would take the pains to become skilled workers would have ample to do at good wages, making in artistic ways the things which they chose to create; and thus there would be the enthusiasm of the artist present in all their labor as it could only be where the love and beauty side of life is touched. Moreover, the artisan would have time to grow and enjoy the ampler life which our age offers to all who have the time to live

rightly. Prices would be higher, but society would immensely benefit by the changed condition. The force of his contention may be readily illustrated by a suppositional case. We will suppose, for example, that in a community of fifteen thousand people five hundred are wealthy, three thousand five hundred are of the middle class,—merchants, professional men, and those who largely derive their livelihood from the rest of the community. Over eleven thousand are employees in some great manufacturing industries, say furniture or clothing. Now into this community comes the inventor and his machine, and in the course of time the work of the eleven thousand men is performed by one thousand by the aid of the great machines. These men for the most part have duties which in no degree call for the imagination or skill of the artisan. Hence, the men who can be obtained for the lowest cost are employed. Now, what is the result? Ten thousand men are out of employment, or are only employed a portion of their time. They are less able to buy the furniture or the clothing they need than they were before the advent of the machines, even though the wares manufactured sell for one-fourth what they did before; and what is more, they are no longer able liberally to patronize the grocer, the shoe-maker, and other dealers in necessities, while those many things which beautify the home, enrich life, and add to refinement and the finer enjoyments of existence, are no longer within their reach. Hence, the three thousand five hundred people who depended so largely on the eleven thousand for support can no longer purchase the furniture and clothes which they were able to buy before the greater part of their revenue was cut off. The five hundred wealthy people, of course, can still purchase and take advantage of the lower prices, but all others in the community have been injured; while the taking away from the man of the chance for a livelihood in the craft in which he had been skilled has darkened his life and dampened his enthusiasm, even where he has been fortunate enough to become a cog in the machinery of the new order.

This in brief was substantially the contention of William Morris, and apparently Mr. Hubbard has accepted his views as well as the poet's opinion that there are plenty of people who when the opportunity was offered would gladly pay large prices for hand-made work of skilled and artistic artisans. Certain it is that he appreciates the fundamental truth of the contention of Ruskin and Morris as to awakening and developing the beauty side of life, and the importance of cultivating the artistic impulses of the workers; and this brings us to a comparison of Mr. Hubbard's philosophy, as it has been illustrated in practice in his prosperous co-operative experiment, with the ideals and results of other social reformers and communities.

#### V.—SOCIAL VALUE AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE EAST AURORA EXPERIMENT.

The industrial co-operative experiment inaugurated at East Aurora is in my judgment the most interesting, encouraging, and suggestive attempt at co-operation in manual arts and industries of our generation. But just here let me observe that Mr. Hubbard, so far as I know, has never claimed to be attempting to solve the social problem. He has rather sought to show his faith by his works, and let the result of his works testify to the soundness of his philosophic theories. In my judgment the Roycrofters have struck the keynote of success, while countless other far more pretentious and widely heralded social experiments have failed, largely on account of Mr. Hubbard's being philosopher enough to recognize what before him Ruskin and Morris saw—that the imagination as well as the body calls for food, that art as well as bread, beauty as well as raiment, are demanded to satisfy the larger life of our age; and any experiments which disregard these fundamental facts will sooner or later fail.

#### VI.—MR. HUBBARD AND COUNT TOLSTOI COMPARED.

It seems to me that Mr. Hubbard has proved himself the broader-visioned philosopher and the better interpreter of God's great lesson and man's crying need than Count Tolstoi. The latter is one of the noblest figures the world has ever wit-

nessed. There is moral grandeur and heroism in the noble Russian which call for the tribute of every high-thinking man and woman, but it seems to me that the count has fatally overlooked the fundamental demand of life,—he has not considered the lily, with all that that implies, and, strangely enough, with all his wealth of imagination he has failed to learn a lesson which it seems to me the Creator has striven to impress on the minds of the simplest of his children. What is it that we see everywhere in nature? Beauty. From the marvelous formations of crystals; from the stones and gems of earth, the mosses and lichens so artistically colored and so delicately fashioned; from the seed to the thread-like roots and their gossamer fibers; from the leaf to the marvelous flower, wonderful alike in form, color, and perfume; from the flower to the tree; from the lower forms of animal life to man; from the ocean to the mountain; from the valley with its mirror-like lake and silver streams; from the morning sky, flushed with crimson and purple, to the molten gold and flaming scarlet of sunset; from the beauty of spring, the splendor of summer, the gorgeous crown of autumn, and the crystal and snow-mantle of winter—everywhere creation spells out the word Beauty, that the imagination of man may be satisfied and that he may learn the lesson taught by a million tongues. He who seeks to divorce beauty from utility seeks to separate what God has joined together. And here we see the great mistake of many of earth's noblest natures, who have fled from beauty as a thing of danger, and, locking themselves in cloisters or retiring to caves, have sought to save their souls by resolutely closing their eyes to the glorious manifestations of God as he passes before the windows of the soul. It is natural for man to enjoy the beauty of creation, and natural for him to seek to create beauty when his soul has been stimulated by the work of the Supreme Artist; and one of the greatest mistakes, if not crimes, committed by the leaders of the Protestant Reformation was their war on art. Because some artists were ignoble and many of their works unworthy, the austere leaders of the religious protest illogically concluded that all art was sensu-

ous and evil, and they warred against art, never dreaming that they were blindly fighting that which was as natural to the normal and developed soul as hunger is natural to the body.

Now, Count Tolstoi, it seems to me, has repeated in part at least the fatal error of the cloisters of the middle ages and the brutal warfare which Puritanism later waged against the beautiful. He has conceived it to be his duty to serve his fellow-men. Well and good. He believes it his duty to go to the poor and be as one of them. Well and good, if it is to enrich their hard and prosaic existence, giving them an ampler life, richer in all that enriches being. The spirit of altruistic service, the overmastering desire to aid the poor, as manifested by the great Nazarene, calls for the tribute of our love and admiration; but at the same time we cannot fail to deplore his failure to see that with his rich imagination and strong sense of beauty he might, but for mistaking a partial appearance for the whole truth, have enriched an hundredfold the lives of those about him and inaugurated a movement destined to grow rapidly. His mistake, as I see it, lies in his failing to recognize the value of the divine gift of a rich imagination endowed by the All-Father; and, instead of steadily working to lift and glorify other lives, he has to a certain extent treated it as something to be mortified and discouraged. He has imprisoned the singer in his own breast lest its melody awaken the sleepers about him and call forth songs from the souls of the peasants with whom he mingles. If, instead of imitating the coarse and unattractive garb of the ignorant peasants, and insisting on making his clothing without knowing how to do it properly, he would dress with simplicity yet taste; if, instead of striving to bring his home and family down to the level of the poor, he had discarded those things which were useless and might create envy, and yet at the same time had enriched the home with simple objects of beauty, filling the house with flowers and making the lawns blossom with beauty, and at the same time helping his neighbors to beautify their huts and glorify their little yards; if he had in a word striven to make art go hand in hand with utility and had

cloaked morality in the normal mantle of beauty, he would have awakened an enthusiasm in the minds of the young that would have communicated itself to all members of the community,—aye, and would have spread throughout Russia and other lands. I believe at our present stage of development that any plan of life or scheme of social betterment that ignores beauty and seeks to bow out that which is noble in art is doomed at the outset to inevitable failure.

Now, in the work being carried on by Mr. Hubbard we find that recognition of the demands of the imagination and the soul cravings of modern life which is entirely wanting in the austere labors of Count Tolstoi and in the well-meaning efforts of many like exalted and high-minded children of God. Mr. Hubbard has given the world an illustration of what is possible here and now,—possible in any town, village, or hamlet where there are a few men and women who have the genius for directing and enthusing others, the imagination of the artist, the practical methods of the business man, and the love which goes out to all others and seeks to kindle to flame all that is divine in the human soul. The Roycroft experiment has blazed the way for practical reformers who can do very much along the lines outlined, while working for the larger justice which must come as soon as the conscience of the people becomes awakened to the duties devolving on individuals and the demands of the social organism.

#### VII.—UNION OF BEAUTY AND SERVICE, OR ART AND UTILITY.

The semi-religious appearance of the Roycroft shop is noticeable in spite of the afore-mentioned horse-shoe and the redoubtable Ali Baba, to whose name there is no special odor of sanctity and whose appearance suggests a late lamented Tammany chieftain. Mr. Hubbard has long been recognized as the "Pastor of his Flock," and more recently the faithful have christened him Fra Elbertus, a title which it is whispered the pastor has graciously assumed. St. Gerome Roycroft, the sometime blacksmith, now sculptor and worker in stone, also answers to his saintly appellation as naturally as though

it were his Christian name. This strange mingling of the past, present, and future,—this making again of the art books which were the glory of the cloisters of the middle ages, side by side with the iconoclastic and progressive little “magazinelet,” The Philistine,—this union of churchly edifice and drawing-room interior, with the making and selling of books and things, together with this predilection for titles dear to the pious of the vanished centuries, is liable to awaken a question in the curious and philosophic mind. What spell from the cloisters of the past haunts the mind of the “Pastor of his Flock,” who has long been a worshiper at the shrine of Concord’s philosopher, poet, and sage, and whose social ideals are gilded with the light of the twentieth century dawn, that the olden names hold such charm for him? Is it the mystic power of the law of association, or rather the manes of those who made beautiful books in the monastic cells of the middle ages, drawn by the law of attraction to the modern resurrector of the old book-makers’ art? We cannot say; but I have a theory that more than to association or attraction—though they both may exert a strong influence—the semi-religious atmosphere of the Roycroft shop is due to the fact that, consciously or unconsciously, Elbert Hubbard has recognized the truth that in its highest expression religion must comprehend love for the beautiful and service for all. Reverence for God as the supreme expression of wisdom, beauty, and love, wedded to the spirit of helpfulness, or art and utility glorified by love,—these things must be

present in the soul of the truly religious man or woman. He whose days are rich in noble service is treading the royal highway, but if his life is to be full, rich, and well rounded he must consider the lilies also. He must drink life from the dew-mantled dawn and receive peace from the last smile of the departing day. He must find inspiration in the creations of the painter, the children of the sculptor’s brain, the melody of the musician, and the imagination of the poet. He must see and feel how God and his children love to create beauty and harmony. Utility ennobled by art, art glorified by utility,—let these be the watchwords and the ideals of the incoming century, as they have already been made the creed of the Roycrofters. In closing this sketch I must quote a few words from a recent utterance of Mr. Hubbard, which may be said to represent his creed as it reflects the spirit which pervades his work:

I fix my thought on the good that is in every soul and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o’ nights. And I say to you that if you have never known the love, loyalty, and integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty, and integrity are.

I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God’s creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but it shall be only by aiding them to think for themselves; and so mayhap they, of their own accord, will choose the better part,—the ways that lead to life and light.

## AN OMINOUS HERESY TRIAL

BY GEORGE D. COLEMAN

When Galileo was obliged to recant before the judges who represented the ecclesiastical and civil power, there was nothing so remarkable in the trial, although it was regarding a scientific question, as theological thought was the dominant power at that time. The same may be said of the trial of Luther, and in our later times of Briggs and others. Even one hundred and fifty years ago the Rev. Jonathan Ed-

wards discoursed to the satisfaction of his hearers upon “The end of the wicked as contemplated by the righteous,” when he pictured the joy and bliss of the saints in the contemplation of the horrors of the damned in hell as viewed from the ramparts of heaven. To-day the characters which could take any enjoyment in viewing the tortures of even a dumb brute are to be found only among the savage tribes

and in the murderer's cell. In what church to-day would the words and ideas of Edwards be listened to but with horror? Still heresy trials are not an extinct species in the church,—only the people who would have been on trial for heresy one hundred and fifty years ago are now the prosecutors of those who are still more liberal. Theology is intolerant by nature.

These trials in the light of history, like the trial of Jesus, only indelibly stamp the seal of truth and ultimate success upon the defendants. The cause or doctrine which is obliged to appeal to force by that act admits its weakness and indefensibility. Jefferson said: "Error of opinion is not dangerous while discussion is free to combat it."

The most remarkable heresy trial, viewed in the light of history, which the world has yet seen, took place in Berlin, Germany, on November 18, 1899, when Professor Arons, private lecturer at the Berlin University, was charged with promulgating socialistic doctrines before the disciplinary court appointed by the government.

Professor Arons was defended by Professor Schmoller, who demonstrated that years ago Professors Helmholtz and Zeller,

both learned scholars and members of the faculty, were public advocates of social democracy. Still Privy Councilor Elster, of the Ministry of Education, insisted on the removal from office of Professor Arons.

Deputy Heine's eloquent speech in behalf of the defendant closed with these words: "Defeat with Professors Helmholtz and Zeller is better than victory with Elster."

A government court with no ecclesiastical authorities on the bench, or theological professors to urge the prosecution, condemned Professor Arons to removal from office. Probably the higher moral sense of the nineteenth century is all that saved Professor Arons from the prison, if not the scaffold. The priests and scribes forced Pilate, the representative of Caesar, or the civil power, to condemn Jesus, but here the representative of Caesar, the civil power, condemns the principles for which Jesus gave his life.

Surely this is one of the most ominous "signs of the times," and shows that the dawn is very close at hand.

"It must be now the kingdom's coming and the year of Jubilee."

## PERSONAL ATMOSPHERE

BY ANNIE PILLSBURY YOUNG

In a certain orchard there stands a tree upon which grows a sweet and a sour fruit. It is natural for the tree to bear only the sweet fruit, but some experimentalist ventured to tamper with nature by grafting on the sour variety which produced this remarkable result.

In this puzzling old world humanity grows like the tree in the orchard, and the fruits of its existence are joy and sorrow, and there is a theory that at some early period human nature was tampered with and sorrow grafted on where joy only should exist. However this may be, it is the greatest study of the world to-day to increase the harvest of joy and lessen that of sorrow, and every new thought, theory, or invention brought to light with this end in view is gratefully received.

It is plain to the student of human nature that the sweetest joys and bitterest sorrows of life spring from the same source, the mingling and associating together of people. The world will have taken a great step toward happiness when its people come to a better understanding of each other and of themselves.

Have you ever noticed how often in conversation or in print such expressions as these occur: "Her atmosphere is charming," or, "His atmosphere is very disagreeable;" "The atmosphere of their home is peaceful;" or, reading of a noble character in American history, we find that he "lived in Boston surrounded by the moral, intellectual, and scholastic atmosphere of the time?" If so, you must have felt that there is a recognized atmosphere pertain-



ing to person or place which has power to create pleasure or pain, to promote peace or strife, quietness or unrest, and to aid in the development of character.

It has been customary among people of ordinary intellectual capacity to make use of a name or term without looking farther into its meaning; but that day is fast going. It is a fad, if not a passion, of the present time to "want to know," and what we cannot find out for ourselves we call upon science to help us, and science never turns a deaf ear to an inquiring people.

Although this subject of personal atmosphere is comparatively a new one, yet science has already issued her bulletin, saying: "Behold, there is a field white for the harvest and the laborers are few."

Some centuries ago science sent her laborers into the starry fields of the sky and they harvested rich facts regarding the suns, moons, and stars which shine above us, and later she sent them into the interior of the earth and they gave us the testimony of the rocks and soil upon which we build our homes. She placed the air we breathe under the close scrutiny of her investigating agents, and we find safely garnered in books the elements of which it is composed. Through the untiring zeal and industry of her laborers everything that grows, everything that crawls or creeps or swims or flies, is named, and its habits noted and stored away in print. So well have these fields been harvested that all future knowledge must be added as a "P. S." And now the time has come in the world's history when the astronomer cries from the house-top: "O Mother Science, see what great service I have rendered to the world. Before I went into the fields the sun was God, the stars the lights he hung in the sky to light the world while he slept." The electrician darts his fiery words through space: "Not so great, O Science, as the service I have rendered. Before I came the lightning was a devil and the thunder God's awful voice. No longer does the lightning haunt its lurid freedom unchained by human hands in the face of the world; now it works like a day laborer, it turns a crank to light a city or drill a faulty tooth." The geolo-

gist and archeologist, twin brothers who work together in pleasant comradeship, claim to have changed the world's history and added thousands of years to her age and knowledge. The men of medical science have explored the house we live in, discovered the circulation of the blood and the nervous system, and have named and classified all of the functions of the human body. And so it is comparatively easy to learn something about the stars, the ever changing sky, the earth, the vegetable and animal kingdoms of the earth, and of human life so far as our physical being is concerned; for there are books to consult upon which science has placed her authenticating stamp.

But to learn something of the soul, or that indefinable "you" or "I" which dwells in this house not made with hands, is a difficult matter. We soon exhaust all reliable sources of information, and go wandering into the fields of psychological speculation; and this is a large field full of hills and hollows, with not a few dangerous pitfalls, but in it grow many varieties of truth and error also. It is to this field that science calls her laborers to-day, that truth may be gathered and stored for future generations and error left to perish.

A short time ago some daring prospectors went into the Klondyke and brought back some nuggets of gold which stood the test of the crucible. We all know what happened. Even so the dauntless psychologist has entered this field of speculation called mental science, and gathered a few nuggets of ore which science is now testing, while the people are waiting further developments.

There is one point, however, that has been universally conceded, namely, that each person has a distinct individuality and carries with him a certain atmosphere which is felt by all with whom he comes in contact.

This may seem a small matter for consideration, but when one stops to think that this personal atmosphere may be pleasant or unpleasant, helpful or harmful, it assumes importance, and it is wise for us to think how man comes by this characteristic. One says that it is his nature; he inherited it from a long line of an-

cestors. Another, that his position in life, the times in which he lives, and the people with whom he associates are entirely responsible.

The astrologer "knows" that the star under which he was born determined whether his atmosphere should be jovial or melancholy, and there are those who claim that these and other outward forces create the atmosphere of the man. If this were true man would be as free from responsibility regarding his personal atmosphere as he is for the shape of his nose or the color of his hair, and it would behoove us to treat a bad atmosphere with the same obliviousness which we do a deformed body or an enfeebled mind.

We are thankful that these prospectors in the fields of psychological speculation have already given us facts sufficient to disprove this proposition, and to make it plain that man is the creator of his own atmosphere. "But how?" you ask. What is the underlying principle of York Cathedral or Brooklyn Bridge? Thought; in the case of the latter one man's thought. The workers in iron and steel were dominated by his thought, and without it Brooklyn Bridge would not have been. If thought has the power to build a cathedral or span a river, why not to build a character or create a personal atmosphere? It has and it does. A man's environments are only the raw materials, the unquarried marble, the unmined ore, out of which he can build a temple or span the chasm between good and evil.

It is a popular idea that thoughts cannot be controlled and worked with like brick with plumb and line, but like winged seeds must dart hither and thither according to the wind. This is in a measure true; still the illustration used shows that man can concentrate his thoughts to a purpose if he tries.

A long time ago Locke told us that we "were born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, but it was only the exercise of these powers which gave us ability and skill in anything that leads us toward perfection," and experience has proved his statement to be true. A man who does not use his abilities loses them.

Pope gave us a bit of good advice when he said, "The proper study of mankind is

man," and we profit by it to some extent, —only it is the other man whom we study. It is a rare thing for the average man to consider, "What manner of a man am I?"

In other men we faults can spy  
And blame the note that dims their eye;  
Each little speck and blemish find,  
To our own stronger error blind.

If we would be sure of a delightful or even an agreeable personal atmosphere a little time might be profitably spent in self study.

A better plan than trying to see ourselves as others see us is to form in our minds an ideal of such an atmosphere as we would rejoice to possess, and then bend our thoughts and energies toward creating it. In so doing the faults of our old personality will be choked out by our newly acquired virtues, and will "drop off like dead leaves when the time comes."

To illustrate and classify some of the most pronounced personal atmospheres with which we have to contend, let us imagine that some bright spring morning you start for a walk to enjoy the sunshine, the fresh air, the twitter of the birds, and to feast your eyes on the bursting buds and tints of approaching summer. You feel in love with nature and at peace with yourself.

Unexpectedly you meet a friend of times past, give her a quick smile of recognition and hurry along. Time was when you would have turned about, caught step with her, or bidden her walk awhile with you. Then you looked up to her, you relied upon her superior judgment, she pointed out to you defects and blemishes in people and things which you never would have discovered unaided, and you were thankful.

But as time passed this keen insight of your friend became more marked, and often robbed you of pleasure; at last the critical atmosphere grew so intense about her that your instinct of self-preservation forced you to retreat. You do not catch step with her this morning because her fault-finding atmosphere is now powerful enough to hush in your soul the song which the voice of spring is singing. You vaguely understand this, and she not at all; she never dreams that it is through

any fault of her own that you hasten on. The pity of it!

Your conduct would have been the same had you met the martyr. Upon seeing her pale and doleful face there would have risen in your heart an honest desire to say something comforting, but from past experience you choke down the sensation and pass on; for, had you remarked on the freshness of the morning, she would have said, "Yes; 'twas just this time of year when Willie was taken sick." Had you spoken of the noisy birds, she would have sighed and told you that she couldn't bear to hear them, for "Willie liked the birds." If you had spoken of the dew sparkling in the sunshine, instantly would have come the reply, "Yes, I see, that means a siege of neuralgia for me,—I have my feet damp already." Or, if you had ignored nature and spoken of yourself, how you had taken an hour off from household duties to get a breath of spring, you would have been informed that nothing but sickness ever took her away from home, because she had so much to do,—that she ought to be washing or ironing or sewing this very minute.

Everything which you might have said would have added a fagot to the fire with which fate had surrounded her to increase her life-long suffering. You were not strong enough to tell her that her next-door neighbor had suffered the loss of husband, children, and property, and yet kept a brave face toward the world, and was a constant inspiration to weaker ones. It might have done her good, or she might have sighed and said, "But that woman never suffered as I have." So she goes through the world deaf to sweet sounds, blind to beautiful sights, hopeless, intent only on suffering to the bitter end. Self-inflicted martyrdom, the atmosphere of which hurts doubly because those who seek to alleviate see with sorrow their best efforts converted into fuel to feed the flame.

But there are others, of lesser importance perhaps, whose personal atmosphere would not add to the pleasure of a morning walk. The one, for instance, with the atmosphere of curiosity, who could not let you pass until the why and wherefore and all of the petty details of your

being out so early were discovered, and upon receiving the slightest encouragement would not hesitate to pry open the lid to your very soul and paw over its sacred contents.

Or the person with the atmosphere of suspicion, who, if from excess of cheerfulness you should happen to greet her more cordially than usual, would fall to speculating upon what you wanted now and would inwardly wager that you were fishing for favors; who, if you wore no gloves, would say that you desired to display your diamonds, if you had gloves on would suspect you of undue vanity in having dainty hands; and who would spend at least a half-hour after parting wondering if you did not mean something disagreeable by what you said,—a most uncomfortable atmosphere, and we don't blame you for the quick smile of recognition, for this is God's morning and yours, and no breath of suspicion has a right to come between you.

It might have been the superior person, the one who affects you as the Murdstones did poor David Copperfield. The minute you catch sight of him or her you begin to forget everything you ever knew, and after a few minutes' walk turn about for home, empty—not even the power of appreciation left. You watch the receding form of your friend with an indescribable feeling of having suffered injustice. The overpowering atmosphere of superiority enveloped you like a cloud through which you could not see, hear, or smell anything worth mentioning.

She had very little to say, but with a slow, scrutinizing glance, a patronizing pat or smile, punctured your best efforts to be agreeable, and you feel the life and vitality slowly ooze out, leaving your words and sentences hanging shriveled and limp before your disquieted mind. You would have been happier had she robbed you of your purse and left you standing penniless in a distant street than to rob you of your peace of mind and leave in its place a feeling that you, atom that you were, had been intruding upon the spring morning, and had much better be back in your insignificant home washing your insignificant dishes.

In holding up these types for inspection we must not be cruelly deaf to the words of the American poet who would have us understand that "the good are half bad and the bad are half good." Personal atmosphere need not necessarily be classed under the head of morals.

These men and women may feed the hungry, visit the sick, clothe the naked, tell the truth, and show a proper regard for the property of others. They have only carelessly or unwittingly allowed a trait, not altogether bad when possessed in a moderate degree, to become abnormally developed until it predominates and stamps their atmosphere.

A bed of pansies overgrown with morning-glory vines displays first the vines, and few stop to search for the pansies beneath.

There is a brighter side to this question. Humanity, in spite of its semi-ignorance of finer possibilities and almost entire freedom from any feeling of responsibility in the matter, has given to the world many charming and helpful personal atmospheres. There is little need to enumerate or specify; you recognize them at a glance, and all that is noble or lovable in your own nature will rise to do them honor.

But from pure pleasure I cannot resist mentioning your friend with the restful atmosphere. He does not lead your mind away from your own cares and vexations only to make you a partaker of his. He does not take you into his workshop to show you how he hammers and carves his way through life's difficulties; he does not weary you with long accounts of disagreeable events that have passed. On the contrary, the merest trifle will serve to remind him of some pleasant anecdote or experience. A dandelion blossom by the wayside will be a sufficient stretch of canvas for him to paint a rural scene filled with serenity, comfort, and peace. A crooked old tree in the park will inspire him to tell you of a similar one growing in a certain meadow, its boughs overhanging a quiet pool of clear water; he will tell you how the field daisies grew to the water's edge and how he used to steal away with a book and climb into this old tree to read, and how, when his eyes grew

tired, he would gaze down into the water and watch the daisies, real and reflected, shaking their heads in the breeze as if in perpetual wonderment at daisies looking up and daisies looking down, and you will take these pictures home with you to hang henceforth in the art gallery of your soul. And when you hear the name of your friend mentioned in connection with business or politics you will contemplate these pictures and feel that the artist who produced them can play no mean part in the affairs of men. In the serene atmosphere of such people we walk by the "still waters" in this turbulent world, and for a time "fear no evil," but are filled with a sense of rest and peace. Next to the atmosphere of love there is none so desirable as the restful atmosphere.

One rare, sweet woman who spent most of her life in this little town, and whose memory we delight to honor, was blessed with (or had acquired, who shall say?) an atmosphere which, like the shadow of St. Peter, healed all upon whom it fell. A loving atmosphere. I remember, when a little motherless child, how glad it made me to meet her on the street. She did not always speak. On one occasion she was standing in conversation with two ladies. I happened to pass; she put out her hand and touched me, and smiled, and somehow I knew that she was good. I knew then, what her more intimate friends have since told me, that her thoughts were noble and charitable, that she was sympathetic and kind, that she cherished no ill feelings in her heart to mar the sweetness of her face. Her life was not all sunshine. She had losses, disappointments, and humiliations, and doubtless had to struggle against many imperfections of character. Yet, in spite of all, she was outwardly brave and helpful. She did not allow her thoughts to dwell upon "the seamy side of life" or the imperfect side of human character, and so her atmosphere was beautiful and inspiring. Even now, though she walks with us no more or meets us face to face, her personal atmosphere still lingers to cheer and to bless.

We come now to the broader side of this subject. Speaking of nations we say Spain has an atmosphere of weak pride

and vindictiveness, France an enthusiastic and impulsive atmosphere, England an atmosphere of solidity. We arrive at these conclusions because the average Spaniard whom we meet will exhibit an undue amount of pride and a strong desire to get even. The average Frenchman will strike you as being very enthusiastic and impulsive, and who would fail to pick out an Englishman just over from Britain? Thus we find that the prevailing atmosphere of the individual stamps the nation. This being true, what would be the result if the average American should create for himself an atmosphere only half as good as the restful man or sweet woman whom I have described? In a short time America would be known over the whole world as the loving nation.

You think that would be impossible,—that it would take a thousand years? What if it does? England has been a long time building her national atmosphere, and she worked in the dark.

Our nation is young and fearless, and has the light of a new day in which to grasp and utilize truths which science discovers.

Let us cultivate right habits of thought,—let us make them hospitable, cheerful, helpful, and upbuilding; for we are not only creating our own personal atmosphere, but that of our homes, town, state, nation.

For I hold it true that thoughts are things,  
Endowed with body, breath, and wings,  
And that we send them forth to fill  
The world with good results or ill.

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

### TWELFTH PAPER

#### "MONADNOC."—IV.

These gray crags  
Not on crags are hung,  
But beads are of a rosary  
On prayer and music strung.

We have considered what may be a meaning of the metaphor, "prayer," in the above lines. We will now suggest a few thoughts in regard to the word "music." Here, too, we are amid "centuple meanings."

A moody child and wildly wise  
Pursued the game with joyful eyes,  
Which chose, like meteors, their way,  
And rived the dark with private ray:  
They overleapt the horizon's edge,  
Searched with Apollo's privilege;  
Through man, and woman, and sea, and star,  
Saw the dance of nature forward far;  
Through worlds, and races, and terms, and times,  
Saw musical order and pairing rhymes.

These lines are a prelude to Emerson's essay on "The Poet." The reader will see that words are used in a sense not sustained by any dictionary, that is to say, they are used as metaphors, and so in changed or raised meanings. "Musical

order and pairing rhymes" are seen only by the poet. His eyes "choose like meteors their way." Meteors do not have regular orbits, and by "private ray" we may understand perceptions peculiar to the poet,—not the common vision. "Overleapt the horizon's edge" would indicate the vast scope and range of the poet's eyes. "Searched with Apollo's privilege,"—Apollo is a name for the sun, and by another move is a name for light.

Through man, and woman, and sea, and star,  
Saw the dance of nature forward far,

shows scope and range again. "Through worlds, and races, and terms, and times," the same; and in all this compass of the poet's vision are declarations of music, or "musical order and pairing rhymes," these alternations still meaning music. The "gray crags" are beads of a rosary on prayer and music strung. We have seen what prayer means. We have now a glimpse of what music means. The beads of a rosary are mnemonic signs reminding the devotee of completed sections in the rehearsal of a prayer. The rosary spans the whole prayer. I need not call atten-

tion to the truth and beauty apparent in this imagery. We may give still further illustration in regard to this metaphor of music. In the essay on "The Poet" we read the following: "Theologians think it a pretty air-castle to talk of the spiritual meaning of a ship or a cloud, of a city, or a contract, but they prefer to come again to the solid ground of historical evidence; and even the poets are contented with a civil and conformed manner of living, and to write poems from the fancy, at a safe distance from their own experience. But the highest minds of the world have never ceased to explore the double meaning, or, shall I say, the quadruple, or the centuple, or much more manifold meaning, of every sensuous fact: Orpheus, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Plato, Plutarch, Dante, Swedenborg, and the masters of sculpture, picture, and poetry." Again he says: "Poetry was all written before time was, and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings, and attempt to write them down, but we lose ever and anon a word, or a verse, and substitute something of our own, and thus miswrite the poem. The men of more delicate ear write down these cadences more faithfully, and these transcripts, though imperfect, become the songs of the nations." One attempting a solution of these mysteries and apparently misty or mystical words in which "music" occurs will see how much other and different meanings are needed. "We are symbols and inhabit symbols; workmen, work, and tools, words and things, birth and death, all are emblems; but we sympathize with the symbols, and, being infatuated with the economical uses of things, we do not know that they are thoughts. The poet, by an ulterior intellectual perception, gives them a power which makes their old use forgotten, and puts eyes and a tongue into every inanimate object. He perceives the independence of the thought on the symbol, the stability of the thought, the accidentality and fugacity of the symbol. As the eyes of Lynceus were said to see through the earth, so the poet turns the world to glass, and shows us all things in their right series and procession. For, through that better

perception, he stands one step nearer to things, and sees the flowing or metamorphosis; perceives that thought is multi-form; that within the form of every creature is a force impelling it to ascend into a higher form; and, following with his eyes the life, uses the forms that express that life, and so his speech flows with the flowing of nature. All the facts of the animal economy,—sex, nutriment, gestation, birth, growth,—are symbols of the passage of the world into the soul of man, to suffer there a change, and reappear a new and higher fact." "A rhyme in one of our sonnets should not be less pleasing than the iterated nodes of a sea-shell, or the resembling difference of a group of flowers. The pairing of the birds is an idyl, not tedious as our idyls are; a tempest is a rough ode, without falsehood or rant; a summer, with its harvest sown, reaped, and stored, is an epic song, subordinating how many admirably executed parts. Why should not the symmetry and truth that modulate these glide into our spirits, and we participate the invention of nature?" Poetry, says Emerson, is "God's wine," and poets are "liberating gods."

In the poem, "Merlin," we have the metaphor of music again. I call music in these instances a metaphor, because Emerson does not here use the word in its literal sense.

We call poetry song, although it is not sung. The first poets no doubt sang their poems. Song, meaning a poem, is now a figure. Emerson is his own Merlin. He describes under this name his own ideal of a poet, so far as art is concerned. In the poem, "Saadi," he describes himself also, or what he aspires to be, but as a man rather than as an artist. "Merlin" is in two parts, and we are now in the first part:

Thy trivial harp will never please  
Or fill my craving ear;  
Its chords should ring as blows the breeze,  
Free, peremptory, clear.  
No jingling serenader's art,  
Nor tinkle of piano strings,  
Can make the wild blood start  
In its mystic springs.  
The kingly bard  
Must smite the chords rudely and hard,  
As with hammer or with mace;  
That they may render back  
Artful thunder, which conveys

Secrets of the solar track,  
 Sparks of the supersolar blaze.  
 Merlin's blows are strokes of fate,  
 Chiming with the forest tone,  
 When boughs buffet boughs in the wood;  
 Chiming with the gasp and moan  
 Of the ice-imprisoned flood;  
 With the pulse of manly hearts;  
 With the voice of orators;  
 With the din of city arts;  
 With the cannonade of wars;  
 With the marches of the brave;  
 And prayers of might from martyrs' cave.

These predicates grammatically belong to music, but they mean verse. They have some of the attributes of music. They have rhythm and harmony. They are called music by that rhetorical figure called *synecdoche*, by which a part stands for a whole.

In the second part of "Merlin" rhyme is used as a metaphor. One fact stands over against another. This antithesis or correlation is called a rhyme. There are two sides to every atom. This Emerson would call a rhyme. In this generosity of connotation he would give us rhymes everywhere.

The rhyme of the poet  
 Modulates the king's affairs.

The king cannot escape the consequences of his acts. He is powerless to break the connection in that fatal and so universal rhyme of cause and effect. This is God's chancery, and the king cannot escape its decrees. How significant the word "modulate" as applied to the affairs of the king, as if the balance, the returns, the compensation are music, which even in apparent discord is king over him, and which he must obey.

Balance-loving Nature  
 Made all things in pairs.  
 To every foot its antipode;  
 Each color with its counter glowed;  
 To every tone beat answering tones,  
 Higher or graver;  
 Flavor gladly blends with flavor;  
 Leaf answers leaf upon the bough,  
 And match the paired cotyledons.  
 Hands to hands, and feet to feet,  
 In one body grooms and brides;  
 Eldest rite, two married sides  
 In every mortal meet.

Here also we find that wonderful verse:

Perfect-paired as eagle's wings.  
 Justice is the rhyme of things.  
 Trade and counting use

The self-same tuneful muse;  
 And Nemesis,  
 Who with even matches odd,  
 Who athwart space redresses  
 The partial wrong,  
 Fills the just period,  
 And finishes the song.

The words "partial wrong" are a wise precaution, since Nemesis is swift to the rounding of wrong into full period or circle. Compensation overtakes it and annuls it.

We now go back to "Monadnoc" and ask again, What does Emerson mean by music in this passage?

These gray crags  
 Not on crags are hung,  
 But beads are of a rosary  
 On prayer and music strung.

We have seen that prayer does not mean prayer; but a phenomenon having some of the attributes of prayer is, by *synecdoche*, called by the name of prayer. We remember that words, especially with poets, have many meanings. Emerson's vocabulary especially shows wonderful accommodation and plasticity. He quotes the "title, for their order, of the old British bards," "those who are free throughout the world." They are free and they make free,—free as Robin Hoods. Catch them if you can. Like squirrels they jump from limb to limb, and in a last extremity leap off to another tree. How can you confute a man when he makes his own definitions? Somewhere among the centuple meanings he finds shelter at last. In this way, and in the illustrations from "Merlin," we see his justification in the word music. Every atom of the crag shows two sides—the primal rhyme; and if the philosophers are right every atom is in rapid and unending vibration. "Motion and rest," says Emerson of nature: "you can write her code upon your thumb-nail."

For the world was built in order,  
 And the atoms march in tune;  
 Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,  
 The sun obeys them and the moon.  
 Orb and atom forth they prance,  
 When they hear from far the rune;  
 None so backward in the troop,  
 When the music and the dance  
 Reach his place and circumstance,  
 But knows the sun-creating sound,  
 And, though a pyramid, will bound.

When the conditions are fulfilled it is not a question of mass or quantity,—small bodies and large. Monadnoc came in the chorus of the ancient causes, and Monadnoc will go away when the gamut old of Pan shall strike the note of the warder, Time.

From the line, "If thou trowest," to "And soon my cone shall spin," is only one compound sentence, and as a whole there does not appear to be perfect grammatical coherence. The reader must help out a little. "Can thy style-discerning eye" is the refractory member.

Knowest thou this?

That is to say, the conditions in the preceding lines. Then how does it follow,—

Already my rocks lie light,  
And soon my cone will spin.

I do not know how to explain these lines save by the figure called "vision." Lotze says matter is an event. It is an appearance which takes place upon the concurrence of certain factors or conditions. Monadnoc seems a substantial fact, but, as Emerson says elsewhere, "Chemistry can blow it into gas." It will not remain a mountain above a certain thermic degree. It is not a thing, but an agglomeration of things. And to see the law, and know that all agglomerations are in a dance and at the bidding of the "warder, Time," allows, poetically, the change of tense which says "already" to "lie light" of the rocks and "spin" of "my cone."

We are getting along slowly. Perhaps we are attempting too much. Perhaps the reader would like to do a little of this reading.

Monadnoc is a mountain strong.  
Tall and good my kind among;  
But well I know, no mountain can,  
Zion or Meru, measure with man.  
For it is on zodiacs writ,  
Adamant is soft to wit:  
And when the greater comes again  
With my secret in his brain,  
I shall pass, as glides my shadow  
Daily over hill and meadow.

Some of these lines are very obscure in their meaning. It is impossible to tell just what they mean. The expedient of

"centuple meaning" is not a sure resource. These lines have been changed from their form in the volume of 1847. We cannot see that they have been made any better. Indeed, we like the first form in preference to this. The first form ran thus:

But well I know, no mountain can  
Measure with a perfect man,  
For it is on temples writ,  
Adamant is soft to wit.

The old form certainly reads more rhythmically than the new. So much for the ear. As to the sense, is not mountain, simply a generic name, safer than the specific names of Zion and Meru. Zion has a great place in what is called sacred literature, first of the Jews and then of such nations as have adopted a Jewish vocabulary, but out of literature, and in the world of things, it is not a mountain at all. It is not higher above Jerusalem street levels than Beacon Hill in Boston. The State House would very well represent Solomon's Temple, and the Common would represent the courts of the Temple, so far as extent and relative elevation are concerned. Meru is a sacred mountain in India. It has a certain fabulous interest, as Caucasus to the Greeks, because people know but little about it. You could say what you pleased about it, and nobody would know to the contrary.

For it is on temples writ,  
That adamant is soft to wit.

Why did Emerson make this change? Perhaps he found it was not writ on temples. But that was no objection to a poet. The accuracy of the scientist or historian is not required of poets. It is enough that a thing is true in its law and spirit and tone. Hence fable, metaphor, parable, allegory, hyperbole, and a somewhat pliant and elastic metonymy. The legend was "writ," constructively if not in strict speech. It was there by implication. The temple was once a part of the mountain. It became a temple—its adamant—by wit. Nature could not build it. The mountain yielded like wax or snow to the hand of art. How could the legend be said to be written on zodiacs?



Very beautiful and sublime as tablets, but what do they show of "wit" or of phenomena indicating wit? We give the term "wit," sometimes, a broad signification, meaning intelligence in general. The zodiac, what we know of it, would certainly show intelligence, but should we call such intelligence wit? But we would fain have wit enough not to say too much upon this point. We shall not "vote for the amendment," however.

We find a more serious problem with the four following lines:

And when the greater comes again  
With my secret in his brain,  
I shall pass, as glides my shadow  
Daily over hill and meadow.

This gets us back to melody, but what is the meaning of it?

Already my rocks lie light,  
And soon my cone will spin.

We have seen above how we may think a meaning into these words. We must somehow use the same optics for the passage before us.

"The universe seen by God," says Emerson, "is not a mass of facts, but a transparent law." We put fire and powder in contact, and an explosion ensues. What does science want of the fact or event, knowing the nature of these two agents. The same with all that happens in chemistry or mechanics. Knowing the law, we see events before they take place. To God, who represents all knowledge, things that are to be are already. The facts lie as present realities in their causes. All that ever was is now in its effects. To us the effects seem to have added something, but to God nothing is added. To God even things are not things. He transcends things as well as events. His name is "I Am." There is nothing else. Thoughts like these hint to us how we may convert all tenses into the present tense. "If thou knowest how the chemic eddies play, pole to pole, and what they say, and that these gray crags not on crags are hung, but beads are of a rosary on prayer and music strung; and if credulous, through the granite seeming, thou seest the smile of reason beaming; and if thy style-discerning eye can spy the hidden-working

builder, who builds and makes no chips, no din, with hammer soft as snow-flake's flight,—if thou knowest all this, then, O pilgrim, wandering not amiss," this mountain is no longer a fact, its rocks are gone, its cone is not a cone. All has vanished into a dream. Turn to the poem called "The World-Soul."

And what if trade sow cities  
Like shells along the shore,  
And thatch with towns the prairie broad  
With railways ironed o'er?—  
They are but sailing foam-bells  
Along thought's coursing stream,  
And take their shape and sun-color  
From him that sends the dream.

This is an extreme paroxysm of idealism. It is well to have a little of it just for vaccination. It will be only varioloid after a little while, and save us from something worse. The something worse is perhaps in the following:

Through all time, in light, in gloom,  
Well I hear the approaching feet  
On the flinty pathway beat  
Of him that cometh, and shall come;  
Of him who shall as lightly bear  
My daily load of woods and streams  
As doth this round sky-cleaving boat  
Which never strains its rocky beams;  
Whose timbers as they silent float,  
Alps and Caucasus uprear,  
And the long Alleghanies here,  
And all town-sprinkled lands that be,  
Sailing through stars with all their history.

The "sky-cleaving boat" is of course the earth. Who is he to whom Monadnoc's burden shall be light as its larger burden is light to the earth? "Through all time, in light, in gloom, well I hear the approaching feet," says Monadnoc, "on the flinty pathway beat, of him that cometh, and shall come." If "he" means life, mind, man, then his upward advancing steps, through succeeding strata of the slowly forming rocks and the evolution that attends them, may well be called a "flinty way." He cometh and shall come, and the other predicates may hint at what Emerson has expressed elsewhere—the subjection of nature to the mind of man.

"The kingdom of man over nature, which cometh not with observation,—a

dominion such as is now beyond his dream of God, he shall enter without more wonder than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to perfect sight." The advance that has been made in science and in various and innumerable inventions shows a tendency, since Emerson wrote them in 1835 in the little treatise on "Nature," which would seem to justify those apparently extravagant predictions. "Nature is not fixed, but fluid. Spirit alters, molds, makes it." "The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God, a projection of God in the unconscious." "Who can set bounds to the possibilities of man?" "Idealism saith: Matter is a phenomenon, not a substance. Idealism acquaints us

with the total disparity between the evidence of our own being and the evidence of the world's being." "The sensual man conforms thoughts to things; the poet conforms things to thoughts. The one esteems nature as rooted and fast; the other as fluid, and impresses his being thereon. To him the refractory world is ductile and flexible; he invests dust and stones with humanity, and makes them the words of the reason." "Idealism sees the world in God. It beholds the whole circle of persons and things, of actions and events, of country and religion, not as painfully accumulated, atom after atom, act after act, in an aged, creeping past, but as one vast picture which God paints on the instant eternity for the contemplation of the soul."

## A GARDEN SPOT OF THE NORTHLAND\*

BY A. H. FLOWER, M. D.

For almost a full century after the close of the War of the Revolution the United States was justly regarded by the nations of Europe as the El Dorado of the home seekers and home makers.

Long before the struggle for independence sturdy and daring men and women, with moral force woven into the very fiber of their being, had fought the most terrible battles known to pioneer life, until they had fringed the Atlantic coast, from pine-clad Acadia to the flower-spangled sands of Florida, with thrifty and prosperous colonies. These sturdy heroes came largely in search of freedom,—not merely

freedom of body, but the larger and more precious liberty to think according to the dictates of conscience, and to express in word and life the truths which to them were more precious than the life of the body. For this they cheerfully braved hardships such as have seldom come into the lives of pioneers, and with a resolution beyond praise firmly laid the foundation for a great free government.

The War of the Revolution engrossed all the energies of life and made terrible demands upon the colonies, but with its close came the new world fact,—a free nation which, with the superb courage and daring of youth, called to the poor, the ignorant, and the oppressed of all lands to come and enjoy its new-found liberty and build homes in a world where land was as free as the air and water, and where government rested with the citizen. It was at the close of the Revolution that the tide of life, which for eight years had been arrested in its westward flow, began again to invade the frontiers. Over the Appalachian Mountains, with rifle, axe, pick, and hoe, went the army of home builders, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups. The story of the battle in the

[\*This contribution on the free lands of the Northwest is one of a series of papers designed to be of practical value to home makers and bread-winners. A few months since we published a paper on "Trout Culture in New England." Recently we devoted considerable space to a description of the Mills buildings in New York, and during 1900 we propose to publish a number of contributions which we hope will be of real value to the toilers, and especially to those who seek to build homes. The author of this contribution, in submitting his paper, says: "I have given some impressions received from my recent trip to western Ontario, together with a few facts regarding the great garden spot in the central north, which I sincerely trust will at least have the merit of being instructive. I also venture to hope that they may be the means of helping some of the thousands of sturdy young men who are out of work to the possession of happy homes in what I believe will surely become one of the richest agricultural sections in the new world."—Editor of The Coming Age.]

primeval forests and virgin prairies of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois constitutes one of the most thrilling chapters in modern life, as it is also one of the most encouraging to brave and resolute youth.

The Mississippi River scarcely caused a temporary halt in the western tide of emigration; and on the rich soil of Missouri and Iowa the curling smoke from thousands of cabins told the story of advancing civilization. The utilization of steam for transportation and the discovery of gold in California wrought a rapid transformation in the far West; and though the railway greatly accelerated the processes of settlement and lessened in a very material degree the hardships of pioneer life, the change was by no means an unmixed blessing. With the advent of the railroad the slow but normal growth of the country gave way to rapid settlement, and in many cases to an artificial or mushroom growth. The projectors of railways also received vast domains of immensely rich land and held them for speculative purposes, and the old order gave way to a feverish and abnormal condition. As a result the march of civilization was so hastened that, before a century had passed from the birth of the republic, by far the greater portion of all the valuable free lands of our nation had disappeared, and during the past quarter of a century we as a people have been called upon to face new and disquieting conditions. The spectacle of the out-of-works trudging from farm to farm, from village to village, from city to city, is something new in our history, and yet already it is so common that it scarcely calls for comment from the average citizen. How to meet this new condition in the wisest manner is the overshadowing problem of our time. Doubtless there will be some fundamental economic changes wrought during the next generation that will make for juster and happier conditions; but these changes must necessarily be slow, and during the waiting season it behooves thoughtful citizens to seek in so far as possible to help the out-of-works to help themselves in such a way as best to conserve the interests of the individual and society. This can be accomplished in no way so well as by helping them to

secure homes where they will live the normal life. No fact is more portentous to students of national life and human advancement than the presence of congested centers with home life at a minimum. I think it was Robert Owen who in substance declared that the nation in which the urban population increased, and the suburban declined, was a nation that was sick unto death. The philosopher who raised the cry, "Back to the country!" expressed a demand of national life and individual progress, whose deeper significance even the most thoughtless of us are beginning to understand. The contact with nature in her beauty and purity, the freedom and self-reliance, and the rest for the mind from artificial excitement and the flooding of the imagination with ill-digested and multitudinous phenomena, such as greet the city child from the cradle to death, give to country life the conditions for natural, healthful growth, no less necessary for the development of character in the individual than for the permanent rise and advance of national life; and the statesman who succeeds in so interesting a community or state in the importance of good roads, the inventor and manufacturer who make and bring within the reach of millions vehicles for transportation at a low cost, and the commonwealth which sees to it that the roads and transportation are such that the workers in the great cities may have an opportunity to enjoy homes surrounded by a little patch, say an acre of land, and thus live in a measure in the country, even though working in the cities, one and all will prove benefactors in the largest sense of the term. But here again time is required to work changes which present conditions demand with imperious voice. I am of those who believe that no more important work lies before us than helping others to the ownership of homes, and especially homes in the country, or where the workers can cultivate the soil and come in such close touch with nature that they can, in a measure at least, live the natural life.

It was largely these convictions, which have grown in me during the past decade, that caused me to regard with more than ordinary interest the effort recently put

forth by the Canadian Government looking to the settlement of the great wheat-field section of western Ontario by giving free homes to actual settlers.

For two years I had not corresponded with my friend, R. A. Burriss, of Port Arthur, from whom I had learned much of the natural resources of western Ontario and the effort being put forth by the Dominion Government to induce desirable settlers to locate in the valleys of that province. From him I had also received some pressing invitations to come and see the resources of the new empire of natural wealth of which our people were comparatively ignorant. Circumstances, however, rendered it impossible for me to accept his invitation until the early part of September, when I found it would be possible for me to pay a short visit to Port Arthur and the Rainy River district. The country impressed me so favorably, and the opportunities offered by the Ontario Government seem so advantageous to home seekers, that I feel that a very brief recital of what I saw and a statement of certain facts relative to the region will prove interesting.

Port Arthur, as the reader doubtless knows, is situated on the northern shores of Lake Superior, and is a shipping point of importance. Here, during the months when the lake is open, great cargoes of grain, lumber, minerals, and other products of this rapidly developing country are shipped to the States or eastward on the numerous freight and passenger steamers which ply the lakes. Port Arthur and its sister city of Fort Williams are as yet in their infancy, but it is the vigorous infancy which speaks of a glorious maturity. This fact will, I think, be very apparent to all who become acquainted with the wonderfully rich and diversified resources of the region lying north of the lakes, or extending to the Hudson Bay and westward to the Rockies.

I have traveled over most of the States in our country, and have given considerable attention to the resources of the various sections; and I can frankly say that I know of no region where there is richer land, or where the advantages offered to the sturdy, brave-hearted poor are so inviting as in this wonderful

country which at almost every point completely surpassed my expectations, and perhaps I cannot do better than make a concise statement of facts touching points of real interest to home seekers.

#### GENERAL ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY.

The general aspect of the country is very charming to lovers of nature. The land is richly diversified by ranges of hills and mountains, broad valleys, beautiful lakes and rivers. Here one finds magnificent forests in primeval glory, and beautiful prairies whose virgin soil has never felt the touch of iron.

Before passing to a notice of the soil and productions of the region I would, however, mention its rich mineral resources. Gold, silver, and iron are found in rich deposits. Out of one little island near Port Arthur over three million dollars' worth of silver alone have been taken. The gold mines are becoming very important, and are being worked extensively with the most modern machinery. Indeed, mining has for some years been the foremost industry of this region and is rapidly growing in importance. This gives the pioneer farmer and gardener the advantage of a splendid market at his door, rarely ever enjoyed by the early settlers of a new country.

#### SOIL.

The soil is as diversified as are the general aspects of the country, there being white, red, and gray clay, sand loam, clay loam, and mother loam, with much black muck. In places the ground is rocky, but in the valleys for the most part one finds deep, rich soil. Along the rivers the land is especially productive. During the past decade great numbers of emigrants have availed themselves of the liberal inducements made to actual settlers by the Canadian Government, which, following the example of our republic in the old days, has offered one hundred and sixty acres of land free to actual settlers. At the present time the largest body of free land is found in the Rainy River Valley, north of Port Arthur, where there are more than six hundred thousand acres of splendid agricultural land. The soil here is ten to thirty feet deep, and is very rich.

There are also thousands of acres of good land in the valleys of the Slate, White Fish, and other rivers.

#### WHAT THE SOIL PRODUCES.

The summers are not so long here as farther south, but the rich soil, the abundance of moisture, and equable climate from May until autumn, favor large crops. Among the things that thrive the best may be mentioned wheat, both spring and fall, oats, barley, buckwheat, clover, timothy, rye, potatoes, celery, squash, pumpkins, asparagus, turnips, onions, and garden products common to northern lands. The bountiful yield of cereals, grasses, and vegetables is only equaled by the prolific crops of such wild fruits as raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, and black currants. I passed over great stretches of land which have been covered with these wild fruits, and my friends assured me that thousands of bushels of wild strawberries and raspberries had gone to waste for the want of picking during the past season. The blueberries were in their glory during my visit, and were a beautiful sight, though one which made me sad when I remembered how many hungry ones in the city would revel in the vast quantities of fine fruit here going to waste. One lady in this region wisely purchased two barrels of sugar and made it up into strawberry and raspberry preserve for the miners. She will realize a magnificent return for her outlay and labor.

#### THE CLIMATE.

The winters, as may be imagined, are rather long and quite cold, but the air is dry and very bracing. Many settlers assured me that with the thermometer from fifteen to twenty degrees below zero they felt the cold far less than where it was at zero on the coast or a few degrees below zero in the Mississippi Valley. Many of the settlers work out of doors the entire winter. A prosperous farmer in White Fish Valley, with whom I had much converse, assured me that the dry cold of that region was far more healthy and pleasant than the winters farther south. He said: "I worked out of doors every day last winter with the exception of one day in

March." In Port Arthur I met many persons who came there to get cured of hay fever. In the pure atmosphere of that region every vestige of that most disagreeable disease disappears. It is also said to be a wonderful country for consumptives, and this I can readily believe is the case. If those predisposed to lung diseases would come to the high, pure pine and spruce lands, and camp out during the summer months, spending the greater portion of their time out of doors, instead of going south, where there is almost sure to be more or less malaria, I think they would stand an excellent chance of becoming vigorous and robust. And yet I would not be understood as holding out hopes that might prove delusive to those who are already in advanced stages of phthisis.

The spring opens for active work in April and May. There has never been a drought in this country or a failure of crops,—a record very extraordinary in lands that are not irrigated. Rain falls frequently during the summer, and vegetation grows with great rapidity. The cutting of two crops of hay is no unusual occurrence. The grains, vegetables, and fruits are large and well matured.

The settlers seem to enjoy splendid health, and as a rule appear very happy in their new homes. In conversing with one who had experienced a hard time in the States, but who was delighted with this new home, he said in substance: "I call this land the poor man's paradise, because it is healthy. The settler receives one hundred and sixty acres of free land. The soil is rich; the crops are certain. The new-comers have no trouble in getting plenty of work summer and winter at fair wages. Wood costs him nothing, and that is much in cold countries. There is a great abundance of fish in the streams and lakes, and there are practically no taxes."

"How is that?" I queried.

"Well," he replied, "you see that in Ontario the government has been so wisely managed that they have a large reserve fund in the treasury—money to burn, to use a common expression. Hence there is no personal or state tax. Our only

taxes in this country are for roads and schools, which amount to about one dollar and a half on one hundred and sixty acres of homestead. But this is not all," continued the farmer. "The miners give us a good home market for our produce, while our proximity to Port Arthur and Fort Williams enables us to send freight to eastern markets at a much less expense than would be possible were we compelled to rely upon the railroad."

The statement of this gentleman seems to reflect the feeling of most of the settlers I conversed with, and it did not impress me as being an extravagant presentation of the facts. The natural resources of this northern garden are certainly very great and destined to increase with each succeeding year. The great forests to the north, the rich mines, the inexhaustible soil, the lake facilities for export, the numerous railway feeders which run into the great Trunk Line of the Canadian Pacific, combine to make this region won-

derfully attractive to home builders possessed with the pioneer instinct. Like all new countries, the settler must expect some inconveniences and hardships while creating his home, and like all new countries there are doubtless drawbacks to be found here; but I believe the inconveniences, hardships, and drawbacks of this region are less than those of almost any other country. I have been impelled to write something of this wonderful Northland, because I believe it offers to-day opportunities for thousands of persons to secure happy homes and live the normal life, which more than aught else makes a splendid manhood and a great state, and because I know the door to such opportunities is fast closing. In a few years this land, like the plains of the Mississippi Valley, will be filled with homes and dotted with villages and towns, and the pioneer and his children will be among the most prosperous and happy of the inhabitants.

## WANTS

BY ELTWEED POMEROY

Oh, for some far, untrodden field of space,  
 Whose still, clear air no human thought hath roiled,  
 Where I might rest nor think of time or place  
 Or any earthly thing which man hath soiled.  
 Oh, for some calm, wind-swept abode remote,  
 Whose star-bloom hath not yet been brushed away:  
 Amid its holy silences I'd float  
 At rest where ne'er a sound of strife could stray.

I'm weary of the urgent strife of marts,  
 Their rush and roar, the people's greed of gain,  
 That, heedless, tramples on their comrades' hearts,  
 The city's sorrow dumb and smothering pain,  
 That urban life so fair in outward show,  
 So elegant and dainty in its ways,  
 And yet, within, is oft as base and low  
 As ill-bred vice which only force obeys.

I'm weary with the stunted country lives,  
 Where men grow up like gnarled apple trees.  
 O'er stubborn fields not hearts, each drives  
 With naught in life of beauty or of ease.

In stagnant spots their higher gifts decay,  
 Their life is clean because so near to earth,  
 But hence earth-sodden. Bent beneath the sway  
 Of petty cares, they've missed their highest worth.

Ah, why will men decline the higher chances  
 To noble opportunities be blind;  
 And choose the course whose marsh-light only glances  
 On passing pleasures, not lasting growth of mind?  
 Intent on self, they seek but selfish ends,  
 And see not that the highest joy of self  
 Is found in giving self, and he who spends  
 His life the freest has better than all earthly pelf.

And so the heedless multitude rush by.  
 Perchance at some pure life or word they pause  
 In silent adoration, then on they fly  
 But dimly conscious of action's noblest cause.  
 And some few souls attain this earthly prize,  
 Attain to riches, power, fame, and place,  
 And when they've grasped it all nor higher rise,  
 It turns to ashes in an empty space.

The many toil and fall and toil again,  
 And life engraves these words on brow and face,  
 These awful words, "Unpaid, we're sold in vain;  
 We've run in dust and strife, but lost the race."  
 And others veil their clear, God-given sight,  
 Decline from ardors high to low estate,  
 Because they wish it, think that wrong is right,  
 And thus, deceived by self, deteriorate.

A few blest souls that clearly see the right,  
 Who love the truth and have a steadfast will,  
 Live life to do the right in love, not might,  
 To seek the truth with zeal which naught can still,  
 To help those stumbling on life's rugged way.  
 These are content for now to know in part,  
 Because they inly feel that God bears sway,  
 And peace, eternal peace, dwells in their heart.

God grant my sense of right and wrong stay clear,  
 Undimmed by passion's heat or mists of earth!  
 God grant me strength to live without a fear  
 But that his ways are right and life has worth!  
 Grant strength to bear life's burdens with content,  
 To do the duty seen, however small,  
 To feel life's joy and beauty where'er I'm sent,  
 Through light and shade, trust Him whate'er befall.

# HAPPY HOURS IN MIRTHLESS CHILDHOOD

BY ALMA CALDER JOHNSTON

The most helpless creature in the world is a little girl,—the most sensitive to impressions, the most susceptible to injury, the most unsuspecting of danger, and the most incapable of resistance.

To the young of all except the human species are given powers of self-protection. The defenseless have shells in which to retreat; fleet wings or swift hoofs to fly from harm; others have stings, claws, horns, or tusks with which to defend themselves; but the child is ushered into life unarmored and unarmed. Devoid of the instinct of the animal, intelligence is its only weapon and its tool.

Our boys are early taught the manly art of self-defense. They play at warfare; learn the use of firearms; how to ensnare, entrap, capture, and kill. Our girls we prefer to keep gentle and innocent of harm,—not guileful, but guileless, unconscious of wrong, uncontaminated by evil. If our son must come in contact with debasing associations, we say our daughter we will keep from all possible pollution.

With this intent we choose her companions, select her reading, dispose of her time, guard her leisure, form her habits, mold her prejudices, and create her character. The boy, meanwhile, is gaining knowledge from the street and stable, the cigar shop and the servants. His comrades are chosen by his inclination and disposition. He comes in contact with life at first hand, and he learns unaided to make his place; his ideas of purity and honor are formed by his associates, and his habits by their suggestion.

We thus have two differing types of morality growing side by side in our homes. The period of adolescence is reached by our sons and our daughters with equal danger threatening them. The boys, having had a wider scope and freer choice, may be more hardy and less dependent; but boys and girls alike have physical and psychical perils to encounter, and to neither has been given the one weapon and shield—knowledge.

How many parents,—before the awakening of new life in their children,—have told them of the mystery of reproduction, impressed upon their minds the sacredness of life?

"We are twice born," Rousseau has said,—"once to exist, and again to live." That is, we are born first to ourselves, then to our race. The first development required nine months, the next as many years. It is as important and complete a transformation physically and psychologically in the boy as in the girl, and each should receive as careful attention from the watchful parent.

In each child the relative size of the developing heart and arteries is now reversed, the heart increasing and the arteries decreasing proportionately, while the nerves accompanying each artery enlarge. The blood receives more red corpuscles, the brain cells grow, the fibers lengthen. The power for receiving and transmitting impressions is thus increased and intensified, creating new sensations, emotions, appetites, cravings, passions.

There is a marked difference in the pulsation. Palpitation of the heart, or diminution of heart action occurs. The blush of modesty, the pallor of fear indicate the contracting or relaxing of the fiber in the tiny canals which convey the life-blood through the body. Wild impulses, fierce passions shake the soul. The bone growth is accelerated, frequently more rapidly than the muscles, which then ache with growing pains; or the muscle growth is more rapid than the growth of the bones, and the youth is clumsy and falls, stumbles, drops things, and is censured for awkwardness.

Requiring more sympathy and consideration than at any other period of life, the adolescent receives less.

With floods of perplexing, peculiar, and constantly varied emotions sweeping through the consciousness, youth cannot understand itself, and few adults are wise enough and patient enough to assist in the comprehension. Mock modesty and



ignorance on the part of parents and friends make this period a painful one for boys and girls, and cause the ruin of many a life.

When intelligence illuminates the way, then difficulties and dangers vanish; the developing individuality is respected; the growing child is not coerced, but guided; boys and girls are alike surrounded by pure, wholesome, enlivening society, books and sports, while both are restrained from overexertion, mental and physical.

When the adolescent ferment is intense, contradictions, manias, hysterics appear; moodiness, petulance, unrest, distress; and escapades, elopements, suicides occur. We should realize these expressions as symptoms of the changes which are being wrought in brain and nerve, flesh and blood; and, while redoubling our patient sympathy, increasing our watchfulness and forbearance, loosen the restraint which may have become burdensome.

Tabulated lists have proved that it is during this period of adolescence (covering from about twelve to twenty-one, or fourteen to twenty-three) that conversion to a religious or to a criminal life usually occurs.

The current of active life which is now entered upon by the boy only increases the force and deepens the outlines of his life. The girl's life, when misdirected at this springtime flood, sinks into shoals and shallows, malarious swamps and dangerous quicksands; if guided into safe channels, it glides serenely and triumphantly through dark or sunlit ways, bearing precious cargoes to the eternal sea.

When the son chooses the occupation of his father, he spends whatever leisure the school allows in the office, shop, factory, market; and, if for his life work there is a special training required, apprentices himself early to it. The daughter, although expecting to fill the position of housewife and desiring the sweet offices of wifehood and motherhood, finds little time and less opportunity for studying the subjects involved; her physiology gives no comprehension of maternity, her chemistry no knowledge of foods, her art no training in architecture; prohibited from using her intelligence as

a weapon, unskilled in its use as a tool, she is poorly equipped for both the struggles and duties of life.

As illustrating the recognized advantages of the boy at this period, I am reminded of a friend who was blessed with four sons, the youngest six years old. An unmarried school-mate visited her, and the four boys were introduced with pride.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "what a pity one of them was not a girl!"

"Who'd 'a been her?" instantly demanded the youngest, in a most indignant tone. "I wouldn't 'a been her! nor George wouldn't 'a been her! nor John wouldn't 'a been her! nor Harry wouldn't 'a been her! Who'd 'a been her?"

If in homes of leisure,—where parents have some intelligent ideas concerning the physical and psychological development of their children, and have kept themselves in touch with the individuality of their offspring, giving the best opportunities schools afford, bringing to their homes the best associates and literature, employing the wisest medical advice—if with these advantages daughters are poorly fitted for the requirements of life, what is to be expected of those girls who at this most critical period of their lives have no home instruction?

Or who is to answer and explain the strange questions that rise in their minds, when the mother is absorbed in the daily, hourly struggle to keep the wolf Hunger from the door? the wolf Rent from devouring every belonging? the wolf Nakedness from tearing the garments from her children? How is this mother—granting she has the required wisdom—to gain time to draw her growing girls to her side and in the privacy of her own room, in the hush of evening, reveal to them the wonder of reproduction, the divine law of seed and fruit, insect and fish, bird and beast, when "male and female created He them?" When is she to gain their confidences, listen to their perplexities, counsel, encourage, and guide her children?

Rising in the early morn to go from home to the factory, shop, workroom, offices, or dwellings where she earns the living for her family, the wage-earning mother cannot know what acquaintances

her children are making, what habits they are forming. How are her daughters to avoid errors which will inevitably mar if they do not ruin their lifetime?

At this adolescent period, when the reason is undeveloped, the emotions most sensitive, the will inert if deprived of a wise aid, who is to guide, shield, strengthen these ignorant beings?

Among the little daughters of the tenements are found children who are burdened with the care of children. Little girls, scarce more than infants in age, left by their wage-earning parents in charge of babies a few months old. Girls of few years required to prepare the food of the family, wash, iron, scrub; carry coal, ashes, water up and down long flights of stairs; feed, dress, and care for the younger members of the family; run errands for bread, beer, fuel, groceries, for the older people, whose demands are no less perpetual and persistent, arbitrary and unreasonable, than those of the little ones.

The child upon whom these household duties fall becomes the "Little Mother" in her home,—not because she is strong or wise, but because she is patient and willing; not because she is self-sufficient and assertive, but because she is gentle and loving.

The caresses of the baby are her only reward for hourly devotion through sickness and night-time service.

"I had to walk with my baby all night long so's 't mamma could sleep," a pale-faced, weary-eyed child of nine years remarked, "'cause he's teething. I took him out in the hall; an' 'twas awful dark: he'd sleep some; but when I set down on the step he'd wake up; I s'pose," with a wan smile, "'cause I'd go to sleep myself when I stopped walking. When the daylight began to come in he let me lie down with him, but mamma had to wake me when she went to work, so's 't I'd get the children ready for school and papa's breakfast. Papa's out of a job, but he's lookin' for work an' he wants his breakfast early." There seemed nothing unusual or abnormal to this child in having duties and obligations belonging to maturity heaped upon her immature frame and brain: that puny infants, venturesome little toddlers, impetuous ur-

chins were intrusted to her from morning until night and from night until morning; that upon her unformed judgment and inexperience should depend an answer to the complicated questions regarding governing, nourishing, instructing these little ones.

And what insufficiency surrounds her! What a lack of appliances to create comfort! I have declared that the cause of the misery of the poor was not a matter of wages, intemperance, or politics, but the prime difficulty was architecture! the greatest hindrance to progress; the worst barrier to reform, the walls which shut out sunshine and fresh air,—the walls of the tenements!

You know something of the horrors of the dwelling provided for the small wage earners; you have read descriptions of dark halls, broken stairways, inner closets for sleeping places, unventilated and unlighted living rooms; but have you ever considered yourself as occupying apartments in a tenement? Have you thought what it would be like, surrounded by the comforts of civilization, to be deprived of them? To be annoyed, for instance, with the proximity of gasworks, yet forced to use kerosene for lighting? To suffer from inhaled sewer gas, yet have no bathroom or toilet conveniences? To hear of a reduced price in coal, flour, groceries, but no bin or pantry to store a quantity? Have you ever imagined yourself as lying down at night in a room no longer and but the doorway wider than your bed, having no source of ventilation, but an opening into the hallway, through which pour the sounds and smells of adjoining dwellings, the odors of Dutch sauerkraut and Italian garlic, of Irish whiskey and German beer, of Limburger cheese and meat hung long enough to suit the foreign palate, the loud voices of the quarrelsome, the laughter or curses of intoxication, the screams of abused wives and children? To have no closet room, wardrobe, or drawer to place clothing; every garment forced to hang upon the walls of your sleeping-room, or around the outer room where the odors of wash-tub and cook-stove mingle, uniting with the stale atmosphere of unventilated dwellings below to produce the indescribable tene-

ment house smell? To go to work in the early morning, leaving the children for safety locked in the room, or to prevent disaster left in the street with the house door locked against them; to have no yard, no Thiergarten or Creche to receive the babies, as in cities across the sea, where the grandmamas have also remained, no near-by kindergarten or day-nursery not overcrowded with applicants? To be forced to many subterfuges to evade the truant officer while depriving your little girls of regular school attendance,—the “Little Mother” being a factor in your wage earnings? To struggle all day with the apprehension of accident to the unguarded little ones, yet keeping the mind on the task that yields bread; to hurry homeward with the eager, jostling crowd, conscious of your shabby garments, your hunger of body and mind contrasted with the well-clothed, well-fed, well-entertained people on every side of you; seeing, with a longing which contracts the throat and blinds the eyes, the fruit stands, the florists’ windows; hearing bits of chat concerning concerts, lectures, gay dances, elegant dinners; realizing the nearness of a paradise from which you are forever shut out? To fancy how your little ones would look clad in the garments of the children of wealth; to dream for the moment of what might have been if—! And then to hasten through the ill-lighted side-streets to the dreary, dingy tenement which contains all you know of home!

If the lean purse permits, the material for a supper is purchased, with the fuel to cook it; paying at the rate of sixteen dollars per ton for your measure of coal, two dollars per pound for your drawing of tea, and proportionately for stale and decaying vegetables, the limitations of your dwelling compelling this unsanitary extravagance.

But if the employer of your brains and hands is careless or dishonest, if you come empty-handed to the group of little ones awaiting you, if they must go supperless to their bed, then through the long, sleepless night despair grips your heart strings! Such agony of hopelessness as seizes and holds hundreds of mothers in the tenements at this hour!

Two of our “Little Mothers” were overheard angrily disputing, when one with a burst of tears exclaimed, “She don’t, she don’t, neither! My mamma don’t never get drunk! nor she don’t never touch it when she can bring home supper to us.”

Poor mother, deadening her sensibilities before she could face her expectant and disappointed children. Poor daughter, loyally defending the parent’s honor and excusing her weakness by exhibiting her love!

If bread is dear, beer is cheap; and when the hands have no skill to prepare a nutritious meal for the price of a drink, and the saloon tempts at the tenement door, exhausted, discouraged, friendless, how is she to resist the alluring nepenthe? The faculties dulled, the tenement seems less repulsive, the cry of the children seems remote. Her blood is warmed, nerves quieted, and the woman sleeps. Then comes the awakening, the agony of remorse, the humiliation of shame, the sickening consciousness of her surroundings, and a repetition of her miseries.

Such are the conditions surrounding one-half of the citizens of New York, two-thirds of whom reside in tenement houses.

Given sunlight and pure atmosphere in every dwelling, with the conveniences and comforts essential to all civilized beings, clean courts for a play-ground, open lots for sports, and near-by parks for rest-places, the lives of our people will expand with health and beauty. Then indeed shall Greater New York be great; for it is, as Walt Whitman says:

Where thrift is in its place, and prudence is  
in its place,

Where the children are taught to be laws  
unto themselves;

Where the city of the healthiest fathers and  
best-bodied mothers stands;

Where the city of faithfulest friends stands,—  
There the best city stands.

As marking advanced development in the human species, beyond all other forms (however low the individual or however highly trained the animal), as a distinctive evidence of superiority, we perceive in man the ability to laugh. In this gratification is found an expression of emotion distinct from and beyond language (which

in some degree all forms of animal life possess), a laugh being an utterance of mirth belonging to intellection.

The highest, noblest, most exalted note of earthly life is joy.

"Because of the joy set before him," is written of the Saviour of the world, "he endured the cross and despised the shame."

"That my joy might remain in you," is his bequest to the world.

"Knowest thou the excellent joys of youth?" inquires America's poet.

Joys of the dear companions, and of the  
 merry word and laughing face?  
 Joy of the light-beaming day,  
 Joy of the wide-breathed games,  
 Joy of sweet music and the dances?

And yet we find little girls robbed of that natural heritage of youth—joy! What a hateful blot upon civilization is a mirthless childhood!

The first effort of the association for the "Little Mothers' Aid" was to give happiness, to add mirth to their lives.

Pelham Park, on Long Island Sound, was selected as a place suitable for summer day outings, having daisied fields, ample orchards, and a beach suitable for bathing, and accessible by way of elevated and steam cars. The park commissioners gave the use of a building, and here thousands of happy days are spent.

Not without great effort and repeated failure do the ladies employed in this work obtain the Little Mother's freedom for a day. The child's tasks are doubled to prepare for the day's absence, and an increase of labor awaits her return.

"But I don't mind that," a child said to me; "'cause I've got such lovely things to think about, and I've got a lot of nice stories to tell mamma an' the babies night-times."

She is accepted without comment upon her appearance as she comes to the morning rendezvous. Her attempts at cleanliness are not always successful. The dress has been washed and smoothed the night before with what skill she possessed. The baby's garments also she laundered before she took him to the kind neighbor who was persuaded to take charge of the Little Mother's flock for the day. Her

hair is in a worse than questionable state, but she has tried her best, though painfully aware of her failure until the cheering greeting of her day's chaperon (Teacher she calls her) gives a welcome.

The ticket left with her when the chaperon visited her home—and which bears her name, address, and the date of her Happy Day—is exchanged for a gay ribbon badge. Fifteen or twenty girls join her—each greeted and ribboned—and away they go. At different stations more groups appear until yellow, blue, red, and green badges are assembled in groups, each with their attendant identified by the same symbol. Thus they gather at Harlem River Station and are off to Bar-tow.

Very seriously they take their pleasures at the first taste. The baby's tears at parting dim the sunshine, recollected duties cloud the landscape. But a song is started by one childish treble, and soon the car is full of gayety which seldom slackens until, returning, the city atmosphere reminds them the Happy Day is only a memory.

As the carry-all, with its jolly load of fifty children, rolls up to the old mansion where the smiling matron, physician, and housemaids wait to welcome them, songs and shouts of greeting fill the air. Like uncaged birds they fly over the lawn to the swings, the flowers, the apple trees: recalled presently by the horn to a bread and milk breakfast. Reverently the heads are bowed and thanks to the Giver of all good are repeated.

The bath-houses reveal a pitiful lack of clothing, which the superintendent endeavors to supply; and the physician often discovers hurts which she can heal or deformities she assigns to a place of cure.

The frolic in the fields, the dinner where plates are emptied and refilled while the laughter and chatter go on, the afternoon of flower and fruit gathering, idling in hammocks and swings, rolling on the grass, the singing and dancing to the merry tunes of the piano in the big hall,—it is too soon over. But the memory lasts forever, and the hope of another merry holiday before the summer ends brightens the daily tasks.

"Are you troubled with repeaters?" asked a well-known worker in the fresh air charities.

"Repeaters?" he was answered; "why, it is our steady effort to get repeaters. It is a lucky Little Mother that is twice spared from home in one summer."

She has one promise to gladden her. There are festivals during the interval between summers, and she is apt to be included in one.

At Thanksgiving (with whatever talent will give its services to entertain with music, pictures, or story) three hundred children are gathered in a public hall. The unfailling cake and ice cream are loudly welcomed, and bags of fruit and nuts are distributed as, in orderly procession, they march away. At Twelfth Day (January 6th) the bags contain gifts suitable to the season, the recipients being only those omitted from all other Christmas festivities,—Little Mothers who have been left giftless on the birthday of the Greatest Gift to the world.

At Easter-time flowers take the place of bags, and a procession of tulips, hyacinths, and geraniums winds its way tenement-ward.

Then in May, with apple blossoms and violets, the outings begin. But these are not all of the happy days provided for mirthless childhood.

In a small house fronting on Twenty-first Street, near Second Avenue, the Little Mothers gather daily. Mondays to receive needed clothing; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays to sew, and also to mend the garments brought well washed. From a never-failing store of patches material is selected, and "auld claes made amaisht as weel's the new." Thursdays and Fridays to learn to cook for their families—including the infants and the sick,—each little woman making a practical application of the teaching by preparing the food again at home before taking the next lesson at her class-room.

The instructor selects from the young cooks (as a reward of merit) a hostess, a guest, and a waitress for each meal, the courtesies required in each position being mirthfully maintained.

The hygienic department employs a skilled physician at the Holiday House;

and when the outings for the season are ended, in a room of the dwelling the children call "Happy Day House," gives a series of health talks, and lessons in bathing and dressing the baby, with conversation on suitable attire and correct conduct.

As these children soon pass into the wage-earning period, when kindly care is no less essential, an association was formed in 1892 called the X. L. M. Club. This is composed of chapters numbering thirty members, each having its own corps of officers, name, color, motto, and countersign, but each alike bound by the same constitution and by-laws, and wearing the same badge pin,—a silver heart with the initials of the Ex "Little Mother." This club is a self-supporting member of the Federated Clubs. It pays to the L. M. A. A. a monthly rental for the use of parlors; contributes liberally to the outing fund—each chapter having its own room in the Holiday House, where the members in turn pass their over-Sunday vacations, enjoying also reunions on the Fourth of July and Arbor and Labor Days.

A reception by the founder of the club at her residence, several very creditable dramatic entertainments, and a parlor sale have been given each winter. Classes in singing, embroidery, cooking, and first aid to the injured, with health talks, have been maintained. In this same Happy Day House there is a play-room and a rest-room for children between the day-nursery and kindergarten age, with an arbor garden for summer days. Here the Little Mother brings her next youngest baby to be petted, fed, and played with until she calls for him or her in the early evening.

The visiting committee are always searching for the uncared-for little ones, and help many a perplexed parent by substantial sympathy. Mothers' meetings are but another part of this multiform association, every beneficial influence possible being exerted over the homes of these children.

The home-making circle of Happy Day House answers the problem of helping the poor and the (perhaps equally unhappy) rich: for it is the doing and not the having which creates happiness. By imparting wisdom we grow wise; by giving happiness we get it.

To help others is but to help ourselves; not only employing our energies, but benefiting our race, our time, and our condition. Nothing is more evident than that a state of dis-ease in one part of the body politic creates discomfort in all.

Here is the opportunity for those "who complain they have nothing to do; for those whose money buys pain."

Increasing the number of these home-making circles, maintaining them in various parts of the city, adding space for some wage-earning industries, and a dormitory for homeless girls under the care of a matron, and thus creating the desired

"Industrial Schools for Girls," is earnestly recommended by the leaders of social economics and practical philanthropists.

In every town is seen the pathetic figure of the Little Mother overworked, underfed, untaught; and, as its antithesis, the idle, self-indulgent, impetuous young woman, her sympathies and her energies wasted for lack of the object which unknowingly awaits her regard.

The scope, the method, the result of the "Little Mothers' Aid Association" solves the problem for the poor rich and the rich poor; makes the helpless helpful and fills the mirthless with joy.

## PEACE—INTERIOR AND ECONOMIC

BY BOLTON HALL

We mental scientists have acquired power in a greater or less degree,—for what? To relieve ourselves of anxieties and pains? If so, that is pure selfishness. If that be the only object, I warn you that you will lose the power. Yes; because you have enlarged your perceptions, you will suffer more than you could have suffered before.

That is the common history of those who give mental science up. They feel the new thought, are lifted up by it and appropriate to themselves all they can of it. They fail to share it with those about them, and—they lose it; the faculty which they neglect fades out.

For what is the power? To teach it to others? It will take long to instruct the immeasurable masses of mankind. The poverty and ignorance of the millions make it almost hopeless to reach even a tithe of them. Charles Booth writes of the "Submerged Tenth," it should be the submerged nine-tenths, overwhelmed with the common anxiety of how to get a living, subject to the degrading terror of losing their positions. They are bowed down with the knowledge, as they become more enlightened, that if they keep their positions it is only at the cost of keeping some one else out of a position. These people are the many, and they create the atmosphere of fear against which we mental scientists strive, and against which, if we go no farther, we must strive in vain.

To educate the leaders? That is only to fix them still more firmly upon the backs of the people; and, however they may desire it, the leaders cannot change the conditions of injustice until the people desire the change. Stephen Maybell says:

A political Utopia would be a physical heaven concealing a spiritual hell,—a monstrosity. Society cannot be made to show forth the fruits of justice, which are righteousness and peace, while the desire of justice is not in the people.

For what is the power? To do good in the world, to make men more successful in their undertakings? Suppose that I am in the dry-goods business, and that I attain a thorough poise, adopt the best methods, and make no mistakes. I will sell more goods and get more money; but no more goods will be sold on account of that. I will merely sell some which somebody else would otherwise have sold. Even if I sell them at less expense, and therefore cheaper, I do it to the injury of others, who will lose that trade, that is to say, will lose their living; for competition has reduced the profits of business to a mere living for the ordinary run of merchants.

If I farm successfully, no more produce will be eaten than if I failed, and just as many hundreds of thousands will still go hungry; for the people have only a certain amount to spend on vegetables and fruit, and I cannot increase that amount;

I can only grow the amount that the market can take, which some one else would have grown had it not been for me.

Is the power in order to heal diseases? But you will save lives and thereby increase the efficiency of the workers; and we have such overpopulation already that we cry for laws restricting immigration; and we have such overproduction now that we have to consolidate and to form trusts to stop it.

Is the power to be used to enlighten men? Why? That they may attain happiness? But the more men see the more they will understand that economic conditions force them to live upon their fellows. Existence is tolerable now only because we do not know all the misery of which we are part cause. The wisest of men mourned that he saw so much; he said: "So I returned and saw all the oppression that is done under the sun; and behold the tears of them that were oppressed and there was no comforter, and on the side of the oppressors there was power; but there was no comforter. This also is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Besides, nothing enlightens the ordinary man so much as the pain he suffers from his own folly, and nothing shows him so well that all men are his brothers as to find that he suffers for their errors as well as his own.

"If a man came to me with the gout, do you think I would heal him? Not at all! I would show him that he ate too much and worked too little, and that as long as he lived that way he ought to have the gout!" Why should we help him to break into the kingdom of heaven physically, when he is unwilling to enter in by the gate?

So also of society. While we live upon our fellows we ought to suffer. Not only the rich who are on top, but the poor also, because, to quote again from the "Science of the Millennium," "the poor are guilty of the sins of the rich; the poor are the many and the rich are the few, and the many make the conditions of which the rich are a part."

We may humanize men, we may educate them, we may heal them, but they will, none the less, live upon the bodies of each other; for they cannot help it any more than you and I can help it now.

There is not enough employment for every one, and those who are employed do not get the full product of their toil.

Says Chief Engineer Martin of the Brooklyn Bridge: "There is scarcely a day passes that from ten to twenty men, sober and industrious,—often first-class mechanics, carpenters, engineers, machinists, etc.,—do not apply at the bridge for work; and they are willing to work for any wages to support themselves and families." I could relate numberless cases of a like character, to substantiate this statement, were it necessary.

The magistrates of the eight Brooklyn City Courts state this even more strongly in the leaflet published by the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society.

So that if you work, you work at the cost of keeping some one else idle, or of taking part of the reward of his labor from some one. If every one did get the full reward of his labor, where would rent of land come from? For rent is a part of the product that is taken away for permission to work at all; and every one of us must either pay rent to another or collect it for ourselves.

This is not the divine intention, and we must find out what the divine intention is, seeking out the ways of God, by which we have moral and economic life; for we cannot help men by merely trying to nourish our own growth.

There are three stages of moral growth, to which and by which we can help mankind economically; first, to understand that a kingdom of heaven can be attained upon earth; then to desire to get there; after that comes the knowledge of the way to the kingdom, in which we shall find our peace. For peace can never be perfect or permanent until it is merged and broadened into the peace of God, that is, the peace of the kingdom upon earth.

If then, we are to realize in ourselves, we must study the economic side of the universe as well as the spiritual; we must exhibit a system of society which will make peace about us possible, and accordingly we must destroy by the divinely appointed means the monopolies with which all men, willingly or unwillingly, throttle each other.

And the fruitful mother of monopolies is monopoly of land.

# THE POEMS OF HOMER: AN ALLEGORY OF THE TEN GREAT BATTLES OF LIFE

BY WILLIAM COX

## SECOND PAPER

### I.—THE MATERIALS OF WHICH THE HOMERIC POEMS ARE COMPOSED.

The materials of which the Homeric poems are composed exhibit a fabric interlaced with deeds and words of celestial and terrestrial beings. The greater part of the "Iliad" treats of subjects relating to war between the so-called Greeks and Trojans, with the action and speech of gods, goddesses, demi-gods, and heroes, and the nameless crowd that make up the armies of the contending forces. The names of the gods who aid the Greeks, in the Latin version, are Juno, Neptune, Minerva, Vulcan, and Hermes; those aiding the Trojans are Apollo, Diana, Mars, Venus, and Xanthus. Auxiliary deities are Thetis, Themis, Iris, Charis, and Dione. The demi-gods are Achilles, Tlepolemus, Ascalaphus, Asteropeus, Sarpedon, and Eneas. The chief heroes fighting on the side of the Greeks are Agamemnon, Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, Ajax, Ajax the Less, Diomed, Phoenix, Idomeneus, Meriones, Achilles, Patroclus, and Antilochus. The chief warriors of the Trojans are Hector, Paris, Deiphobus, Helenus, Polydamas, Cebriones, Alcatous, Agenor, Archilochus, Eneas, Acamas, Sarpedon, and Asteropeus.

Ten battles are fought with varying success to either side. In the tenth and last battle the great and final struggle is between the two great warriors of the contending forces, Achilles and Hector, whose death ends the war.

The name of a thing is no part of the thing itself; nor can any one understand the name of a thing when he does not know what that thing is. The names of the gods, goddesses, demi-gods, and heroes mentioned in the Homeric poems are used for the purpose of identifying certain forces, faculties, properties, or parts of the intellect, which in their en-

tirety make up the perfect mechanism of the empire of mind.

The argument of the "Iliad" is founded on the seizure of Helen, the spouse of Menelaus, by the Trojan, Paris; whereupon, the combined forces of the Greeks assemble in front of Troy to rescue her. In the mean time the Greeks, having taken two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the former to Agamemnon and the latter to Achilles. Chrysis, the father of Chryseis and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom his daughter. The priest, being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god. Apollo, responsive to his prayer, inflicts a deadly pestilence on the Greeks. Inspired by Juno, Achilles, the best and bravest warrior, calls the Greeks to council. When they all are met, he encourages Calchas, the prophet seer who in wisdom surpassed them all, to declare its cause, and he attributed it to the refusal of Agamemnon to accept the ransom for Chryseis. Agamemnon, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor tries to pacify. However, as Agamemnon had the absolute command of the army, he seizes Briseis, the prize awarded by the Greeks to Achilles. Achilles, angered at such treatment, withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks, and complains to Thetis, his goddess mother, of the insult. She goes to Olympus and supplicates Jupiter to render the Greeks sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter, granting her request, incenses Juno, and warm words ensue, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan. The object of the Greeks is to obtain Helen, the spouse of Menelaus, and to punish Paris, the abductor. The quarrel ensuing between



Agamemnon, who had the supreme command of the army, and Achilles, his chief warrior, complicates matters, but the assurance of Jupiter, the Law-giver, that he will avenge the wrong done to Achilles entangles the argument. Let this be sufficient to indicate the materials of which the Homeric poems are composed.

## II.—THE MEANING THE HOMERIC POEMS ARE INTENDED TO CONVEY.

Veiled under the garb of poetry, the Homeric poems contain a science, and that science teaches the mechanism, movement, and law of intellect. The deities, demi-gods, and heroes employed in the argument are but the assumed representatives of the different parts of the mind, who by their deeds and words exemplify how the understanding is taken captive by deception and show the method used for its recovery. The army called Greeks represent the good or just agencies; the adverse army, called Trojans, represent the evil or unjust. The battles exhibit the ever contending forces of good and evil.

It is surprising how little mankind knows of the mechanism, movement, or the law that governs the mind. As the watch in its movement and works is an imitation, and represents perfectly the solar system, or the time-piece of eternity, so the Homeric poems, in the deeds and words of the gods, goddesses, demi-gods, and heroes, in one complete work exhibit a perfect model, imitating the movement, mechanism, and law of intellect.

The Homeric poems are made up of parts, and these parts are represented by assumed personifications, that in their various employments portray their distinctive properties and the influences that regulate their deeds and words in the movement of the organism. The work exhibits in action the various properties and faculties of the intellect in its efforts to obtain understanding.

In the battles of life the good and evil both fight for and struggle to obtain understanding. When understanding is obtained by knowledge, the action further displays the course the faculty of

reason pursues through the different departments of temperance, prudence, and fortitude, till it arrives at the state of excellence, wherein dwells benevolence with its spouse, Virtue, and daughter, Charity, who kindly receives, feeds, clothes, and finally aids reason to its own domain; where by its progress and development it becomes the rightful ruler of mankind.

This interpretation of the Homeric poems is the result of seeking for the meaning by separating the component parts and noticing wherein one part differs from another, then determining the nature, character, and property of each part, with its specific work and its corresponding relation to the organism in its entirety.

The pivotal point of the subject, around which the whole machinery revolves, is centered in the action of the three goddesses, Juno, Minerva, and Venus, who symbolize order, wisdom, and beauty, and who contend before man for the gift of the golden apple, the beautiful prize of the gods. The golden apple typifies the fruit of the tree of knowledge. The one to whom it is given in return bestows on the donor her influence and loving care. Paris gave the apple to Beauty, who in return brought him the fatal boon of too successful guile. Beauty being deceptive, his choice gave deep offense to Order and Wisdom, who with Harmony retained their dislike unappeased against Deception and all of evil.

Deception, influenced by Beauty, robs knowledge of understanding, which perturbs mental equilibrium and brings all the forces of good and evil upon the plains of the mind for correction and discipline by the arbiter of good and evil, or the supreme law of intellect, whose function is government. Meantime a quarrel ensues between the commander of the forces of the good and their bravest warrior, whose prize he had insolently seized. Now, to redress the guile of Deception, and restore understanding to knowledge, to punish Power, the commander of the forces of the good, for the wrong he did truth; to destroy error, with all of evil; and to set right

all pertaining to and depending on these issues, brings into action upon the plain of the mind all the faculties, forces, and properties of the intellect, with their attending influences of both good and evil, which raises the question as to how understanding is to be regained by the good from evil. The solution is exemplified

by the assumed personification of the different parts of the intellect, which in their movement, works, and words display how it is wrought, perfected, directed, and ruled by the supreme law of intellect, which governs all things. This briefly denotes the science that Homer veils under the garb of poetry.

## UNOBJECTIONABLE EXPANSION

BY I. L. ALBERT

Nature is so partial in her dealings with men that no two individuals engage in the struggle for existence on equal terms. The sharper the competition the more marked the disparity; the longer continued the more hopelessly the less favored falls behind.

But nature has set a limit beyond which even the most favored individual cannot pass. Death comes alike to all. The debts of the unsuccessful are thereby canceled, and the accumulations of the successful are distributed. The wisdom of the ancestor does not descend to the heirs, and the latter could not if they would enter the race at the precise point the former abandoned it.

But a competitor has entered the field which defies the natural limitation set for the individual competitor. This competitor is the corporation, an artificial being created by law. It is immortal, invisible, and intangible. It exists only in contemplation of law, yet it has the power to make contracts, acquire and hold property, sue and be sued, and such other powers as the law may confer upon it. This competitor enters the field possessing the important attribute of immortality. It rejoices in the strength of perpetual youth; its hands are never palsied by age, its energies never sapped by disease. It strikes with the strength of many, but with the directness of one. Existing only by virtue of human laws, it has an ever present motive to intrigue for their change to its own advantage, and at the same time is possessed of rare facilities to effect such change.

With such a competitor in the field is it any wonder that individuals are begin-

ning to complain of the competitive system? Such a system is barely tolerable when the competitors enter the field on as nearly equal terms as the laws of nature will permit. But when the law creates a competitor possessing the advantages which the corporation holds over the individual it becomes intolerable. The great law of the survival of the fittest ever operates to the extinction of the less favored competitor; and when the individual is placed in competition with the corporation the former must sooner or later abandon the field. The only field remaining open to him will be one in which he will compete with his fellows for a place with the corporation. When we take into account the vast possibilities of the trust it is not too much to say that such a complete possession of the field by the corporation would result in a condition of vassalage far more degrading than any that prevailed under the feudal system. And yet it must be admitted that the corporation is the most effective industrial agency the world has ever known. It is impossible to frame an indictment against it that does not in itself suggest a complete defense. That it drives the individual competitor from the field simply proves its superiority, and finds a complete justification in the law of the survival of the fittest. Those who advocate the abolition of the corporation and a return to individualism forget that advancement is the order of civilization. Sympathy for the unsuccessful competitor has never greatly interfered with the business of his successful rival. The world demands the best; it may sympathize with the small

merchant, but it will trade at the department store; it may pity the stage driver, but it will ride in the Pullman.

The problem presented by the corporation is to relieve society from the burdens it imposes, avert the evils it threatens, and at the same time secure to the public the same efficiency of service it enjoys at the hands of the corporation.

In the study of this problem it should be kept in mind that the sole object of the corporation, with which we are dealing, is pecuniary profit. Its success is measured by its dividends. It is by the dividends alone that the stockholders judge of the efficiency of its managers. The law of self-preservation urges the managers to bend all their energies to swell the dividends. The dividends register the difference between the receipts and the expenditures; hence the problem for the corporation is to reduce the latter to the minimum and swell the former to the maximum. This means the lowest wages possible, consistent with its main purpose, to its employees and the highest rates possible to the public for its services. Thus, by the very law of its being, it is moved to exact the hardest possible conditions at each point of its contact with the public. It is this vice, a vice inherent in the private corporation, that renders it not only obnoxious but dangerous to the public.

But we may conceive of a corporation whose sole object is not pecuniary profit; one whose managers are never vexed with the problem of earning dividends; one which can have no motive for yielding to labor less than its just recompense or for exacting from the public more than a fair reward; a corporation whose membership embraces the whole people, leaving no public separate and apart from it upon which it may prey. Such a corporation would be the government with its functions so enlarged as to include every department of industry. That by such an extension of the functions of the government individualism would of necessity give way to socialism, is obvious, but that is the tendency of all government. When the first government required the individual to lay aside his club and spear, and

took upon itself the burden of protecting his rights and redressing his wrongs, it marked a departure from individualism in the direction of socialism. The establishment of highways, of the postal service, of the public school, in short, each extension of the functions of the government that lies between our present state and anarchy, was a step which carried the world farther from individualism and nearer to socialism. And yet each successive step has added to the sum of human happiness. There is not a function exercised by the government to-day that the public would willingly surrender to private hands. There is no reason to doubt that a further extension of such functions would be followed by the same results.

But, while a discussion of the merits of individualism as compared with other systems of industry might be interesting, it would be idle. Individualism in any event is doomed. The only question is whether it shall be succeeded by a private corporation organized for the benefit of a few, compelled by the very law of its being to deal with the public on the most onerous terms, or by a public corporation, organized for the benefit of all, with nothing to gain by the employment of labor at less than its fair value or by the sale of its services or commodities above their actual value. Confronted by such a dilemma, thoughtful men will not long hesitate.

It is not to be expected, even were it desired, that the functions of the government will at one stroke be extended to include all branches of industry. A step at a time has been the order of the past, it will doubtless be the order in the future. But with the dangerous tendencies of the private corporation, the rapid evolution of the trust, possible only by the aid of the corporation, there is every reason to believe that the time is ripe for another advance,—for a further extension of the government's sphere of operation,—such an extension as would place under its control every enterprise essential to the public welfare, too great for individual effort and the subject of abuse in the hands of private corporations.

## POE AND EMERSON

BY LEIGH H. IRVINE

There is no example of a distinct and original style in literature which is more striking than the alliterative melodies of Edgar Allan Poe, by means of which he brought a new verse into our poetry. Not less unique than Poe's alliterations are the abstract and isolated gems which crowd the verse of Ralph Waldo Emerson. A study of the productions of Poe and Emerson—the most dissimilar of American poets—is fraught with interest. No extremes of style or verse could offer more striking lights and shadows of thought and art blendings. The "Sage of Concord" will in all probability be worshiped as a philosopher and revered as a clear and striking essayist when his poems are read by none save the appreciative few. Of all his poems, Emerson believed the little eleven-line verse, "Days," to be the best. The lines carry a deep philosophy, full of hints and candid lessons, and will bear insertion here.

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb like bare-foot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will.  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds  
them all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under the solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Even after carefully presenting such a verse, the lover of Emerson's poetry pauses for the plaudits he is eager to hear, while the listener often breaks the suspense with a remark which it would be difficult to interpret as a favorable criticism. The unconventional raiment of thought obscures its beauties from many readers, among whom may be numbered those of the best tastes.

It is well known to students that the productions of Poe and Emerson are wholly unlike, both in form and substance. This general statement has one

or two exceptions, for in some of Emerson's minor verses there are constructions not unlike the touches of Poe. The little poem in which occurs the line,

And rounds with rhyme her every rune,

is one instance of such a similarity of form. It is a singular fact that the poems of Emerson were severely criticised, even ridiculed, by Poe, while Emerson regarded Poe as a juggler who played upon words as a child would amuse itself with a rattle, as one who mistook the form for the substance of poetry. There is, aside from the open criticisms of each, sufficient evidence in the works of the two poets to enable us to see how widely they differed in their conceptions of poetry.

Poe's literary workshop, as revealed to us in his remarkable essay on "The Philosophy of Composition," is one of the curiosities of literature. In reading "The Raven" one would suppose it to have been written when every cell of the author's brain was aglow with passion, but the truth is that "The Raven" was slowly evolved from a complicated network of carefully planned notes and literary measurements. As described by Poe one is utterly baffled to comprehend how such a weird creation could have been called forth, to use a legal phrase, "in cold blood." As a result, "The Raven" is a masterpiece of passion, but as an inchoate poem, in a formative condition, it is purely a work of the intellect. It was not the spontaneous production of passion, but the premeditated creation of the reasoning faculties. Passion was reached after a careful analysis, and the climax was written first. The "locale" was determined, and the effect of the denouement was systematically planned before the lover imploringly exclaims:

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within  
the distant Aldenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the  
angels name Lenore.

It is everywhere apparent that Poe reached the triumph of art in passion by the most studious observation of well-known principles of acoustics, by a close "circumspection of space" and "insulated incident," to use his own phrases. His processes were strictly analytical. A few sentences from his essay will throw light on the subject:

Two things are invariably required:

First—Some amount of complexity, or, more properly, adaptation, and

Second—Some amount of suggestiveness—some undercurrent, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that richness (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with the ideal. It is the excess of the suggested meaning—it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under current of the theme—which turns into prose (and that of the flattest kind) the so-called poetry of the so-called "Transcendentalists."

It is doubtless true that the chief popular objection to most of Emerson's poetry is that it lacks the delicate art—minor art, may be—which gives a mellow tinge to verse; and it is this delicate and even harmony which, more than anything else, renders Poe a master word painter and sheds a gentle halo over his masterpieces. Emerson cares not so much for the minor touches, for he often weds abrupt words to the most poetic thoughts. But there are moods when he appears to be in communion with the gentle muses, when he beholds serenest beauties and dips his gold pen of fancy into the ink of nature's richest colors. Then she

Beats in perfect tune

And rounds with rhyme her every rune.

Whether she work on land or sea,

Or hide under ground her alchemy.

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,

Or dip thy paddle in the lake,

But it carves the bow of beauty there,

And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

With all his defects in the making of critic-proof verse, Emerson's conception of poetry is highly philosophical, and his execution is often artistic. Yet his poetry is ideal. It does not reveal the pulse-beats of human sorrow or the flushed cheek of health. His themes are essen-

tially abstract, and his masterpieces live beyond our firesides in the white light of thought. This at once removes them from the masses, even of literary people. Turning from Emerson's poems to his essays, one beholds some of the most beautiful and suggestive sentences to be found in the whole range of literature. The reader is spell-bound by the art tinges of his manly prose and made purer by the fine sunlight of his thought. He captures the secret meaning of truth, the inner beauty of nature, and embalms commonplace events in the alcohol of his thought. In view of the gentle fancies which he often weaves into his practical prose, it may not be too much to state that he often wrote poetry in the form of prose, and in view of the excess of thought in much of his poetry, the arrow of reason without the feather of fancy, that his poetry is philosophical prose. As an example of the density of his poetic thought observe the little verse, written as a preface to "Spiritual Laws:"

The living Heaven thy prayers respect,  
House at once and architect,  
Quarrying man's rejected hours.  
Builds therewith eternal towers;  
Sole and self-commanded works.  
Fears not undermining days,  
Grows by decays,  
And, by the famous might that lurks,  
In reaction and recoil  
Makes flames to freeze and ice to boil;  
Forging, through swarth arms of Offense  
The silver seat of Innocence.

There is not one person in a thousand who will read this verse and appreciate it, yet a few readers will say that it has an indescribable charm for them. As a striking contrast, take the simple "Annabel Lee" of Poe, beginning,

It was many and many a year ago,

In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden lived whom you may know

By the name of Annabel Lee,—

and it is generally admired for its simple melody and its frankness. Here is a poetic theme—a flesh and blood love, a tender recollection, a tear,—not an abstraction, not a "Song of Nature," but a living pathos, born of human affection and human hopes.

When you would see Emerson's best poetry, in so far as poetry contains the eloquence and music of dramatic passion and fine word painting, you may often find it by turning to his essays. Every page of his remarkable essay on "Love" is suggestive of fairyland pictures. What can be more beautiful than this? "No man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things anew; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light; the night and morning varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone." Again: "The day was not long enough, but the night, too, must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song." See what a fancy continues: "The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows, and the song of birds."

A few passages like these, scattered through the pages of his essays, made his literary style famous for the beauty of its illustrations. It is true that such a style is not continuous, but it must be remembered that diamonds are rare. It is enough that such sentences have been written, that a great "propounder of philosophy" should abandon the stellar depths

for a time, and breathe with us the air of affection's warmer climate. There is something in his statement of the conditions of love and friendship which is generous and progressive, and the themes seem hallowed by his presence.

Emerson regarded poetry as the second and higher meaning of prose, as a symbol pointing to the fact next beyond reality. "The poet gives us the eminent experience only,—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain." "First, the fact; second, its impression, or what I think of it." This is an epitome of his philosophy of poetry. "The impressions on the imagination make the great days of life." "Poetry is the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing, to pass the brute body, and search the life and reason which cause it to exist, to see that the object is always floating away, whilst the spirit or necessity which causes it subsists."

Emerson viewed poetry through the eye of philosophy; Poe, through the eye of art. Poe studied effects and attained them; Emerson beheld the thought, the essence of poetry, and mastered it in conception, if not always in expression. Poe wrote with elocution in view, as the actor studies his art. Emerson wrote for the brain; Poe wrote for the heart. Poe was an actor in the role of poet, an intense nature, born to feel and realize the dramatic; Emerson was a calm thinker, a philosopher, whose love of the true and beautiful led him to express himself in the form of poetry. No two men were more unlike, and as a result their poems bear no marked resemblance.

## THE REFERENDUM IN BOSTON

BY PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS

Among the many benefits of direct legislation, there is reason to lay special stress on its tendency to improve the conditions of labor and to destroy the rule of monopoly. These points have been enforced by the advocates of direct legislation both by history and philosophy,—they have been true in fact and they must be true

in the nature of things,—and now we have a new and brilliant illustration of the strength of the referendum in directions just indicated. The people of Boston have just voted overwhelmingly to adopt the eight-hour day for all city laborers, and to refuse the street railway monopoly the privilege of replacing its tracks on

Boylston and Tremont streets in the heart of the city. The legislature gave its consent, but the people turned down the monopoly. Here are the votes:

	Yes.	No.
On the eight-hour question....	62,625	14,518
On relaying the car-tracks.....	26,254	51,585

The track affair shows that, although a giant monopoly may manage the legislature and control the press, it is not able to bend the people to its will. It is only a little while since the tracks on Tremont and Boylston streets have been taken up. These streets used to be crowded to stagnation with cars and other vehicles. The subway was voted by the people and built on purpose to relieve this congestion. It was part of the plan to take up the surface tracks in the heart of the city. The company was required to do this. We now go in five or ten minutes the distance that used frequently to require twenty or thirty minutes, and carriages travel with reasonable speed on the streets where the

tracks used to be. The subway is far from being used up to its capacity, yet the Boston Elevated Company, which controls the street railways, wishes to relay the tracks on Boylston and Tremont streets. The people vote a subway to relieve the congestion in the heart of the city and get rid of the tracks about the Common, and a few months after it is done the company asks to be allowed to relay the surface tracks. The legislature was agreeable; would have passed the act without a referendum, it is said, if Governor Wolcott had not made it understood that a bill without a referendum would be vetoed. The papers were filled with the company's arguments; only one, I believe, took ground against the relaying, and even it was loaded with instructions to "Vote yes" on the track question, put in large type on the front page and paid for as advertising matter. Yet, in spite of all the monopoly could do, it was snowed under by the people.

## PRESENT-DAY MYSTERIES AND MIRACLES\*

BY REV. ROBERT E. BISBEE

In reviewing "Psychism" and "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self," my simple purpose is to assist in reaching true conclusions on a theme of vast import and deep mystery. Many people have been accustomed to ascribe all occult forces to a personal devil. It would be better to think of all forces as in themselves good, but capable of an evil use. Forces that exist will exist whether we acknowledge or deny them. We cannot put out the light by shutting our eyes. The wise thing to do is to investigate these forces, learn to control them, and use them in the interest of humanity.

We should remember, however, that the more subtle the force the greater the danger of experimenting with it. All man-

kind may enjoy the blessings of electricity, but its manipulation should be left to experts. The same is doubly true of the occult psychic forces; they are dangerous things to trifle with. The novice should proceed with the utmost caution; the majority should leave them alone. I have no means of verifying the statements made by Doctors Gibier and Mason. They must rest upon their own internal evidence and upon the credibility of the witnesses thereto. If true, it will be useless to deny them; if false, they will eventually fall by their own weight.

Before entering upon the discussion of the books themselves, I will mention a few occurrences concerning the truth of which I have no reasonable doubt.

An acquaintance, a modest and retiring lady who seldom speaks of her experiences, has at my request sent me an account of some strange happenings in her own life.

Once her father left home, and when he had been gone about an hour and was several miles away she saw him fall and

\*"Psychism: Analysis of Things Existing." Essays by Paul Gibier, M. D. Price, \$1.50. New York, Bulletin Publishing Co., 313 West Twenty-third Street.

"Telepathy and the Subliminal Self," an account of recent investigations regarding hypnotism, automatism, dreams, phantasms, and related phenomena, by R. Osgood Mason, A. M., M. D., Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine. Cloth. Pp. 120. New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1899.

hurt his knee. So vivid was the sight that she cried out and called her mother's attention to it. When her father returned she found that he had fallen just as she had seen him.

On one occasion, while sitting quietly in the parlor with company, she felt a sudden impulse to go to the organ and play. She did so, and played something she never heard before or since. A lady who was present wept all through the playing, and said when it was over that her son had composed that music and had often played it, but she had not heard it since his death until that day.

On another occasion, while in a highly wrought, sensitive condition, she heard far-away voices discussing a proposed murder. This so frightened her that she refused to listen, and suffered intense pain in consequence. A night or two afterward a murder took place in a near-by town, and, though two men were convicted on circumstantial evidence, there is much mystery about the affair to this day.

The next case I will let my friend state in her own language:

"Last winter our horse was taken sick, and doctor [her husband is a physician] looked over the hay and found poison weeds, but could not find out anything about it in his books. I was very much worried, and went to sleep thinking I wished I knew what to do for the horse. Along in the night I woke myself up saying the name of a medicine. When we looked it up in the books it proved to be an antidote."

The foregoing are a few of many things which I have gathered from various sources, and more of which I would be glad to record had not such occurrences already become somewhat commonplace.

The small boy of a generation ago often went shuddering to bed after hearing the grandmother tell weird tales of ghosts and witches, but no one in that day dreamed that such things would ever be confirmed as scientific facts. It was always supposed that the miracles of the Bible were caused by direct divine interposition and this could be easily accepted, but that spirits went out of living persons to haunt others, that one mind could read another, that things could be seen and heard at the

distance of a thousand miles,—all such things were promptly remanded to the category of old wives' fables.

When Dickens wrote the "Pickwick Papers" no one could have imagined that some day the humor would all be taken out of the celebrated remark of Sam Weller. "Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

Poor Sam's excuse for such an attempt at wit must be that in his day the X-ray had never been heard of. The ruthless hand of science is even destroying our jokes.

Now, all the wonders of the days of witches and wonders greater than these are set forth in the works before us. Even the realms of the Bible have been invaded. Henceforth the strength of Samson will seem weakness, and the story of the prophet's floating axe will seem trivial; for a mighty psychic force has been discovered through which all such phenomena may be made to appear. Henceforth the world must be prepared to believe not only all the miracles of the Bible on rational grounds, but also the strange tales of Indian fakirs and many marvels of all the ages, making of course some slight allowance for the overheated oriental imagination.

A few illustrations will make clear what I mean. Here is a case from Dr. Gibier's "Psychism:"

A young man goes to his room in the evening, lies down on the lounge, and falls into a trance. In this condition he sees himself lying asleep, thinks himself to be dead, goes through the partition and visits his neighbor's room which he has never before seen, notes the articles of furniture, and the titles of books, then goes out into the wide world on a journey. He returns to his body at five in the morning and wakes up. He finds the mental notes made on his neighbor's room to be perfectly correct. While in the trance state he must have had the power to perceive by means of the X-ray, or the spirit must



actually have gone out of the body carrying with it the power of vision.

On one occasion the doctor, with several associates, among them a medium, were entering the Ecole Pratique, Paris, when they heard in passing one of the anatomical amphitheatres a hissing sound, followed by a violent thud caused by throwing an empty jar against the wall. A little later as they were mounting the stairs another jar was hurled at them and broken in pieces. Careful investigation convinced them that this was done by some invisible psychic force, the theory being that the medium emitted an animic energy which was seized upon by some intelligence and used to move material objects.

Dr. Gibier positively states the possibility of the materialization of the spirits of the deceased. I quote from him, page 215:

One may press the hand of a materialized spirit, fold it within one's arms, and have the illusion that it is the return of the living from the dead. This being will speak of your private life and of things known to you only. The voice may be unchanged. This apparition has a heart which beats and lungs through which air is inhaled and exhaled. It may be photographed, and imprints, or rather the hollow mold, or hands and even heads may be secured through liquid hot paraffine, rapidly cooled before the materialization vanishes.

All the objects, photographs, and moldings remain to us as unalterable and irrefutable proofs of something which, though evanescent, still existed, and that we have not been the victims of a hallucination.

Let us add that these materializations are produced by intelligences which act through the force of animic energy drawn from the medium. To the question how it is that these things are not better known and better studied, we will reply: Scientists have studied and known them for a long time, but fear of having their names besmirched and honor questioned has made them trepid of exposing their theories and experiments to the criticism of the world. And so, for his own benefit solely, the scientist, either alone or with a few neutral friends, has studied these great and all-important questions and kept for himself the results of his investigations.

Dr. Gibier affirms the scientific demonstration of the fact that the intelligent human soul continues after the death of

the body. He does not claim the demonstration of immortality, but the continuance for a time, perhaps for centuries. Neither does he deny immortality; but the eternal life of the individual soul is, if I understand him, simply not yet scientifically demonstrated.

Dr. Mason, in his "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self," does not go so deeply into the analysis of the human constitution and the life forces as does Gibier, but he relates occurrences equally wonderful and equally well authenticated. He does not claim the conscious existence of the soul after death, but closes his book with the question: "Will it (the subliminal self) act less freely, less intelligently, with less consciousness and individuality when that attenuated vital connection is severed, and the body lies untenanted?" Thus he brings us to the threshold of that great question of questions, "If a man die shall he live again?" and there he leaves us. The implication, however, is in favor of continued existence. By the "subliminal self" he means that personality which exists in us all, but which is ordinarily below consciousness. "The subliminal self," he says, "is the active and efficient agent in telepathy; it is that which sees and hears and acts far away from the body, and reports the knowledge which it gains to the ordinary senses, sometimes by motor and sometimes by sensory automatism, by automatic writing, speaking, audition, the vision, the phantasm. It acts sometimes while the primary self is fully conscious, better and most frequently in reverie, in dreams, in somnambulism, but best of all when the ordinary self is altogether subjective and the body silent, inactive, and insensible, as in that strange condition which accompanies the higher phases of trance and lucidity, into which few enter, either spontaneously or by the aid of hypnotism. Then, still retaining its attenuated vital connection, it goes forth and sees with extended vision, and gathers truth from a thousand various and hidden sources."

For illustrations of the wonderful powers of the subliminal self and for the recital of many strange and startling occurrences the book itself should be read. Space will be taken here to set forth in the

author's own language three conclusions which he considers as demonstrated.

It has been demonstrated by experiment after experiment, carefully made by competent persons, that sensations, ideas, information, and mental pictures can be transferred from one mind to another without the aid of speech, sight, hearing, touch, or any of the ordinary methods of communicating such information or impressions; that is, telepathy is a fact, and mind communicates with mind through channels other than the ordinary use of the senses.

It has been demonstrated that in the hypnotic condition, in ordinary somnambulism, in the dreams and visions of ordinary sleep, in reverie, and in various other subjective conditions, the mind may perceive scenes and events at the moment transpiring at such a distance away or under such physical conditions as to render it impossible that knowledge of these scenes and events could be obtained by means of the senses acting in their usual manner; that is, mind under some circumstances sees without the use of the physical organ of sight.

Again, it has been demonstrated that some persons can voluntarily project the mind—some mind, some center of intelligence or independent mental activity, clothed in a recognizable form—a distance of one, a hundred, or a thousand miles, and that it can there make itself known and recognized, perform acts, and even carry on a conversation with the person to whom it was sent; that is, mind can act at a distance from, and independent of, the physical body and the organs through which it usually manifests itself.

These propositions present an aspect of mind which the authorities in the old fields of psychology have failed to observe or to recognize; or, if they have at times caught a glimpse of it, they have rather chosen to close their eyes and deny altogether the phenomena which these propositions imply, because they found it was impossible to classify them in their system. It has been to a degree a repetition of the folly exhibited by Galileo's contemporaries and critics, who refused to look through his telescope lest their favorite theories of the universe should be damaged.

Dr. Gibier would, I think, agree with these conclusions. He would not, however, give so much credit to the subliminal self as does Dr. Mason. These two observers may be said in general both to agree and disagree. They agree on questions of fact, but not wholly on questions of theory. Dr. Mason is more cautious, more reserved, than the other. He boldly sets forth his facts, claims them as posi-

tively true, but is guarded in advancing theories. Dr. Gibier is equally positive as to facts, but goes farther in the scientific analysis of things. He is more of a chemist than the other. He has made a special study of the chemistry of life. Without being more bold, he may rightfully venture farther. He may with perfect modesty advance something new in theory. This he has done. If his theory holds, it will rank him among the great discoverers. It is too early to-day to say whether it will hold or not. That it should hold without modification is more than the author himself would naturally expect.

As Dr. Gibier has ventured somewhat on new ground in his analysis of psychic forces, differing quite essentially from Hudson in his "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," the interest naturally centers in him. Who is this man that claims the scientific demonstration of the continuance of an intelligent soul life after the death of the body? What has he to say of himself? Is he a true scientist? Is he a careful observer? A scientific demonstration means that any man under proper conditions may observe the same phenomena, may legitimately draw the same conclusion. That is not scientific which can be seen or be certainly known by one person only. Scientific knowledge means the possibility of a common knowledge, a universal demonstration. This possibility Dr. Gibier declares. On page 212 of his "Psychism" he says: "We can now assure psychologists, if they but experiment with endowed and honest mediums, that they will find the proof of a continuance of the human consciousness in the period which comes after the last function—death." If the author of these words is not mistaken, a long-continued and world-wide controversy should now be settled.

We naturally search the doctor's book for some clue to his right to make so positive an assertion. We find that he is Director of the New York Pasteur Institute, that he was once assistant professor to the Museum of Natural Philosophy of Paris (comparative and experimental medicine), that he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, of New York, and also of the Society for Psychical Research,

of London. He was a pupil of Pasteur, was once sent by the Government of France to investigate yellow fever in Cuba. He is fully aware of the odium that may come to a man of science if he is hasty in his conclusions or asserts what cannot be demonstrated. He claims that he availed himself of the timely advice of his teacher, Pasteur, who said to him: "Above all, beware of one thing, namely, haste in reaching conclusions. Be to yourself a vigilant and persistent adversary. Always think that you may be mistaken." With this caution in mind, Gibier claims to have observed the phenomenon of direct writing at least five hundred times before he decided to publish his observations. For several years he was a student of mechanics, a pursuit which he found of great aid in revealing mechanical trickery. He also made a slight study of prestidigitiation, and thus through learning the possibilities of legerdemain he was able to detect any fraud which mediums might attempt to employ. He also insisted that seances should take place in the light and not in the dark. He would thus seem to be thoroughly equipped from a scientific stand-point for his work.

If, now, we investigate the author's purpose we find him to be evidently a sincere searcher after truth. There can be no doubt that he thinks he is right. To him "there is no religion higher than truth." He has no motive to destroy religious faith, no motive to overturn religious systems only as truth inevitably overturns them. He is fully aware of the dangers attendant on psychical research, and warns against them. All investigations should be conducted with extreme caution and with a distinct object in view, namely, simply to ascertain the truth. This is not the field for the merely curious, and it is especially destructive to those not stayed by deep and well established moral principles. Seances in the dark should be avoided, and to draw the young and untried into them is criminal. The plain import of the book is that psychic research should be left entirely to those who have or who are seeking a thorough scientific training. Its warning against the ordinary spiritualistic performance is strong and clear.

What the author says of the new and coming religion will not be agreed to by some, but it is interesting and well worth considering:

It [this new religion which will arise] will seek to convert no one, but in turn will convince all. Men always end in agreeing upon such things as can be submitted to the evidence of the senses, especially if aided by modern scientific research. This is precisely the method to which it will resort.

It will teach that everything be subjected to the judgment of our reason, and that nothing be accepted without examination. It will forbid people to believe, but will advise them to study and inform themselves in order to know. It will assign no limit to the acquisition of knowledge, and out of all positivists it will make progressists.

It will not say to men, "Love ye one another," but instead, Love yourself. But learn that you cannot love yourself profitably unless you love others as well and even better than your own self. This may be rendered algebraically through the following aphorism: Altruism is the true egotism.

It will teach that society can have but a troubled and ephemeral life, unless it takes for a model of organization man's body, which itself is made after the image of the world. And thus will fratricidal wars between members of a nation be ended.

It will teach human societies that they can only have a prosperous and durable existence on condition that they live with other human groups like the members of a happy family, a family happy in itself. And thus homicidal wars between nations will be ended.

To those whose hearts are hard, cold, and selfishly egotistical, it will prove by A+B that their own interest orders them to act as though they were good, for the misery of the poor distills an acrid and virulent gall which filters into the rich man's cup, and even contaminates the veins of his children.

It will prove that enjoyment cannot exist, and that civilization is yet half-barbaric, so long as the beggar infests our door and nations require armed protection.

Its councils will have no other creed than the data of the experimental method. Its cult will be the cult of human progress toward the non-suffering, and it will gain the whole sublunar world to its fraternal harmony.

Personally the writer of this review has long held opinions opposed to the conclusions of Dr. Gibier and more in harmony with those advanced by Dr. Mason. He is, however, open to conviction, has no purpose whatever to be dogmatic. He reads with profound interest the theory of animic energy emitted by a living medium and seized upon and used by some

external intelligence, presumably some spirit of the dead. He gives due attention also to the emphatic statement found on page 89 of "Psychism," namely, "We can have material proofs of the existence of the soul." He recognizes also the possibility of the truth of the statement made by the author on page 243:

Through reading the principal modern works treating on the matter, and through observation and personal investigation, he will very soon learn that we have not advanced too much, and moreover that we have kept within the bounds of truth. His conviction will grow on him in proportion as his investigations will be more serious and more frequently repeated.

The reader of "Psychism" will also admire the candor and true altruistic spirit of the author, as set forth in his concluding paragraphs:

We cannot say whether the theories which we have advanced will ever be verified, but this matters not, if they lead others to do better. He who seeks truth for its own sake and for the commonweal looks at things from on high. He sees the ruin of his own theories with indifference, and it is without regret that he makes room for better ones, when he learns that his own cannot lead to the path of truth. He knows that he is but one of the solitary cells of that grand collective personality named Humanity, and it is for it he struggles, and suffers if need be, regardless of reward.

This review is made with a due appreciation of the fact that a majority of the readers of *The Coming Age* are probably religious, many of them doubtless devoutly so. The writer has no other purpose than to strengthen their religious faith. It may be interesting to know that the greatest evangelist and religious teacher of the eighteenth century felt it his duty to pursue a course almost identical with that taken by the editor of this periodical and with the same purpose. John Wesley published in his magazine whatever accounts of apparitions and unusual psychical phenomena appeared to him authentic. He did this simply in the interest of truth, and to strengthen faith in the spiritual life and in immortality. For this he was brought into contempt and ridicule. Southey, poet laureate, said of him:

He accredited and repeated stories of apparitions, and witchcraft, and possession, so silly, as well as monstrous, that they might have nauseated the coarsest appetite for wonder; this too when the belief on his part was purely gratuitous, and no motives can be assigned except the pleasure of believing.

The Rev. Richard Watson, the great theologian of Methodism, and one of the acutest intellects of the age, came to Wesley's defense as follows:

On the general question of supernatural appearances, Mr. Wesley might at least plead authorities for his faith as high, as numerous, and as learned as any of our modern skeptics for their doubts. It is in modern times only that this species of infidelity has appeared, with the exception of the sophists of the atheistical sects of Greece and Rome, and the Sadducees among the Jews. The unbelief so common in the present day among free-thinkers, and half-thinkers, on such subjects, places itself, therefore, with only these exceptions, in opposition to the belief of the learned and unlearned of every age and of every nation, polished, semi-civilized, and savage, in every quarter of the globe. It does more: it places itself in opposition to the Scriptures, from which all the criticism, bold, subtle, profane, or absurd, which has been resorted to can never expunge either apparitions, possessions, or witchcraft.

That there have been many impostures is allowed; that many have been deceived is certain; and that all such accounts should be subjected to rigorous scrutiny before they can have any title to command our belief, ought to be insisted upon. If, however, but one account in twenty or a hundred stands upon credible evidence, and is corroborated by circumstances in which, from their nature, there could be no mistake, that is sufficient to disturb the quiet, and confound the systems, of the whole body of infidels. Every age has its dangers. In former times the danger lay in believing too much; in our own time the propensity is to believe too little.

As to the accounts of apparitions inserted by Mr. Wesley in his magazine, there were several motives which influenced their publication. The first was to collect remarkable accounts of such facts and to offer them to the judgment of the world. As a part of the history of human opinions, such accounts are curious and have their use. It neither followed that the editor of the work believed every account, nor that his readers should consider it true because it was printed. It was for them to judge of the evidence on which the relation stood. Many of these accounts, however, Mr. Wesley did credit, because he thought they stood on credible testimony; and he published them for that very purpose for which he believed they were permitted to occur,—to confirm the faith of men

in an invisible state and the immortality of the soul.

This quotation from Mr. Watson is remarkable in several respects. It shows that the great founder of Methodism adopted the scientific method in his pursuit of truth. It is to be regretted that the church did not follow his bold and liberal leadership. It was a serious mistake to turn over so important a cause to ignorance and imposture. Thereby the church has failed to secure a mighty power for good, while allowing that power to be used in a large measure for evil. Some day the world will know enough not to ascribe to the works of the devil what cannot be immediately and easily understood.

Again, it is curious to note Mr. Watson's use of the term "infidel." It seems that in his day an infidel was one who did not believe in apparitions and possessions, while by a strange metamorphosis of terms an infidel to-day is one who does believe in such things. Evidently in all ages an infidel is one who does not believe as others would like to have him. Is it

not time to lay aside or greatly restrict this much overworked term?

Mr. Watson's defense of Wesley is, with some slight changes in terms, a model for all time. No better defense could be made of the works under consideration. It is impossible to overestimate the value of such candid and lucid writings as these of Doctors Mason and Gibier. No subject needs the light of science more than the one of which they treat. So long as there is ignorance there will be imposture. Fraud owes its success not to light, but to darkness, while honorable motive always finds its greatest opportunity in the full blaze of day. In the realm which these great investigators have explored there are infinite possibilities of both good and evil. A more perfect knowledge will tend to strengthen the one and to eliminate the other. The sooner the laws of psychic phenomena are thoroughly understood the better it will be for humanity. Those who are capable of making the requisite investigations owe it to the world either to confirm or correct the conclusions of the authors of "Psychism" and "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self."

## THE INFLUENCE OF TIME ON FRIENDSHIP

BY HORACE LEWIS

After all, what do years amount to? Where sweet memories exist time is illimitable, and gathering years but strengthen bonds uniting past and present.

There is in life too much of misery, hardship, unhappiness, and ambition without fruition. It seems to be the lot of man on earth.

Then, why not cherish every pleasant thought and recollection, every sweet association, no matter of what period of our existence, if only partially to eliminate that which is bitter, thereby creating a mental oasis of delight in what may have been hitherto a desert of unhappiness?

Can one take to his bosom anything more pure than naked truth? Can anything excel in sweetness disinterested

friendship, which separates the individual from position, fortune, and circumstances, seeing only that which nature gave—a person and a soul of more or less beauty and utility, giving to and receiving from kindred souls mutual benefit and happiness; until in turn, without repugnance or fear, it gives itself back to nature, the person in its dissolution still to perform an office in the gaseous substance which is the basis of everything material, while the soul, I am inclined to think, still forms a part of a great whole, influencing others as yet unborn.

After all, should not old friends be considered "precious gems," and like old wine, should they not improve with age?

Count me in when you look them over.

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

Many questions have been asked of me which I will answer by simply stating that I became aware of a dual existence when a child. I found I had ears that could hear what those about me did not hear; I had a voice beside me, clear and distinct as my mother's or my teacher's, that instructed me. It told me many things that my parents or teachers confirmed, and it told me some things they smiled at and told me were "imagination." I want to say I believe they were perfectly correct in the word, but that they used the term entirely differently from the way I was led to interpret it. I asked the voice, "What is imagination?" and it told me it was the divinest gift to man,—the creative faculty of the human mind, which enabled him to illustrate pictorially his thoughts; thus was he created in the image of God. But man's images did not live and breathe, while God's images or pictures were filled with life,—his own life, and that therein man was finite, and God infinite. I do not know whether even now I can make myself understood, but I do know I lived in two worlds, the one visible and conscious to other people, the other as real to myself, but in which I wandered alone, save with these images of my own creation (as I thought), and the voice that always whispered an answer to everything I asked.

I am persuaded now that, had I told this, I should have been considered insane. So the voice kindly gratified me, and I did not have to be always asking the "grown-ups" puzzling questions.

No one ever understood the matter, though I have heard other people tell similar experiences, to which I listened eagerly and compared them with my own,

and wondered why everybody did not know about it, and most of all my wise teachers whom I venerated.

My first confidant was my husband, and I did not take him into my confidence until I understood him thoroughly. He did not laugh, he did not call it imagination, he simply believed every word of it, and told me to keep a careful record and we would together watch and see if my "voice" master's instructions, as well as my dreams, would prove useful in the future as they had in the past when I alone learned from them.

After this I had my first conscious vision, which led him into a close study of all the phenomena, and as we lived in the most perfect sympathy with each other I would leave to him the task of unraveling the mysteries. As he is a man who can be approached only through rationality I felt quite safe. Then began a series of experiences between us in telepathy. I shall give below one peculiar case that stands isolated in all my experiences. It was in 1890. We owned a flouring mill at El Dorado Springs, Missouri, and he occasionally went to see the superintendent. There was no railroad nearer than Schell City,—where he usually took a hack across the country, but sometimes rode horseback, as he is fond of riding and could make the trip more quickly. On this occasion he told me when he left home that he might conclude to go from El Dorado Springs to Kansas City, in which event he would not return home until the following Friday. This was Monday, and he left that night.

Tuesday morning I sat at the piano practicing. Suddenly there was a terrific crash; for a moment I thought the wall

had caved in. When the shock was over I discovered a large oil portrait of my husband which had hung above the piano had fallen, the heavy frame of which had made the crash. Like a flash of lightning it occurred to me that some accident had happened to him. A servant who had heard the noise came running in, and I told her what had happened and my fears. She moved the piano and pulled out the frame, remarking that it was lucky for me it had fallen straight with the wall instead of striking the piano, when it would have come over on me and crushed me. It had hung by a heavy cord like a small rope fastened securely so as to be invisible, of course. This cord was neither worn nor weak, and did not look like a break, but seemed to have been divided with a sharp knife straight across the fiber. This fact was unaccountable and increased my uneasiness. I could not be quieted. I noticed the clock pointed to about eight, and I said, "Remember the time, and we shall see."

I do not know why I should connect the accident with my husband unless it was because it was his portrait. I am sure I should not have thought of such a thing had it been my own portrait, which hung on the opposite wall. Not venturing to have it hung again, I had a strong, low easel brought in for it.

I became so restless and uneasy that I was miserable all day, the feeling that an accident had happened to my husband never leaving me. It was the first time in all his travels that I had been so worried.

That evening I received a telegram from my husband stating that he would not go to Kansas City, and would not leave El Dorado until Thursday. Home Friday morning.

Still my fears were not allayed, though they seemed to me now in face of the telegram idle and childish.

Friday morning, while the children and I were at breakfast, the door-bell rang and our son Clifford went to the door. Presently I heard him ask, in a frightened voice: "How did it happen?" I followed him and saw my husband before me very pale and on crutches.

When he had reached Schell City Tuesday morning he concluded to ride to El Dorado on horseback. As he was mounting, the horse, which was a lively one, slipped and fell, carrying my husband down with and under him, almost breaking his leg. The men who witnessed the accident saved his life by getting him from under the struggling animal. He was taken to El Dorado in a carriage, where he was under the physician's care. Then he had the telegram sent me, wording it as he did to keep from frightening me. He was not able to travel until Friday, and did not walk without crutches for many days.

Now, then, was this telepathy? Was his thought of me when the accident occurred; or in that unconscious state did he fly to me, and to attract my attention dislodge the portrait; or did some other spirit watching betwixt him and me take this method of warning me?

This, as I say, is an isolated case. We have had many evidences of the close relation between us when separated hundreds of miles, but this is the only material sign ever given, if this might be called one, and be it remembered the picture fell at about the time the accident occurred.

I have been touched by his mental condition, and we have read each other's thoughts, as it were, when hundreds of miles apart, and I have written down things he said to me in that way, that probably he would repeat in a letter to me dated at the very hour I had received the message in a dream.

Sir William Crookes says: "It would be well to begin with telepathy; with the fundamental law, as I believe it to be, that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the aid of the recognized organs of sense,—that knowledge may enter the human mind without being communicated in any hitherto known or recognized ways."

Now, I have proved this to be true, and I believe that just as surely as that sound travels in waves, or on waves, just so surely thought travels on waves of that subtle ether. Sound is grosser, and therefore can and does utilize the waves of the lower atmosphere, while thought

touches the finer or higher, and puts in motion the ether which it directs, just as surely as the operator directs the course of his message.

If my husband thinks of me he sends the message with that thought as direct and far more quickly than he could do it by the material means used in telegraphy.

Again, in the same address, Sir William Crookes says: "Whilst it is clear that our knowledge of subconscious mentation is still to be developed, we must beware of rashly assuming that all variations from the normal waking conditions are necessarily morbid." I have taken great care to test whether any morbid or abnormal condition accompanied these manifesta-

tions. Though physically delicate, I was never mentally more vigorous. I would make the test in memory exercises, mathematics, studying foreign languages; everything grew easier for me as the development advanced. The suggestions given me in business or otherwise were always accompanied by the ability to demonstrate practically each lesson learned. So it is all a mistake to suppose that psychology is a dreamy, speculative theory. It is of all sciences the truest, most unerring; at least so I have found it to be, and I doubt not that the patient investigation of our great scientists will bring it down to earth without making it earthy, and thus confer the greatest blessing on mankind.

## A VISION OF REGENERATION

For months I had been passing through a series of temptation combats, longing for victory and rest, and at length was greatly aided by the following instructive "vision of my head upon my bed."

In a recreative walk toward the close of the day, from the way of the east I came to a new house not entirely finished, and not yet occupied. In building there are always bits of refuse timber, boards, etc., and a pile of such I found at the north end of the house, six feet away and about five feet in height. The top layer of boards extended beyond the main pile about four feet toward the building, thus forming a sort of recess. In that recess lay an enormous serpent, apparently six inches in diameter at its largest part, and thirty feet in length, spotted with colors not very dark or ugly. It lay not in coil, but in many folds crossing each other.

Its head was hidden from view, but looking carefully between the folds I discovered its eyes underneath, which at first sight seemed mild and harmless, but presently, beneath the gentle exterior I discovered its real animus was that of most venomous subtlety. I said, tacitly, this is a dangerous reptile, and must be slain, or it is liable to do great harm.

Retreating a few steps I found a stick of wood, six feet long and three inches in thickness, with which I felt sure I could

dispatch it,—could break its spine by striking across one of its upper folds.

With my might I gave the stroke, when to my great affright the serpent was unharmed, as my weapon was powder-posted—decayed to the heart—and had broken like a clay pipe-stem.

Procuring another stick I tested its strength by pressing down firmly upon its middle, and concluded it would surely do the work; but it proved no better than the first, and the reptile remained unmoved. I then thought: "I can do nothing of myself. Oh, for a helper in this great peril."

Turning, I beheld a person of most benignant countenance approaching, to whom I stated the case, and begged him to aid me, to which he assented. Together we moved toward the monster, upon which it instantly straightened out and moved rapidly away along the west side of the house to the south. To my newly found friend I said: "We must pursue him quickly lest he escape."

"Yes," he replied, and followed close to my right side, a little behind, but I felt his presence and strength.

At the south of the building we found the serpent in hiding, coiled in the grass. I said to my friend: "If I could stand above him, and had an iron spear I could slay him, for wood alone is insufficient."



"Yes," he replied. When, behold, at my left a platform appeared five feet in height, against which leaned a spear ten feet in length, having a long, sharp iron point.

We mounted the platform; I seized the spear, and with steady aim, and strong arm—by the secret power of my friend—I plunged it through the neck of the huge monster and well into the ground, and held it firmly. The serpent instantly uncoiled, and proceeded to thrash the ground with its huge length, then threw its tail around my spear-handle, endeavoring to snatch it from my grasp. Sometimes the struggle seemed well-nigh hopeless, but at length the power of the serpent lessened gradually, and finally he lay prone upon the earth. "He seems to be very sick, and to have got his death-wound," I said. Thinking all was over I withdrew the spear. Presently he began rocking his head from side to side, looking very sick, and moving almost imperceptibly, forward and away from me, and soon was speeding toward the north end of the building.

We started in pursuit—at my suggestion—and found him coiled up in a mass of weeds about twelve feet from where he was first discovered. I said, "He appears to be sick unto death from the spear thrust, but fire is needed to complete the work." So saying, I removed the pile of refuse first mentioned, and placed it upon the wounded serpent, set it on fire, and soon the end was accomplished.

I awoke, profoundly impressed, and proceeded to read the lesson for me. Omitting here any specific application of the dream to my own state, let me so unfold it as to make it a mirror for all.

#### GENERAL INTERPRETATION.

The house. In general, house represents the human mind, with its family and all its furnishings.

The natural, unregenerate mind is dominated by the sensual nature, which is represented by the serpent. The corporeally sensual degree of the mind stands for evil of every kind, the head of which is self-love, and by which the Eve in man—the biune man in Eden—was seduced, the affectional nature desired and

sought a separate consciousness and individuality, to which the understanding—Adam—consented, when the woman was taken out of the man—the two in one (Gen. ii. 23) and built into a separate personality.

This unwise choice and its results have been the prolific source of all the troubles of the race, and will continue to be so long as that foolish choice is persisted in, even until full redemption and restoration are secured by the Lord's operation and man's co-operation—the two again united.

One result of inclining to the askings of the sensual nature (serpent) is seen in Genesis iii. 16-18.

When woman desires, with sufficient intensity and intelligence, to return to her original status in the biune man, each individual being male and female (Gen. i. 27, and v. 1, 2), then all evils and false will disappear, and Eden—a state of intelligent love—will be restored, and all prosperous and happy, when children will be no longer born as now, but each be created male and female as at first.

Then the sensual nature will be "taken up" (Mark xvi. 18), elevated to a state and permanent condition of wisdom, prudence, innocence, and no longer like the serpent, prone upon the earth, crawling in its own slime of self-love.

The north represents a state of the mind in which there is coldness as to love arising from obscurity as to truth. Here the serpent was first found, that is, the sensual is in a sad condition since its lapse into evil and falsity.

West represents obscurity as to good.

By way of the west side of the house the serpent made its way to the south end, and there coiled itself for a season of rest.

The south signifies the light of intelligence, in a good sense, but its opposite here, for here the sensual nature seeks confirmation of its own (or self-derived) intelligence, and not that order of intelligence which is derived from good or love in the heart and life, which is from the Lord; that is, it seeks it by way of the west, which signifies obscurity as to good. The light of the sun—the south—is lost as it proceeds toward and sinks in the west, bringing a twilight which ends in midnight.

Now, the reign of the sensual—or serpent nature—cannot be broken except by the power of genuine truth, represented by the spear, accompanied by genuine love, represented by the fire finally kindled.

The serpent—the sensual principle—received its death thrust in the neck, the nexus between the head and the body, by which the conjunction between falsity and its agreeing evil is cut off, and the influx of falsity ceases.

Still truth alone—faith alone—is not sufficient for the removal of the reigning sensual. The spear thrust had its indispensable use, in producing conviction and contrition, that is, truth is the officer which arrests the mind, and presents the charge of a life disloyal to the rightful king. When the sensual becomes sick unto death faith alone—truth—cannot cause it to live, nor is it sufficient to inspire the new regenerate life, for love is life, unselfish love to God and man.

But good alone is also insufficient to overthrow the reign of the sensual.

Natural good is not genuine good unless it is made spiritual by conjunction with its appropriate truth, and that truth being recognized as divine instead of being self-derived.

Such natural good is represented by wood. The sticks of wood first used for the destruction of the serpent, which were broken in the effort while the serpent remained unhurt, show the inefficiency of natural good.

Under the penetrating, the searching influence of genuine truth—the spear—in the south, the serpent—the sensual—re-

turns to its proper place in the north, going by the way of the east.

The east signifies the Lord, from whence arises the sun bringing both light and heat. In going by the way of the east is shown that the Lord as to love is recognized. There is now preparation for the initiation and development of a new sensual, a selfhood from the Lord.

John said: "I baptize you with water," etc. "He [Christ] shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and fire." (Matt. iii. 11.) The Holy Spirit is "the Spirit of truth."

The thrust of the spear is the baptism of the Spirit of truth, and now the baptism of fire at the north of the house, by which not only was the serpent consumed, the sensual principle elevated in the flame, but the wood also—natural good—was turned into spiritual good, being conjoined in action with spiritual truth. Thus is effected man's regeneration.

The magnanimous friend who came to my aid as soon as I was ready to acknowledge that my own efforts alone were futile was the Lord. He did nothing observable after taking his position with me.

I proceeded as if I were doing all myself, and yet knew that a secret power was communicated from him to me. I trusted him at first, and at every step, and he, silently, made every effort successful; and no other road is open to spiritual success. Man is never elevated by mere self-manipulation.

"Apart from me ye can do nothing." So said the Great Teacher, to whom was given all power in heaven and in earth, and whom the disciples called Lord as well as Master.

A. V.

## UNSEEN HELP

Soon after the Wabash and Erie Canal was finished I attempted to cross it at a place where it was very wide. I was on horseback with my son William, a small boy, behind me. When we got to about the middle of the pool, or basin, owing to the softness of the bottom and the depth of the water, the horse sank with us and left us in the water. I thought I could easily swim out, but my son clinging to

me caught hold of the back of my shirt collar and choked me until I sank with him. I rose with him and found we were twelve or fifteen feet from the bank, which I was utterly unable to reach. We sank the second time, and rose the second time (much to my astonishment) right at the bank, with nothing to do but to crawl out. What power carried us to the bank I never knew.

W. G. COFFIN.

# ORIGINAL FICTION

## A MODERN MINISTER\*

BY GEORGE SANDFORD EDDY

### PART II

In the long walk back to the Bottoms, in the semi-disreputable portion of which Jem had his home, McDonald drew out from the boy his life history.

Jem's father had been a rope walker and trapeze performer, and Jem had been trained to the same profession from childhood. The father had been killed in attempting a particularly dangerous feat while the circus with which he was connected was giving an exhibition in Milltown two years ago. Jem's mother at that time begged so hard with her son to give up the dangerous occupation that he left the circus and he and his mother settled down in the Bottoms. On arriving at the place Jem called home McDonald found the mother to be a comparatively young woman of considerable intelligence, who idolized her boy. The fittings of the room and the face of the mother revealed at once to McDonald the life she was leading. He remained for some time in earnest conversation with mother and son. Under McDonald's magnetic friendliness of manner these two outcasts from society threw off the reserve that bars the average man or woman from the inner life of their class. They told him of their sorrows, and he guessed their sins. The woman showed her loathing for the life she felt forced to lead in order to support herself and her idle boy. Unconsciously to herself her ignorance, her vanity, her false pride and false ideas were all laid bare to Grant's pitying gaze. It was not a new phase of life to McDonald, for he

had studied its various almost hopeless aspects before. But in this woman's love for her boy he found the spark which he ultimately fanned into the flame of a higher life.

To the mother and her son this clean and wholesome man, who brought into their darksome lives such an atmosphere of strength and purity, coupled with such understanding sympathy, was a new revelation. From that night new views of life and its possibilities came to this woman. It was the old story of the Magdalene and the Master repeated.

Before McDonald had been in Milltown six months he had secured such an influence over his congregation that the People's Church, once the most barren in benevolent works, became the most fruitful church in Milltown in deeds of practical charity. Some few of the former members ceased to attend the services, but on the other hand a class of people that had never before attended the People's Church began to come regularly to the evening services. McDonald opened a mission church among the people on the Bottoms and held services there every Sunday afternoon. Many of his afternoon congregation, among them Jem Smith and his mother, came up town to the evening service. Those of the congregation who knew of the former life of Mrs. Smith held aloof from her for some time. But when McDonald strode through the groups of waiting people Sunday after Sunday and hastened to the back seats to greet Jem and his mother

first of all in the waiting congregation, the more kindly disposed became ashamed of themselves and received the outcasts cordially.

The class in practical sociology had been organized, and, besides meeting weekly and taking a carefully selected course of study, they were doing much good with their practical experiments. An employment office and labor exchange had been opened, and had been the means of supplying work to a large number of idle men and women. In all this work Miss Ellsworth was one of the most helpful assistants of McDonald, and a warm friendship had grown up between them. Arthur Wellington also took an active part in the work of the class, especially in the meetings for study and discussion. Almost unknown to any of the three, so deeply were they engrossed in their work, this close association had resulted in emotions which were to be revealed by an experience in which the three young people were thrown together in a series of events which stirred each character to its depths.

At daybreak one morning late in October Arthur Wellington and Grant McDonald started on horseback for a twenty-five mile ride across the prairies to a large stock farm owned by Arthur's father. Arthur was going out to the farm on business, and McDonald, who had a fondness for the saddle, was accompanying him for the pleasure of the ride. They were mounted on two of the best horses from the Wellington stables. After they had traveled about fifteen miles Arthur's attention was attracted by the peculiar appearance of the sky. Heavy, unbroken clouds hung low over the brown prairies and an oppressive stillness pervaded the atmosphere. That which attracted Arthur's attention in particular was a peculiar gray line which appeared to be advancing above the northwestern horizon. As Arthur scanned the sky a large snowflake fell softly and rested for a moment on the mane of his horse.

"If it were not so early in the season," Arthur said, turning to McDonald, "I should think we were going to have a blizzard. There is a flake of snow. Do you notice the sudden chill in the air?"

"I think it has grown colder since we started," replied McDonald. "That light

streak above the horizon yonder resembles the approach of a squall at sea."

There was a whirr of wings, and a score of plump, white-breasted little birds swept past them, chirping merrily to each other.

"Snow-birds," exclaimed Arthur. "I never before saw them gather so early in the season; and it is really snowing."

"The wind is rising and shifting to the west. See how that white line ahead of us is advancing," said McDonald, pointing toward the northwestern horizon.

"We are in for a snow-storm," said Arthur. "I believe we had better turn back. I don't fancy being snowed in on the farm, and if we have a blizzard the road back to town will be impassable."

The wind was now coming in fitful gusts, and shifting more and more to the northwest. Large, moist snow-flakes were falling in rapidly increasing numbers. The horses sniffed the air and shook their heads impatiently.

Arthur cast a searching glance to the northwest and overhead, then wheeled his horse.

"Let us go back," said he. "This is a case where 'discretion is the better part of valor.'"

They turned their horses and started back toward Milltown at an easy gallop.

Another flock of snow-birds swept by, and with them came the wind. A strong cold current from the north had swept into the heavy, moisture-laden clouds and a blizzard was upon them. Fitfully the breeze came at first, whirling the fast falling snow in graceful eddies about them; then fiercer and stronger blew the wind and thicker and faster fell the snow.

The two young men galloped briskly before the storm, giving their horses free rein and enjoying the novel experience. They felt no alarm, for they had only ten miles of open prairie to traverse before they would be in the shelter of the light timber which reached about five miles to the west of Milltown. The noise of the wind prevented conversation and they rode in silence, keeping close watch on the road which was fast filling with snow.

As the road running west from Milltown leaves the timber it forks, one branch turning diagonally across the open prairie to the northwest, and the other running straight west to the village of Greenville,

some twelve miles from Milltown. Just as the young men passed the sign-board at the junction of these two roads a horse, wearing an empty side-saddle, swept past them in wild flight.

The two men glanced at each other, and each noticed that the other's face looked white through the falling snow.

"Miss Ellsworth's horse," said Arthur, hoarsely. "She rode to Greenville last evening to visit a sick friend and was to return this morning. That is Dr. Mack's saddle-horse, which she often rides."

Without another word both men wheeled their horses and rode into the face of the storm in the direction from which the horse had come. Bending low in their saddles each watched carefully the side of the road on which he was riding. The horses were put to the utmost speed possible in the heavy roads, and were held to face the storm by the fierce grip of their riders on the reins. On they dashed, the moist snow filling the eyes of horses and men, the wind whistling past them with an ominous roar, the roads piling deeper and deeper with drifting snow.

Arthur was the first to discover her. She lay close beside a large stone just outside the road on his side of the track, with no sign of life visible. The snow was already forming a drift about her, and the two men shuddered as they dismounted. It resembled a newly covered grave.

Arthur knelt beside her with white, set features, and tore open her jacket. Placing his ear over her heart he listened with an agony of apprehension in his countenance. Even in all the excitement of the moment McDonald marked the gleam of joy that broke over Arthur's face as he exclaimed:

"She lives. Thank God, she lives. What shall we do?"

"Do you know of any house near?"

"Yes; Reynolds' place must be only a short distance ahead. Watch out for a pair of bars on the left. I'll carry her. You lead the horses."

Stooping, he lifted her tenderly in his strong arms. She groaned and one limb fell limply back.

"Her left leg is broken," said McDonald. "We must get medical aid some way."

They walked on, Arthur carrying her as though she were but a baby, and McDonald carefully examining the fence on the left of the road.

"Here are the bars," he called to Arthur, who was toiling up the middle of the road with his helpless burden. "How far is it up to the house?"

"Only about forty rods," replied Arthur, coming up. "I can follow the line of trees along the driveway. Lower the bars and let me through and turn my horse loose; she will follow me. Then ride to Greenville for a doctor. It is only about four miles. The road runs straight west. Don't spare the horse, and for God's sake don't get lost. The storm is getting fearful."

McDonald lowered the bars and let Arthur through. Then mounting he rode into the storm toward Greenville.

Arthur paused to wipe the snow from his eyes and get his bearings. Pauline groaned as he shifted her weight to his other shoulder. Overcome with emotion Arthur bent his head till his lips touched her wet brown hair.

"Pauline, darling," he said, in a voice of great compassion and tenderness, "Speak to me."

Her lips moved. His warm clasp and something in the tones of his voice partly roused her from her unconsciousness. He bent his head to catch her whisper.

"Grant," she said, feebly.

Arthur staggered, and nearly dropped her. She had mistaken his compassionate voice for that of McDonald. Grant's name came first to her lips in her pain.

Meanwhile McDonald was riding fiercely into the teeth of the storm toward Greenville. The storm was momentarily increasing in violence, and the roads were filled with snow. As he left the lane by the Reynolds farm and emerged upon the open prairie his horse became restless and difficult to manage. Here, where the wind had full sweep, the storm increased to a fearful blizzard. The air was thick with falling snow which the wind flung into the eyes of horse and man. The prairie road was obliterated except where tall weeds marked the side of the trail. The falling snow and the loose snow on the ground were mingled by the gale and whirled through the air with great veloc-

ity. Every tuft of grass and hollow gathered drifts of the driving snow which obstructed the road and gave a strange appearance to the face of the country. Added to the blinding snow was the coldness, which was rapidly increasing. The fierce wind drove through Grant's clothing, chilling and benumbing him. His hands became clumsy with cold. His face stung with the driving snow, his eyes were filled with it, the breath was blown from his nostrils and the storm enveloped him like a great, white, whirling shroud. He would have turned back, but the white face of Pauline, as she lay unconscious in Arthur's arms, nerved him to struggle on. Her life might depend on his bringing medical aid.

Suddenly he found that his horse was no longer on the road, but was gradually working around with the wind. In vain McDonald tried to rein the tired animal into the face of the gale once more. The instinct of self-preservation was greater than the rider's control. McDonald calculated that he was over half way to Greenville. The horse was becoming exhausted and could not go faster than a walk through the drifts. Grant dismounted and faced the storm on foot, leading the horse behind him. All at once the horse stumbled in a drift, jerking the rein from McDonald's hand. Before Grant could recover it the animal turned and plunged off with the wind. McDonald knew it would be useless to follow him, but all the latent determination of his nature was aroused. He would walk to Greenville and bring the doctor to Pauline yet.

On he struggled,—now up to his knees in drifts of snow, now hurrying over high places almost bare, now plunging into hollows where it seemed he would sink too deep to extricate himself, now crawling on hands and knees where walking was impossible. If before the storm had enveloped him, now it penetrated him and seemed to permeate his entire being. His horse had been some company before, but now Grant felt the awful loneliness of a mariner lost in mid-ocean. Earth and sky met and closed about him in a chill, blinding maelstrom of white. But as the fury of the storm rose his courage and de-

termination increased. He seemed to be fighting with the forces of nature for Pauline's life. The exercise had warmed him and his blood coursed fiercely through his veins. The fury of battle possessed him. He rushed into the gale like a soldier storming the enemy's breastworks. He felt he could die, but he could not turn back. He stumbled into a drift and went down. Springing to his feet he dashed the snow from his eyes and rushed on.

All at once he felt his strength giving way. The excitement had rendered him unconscious of the violence of his efforts, but the struggle against the wind and through the snow was like wading up a stream against a swiftly running current. He stopped a moment to rest and realized that he was nearly exhausted. He sat down. Gradually he felt his senses becoming less acute. Gradually he felt the icy breath of the storm overcoming his mental energy and trying to lull him into the fatal slumber from which there should be no earthly awakening. With a last effort he struggled to his feet, and plunged forward once more. His fury of resistance was gone and he called despairingly for help. The wind took up his cry and whirled it away before the bellowing storm. But as he was about to give up he heard a faint sound, as of a note of hope added to the wail of the wind. He turned in the direction from which he thought the sound came and listened in an agony of apprehension. Even now he did not think of his own danger. He thought only that he must have help to bring medical aid to Pauline. He heard the sound again,—something not of the storm, something that broke in on the awful loneliness that enveloped him and thrilled him with an undefined feeling of companionship. For a moment the storm again enshrouded him and howled with a louder fury, as if fearful of being cheated of its victim. But in the next lull a shout, clear and distinct, reached him from the leeward. He shouted wildly in reply and struggled in the direction from which the sound came. His cry was answered again, and soon there emerged through the wall of whiteness which enveloped him, a pair of powerful horses harnessed to a sled. In the sled was seated the gigantic figure of a

man wrapped in furs and wearing a buffalo coat. McDonald stumbled forward and was caught in the arms of Dr. Mack.

Dr. Mack was a veritable king of blizzards. Six feet four inches tall, powerfully built and active, with a well-trained span of powerful horses and a wide pair of bob-sleds, he braved all weather in his professional calls in winter. He had started from Milltown in search of Miss Ellsworth as soon as her horse reached there. Enough snow for sleighing had fallen and he knew that he would stand the best chance in the storm with his winter outfit. The doctor had left Milltown at about the same time Grant had left the Reynolds farm for Greenville. But the doctor's team was fresh while Grant's horse was not, and the two horses harnessed to the sled had made much more rapid progress through the snow than Grant could make on horseback. Thus Grant's horse with empty saddle had passed the doctor in the lane by the Reynolds farm. The doctor had at once concluded that the incident was in some way connected with Miss Ellsworth and had pushed rapidly on. Grant was off the road some distance when the doctor heard his cry and would undoubtedly have perished but for the latter's timely arrival.

As soon as McDonald could get breath enough to speak he told the doctor of the accident to Pauline and of her whereabouts. The doctor turned his team about and hastened to the Reynolds farm. It was much easier traveling with the wind, and Dr. Mack was familiar with every foot of the way. Arriving at the house they were met at the door by Mr. Reynolds, who took charge of the team, and the doctor picked Grant up, still wrapped in the buffalo robe, and carried him bodily into the house.

Arthur was sitting by a couch on which lay Pauline, who had recovered consciousness. He turned as the doctor entered, and his face lit up with a gleam of pleasure as he saw the skillful old physician. Ever since Grant's departure Arthur had regretted not sending him to Milltown instead of to Greenville for medical aid. The shorter distance to the latter place had led to his sending there; but after Grant had gone Arthur realized his mis-

take, for he knew how much easier and safer the trip would have been for Grant with the wind instead of against it; and Grant once at Milltown, Arthur knew no storm was too fierce for Dr. Mack to face.

"Don't be alarmed," the doctor said, in answer to the look of fearful inquiry in Pauline's eyes as she noticed his burden. "Nobody is hurt. I found McDonald out on the prairie looking for a doctor. He is only exhausted."

Pauline's injuries were not severe beyond the fractured limb. The shock as she fell had rendered her unconscious for a short time only, but the fracture of her leg was of such a serious nature as to prevent her removal to Milltown for some time. She had been riding home at a rapid gallop to avoid the storm, and with full confidence in her horse had allowed him free rein. He had shied at the strange appearance of the rock through the snow, and slipped in the moist road, falling with such force as to throw her from the saddle with great violence. Thus she explained the accident to the sympathetic group at her bedside, after the skillful physician had reduced the fracture and made her as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances.

Arthur and Grant returned to town with the doctor, who drove back to the Reynolds farm that same evening and took Pauline's mother out to her.

That evening, in the seclusion of his study, Grant went carefully over all the exciting incidents of the day. From his observations of Arthur's actions and emotions he had recognized the fact that Arthur was in love with Pauline. Grant had for some time been contemplating the probability of such an event, and he was now surprised at the emotions awakened in his own mind by the full realization of this fact. Grant was not, as a rule, given to close self-analysis. His life was too simple and direct to require it. But whenever he undertook the task of self-examination he went at it with the thoroughness of a surgeon with the dissecting knife. What was the nature of his own feelings toward Pauline? This was the problem he now set himself to solve. It was a problem which had not confronted him before. He had resolved never to

marry. When he had entered the ministry he had faced this question squarely, and had decided that family ties might interfere with his duties as a servant of mankind. He wanted to feel free to respond to the call of duty wherever it should lead him. If the time should come when he must choose between failure and poverty, coupled with self-respect and a clear conscience, on the one hand, or success and worldly fame, coupled with base compromise and the surrender of his highest convictions on the other, then he wanted to be in a position where he could take up his cross of failure and bear it alone. When he devoted himself to the service of mankind through the ministry he had looked upon himself as a soldier starting on a campaign of actual warfare, and had felt that he had no right to take any dependent ones into the conflict with him. Already that conflict was on. His whole sympathy was drawn toward the suffering, helpless population on the Bottoms in Milltown, and he saw clearly the coming of the time when, if he could not serve them best by working among their employers, he must choose between a life of self-sacrifice among the poor, despised people of the Bottoms or a life of ease and worldly honor among the wealthy and self-satisfied residents of College Avenue. When that hour should come he wanted no helpless, dependent hands to draw him back. Yet against all this previous reasoning on this subject there now surged a tide of feeling the force of which surprised him. His association with Pauline had been so simple and natural, his interest in his work had been so intense, that he had not until now paused to consider how great a part of his life and work she had become.

And what were her sentiments toward him? he asked himself.

He had discovered that Arthur Wellington loved her, but did she return that love? She lived on a higher plane of thought and feeling than Arthur had yet attained, but Arthur was a splendid specimen of manhood physically, and Grant was too deep a student of human nature not to recognize the physical basis of love between man and woman. Arthur Wellington was certainly a man that most

women might love. Grant knew him thoroughly and loved him dearly, in spite of Arthur's material nature and somewhat narrow views of life. Yet, reviewing all the past six months, McDonald had an instinctive feeling that, should he enter a contest with Arthur for Pauline's love, he would stand at least an equal chance of success. He had guarded his own conduct toward her with the greatest care, while Arthur had made no effort to conceal his admiration for Pauline. But Pauline had treated them both with equally frank friendliness.

Again and again Grant reviewed the emotions brought out by the experiences through which he had just passed,—experiences which had, for the time being, crowded out of his life all else but the basic emotions of a virile manhood. He recalled his agony of apprehension as he saw Pauline lying by the roadside with the gravelike mound of snow beside her. He remembered and analyzed the strange pain that shot through him as her white face lay on Arthur's shoulder. He reviewed, with a sort of wonder, his feelings as he battled with the storm to bring her aid, he felt again the flash of joy that thrilled him as he saw her restored to consciousness on his return with Dr. Mack. And when Grant finished his self-analysis he bowed his head and recognized the transforming touch of love's magic wand upon his life. Before, in all his relations with Pauline, he had been only the minister. During the experiences of the storm the minister was forgotten and the man had felt and acted. And now the minister recognized the man.

And then came the struggle. His duty to his sacred calling, as he recognized that duty, and his love for Pauline, made his soul their battle ground. The contest was long and painful. He walked the floor with throbbing temples. Great beads of perspiration came out and stood on his forehead, though the room was cold. It was the old struggle of the man against the minister, which Grant thought he had fought out years ago. But as then the minister had mastered and subdued the man in all baser and meaner struggles, so now, in this new and nobler field, the man at length bowed to the will of the



minister. The minister believed in the celibacy of the ministry. Pauline already knew his views regarding marriage, for he had discussed them freely with her in his brotherly confidence, and she had agreed with him. She had even gone farther, and had maintained that any special calling of man or woman in the higher realms of art could be better fulfilled free from domestic joys and cares. She had said that the great singer, the great actor, the great painter, or the great writer should remain single. If he would achieve the highest he must not divide his affections. She herself had longed to become a great singer, but her father's sudden reverses and her duty to her mother had prevented the necessary completeness of preparation. Grant now felt glad that he had talked with her thus. It would be harder to express himself as freely to her now on this subject, but they already understood each other's position, and the pleasant comradeship need not be interrupted.

When the struggle was over Grant felt physically weak, and the closeness of the room seemed to stifle him. He went to the window and raised the sash. Kneeling down he looked up into the stormy

sky. A great feeling of loneliness was upon him. He longed for human companionship. Up the street a block gleamed the lights of a club-house belonging to a fraternity of which he was a member, and where he was always a most welcome visitor. They were having a musical programme there and he would go up and hear it. He put on his top-coat and went out on the street. The storm was not severe in the sheltered streets, though the snow was falling heavily. As he started for the club-house two ragged children whom he recognized as coming from the Bottoms a mile away, passed down the opposite walk on their way home with a basket of clothes for their mother to wash. He turned and looked after them. The basket was heavy and they stopped to rest. He glanced back at the lighted club-house from whence floated the sweet strains of music, then turning from its welcoming lights he crossed the street and overtook the children just as they were starting on with their burden.

"Good evening, little ones," he said, smiling down at them. "Your basket appears heavy. May I help you carry it home?"

*(To be continued.)*

Indolence makes life torpid.

Truth never admits of reasonings.

The center controls the circumference.

By our sins we are often humbled and saved.

The victor that overcometh the world is faith.

No one would welcome an angel who brought him ill tidings.

Without activity of body and brain there can be no health or happiness.

Memory keeps her record in your face of good or evil thoughts and deeds.

The man who enters blindly upon his business usually comes out with his sight, and nothing else.

Count nothing a misfortune that has conquered foolish pride, and has taught you the deeper lessons of life.

Never desire to appear good if you are not really so. A bold villain is more respected than a hypocrite.

# TWO HEARTS FOR ONE\*

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## CHAPTER II.

If it seems improbable that the stranger should remain a guest at the farm-house for a week or more, then you who think so are ignorant of the hospitality of the generous farmers of Missouri and Kentucky in antebellum days, albeit afterward the carpet-bagger was an object of suspicion to whites and blacks alike.

Major Morgan had lately returned from a third trip to California, where he first ventured with Fremont in '49. He had lived for a time in all the States of the Union, though a native of Virginia, and



MR. VAN HORN.

when he married his beautiful southern wife he settled in a slave State principally upon her account; for himself he liked to travel, speculate, and, as he said, live in the saddle or on wheels. He was a staunch Democrat, and could see no good in a Whig or in the "Know-nothings." But he was generous; if a man were a good

talker, or, what pleased him better, a good listener, why he could stay at the farm-house just as long as his ears held out, and fare like a king.

Speaking to Major Morgan, Mr. Van Horn said: "Your little one's intense desire to confirm her lesson in physiology led me to forget all about my own peculiar affliction and do that which I never did for any one. I have been morbidly sensitive since my misfortune and strive to hide rather than reveal it."

"It is scarcely to be called a misfortune, sir," said the major; "since you have developed possibilities of your voice without that 'unruly member' that are seldom reached with it. St. James did not write that remarkable chapter of his epistle without thorough knowledge of the poison that lay imbedded in man's tongue."

"I have fully verified that 'from the heart the mouth speaketh' with or without a tongue. But, sir, would you have detected the absence of a tongue?"

"Certainly not; it would never have occurred to me. The voice is somewhat unusual, but harmonious and pleasant."

"But the child did!"

"That child has ears that are keen as an Indian's; but you know it awakened awe and reverence in her rather than surprise or curiosity."

"She is a peculiar nature, Major Morgan. Your little girl is a born heroine. She will be a remarkable woman."

This great encomium, pronounced, as it was, in a frank, earnest manner, devoid of any suspicion of flattery, bound the stranger with bonds of steel to the major. He unbosomed himself and told his fears for her health, and the stranger assured him she would grow to be a very strong woman; and from that hour the major determined to keep the stranger as long as possible with them.

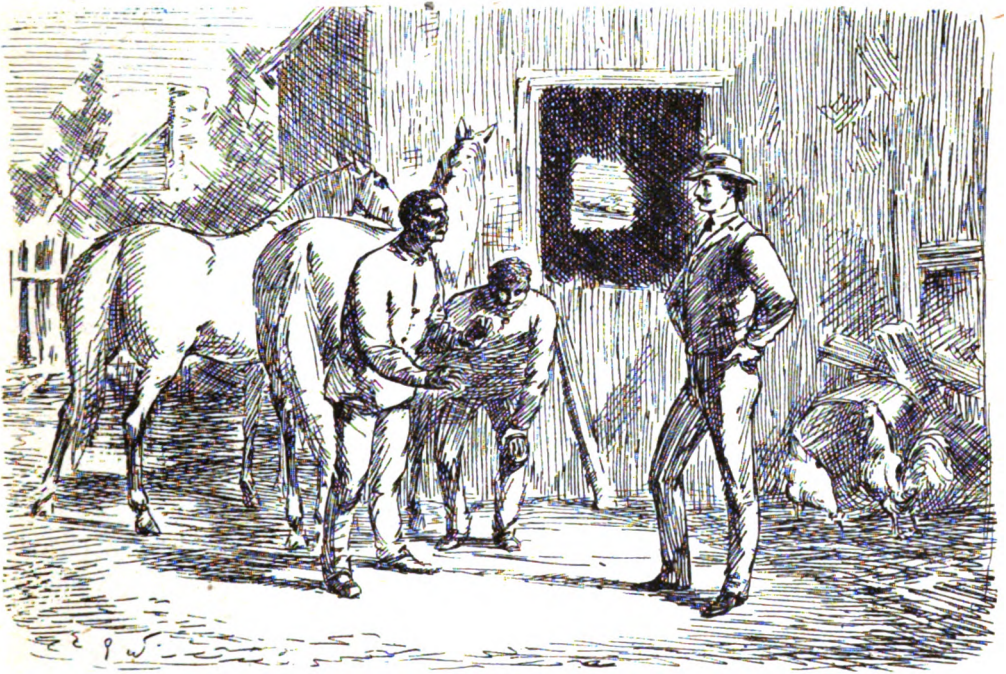
They rode or drove over the farm and the prairie, shot prairie chickens in the early morning, or hunted squirrels in the timber, and Mr. Van Horn looked, listened, and admired, yet nothing pleased him so well as to make the little daughter the subject of their conversations.

"If she were mine," he said, "I should leave her free to act her own sweet will. She is delicate and will grow stronger thus. She will never choose to do a mean thing; I cannot imagine fear of punishment preventing her doing what she wished to do, but a fear of a scolding—"

would never quell the spirit; it would defy you to the last, or hate you. She ought to have exercise and sunshine. She ought to study and learn without any rule or constraint. She is a genius, and you can't, no man can, guide genius; it is its own law and master."

One morning Mr. Van Horn heard a discussion in the barn yard between the negroes.

"I tells you, Jonas, I seed a Jack o' m' lantern las' night; it was late, say twelve or one o'clock; me an' Bob—"



"YES, SAH, AS SHUAH AS YO'SE A BAWN GENTLEMAN!"

"That is it; besides you are mistaken. No other human being fears a punishment as that child does, and when her mother found it necessary to punish her once she came near starving herself to death. It was weeks, sir, before she got over it. Not that it was a severe punishment; but the wounded pride, the mortification— Bless my soul, I would not touch her for my farm."

"I should think not! Insanity, death could ensue from such a shock to such a nature; and what is the use? You might conquer her frail little body, but you

"What was you niggahs doin' out dat time o' night?"

"We— Well— Dat has nuffin to do wid the Jack o' m' lantern!"

"Guess you's jest settin' up a lookin' for it?"

"Jes' so!" and the negro caught the suggestion as his most convenient loophole.

"Whar was dat Jack o' m' lantern comin' from, an' whar did it go?"

"It passed 'long de side ob de house, 'long de ground', an' it stayed long time on

de side o' dat 'ere out-house, jes' like a white shadder."

"Well, you's a nigger as ought to get his freedom fer lyin'! A white shadder! Gosh, Sam, dat 'ere beats a preacher,—a whole camp-meetin'."

The negroes, who were currying the horses, stopped in their conversation and listened; the footsteps of the stranger approached, and they feared their master was about and would laugh at their "Jack o' m' lantern." The one who told the experience did not believe it more firmly than the other, but the one knowing the white folks' opinion of negro superstitions was determined not to be ever heard sanctioning "Jack o' m' lanterns."

"Do witches ever ride horses at night in this State?" asked the stranger, addressing the "Jack o' m' lantern" fellow.

"Yes, sah; as shuah as yo'se a bawn gentleman, sah. I'se had to untie their stirrups outen that black mare's mane more 'n twenty times."

"She is a favorite with them, then?"

"She is, sah,—as fleet as a deer and as light, an' none of yer nickerin' kind wher she's took out nights."

"Ah, I thought so. For instance, if you or I had a girl in the neighborhood, and wanted to ride instead of walk, we would pick out Black Diamond, because she never squeals. I see; the witches here are just like Kentucky witches, sharp as lightning and sly as death. Now, my horse would raise such a yell if led out at night by anybody but myself that he would raise the neighborhood. That is the reason I always feed and take care of him myself;" and straightway he fed and proceeded to curry his horse while he ate.

The witch story is too familiar to repeat to the old slave owners; but for the present generation I would say that negroes firmly believed in witches, and at the same time they laid many of their own misdeeds upon them. For instance, did a negro want to go miles at night on his own errand, he rode his master's horse, and they were hard riders, those slaves; then they tied the foaming animal's mane into stirrups and said the witches did it, and while the master knew better, he winked at it and said he would just put a night watch on in the shape of a constable with

a shot-gun for a while, when it would be a long time before there were witches' stirrups seen again; but at last they would come back and do the same mischievous thing, especially to those horses which walked quietly out of the stable at all hours of the night.

But the "Will o' the wisp" or "Jack o' m' lantern" story impressed itself upon Mr. Van Horn, and that morning when Mr. Morgan invited him to drive into town he excused himself, Mrs. Morgan accompanying her husband.

The house was set in like a gem among tall trees, roses, and vines. Sweet honey-suckle shaded the porch where Mr. Van Horn read and listened to the birds and the laugh and songs of the darky children playing in the sunshine.

Missy had avowed her intention of not going to school for a week, or as long as the stranger remained; so after a late breakfast she came around the house to the front porch, with her book.

Soon they were engaged in conversation. He told her of the wonders of the stars, and explained how the earth went around the sun without "hopping over it" as Amy thought, and, without mixing up or spilling its inhabitants; about the clouds, the rain, the snow, and then gravitation. Oh, the fairy-land of science he opened for her to peep into and get a thirst that could never be quenched all her life long, but which led her to study with a love and joy nothing else ever gave her.

At last he wound up by asking her if she had ever seen a "Jack o' m' lantern."

"No, I never saw one. Pa says it is from phosphorus."

"Ah, yes. But, for instance, the kind Sam saw last night that made a white shadow on the out-house there,—what is that?"

"That is where the women spin. Nothing but wheels there—and rolls."

"Oh. There is no special reason why a Jack o' lantern should choose that house for his display, is there?" he asked, the calm eyes fixed upon her.

"Yes," she said, coloring. "Yes, there is. That Jack o' lantern was my candle. I am not allowed to read at night after nine o'clock. From my room my mother can see my light; so I cross the hall and



take my light to a room where it might shine on that house—"

"Oh."

"You knew it?"

"I knew it? Why, no; I didn't know it, but I suspected it. However, I think your parents are correct. You are too young and delicate to burn midnight oil. You should sleep, rest, grow."

"Now, that is not the worst of it. I have been reading a book that pa would

"That is nice. Ever so much nicer than doing it on the sly. But the book,—would you mind telling me the name of it?"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

"Is it a good book?"

"Oh, it is written by a person who never owned slaves or lived in the South, and I can't believe it all. Some of it I do."

"Did it change your feelings on the subject of slavery any?"



"THE HOUSE WAS SET IN LIKE A GEM."

not allow me to look into if he knew it. I heard him say it shouldn't come into his house."

"And that made you want it?"

"Well, yes. I rather think I would never have thought much about it otherwise. I finished that book last night after Amy was asleep and everybody else; and I taught Amy the alphabet before she slept." And she told of her mother's morning call in her room, and her tacit consent to her teaching the child.

"Why, no. But if such a thing is true I know God won't permit it to last always. Pa says the extremes are always used to illustrate the point one wishes to make; so I guess that's true of this book."

He was silent; the child's light was true as the stars.

"What if your father should sell Amy?"

"Sell Amy! Why, Amy's mother nursed me at her breast. Ma says but for her I would have died. Amy shared her baby food with me, or her mother did,

and I'll tell you"—the eyes kindled, the quivering nostrils were distended—"if he were to do that—I'd—I'd—die."

He looked at the delicate child all wrought up over the bare idea, and he saw and felt that should such a misfortune ever befall her it might mean death.

"But the book," she said at last; "I resolved never to do another sneaking thing,—yet I have, and even now I can't go boldly to my father and acknowledge it. It is hard, dreadful hard to be—Why, I am as much a slave in that respect as Amy, for I am a coward, and cowardice, pa says, is slavery. If I can't have a light in my room where it is warm in the winter, I take it into an unused room and stay and read in the cold. What is the difference in letting me have my own way so long as I hurt nobody but myself? They say I shan't, and go to bed. I say I will, and I do it."

Strange child, solving a strange problem in a strange way,—and yet the old, old way from Eve to the little daughters of her descendants.

"Do you ever talk to your parents as you have talked to me, confessing and showing that you disobey, not because you like to, but because you have to, for instance, in a case like this?"

"No, sir. I talk to you differently from what I ever talked to anybody else, and listen to you better than I ever did; for you seem so just and reasonable, and I think it is all because you have no tongue. You see, from the first it seemed to me that you had a 'good spirit,' as the Indians call it, who could talk aloud from out your heart, while you sat still and listened to it as well as I. Now, if you had a tongue it would talk just as pa and ma and I do, and I wouldn't mind what you said half so much. Or—I rather think God talks in you. You see, he don't have to use a tongue."

She looked at him with awe and reverence, and tears started to his eyes.

"I rather think God speaks in a little heart I know, and— But who is that?"

A man had ridden up to the stile and called the child's name. The expression that her face assumed—her frozen, speechless horror—caused Mr. Van Horn to ask the name of the man who approached.

Minnie did not move, but the twitching lips, the wild look of pain, hate, and fear, transformed her expressive face like a mask; and, the new-comer getting no answer from her, Mr. Van Horn rose and walked to the stile and explained that the master of the house was absent.

"Tell him when he returns that I called to see him about the matter we spoke of yesterday when we met at Graham's."

"What name shall I give?"

"Oh, yes,—Carter."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Van Horn returned to his seat on the stoop; but Minnie was no longer there, and he did not see her again until the noonday meal. When she came in she threw her "shaker" upon a side table, came to the dinner table, and remained standing while she ate. Indeed, Minnie always stood at table and took her food daintily as a bird, and ate very little more than a bird would. A delicate stomach taught her what to select from the bountiful Virginian's board.

She seemed to come to-day more to keep Mr. Van Horn company than to eat.

"I fancy you don't like Mr. Carter," said he at last, creaming his strawberries.

The same look came back on her face, and she set down the glass of milk on its way to her lips, and did not taste anything more.

"I am sorry, Minnie, to spoil your appetite by reference to a distasteful subject. Please pardon me. You are not offended with me, I hope?" he continued, when she made no reply.

"No, sir. I will tell you, may be, if I can, all about it."

Mr. Van Horn was interested in everything that concerned his little friend, and now his sympathy was aroused by her evident pain. It was not curiosity, but a hope that he might help to overcome some rooted prejudice that sorely marred the beauty of the little one's naturally good character.

He ate his strawberries in silence, and she stood opposite to him picking her roll into crumbs and dropping them on her plate. Amy, of course, stood at her back waiting for the tableau to cease that she might scamper off to the kitchen and appease her own hunger. Missy heaped a huge saucer with strawberries and sugared

them till there seemed to be more sugar than berries, and laid a piece of cake on top. She handed it to Amy with the command:

"Go off and eat and don't bother me till—till I call you."

The child held out both hands for the treat, winked at the colored waitress, and stole swiftly and noiselessly from the room.

being on earth. She had a way of saying solemnly, "De Lawd knows this nigger didn't do it," or "I'll cross my heart and body, Missy." She knew Missy hated lies, but she also knew that Missy had told some, and she put it down that if Missy lied to her ma, she, Amy, might lie to Missy. But unlike Missy she did not lose sleep over it, or ask forgiveness.

She believed if God made "niggers" he was the cause of the lies. "For you see, Missy, God just had no business fur to make any lies." In Amy's philosophy all wrong in the world came from God and the white folks.

It was after one when Mr. Van Horn sat under a huge cottonwood tree, baring his brow to the cool shade and drinking in the hum of bees, the fragrance of the honeysuckle, and reveling in the peaceful influence of his surroundings.

"Surely this is earthly joy," he said,—"sunshine, birds, and flowers, and God's free air so pure."

At last Minnie joined him; her shaker hung on her arm, tied by its ribbon strings, and her long, bright, auburn curls hung down to her waist. Last night's late watch had made her look pale and pinched, and her eyes were just a little heavy. Her slender arms were bare to the elbow, and the little bony fingers wore several valuable rings, old heirlooms with their copper alloy.

"You want to know why

I dislike that man? Because he is a cruel man. Pa bought mammy from him, but he refused to sell one of her children to pa with her. So mammy has grieved over this child ever since I could remember. He's a bad, bad man. Pa will not talk to me about it."

"AT LAST MINNIE JOINED HIM."

All of Amy's motions were stealthy, her glances sly, her keen perception ready to take advantage of any opportunity. And yet this little hypocrite would look as solemn and weep as loud if accused of stealing as if she were the most honest





"Did you ever see her child that he owns?"

"No, sir; that is the worst of it. When I beg pa to get him to let her even see the child he tells me little girls must not interfere in such matters, and when I talk to mammy of it, she cries and tells me to hush or I will break her heart."

"Does Amy know it?"

"Oh, Amy knows as much as I do and hates him; but she never saw her brother or sister, whichever it is. There now, I must not speak of it again; for it makes me very wicked. She buried her face in her hands and said, 'And this is why I hate him.'"

### CHAPTER III.

The stranger did not remain a stranger. He took up the training of this sweet child in other things besides those which puzzled her tender conscience. He saw her pleasure in study, her hunger for all kinds of true knowledge, her intuitive musical gift, and one by one he gently drew all her treasures forth to her own delighted view, and to the pride and pleasure of her parents.

He showed her, moreover, that, while the tongue was a very important auxiliary in eating and talking, it was a hinderance in vocal music, and demonstrated the truth of the assertion by flutelike tones that he told her no human being with a tongue could produce. And then he sang for her, oh, such a song! The tones began away in the distance, as though the negroes were coming from the field. He took the song he heard her and Amy first sing. From far off came the sound, then she heard the roll of wheels, the crack of the whips, and nearer, nearer came the voice, till at last he sang the last verse so near that she could not doubt but that it was he. But how did he do it?

"Oh, who would want a tongue," she cried, "who could sing like that?" He taught her to sing beautiful songs from his favorite operas, and he would accompany her with those inspiring tones.

Oh, what days of joy! The stern, silent man grew bright and gay, and Minnie bloomed like a fresh wild rose.

Every morning were the lessons and every evening came the songs, which the parents enjoyed with love and new pride in their little one, and every inducement was held out to keep the stranger with them, for they had taken to them an angel unawares.

He taught Minnie lessons that would be graven on the tablet of her young heart and when she was old would never fade from it. The dust of time, the ashes of sorrow could never obliterate them, and her memory would forever hold the ideals of the highest virtues of the human soul, and his imprint would be stamped on all.

He taught her religion of a nobler kind than she had ever heard of before. He showed her that life is law, and that, stern and exacting as it is, there is also generous compensation to make amends for all the seeming ills, such as had come to him in the dark hours of his boyhood's grief. He had tried to console himself by whistling to banish thought and pain, and had thus developed the wonderful power he had shown her. It was heaven's pitying angels' gift bestowed to solace and soothe him, and had, perhaps, prevented madness.

And as she became accustomed to him she seldom noticed the scar, but when she did something like physical pain caused her tender heart to tremble. But at last he wore side whiskers, which to her delight "almost hid that cruel, cruel thing," as she said, referring to the scar.

*(To be continued.)*

How often have you borne false witness against your neighbor, by attributing to him motives he never had?

The man who believes in only that which he sees changes his belief very often, and has very little faith in himself or anybody else.



# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## ARTISTIC HYGIENIC DRESS

Equal if not greater in importance to hygienic food is hygienic dress. There have been many reform dresses invented, but they have either tended toward the masculine, and found disfavor on that account, or have been particularly ugly, or so complicated that it took an artist to make them.

Many affirm they would rather live a short life and enjoy tasty food, than a long one on plain, wholesome diet that did not please the palate. If one could live the short life and enjoy the tasty food to the end of it there could be no objection to a man living his own life his own way; but the ills that follow in the train, the example set to others who follow ignorantly, raises many troublesome questions in our minds, questions which demand answers. No food, hygienic or otherwise, can be properly handled by a compressed stomach, and it is in improper condition when it enters the blood. We go no farther than the compression of the stomach, which is the great chemical laboratory of the human system. It must be free from restraint to do its wise, heroic work. There may be those who would rather drag out a miserable existence in fashionable garb than be healthy in one not seen in the latest fashion plate, and such will not care for these suggestions.

I am going to make one statement positively, and that is that women try to dress to be attractive to the men, to be more beautiful to them. There never was a fashion formed that did not have this aim in view; and it is right, perfectly so, for men, good men, have good judgment

and good taste in matters of dress. Witness their own sensible, comfortable styles.

Wise, good men do not approve of masculine attire or anything approaching it for women, and yet they have been so disgusted with fashion that they hail even the rainy-day skirt in preference to the sweeping train on the street. But why either? This pendulum fashion of swinging from one extreme to the other in dress is wholly unnecessary. There is a medium, modest and becoming.

It is reasonable to suppose that dress was designed first as a covering, second, as an ornament.

The tight tailor-made dress can scarcely come under the former head, and has no claim whatever to the latter. There are fine figures that can be revealed to a great disadvantage (I mean what I say) in the bold, plain, tailor-made gown, the most sensuous gown that was ever paraded upon the streets by well-bred women.

Next to the tailor-made gown for elegance and death-dealing power to the wearer is the straight high band around the neck, which weakens the muscles, causing them to become flabby and stringy, increasing the length of the neck, injuring the vocal cords, pressing the medulla oblongata, causing congestion and headache. Besides, a tight, close-fitting collar holds every muscle of the body restricted.

The pointed-toe, high-heeled shoe has deformed all the feet of its votaries, and they walk on the small toe, or else it lies on top. There are more deformed feet in America to-day, dating from this

abominable fad, than ever before in the history of the nation. American women were once noted for their beautiful feet. Those who have adopted the pointed toe, especially when young and the feet were growing, can lay no claim to this enviable possession.

There have been more operations performed on women in the last fifteen years than had been in fifty years preceding, and the whole trouble comes from improper food and dress and shoes, the improper cut of gown, its weight, etc. Now, then, why not strike a medium, and wear healthful clothing, at once beautiful and artistic?

There is nothing so ugly, so devoid of grace, as the bald, cold, stiff plain skirt of to-day. There must be graceful folds to get effect,—where lights and shadows play, where motion seems to impart something of the feeling and emotion of the wearer to the garment; and the gown in form and material should declare the inward graces of the mind and soul. The color and texture of a fabric may bespeak the nature of the wearer.

The history of dress shows that all nations seem to have had the same costume, formed of long garments, without much shape or ornament, and as these were all much alike they descended from father to son for many generations. The colors most valued among the ancients appear to have been purple, red, and violet; but white was the most used by the Israelites. The costumes of the early Greeks were remarkable for their close fit, loose flowing garments being of later introduction. Among the Romans the toga, a dress derived from the Etruscans, was the characteristic costume, and although discouraged by Augustus (B. C. 27—A. D. 14) and Domitian (81—96 A. D.), it maintained its popularity till the removal of the seat of government to Constantinople in 330 A. D., when it was superseded by the Greek pallium.

When the Romans conquered western Europe they, of course, introduced their costume, which was successively modified and diversified according to the taste peculiar to every country. From the beginning of the fourteenth century fashion began to travel northward from Italy through Paris to London. To attempt a

history of modern dress, in its endless variety of modes, would be to record the history of human folly. At all times mankind would seem to have exhausted its powers of invention in devising costumes to lend transformation and even deformity to the natural beauty and harmony of the human frame. Fashion has in all ages proved itself the arbiter of society, and is of all things that which it is, perhaps, most difficult to the psychologist to account for. When we look back over the fashion plates of other generations we congratulate the gentlemen upon having found and adopted a rational raiment (I speak now of men who do not follow the ultra-fashionable, but the uniform dress), and indeed women have made rapid strides, but they have not reached the goal.

When the Roman men wore the toga Roman matrons wore the stolla, a loose garment which was worn over a tunic, and came as low as the ankles or the feet, being fastened round the body by a girdle. It had either long or short sleeves, was fastened on the shoulder by a fibula, and had a flounce sewed to the bottom; the ample pallium was thrown over it, and brought over the head when walking or in the winter. The stolla was not allowed to be worn by courtesans.

Now, it seems to me that there must have been both grace and dignity attached to the wearer of this garment. But the styles of women's dress changed, and for the same reason as that of the men as given in the above history. These styles were set by some popular leader of society, and followed by others regardless of beauty or suitability to the wearer. Sense, taste, judgment were all sacrificed for the style as it is to-day! Now, I maintain that the beauty of any garment consists in its adaptability to the wearer,—time, place, and the circumstances of the individual. An expensive garment is out of place on the woman of moderate means. She can appear far more elegant in a tasteful gown adapted to her age, style, and condition of life.

It is the duty of every woman to dress well, becomingly, beautifully, elegantly. But let her analyze these terms, and adapt them to herself, her individual self. The

luxurious gown that causes an ejaculation of surprise and delight when worn by a multi-millionaire's wife or daughter to burst from our lips, would cause a murmur of surprise and disgust if worn by a poor man's wife or daughter. Not that the gown in itself might not be equally beautiful and the wearer even more so and equally noble and worthy, but the discrepancy between the cost of the gown and her purse, the gown and her condition of life, would change the whole aspect of the affair.

There is no question to-day of more vital importance to the American people, the peace and prosperity of our race, than this one question of dress. It is the whirlpool in which more women and young girls are caught and destroyed, more men and homes wrecked, than in any other. It is a great social, national epidemic affecting all classes. There never was a time before when so many women in moderate circumstances ventured to pay the exorbitant prices for dressmaking—twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars for making a gown, the material of which probably cost ten or twelve dollars. Why? Because the fashion is such that only tailors and modistes can make them; but these people work apprentices who are paid nothing or else small wages, and the gown that the poor woman wears is after all manufactured by cheap help. But her husband or father has paid the highest market price. Any tasteful dressmaker ought to be able to make a woman's gown; any poor woman ought to be able to make her own gown, unless she is otherwise employed.

Every woman should be brave enough to select a style suitable to her stature, age, condition in life, adopt it permanently and wear it as the birds wear their plumage, changing only as the season and occasion demand. What sleepless nights, what aching heads, aye, and hearts too, it would save.

The recent case of a Chicago woman who came to grief because she was the victim of her own extravagant desires and the unlimited generosity of her husband has brought to light some appalling facts in regard to feminine extravagance, and though it may be claimed as an offset that

many people are inestimably benefited in this way whose pride would forbid them to receive any other kind of patronage than liberal pay for services, still there is always the same possibility, if not probability, of financial embarrassment to make them parallel to the case which received such public notoriety, and revealed the fact that all of the larger dry-goods, jewelry, show, and fur houses in Chicago (and it is typical of all large cities) have patrons whose monthly accounts on an average are from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, and which is not considered large, as frequently they have accounts which run to five thousand dollars per month, and it is only then that a woman is deemed extravagant. This is especially the case with the newly rich, who never had much money; for those persons who were always rich are seldom foolishly extravagant. Bills of one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars per month for laces and lingerie alone are not unusual, and some women pay from two to three hundred dollars for a single article of underwear trimmed with rich lace; others buy dozens of pairs of silk stockings at five dollars a pair, others a thousand dollars per month for millinery. Wealthy women of large families, whose bills for one month, counting their dressmaking, etc., frequently are ten thousand dollars and upward, are quite different cases from that of a woman who buys for herself alone indiscriminately thousands of dollars' worth of silk, lace, furs, jewels, and millinery. The question is how she finds hours enough in the year to dress and undress in order to utilize them?

Our interest, however, turns to the invalid, the wage-earner, and to all women who seek comfort, utility, and beauty combined, and we offer suggestions aiming to show how results may be obtained with least trouble and expense.

In our March issue we shall give cuts and specific directions for making elegant gowns for home and street wear easily made, becoming to any figure; also for wraps, walking, and carriage use,—with comparative cost between these and the gowns commonly worn by women in moderate circumstances.

# EDITORIALS

## A GREAT MUNICIPAL VICTORY

I think it is safe to say that no more encouraging or instructive victory has been won in the history of American municipal affairs in recent years than was signalized in the city of Boston on December 12th, when the voters by an overwhelming majority refused the demand of the Boston Elevated Railway Company for the right of way over Tremont and Boylston streets. Certainly the practical value of the referendum has never been more clearly demonstrated in the new world than on that occasion.

The victory of the citizens of Chicago over the street railway monopoly some time since was regarded as a great triumph for the public; but its significance was in my judgment far less than the result in Boston, for the reason that in Chicago all the influential dailies, with one exception, were on the side of the people, and the mayor of the municipality was also aggressively opposed to the railway's demands. In Boston the Elevated Railway Company had enlisted the great dailies, both morning and evening, with the exception of the Boston Transcript, and most of these journals ardently championed the cause of the corporation. Moreover, the latter expended money like water to accomplish its purposes. It hired columns in all the dailies for carefully prepared petitions, pleas, and plausible arguments for the granting of the franchise. And yet, in spite of the tireless work and lavish expenditure of the most powerful monopoly in New England, aided by the great opinion-forming journals and agencies of the city, the people refused to give up their valuable rights in the streets they had rescued from the railway company.

So important is this victory that a brief outline of its history will be interesting and may prove helpful in other municipalities where the people have the wisdom and foresight to rescue public utilities from private control before the corporations become so intrenched that it will be impossible to reclaim that which by right belongs to all the people, and in the profits and advantages of which all the people should share.

For many years the predecessor of the Boston Elevated Railway Company seemed to have the right of way in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and its successor has proceeded with the same bold audacity born of confidence of success. Every attempt to secure adequate car service for Boston, whereby a large proportion of the business population might occasionally enjoy a seat in coming from or going to their places of employment, has come to naught. Day after day the citizens of Boston, women as well as men, are compelled to stand crushed against each other in cars in which it is frequently almost impossible for the conductor to crowd his way, and on platforms where every available inch of standing room is taken up. Attempts have vainly been made to compel the over-rich corporations to inclose the platforms of the cars during the winter months, as is done in other northern cities,—a reasonable requirement, demanded not only for the protection of the motormen and conductors during the many terribly cold and stormy days of our severe winters, but as a health measure for passengers, who on account of the inadequacy of the car service are compelled daily to ride on the platform; for there can be no doubt but what the

appalling death-rate from pneumonia and other diseases of the respiratory organs is largely increased through the enforced exposure of our citizens on the street corners, waiting for cars on which they can secure standing room, and on car platforms during inclement weather. Yet up to the present date the press of Boston had been strangely silent on this crying need, and the legislature, so quick to act in matters of small importance, where great monopolies are not concerned, has declined to comply with the reasonable and vitally important demand of the people in compelling the corporation to do what is clearly its duty, no less than what the health and comfort of the people demand.

Last year the railway company prayed the legislature for the right to relay the tracks on Tremont and Boylston streets, which had been taken up at the completion of the subway by the city of Boston. The legislature soon came under the spell of the railway magnates, and it became evident that the only hope of saving the streets was by recourse to the referendum principle. This, naturally enough, was opposed by the corporation, who sought to secure for nothing a franchise worth millions of dollars. Governor Wolcott, however, at length decided that on a question of such vital importance to the municipality the people had a right to be heard, and having arrived at this decision he was immovable. The promoters found the bill would receive the governor's veto if it passed without the referendum clause. The railway could not muster a two-thirds vote. Hence the referendum section was retained.

The opposition to the elevated railway's plans was aided by Mr. B. F. Keith and a few other public-spirited citizens. These worked with energy and persistence, but without the aid of the great daily press the outlook appeared dark, for the reason that it was practically impossible to get clearly before the people the answers to the sophistical but plausible claims of the railway company. Mr. Keith and his committee, however, carried on the agitation with all the vigor possible. The railway company was not blind to its interests. Here was an op-

portunity to secure franchises worth more than a million dollars, and they could well afford to spend tens and even hundreds of thousands to obtain so rich a prize. The people's representatives realized the importance of reaching the masses with facts, knowing that if they could once accomplish this the preposterous demands of the company would be resisted. Several measures were adopted, as, for example, in Keith's Theater for some time before the election biograph pictures were daily and nightly thrown upon the screens, showing Tremont street as it was when glutted by car traffic, and the street since it had been cleared,—a very telling object-lesson. In the Tremont Theater envelopes were distributed containing a strong editorial from the Boston Transcript against the demands of the corporation. But valuable as were these and other means adopted, they were necessarily very limited in the extent of their influence. What was needed was to reach the voters with a cogent presentation of the facts, and at length a happy idea was acted upon. Postal cards containing a few questions and answers were forwarded to voters, and these were followed by a noteworthy Socratic circular which was prepared on the eve of the election and extensively circulated throughout the city. Election day dawned. The railway company was absolutely confident of success. The great dailies were equally satisfied that the corporation would win, for did not the press manufacture public opinion? Did not the great morning dailies of a city do the thinking for all the people? The friends of good government scarcely dared to hope for success. Many of them predicted defeat, though they did not relax their efforts till the polls closed; and then the city awakened to the fact that the people were greater than the Boston Elevated Railway Company aided by the leading dailies, for the vote stood

Against the tracks.....	51,585
For the tracks.....	26,254
Majority against tracks.....	25,331

almost two to one against the demand of the railway corporation. Never had the referendum principle in popular govern-

ment been more magnificently vindicated. Never since the day when Cobden, Bright, and the Anti-Corn-Law League secured victory through the systematic sowing of England with pamphlets, at a time when the columns of the press were closed against the arguments in opposition to the corn laws, had the value of circulars and pamphlets been so evident as in this election. Since the battle fought in Boston will be fought in almost every municipality in the republic, I have decided to publish below in full the Socratic circular which played so important a part in compassing the people's victory:

**Question No. 1.—Who seems to own the principal streets of Boston?**

**Answer.**—The Boston Elevated Railway Co., except parts of Tremont and Boylston streets, which the people voted to clear of tracks by building the subway.

**Question No. 2.—Do the people of Boston have ANY rights in the streets occupied by the railway company?**

**Answer.**—Yes, the railway company graciously permits the public the use of what is left outside of two railway tracks.

**Question No. 3.—Who are the owners of the elevated railway?**

**Answer.**—More than three-quarters of the stock in this company is owned by less than fifty capitalists, chiefly railway magnates of other States. The West End Street Railway Co. was owned by about seven thousand Boston stockholders.

**Question No. 4.—Who are these railway magnates?**

**Answer.**—New York multi-millionaires and owners of most of the railroads in this country.

**Question No. 5.—Shall they take Tremont street also?**

**Answer.**—Not unless the people of Boston vote to give it to them.

**Question No. 6.—Will the legislature have power to remove the tracks if once relaid?**

**Answer.**—Not for twenty-three years. See Acts of 1897, Chapter 500, Section 10.

**Question No. 7.—If the people vote "NO," is there any reason why the tracks could not be relaid at any time, should the legislature and the people deem it necessary?**

**Answer.**—NONE WHATEVER.

**Question No. 8.—Cannot the elevated railway get two additional tracks in the subway from Shawmut avenue to Scollay square if they should be needed?**

**Answer.**—Yes, by simply carrying out its contract with the city to accept and pay for enlargement of the subway whenever required. See Railroad Commissioner's Report for 1898, page 232.

**Question No. 9.—Why should any workingmen vote for surface transit?**

**Answer.**—So that the elevated railway can save money by not enlarging the subway.

**Question No. 10.—Why does the elevated railway want to get more tracks on the street instead of in the subway?**

**Answer.**—They say it is because they cannot run trains and single cars in the subway.

**Question No. 11.—But what is the real reason?**

**Answer.**—Its counsel says, "Because we want to save our money; we don't want to spend it."

**Question No. 12.—When will the subway be enlarged and extended?**

**Answer.**—NEVER, if the tracks are put back on Tremont street.

**Question No. 13.—Will the railway company run trains through the subway?**

**Answer.**—No, it is to have a motor attached to each elevated car, and its officers have admitted that they intend to use the separate car system.

**Question No. 14.—How long will the company continue to talk about running trains through the subway?**

**Answer.**—Until it is decided that the tracks shall not go back on Tremont street.

**Question No. 15.—What authority says that the elevated cars could be run on the same tracks in the subway with the ordinary cars?**

**Answer.**—The Boston Transit Commission in its official report upon this subject.

**Question No. 16.—Are the through tracks in the subway fully occupied?**

**Answer.**—The Transit Commission reports they are NOT USED to ANYTHING LIKE THEIR FULL CAPACITY.

**Question No. 17.—If the crowds of Dewey Day and Harvard-Yale Football Day were handled with complete success, why not the every-day crowds?**

**Answer.**—Because, as the Transit Commission officially charges, the subway is not worked to its full capacity.

**Question No. 18.—Why are the managers of the railway company in such a hurry to get the tracks back?**

**Answer.**—Because they know that if they wait until the elevated road is in operation the people will see that surface tracks are not needed in Tremont street.

**Question No. 20.—Who opposed the plans of the Boston Transit Commission for putting elevators in the subway stations?**

**Answer.**—THE RAILWAY COMPANY.

**Question No. 21.—Who said the public would never use the subway and tried hard to make such the fact?**

**Answer.**—The elevated railway's predecessor, the West End Street Railway.

**Question No. 22.—Who said it would not raise a finger to put the tracks back on Tremont street?**

Answer.—The elevated railway, but it is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars for this purpose.

Question No. 23.—Who pays D. L. Griggs for his yellow literature?

Answer.—Inquire at the elevated railway office.

Question No. 24.—For what purpose did the people spend five million dollars to build a subway under Tremont and Boylston streets?

Answer.—“TO REMOVE ALL CARS from the SURFACE of these streets.” See Subway Commissioners’ official statement dated February 12, 1894.

Question No. 25.—What will the working people get if the tracks are restored?

Answer.—The old car blockades that DOCKED THEIR PAY in the morning and gave them COLD SUPPERS at night.

Question No. 26.—What is the value of Tremont street as a railway roadbed?

Answer.—At least one million dollars.

Question No. 27.—Who is asked to pay for this Christmas gift to the railway magnates?

Answer.—THE PEOPLE OF BOSTON.

Question No. 28.—Why has the elevated railway company worked so hard to get the tracks back?

Answer.—Because it wishes to get something—worth one million dollars—for nothing.

Question No. 29.—What would it cost to widen Tremont street eighteen feet?

Answer.—Ten million dollars, according to best expert estimates.

Question No. 30.—How does the elevated railway company propose to pay us for taking eighteen feet out of Tremont street for its tracks?

Answer.—By stalling traffic, its own included, in the old blockades from Park square to Scollay square.

B. O. FLOWER.

## THE RE-ELECTION OF MAYOR CHASE

The recent re-election of Mayor Chase, of Haverhill, is very significant. Mayor Chase was elected as a Social Democrat in a three-cornered fight a year ago, and it was generally claimed that his elevation to office was an accident, and that at the next election he would drop out of sight. The mayor, however, so honestly and faithfully filled the public trust, and exhibited such wisdom in his acts and recommendations, that he succeeded in winning over many who had opposed him, while the old-time prejudice against those who hold that our municipalities should be operated for the benefit and happiness of all the people rather than the enrichment

of a few overwealthy corporations is steadily giving way in our country. Hence, though there was a most determined fight to overthrow the brave, honest man who insisted that the people should enjoy the larger life, and that corporations should be shorn of undue power, the man of the people won the victory. Let us hope that it is an omen of the advent of a public spirit in our municipalities which shall demand and secure the public ownership and operation of public and quasi-public utilities for the benefit of the collective community and the enjoyment of all the people.

## DR. ABBOTT ON GAMBLING

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott strikes a true note when he calls attention to the death-dealing influence of the gambling spirit now so prevalent in our country. He holds that this evil is doing infinitely more harm than strong drink, and fearlessly points out the important fact that it makes no particular difference whether the gambling is done by cards or stocks. The great clergyman insists that he who seeks to get something for nothing is dis-

honest, whether he does it so as to render himself liable to the penitentiary or not. It is indeed a bright and hopeful sign of the advent of a higher moral consciousness when leading clergymen and editors have the manhood and courage thus boldly to strike the keynote of ethical progress. The twentieth century must work for the realization of the ideal hinted at in the noble utterances of this distinguished divine.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY

## "DIFFERENCES."\*

This is in many respects the most powerful American novel I have read in years. It is one of the finest specimens of the modern school of veritists and realists that have yet been written. It has not only the vigor, strength, and vividness of the best work of Hamlin Garland, but is characterized by an evenness which is only equaled by Mr. Howells.

The story may be said in a sense to be a social study in college settlement work, yet there is very little that is preachy; and indeed, it is clearly the author's purpose to set forth facts as they exist in a judicial way. He has neither made his story a vehicle for any theory nor subordinated the romance in any marked degree to social views. Hence it is as a novel of American life that it must be judged.

The story concerns a wealthy girl of culture, who voluntarily joins a university settlement in Chicago. Her work, her companions, the conditions of the poor are all given with that vividness which compels the reader, even though he be of dull imagination, to see and feel all that the author has evidently known and experienced; for I imagine that no one could write as Mr. White has written without having obtained an intimate knowledge of the conditions portrayed.

Genevieve Radcliffe is a fine type of the earnest, thoughtful American girl who has come under the influence of the new time. She is no longer satisfied with a butterfly life in society. She wishes to help the world onward, even if it be in ever so small a way. She is loved by a young man of shallow feeling—one of that multitudinous class who may be described as echoes of echoes. He has been attracted to her

through her beauty, attractiveness, and the prospect of large wealth. They are engaged. Later the colossal figure of a hard-working Scotchman, who, though uncultured, is by no means ignorant, appears on the scene. The poverty of the latter and his helplessness, with two small children, serve to draw Genevieve to his little home. Later the strong personality of the masterful man exerts that strange fascination which rugged sincerity and virgin strength ever exert over sensitive natures. Unconsciously Genevieve finds herself instituting comparisons between her lover and the colossal type of the modern workingman, who patiently battles his way through life; and though she is unprepared for the latter's declaration of love, and the two separate for a time, the reader feels at the moment of separation that the spell of love is on her imagination, and that henceforth she will wander through life hungering for the society of the unschooled man whose individuality has been so strongly impressed on her dream world.

John Wade, the workingman, wanders forth in quest of employment. The description of his long tramp for work and the rebuffs he meets are as pathetic as they are realistic, and I think no chapter in the whole story is so sweet as the account of his reception and his sojourn in the home of the Belgian family, where after the first night we find "four strong, healthy men breathing together under one roof, and three of them were brothers in flesh, and one of them was a stranger perhaps. No, not one of them was a stranger. They were four brothers sleeping side by side."

How John Wade came to sojourn for a time in the family is thus simply set forth:

Before dinner Anselm took John out over the farm. He showed him the barn and the horses, the pigs in the pen, the cattle in the pasture, and the fields where they were plowing for corn.

\*"Differences," a novel of to-day, by Hervey White. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co.



"How did you like it?" asked Piet, when they had come in for Sunday dinner.

"I wish I could stay always," said John, simply. "If I could only be of enough use for my board."

"Well, we'll talk it over after dinner," said Piet. "Of course, you can do enough for your board."

So the men went out and stood by the well after dinner, while John was working in the kitchen. They called the mother out later; and he felt like a man on trial for his life,—a man whose friends all look at him aloof.

Then they called him later on, and his arms were still bare with the work.

It was Piet who acted as spokesman.

"We all want you to stay, John," he said, simply. "But we want you to do what you think is best for yourself. We are poor people, and can't pay you wages that are fair. It would be foolish for us to hire when we're three able-bodied men on the farm, too many, in fact, already. Still, you are handy about the house; and mother is getting old. You can make this your home, then, as long as you like; and by fall, when the cattle are fat, we can pay you money enough or get you a pass on a cattle car to Chicago, and you can bring your baby back, and both live here as long as you like."

This was a long speech for Piet, perhaps the longest he had made since a silly American girl had refused to marry him because he was a Dutchman.

The rest of the family murmured their approval of all Piet had said, and so it was quietly settled.

The chapters describing Genevieve's struggle are graphic, but the reader cannot help sympathizing to a certain degree with the uncle and friends who feel that she is making a mistake in determining to marry John, not simply on account of the two worlds in which they have ever lived being so fundamentally different, but because of the dogmatic assertiveness of the workman. He is prejudiced and unyielding, even when he cannot find words to answer the objections raised to his positions; and we wonder how in the stretch of years before her the beautiful, refined, and high-spirited girl will feel when the opinions of the two clash. Ah, but will they clash? Perhaps not, for there is the alchemy of true love,—that which softens, refines, and glorifies life and draws true lovers closer and closer together; and if it is indeed the love of the heart that welds together the hearts of Genevieve Radcliffe and John Wade, we may leave them with the sweet assurance that the girl

will be happier with him than with any other man she had ever met. The volume closes with this graphic picture of the newly married couple in their little home on the wedding evening:

Sadie had the supper ready in the dining-room, and the four sat down quite merrily together. The newness of the dishes and linen, the reminiscences of the places where they had bought them, kept lively conversation a-going, and called up quiet, happy laughter.

Only when the work was put away, when Sadie and Joe had gone off to bed, did the seriousness come upon them. They sat together by the table, each trying to be natural and cheerful. The lady was more lady-like than ever. The man was a workman still.

"Why, you have forgotten your pipe," said Genevieve. "I could not think what was the matter."

She went to the little clock shelf where, with much former glee, a place had been arranged for the tobacco box, and brought the pipe over to him. She even filled the bowl with fragrant tobacco, and brought him a match ready lighted; but he looked into her eyes, and smiled kindly. "I do not feel like smoking to-night," was all he said; and she did not understand at the moment, and sat down with a feeling of disappointment.

The strain of the strangeness of the situation was surely growing upon her. After all, had she made a mistake? Had she been, as her father said, unnatural? Was the workman before her, after all, the man she had really loved? Suddenly her womanishness was uppermost; and the tears forced themselves from her eyes.

Then the strong man came to his kingdom. Never had prince risen with more stately and dignified motion than this plain, simple workman, John Wade. He walked over to her quite royally, for he loved her with the love of all the world.

"My own little wife," he said, proudly, and folded his strong arms around her.

In Mr. White we have a thinker and writer whose work is of permanent value,—a man whose future writings will be followed with deep interest, and from whom I look for much good work, work which will live in our literature.

B. O. FLOWER.

#### A NEW STORY BY JOHN URI LLOYD.

Among the good things forthcoming is the new story by Professor John Uri Lloyd, author of "Etidorhpa." Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are to be congratulated upon secur-

ing this story, which will appear in serial form in the "Bookman" for March. It is called "Stringtown on the Pike." For force and strength few writers can excel Professor Lloyd. His very name is a promise of something unique and instructive. He never writes unless he has something to say, and he says it in a way to fascinate and elevate. As a scientist Professor Lloyd has risen to the top of his profession, and is known and honored in the scientific world. That he should choose to embody his observations and experience in narrative and novel form for the edification as well as amusement of the literary world proves his twofold interest in humanity. Few men are capable of doing so much good in this line of usefulness. He has studied long and patiently over the types and forms which he puts before his readers as creations that live and move through the form of his own genius.

"Stringtown on the Pike" begins and ends in a little obscure village in Kentucky, but it deals with those thoughts, feelings, emotions, that make the human family kindred. He does not classify his characters, but endows them with life and soul, and familiar traits, that make us recognize them as old friends or acquaintances. Some of them are our next-door neighbors, others the familiar friends of our childhood and youth, who linger in our hearts and memories longest.

It is a study of life, a plea for liberality of thought, and a cry for tolerance for others. The story proper is indeed interesting, but that which lies behind the story is of more concern. In presenting his thoughts, Professor Lloyd describes humanity as humanity exists, and to interest readers in the emotions of people. The problems of life are met fairly and squarely, and the story will come home to many who yet live, and to many who know of the times that are passed.

MRS. C. K. R.

#### "BRUNO."\*

This delightful little volume belongs to a class of books which wise parents will put into the hands of their children. It is the graphic story of a faithful and intelligent dog, written by one who evidently loves all

animals and who entertained for Bruno that tender feeling which all true men and women must feel for a faithful, loving dog. The book has a charm all its own, owing to the simple, artless style of the author, who makes you feel as though you were reading a letter from a dear friend in which were set down the wonderful doings of the dog who was almost a member of the little family. Bruno was not immaculate. At one time in his life he was guilty of a grave and very serious fault. Indeed, by common consent in agrarian regions he would have been adjudged guilty of a capital offense, the punishment of which would have been death had he been caught red-handed; for, let us say it softly, the noble creature, so lovable in many ways, had fallen through evil companionship until he became a sheep-killing dog. After being peppered with shot from a farmer's gun, and many other trials, the reformed pet found peace and comfort in a home from which for a little time he had been exiled. The story is charmingly told, and abounding as it does with interesting experiences and incidents, will be read with delight by young and old. It is a good book and one which parents should encourage their children to read.

#### "THE PURE CAUSEWAY."\*

This little book is worthy of more space than we can give it. Its dedication shows its purpose: "To Prof. George D. Herron, this little book is inscribed, by one who has learned from him that the salvation taught by Jesus is a salvation not for each, but for all, and that it is in our power to make this salvation a present fact."

The book contains much food for thought and many passages worthy of quotation. The following put into the mouth of one of the characters is fairly representative:

"I dare anything rather than dwindle down into a mere nonentity. It is not the researches into the hidden that menace our safety and peace—rather it is the persistent ignoring of the mysteries, the desire to live at ease on the surface of things, oblivious of the truths that press in upon us from all sides. The man or woman who plays the part of a butterfly or mere machine is the real foe of humanity."

\*"Bruno," the story of a faithful dog, by Byrd Spillman Dewey. Cloth. Pp. 116. Price, 75 cents. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

\*"The Pure Causeway," by Evelyn Harvey Roberts. Cloth. Pp. 265. Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue.

# OUR MONTHLY CHAT

I desire to call the attention of our readers to the noteworthy paper by Professor E. M. Chesley, on "The Ideal Philosophy of Leibnitz," which will be a feature of this issue. It is a peculiarly strong and lucid presentation of the subject, and will interest thinking men and women.

We have a host of good things which will be features of early issues of *The Coming Age*. Among those we would mention which will appear in the March number is a contribution by Professor Lyman C. Newell, Ph. D., on "Some Psychological Aspects of Experimental Science." This, like Professor Chesley's contribution, is one of a series of papers by leading thinkers which will be a marked feature of *The Coming Age* for 1900. Another very strong feature will be a paper on "The Governmental Ownership of Railways and Telegraphs," by Justice Walter Clark, LL.D., of the supreme bench of North Carolina. In this paper Justice Clark presents a great subject in a forcible and brilliant manner. It will be a valuable contribution to the literature of the day.

Another remarkably interesting feature will be a conversation by the Rev. J. Henry Wiggin, on "The Theater in Boston Since 1850," preceded by an editorial sketch of Mr. Wiggin. Mr. Malloy will continue his papers on "The Poems of Emerson," and it is hoped that space will permit us to publish a very thoughtful exposition of Victor Hugo's great poem on the search of the soul for God. These will be only a few of many features which will go toward making the March *Coming Age* an exceptionally notable number. It will be our constant aim to make each issue surpass its predecessor, and no time or pains will be spared in our attempt to make *The Coming Age* in every way absolutely indispensable to thoughtful, wide-awake, earnest men and women.

Our regular *Monthly Chat*, with notices of contributions, is omitted from this issue in order to give room for a few of many hundreds of letters which have been recently received in the office, indicating to some extent the high esteem in which *The Coming Age* is held by thousands of thinking men and women throughout our land.

## A GREAT AND GOOD MAN GONE ON.

On the 26th of December Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, one of the noblest philosophers of this or any other age, passed to the higher life. In an early number of *The Coming Age* we shall have an extended notice of the life and work of this great man, with some tributes to his memory.

## WHAT THE PUBLIC THINK OF THE COMING AGE.

The reception of *The Coming Age* has been something very noteworthy in the really phenomenal history of magazine literature in the closing decades of our century. Though scarcely more than a year old, its subscribers are found throughout Europe, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan, as well as through the length and breadth of our continent, and from all quarters of this land come enthusiastic words of praise and encouragement from thoughtful men and women in almost every walk in life.

Below we give a few samples of hundreds upon hundreds of letters which are coming to our office from readers in various walks of life—believing that they will be quite as interesting to our readers as our monthly chat, in that they show that thoughtful people are quick to appreciate the vital value of a strong, vigorous, constructive review of opinion, which appeals to the spiritual as well as the rational side of life. On account of space it is of course possible to give only

brief extracts from a very few of the numbers of letters which are being daily received, but these will serve to indicate the feeling of thousands of our readers.

#### A LEADING NEW ENGLAND THINKER.

Professor E. M. Chesley, A. M., one of the strongest and brightest philosophical minds, writes as follows:

Dec. 1, 1899.

The more I read The Coming Age the more am I convinced that it is a really great magazine.

It is strong, fearless, progressive, representing the best and most advanced thought of our time. I have no desire to flatter you or make you too vain, but, in my judgment, you richly deserve the gratitude of all Americans for editing so ably such a magazine. I trust you will be careful not to overwork and break down under the great burdens you so constantly carry.

I have been buying single numbers as they came out, but now inclose \$2.00 as subscription from January, 1900, to January, 1901. I shall gladly recommend the magazine to all my friends.

Very sincerely yours,

E. M. CHESLEY.

#### 311 SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM THE OFFICE OF LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Columbus, O., Dec. 29, 1899.

Inclosed please find 27 more annual subscriptions to The Coming Age. This makes 311 subscriptions sent you by us during the past two months. Wishing you every success, we remain,

Cordially yours,

LIGHT OF TRUTH.

#### A FAVORITE IN STATE UNIVERSITY, HELENA, MONT.

Mercur, Utah, Dec. 2, 1899.

In asking to have The Coming Age sent to my son, I was slightly anxious as to its reception in the college. At the commencement of the current term students were asked for contributions to the College Library. Basil passed in the name of The Coming Age. Now he tells me that it is the leading magazine, and a great favorite.

Yours very respectfully,

EDWARD ELFORD.

#### FROM A LEADING BAPTIST CLERGYMAN OF CANADA.

Toronto, Canada, Dec. 4, 1899.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the steady improvement of your magazine, and to express the deep pleasure which it gives me to see at least one strong periodical with a message and an ideal not wholly material. You have a great mission, and I most sincerely trust that you are the herald of a better time.

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES AUBREY EATON.

#### FROM FAR-AWAY AUSTRALIA.

Austral Bldg., Melbourne, Australia,

Nov. 6, 1899.

I like your magazine very much, and will do all I can to get you subscriptions here. Inclosed please find post-office money order for one pound ten shillings, for which please send three annual subscriptions to The Coming Age to the following addresses.

With fraternal regards,

W. H. TERRY.

#### AN IDEAL MAGAZINE WHICH SUITS THE WHOLE MAN.

DeLand, Fla., Dec. 6, 1899.

Inclosed I hand you \$2.00, for which please send The Coming Age until January, 1901. It fills the need of the whole man so completely that I would not like to do without it. I think you are to be congratulated.

R. H. GILLEN.

#### REV. CHAS. H. COOK, PH. D.

Denver, Colo., Nov. 21, 1899.

My interest in your magazine has steadily increased since it started, especially as I noted from time to time its attitude toward new thought. The articles written on various phases of the New Psychology have impressed me as having rare merit. I hail with gratitude the publication of such a magazine as yours is, and wish to get the back numbers up to date. What will be the cost of the bound set for the past year and a subscription for the coming year?

Yours sincerely,

REV. CHAS. H. COOK.

Rector The Epiphany, Denver, Colo.

#### A PROMINENT ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Holyoke, Mass., Nov. 13, 1899.

Kindly tell me when my subscription to The Coming Age runs out. I do not want to lose a copy of the magazine, and so would prefer to know when next year's fee is due. I derive more solid profit and pleasure from its pages than from any other periodical published.

Very truly,

N. P. AVERY.

#### A VOICE FROM THE EMPIRE STATE.

Please find inclosed two dollars for renewal of my subscription for The Coming Age. I consider your magazine first-class in every respect, and never miss an opportunity of speaking a good word for it, and shall use what influence I possess in increasing its circulation. I wish it could be in every home of culture in these United States.

MRS. ZELIA A. OWEN.

E. D. BABBITT, M. D., LL. D.

Dec. 5, 1899.

I think your magazine, on the whole, the best published.

E. D. BABBITT.

A WORD FROM E. F. STRICKLAND.

"Overlook," Benton Harbor, Mich.,  
Dec. 5, 1899.

I want to express to you my hearty and most sincere appreciation of *The Coming Age*, which I have taken from the first copy. I am particularly interested in your interviews and conversations.

Sincerely,  
E. F. STRICKLAND.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT FOR ONE HUNDRED TIMES ITS COST.

Greenville, Pa., Nov. 26, 1899.

I have been reading your magazine, commencing with the first number, and would not be without it for one hundred times its cost. Success to you is my best wish.

Yours truly,  
WM. LOOSER.

FROM AN EDITOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

Newton, Iowa, Dec. 8, 1899.

I value *The Coming Age* as the first of all my magazines. The Herald has received all of the best periodicals of the country on exchange and advertising, but among all there is but one we have ordered bound, *The Coming Age*. We would like to see it in the homes of all advanced thinkers.

Fraternally,  
G. F. RINEHART,  
Editor Newton Herald.

A MINER'S TRIBUTE.

Golconda, Nev.

I inclose you \$2.00 for *The Coming Age*. I am a miner and isolated in the mountains, and have the greatest satisfaction in reading your magazine. I followed you for several years through the *Arena* and bought a copy of the first number of *The Coming Age* while I was in St. Louis, about the 10th of last January. I believe you have a true conception of the twentieth century spirit, and with a corps of progressive thinkers and writers with you, I predict a bright and successful future for your magazine.

A miner's earnest wishes will follow your efforts.

Very sincerely yours,  
M. B. SOLLENDER.

THE MAGAZINE FOR THINKERS.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 10, 1899.

I have become deeply interested in your instructive magazine, and always read with deep interest the conversations which appear in each number. You and your able assistants are doing excellent work. People are thinking and studying on your lines of advanced thought more and more all the time, ever demanding the newer interpretations. You have a vast uncovered field and seemingly the faculty of drawing out the best thought in your contributors.

GEO. H. BROOKS.

FULFILLED ITS PROMISE.

Moline, Ill., Dec. 2, 1899.

The December number of your magazine has been read with delight, and I do not hesitate to say that it has fulfilled its promise from the first. I always read the articles from your pen with deepest interest, for there is such a close blending of the spiritual with the intellectual thought, that it holds one as a magnet. Both your papers in this number were fine. Put me on your subscription list for 1900. I feel that we are on the eve of great happenings.

ABBIE W. GOULD.

FROM A LEADING MANUFACTURER.

N. O. Nelson Mfg. Co.,  
St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 19, 1899.

Inclosed please find \$2.00 in payment of a year's subscription to *The Coming Age*. There is such a variety of people, that I think all the departments of *The Coming Age* are helpful. To me it is the ethics, the hopefulness, the high religious spirit, the apparent mastery of mind over matter, which interests me especially. However, the magazine is so ably conducted and so helpful that I can hardly suggest improvement.

N. O. NELSON.

A MAGAZINE FOR THOUGHTFUL CLERGYMEN.

Shenandoah, Pa.

Inclosed please find three annual subscriptions for *The Coming Age*,—one for myself, and two for my brothers who are clergymen, and whom I wish to become acquainted with your magazine, feeling sure that they will enjoy its contents.

FRED A. ACORNLEY.

FINDS IT INDISPENSABLE.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 5, 1899.

Inclosed please find post-office order for two dollars, renewal of my subscription for your magazine for 1900. We find it indispensable.

ANNA E. TASKER, D. O.

FROM THE PRESIDENT AND TREASURER OF THE ARGUS PRINTING CO.

Clinton, Ind., Dec. 11, 1899.

I have just closed the first year of your excellent magazine, and I want to congratulate you upon its marked success, its broad uplifting purpose, and the service it has been to the best reformatory thought.

Inclosed you will find one new subscription to begin with the next volume.

L. O. BISHOP.

ONE OF LIFE'S NECESSITIES.

Swarthmore, Pa.

Inclosed please find money for *The Coming Age* for one year. I am depriving myself of some necessities to send you this.

O. S. FELL.

# MORE THAN MEETS EXPECTATIONS OF ITS FRIENDS.

Janesville, Wis., Dec. 28, 1899.

Inclosed please find P. O. order for \$2.00, renewal of my subscription to the magazine, which has been so much to me and mine during the past year, more than fulfilling my expectations, "if possible, of the help and strength I had hoped to gain from it. I have talked for it, worked for it, and striven to get new subscribers for it, and not without success, I trust. Certainly much seed has been sown which may take root and grow before the end of the coming year. Rest assured I shall not relax my efforts to extend its circulation. Among other methods I introduce an article now and again in our neighborhood reading class, which meets every Monday night for mutual instruction. "The New Therapeutics," by Dr. R. Osgood Mason, was our last lesson; it seemed to strike a responsive chord in the hearts and minds of those present. This together with other phases of scientific thought bordering upon the occult. It is hard to determine what is most helpful in a magazine embracing so much that is good. I have enjoyed the "Conversations" immensely. And the interpretations of Emerson by Charles Malloy are without parallel. I never knew before how much there was to learn and admire in them. Of course the dreams, premonitions are all interesting, although owing to my own experience in these matters I find little that is new or striking to me, but I am truly glad that The Coming Age has these features among its departments, so you see I like it all. Not the least are Mr. Flower's editorials, which have always been a joy and inspiration to me, both in The Coming Age and in the Arena, which was my Bible so long as he was editor of it.

O. M. GALLETTY.

# A NECESSITY TO COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Mercer University, Macon, Ga.,  
Dec. 31, 1899.

Yours of the 25th received. Your magazine has done for me exactly what it is intended to do. It has proved an incentive to higher and purer thought. I will hand my subscription to your agent here. I am a young student striving for an education; I have no money, but am dependent upon my own personal efforts. Your magazine is full of encouragement, and I never lay one of them down without feeling stronger and better.

I cannot afford to subscribe for any paper, but feel that The Coming Age is a necessity in my life. It is hard to tell what features of your paper impress me most. I enjoy the conversations very much, but the thing that benefits me above all others is the altruistic spirit of your own personal writings.

I expect to take The Coming Age as long as I live.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. O. JOUR.

# CONTAINS THE CREAM OF PRESENT-DAY THOUGHT.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1899.

Inclosed please find \$2.00 for The Coming Age for 1900. I have enjoyed your magazine exceedingly, and have tried to do missionary work with it and trust by that means your circulation will be increased. I am always deeply interested in the editorials. The next features in interest are the conversations with great minds. I am sure we are getting the cream of the day in The Coming Age.

E. J. CARR.

# ABSOLUTE NECESSITY TO THE COLLEGE BOYS.

Mercer Univ., Macon, Ga., Dec. 28, 1899.

Your magazine is growing to be an absolute necessity to many of the boys in our college here. The "Redemptive Power of Love" has been a continual feast to my soul.

J. A. J. DUMAS.

# THE BEST THOUGHT AND HIGHEST INSPIRATIONS.

Stroudsboung, Pa., Dec. 11, 1899.

Inclosed please find \$6.00 for which please send The Coming Age for the ensuing year to my address and the two following addresses. The Coming Age offers to the mind and heart of its readers the best thought and the highest inspirations on the vital subjects of the hour. I cannot refrain from expressing my deep pleasure in the great and good work you are doing.

FRANK TRANSUE.

# THE MAGAZINE FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN THE NOBLEST THOUGHT.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Dec. 11, 1899.

I have read a number of reviews of The Coming Age, and have become a great admirer of the noble thought each number contains and the objects you have in view. Inclosed find \$2.00 for my subscription for the ensuing year.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

# THE BEST MAGAZINE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Grainfield, Kans., Dec. 19, 1899.

Inclosed please find post-office order for \$2.00 for The Coming Age for 1900. I am much pleased with your magazine; indeed, I think it is the best review in the United States. I regard it as the voice of one crying in the wilderness of misery and ignorance, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

H. H. BENSON.

# IT GROWS BETTER AND BETTER.

2238 21st St., San Francisco, Cal.

Inclosed please find post-office order for \$4.00 for two copies of The Coming Age for 1900 to be sent to my address. Your magazine grows better and better.

CALVIN BROWN.





*J. R. Buchanan*



# THE COMING AGE

VOL. III

MARCH, 1900

No. 3



## CONVERSATIONS

SOME INTERESTING BUT LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, BY REV. J. HENRY WIGGIN.

### SOME INTERESTING BUT LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN CONVERSATION WITH REV. J. HENRY WIGGIN

Q. Mr. Wiggin, I wish to see if you will supplement your admirable conversation in regard to the early dramatic history of Boston with some further reminiscences; and, first, I have heard that you had some personal acquaintance with the great American tragedienne, Charlotte Cushman, who was a native of our city. Will you say something about her?

A. The honor of a personal acquaintance with Miss Cushman began on March 10, 1864, in the city of Rome, where she and her friend, Miss Stebbins, the sculptress, were living on the Via Gregoriana. A call there, by my mother and myself, did not find her at home; but a few days

later she returned the visit as we were writing in my mother's cozy chamber at the Minerva, then the specially Roman Catholic hotel in the Eternal City.

A word about the Minerva. There you would meet on the stairway a prelate from Australia, who from his purple heights and trailing robes would return your salute with a benediction. There you could get stewed "rognons" for breakfast. There you could dine at the table d'hôte or not, as you pleased, and there was no charge unless you were present, and no call to notify the office of your intended absence. There you could have the flesh dinner or the "diner maigre," at your will, on Fridays and fast days, but you

could not be served to both fish and flesh without extra payment.

There Miss Cushman found us. Her name missed fire as the servant announced it, but she sailed in at his heels like a frigate under full canvas, as you may have seen her leave the stage at the close of the trial scene in "Henry VIII."

Thus she greeted us: "Miss Cushman, you know. Ah, writing home letters? Good! So glad to see you. Recalls old times." And then she came into port with a jubilee of small talk about Boston, and a spray of suggestions about the best routes and methods of travel.

That you may better understand the familiarity of Miss Cushman's address, you must learn a bit of family history. My father, the late Simon Pike Wiggin (later known as James S. Wiggin), was born in southeastern New Hampshire, and the name of Simon, which he was the last to bear in five generations, came into the blood from intermarriage with the Simon Bradstreet family about the middle of the seventeenth century,—a marriage which so much pleased the husband's father, Governor Wiggin, that he endowed the young couple with four square miles of land along the fertile banks of the Exeter River.

After the War of 1812 there was a great influx of New Hampshire boys into Boston. Among them came my maternal grandfather, Simon Wiggin Robinson, son of Colonel Noah Robinson of Revolutionary fame, and himself distinguished in free-masonry and municipal life; and also four of his Wiggin cousins, of whom my father was one. James S. Wiggin was about seventeen years old when, in 1825, he came hither ahead of his three younger brothers, to seek his fortune in this growing town, only three years before incorporated as a city. His first employer was Elkanah Cushman, of the firm of Cushman & Topliffe, and the father of a girl then nine years old, who afterward became famous as Charlotte Cushman. Employer and employee fell out about a refusal to give the lad a holiday on the Fourth of July, but the acquaintance continued; and two or three years later, in 1828, when my father's younger brother, the late Charles Edward

Wiggin, followed Simon to Boston, he naturally found a boarding place in the Cushman family.

On what street? An inspection of the old Boston directories, back to 1790, shows that Mr. Cushman lived in many houses, at the North End and West End, on Milk, Back, Centre, Court, Middle, and High streets, in Charlestown; and these changes indicate the irregularity of Mr. Cushman's affairs, as the flitting of families from place to place was infrequent in those days. Indeed, as years rolled on, the mother (to whom Charlotte was always so devoted) assumed the responsibility of maintaining the household, and at one time we find Mr. Cushman set down in the directory as a boarder on Court street. Soon after his marriage with Charlotte's mother—his second wife—they lived on Richmond street, now called Parmenter street, in a large wooden house between Hanover and Salem streets, not very far from North Square, which was on the other side of Hanover street. In that house was born their renowned daughter, Charlotte, on July 23, 1816.

There must have been a genealogical sympathy between Charlotte Cushman and the young man who boarded in the family; for she was proud of her father's descent, in the seventh generation, from Robert Cushman, who preached the first sermon in the Plymouth Colony after the Pilgrims landed on the famous rock; while young Mr. Wiggin was equally proud of being the seventh descendant in direct line from Captain Thomas Wiggin, who came to the banks of the Exeter River in 1631, as the proprietary governor, representing the English grantees, of the Upper Dover Plantations, in what afterward became the province of New Hampshire. Perhaps he was equally proud of his descent from Governors Thomas Dudley and Simon Bradstreet, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, through the marriage of Thomas Wiggin's son, Andrew, with Hannah Bradstreet, the daughter of Governor Bradstreet and Ann Dudley Bradstreet, who was herself a daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley and a half-sister of Governor Joseph Dudley, and famous as the Sappho of New



*J. Henry Wiggin*

England and the "Tenth Muse lately sprung up" in that province, by virtue of her numerous poems, first published in London two and one-half centuries ago. Equally worthy among Mr. Wiggin's maternal ancestors was Major Robert Pike, of Newbury, a God-fearing magistrate, whose liberality in politics and religion is so well set forth in a book written by one of his descendants, Rev. Mr. Pike, and called "The New Puritan." Major Pike wrote two keenly logical letters against the mistakes of the Salem witchcraft trials at the close of the seventeenth century, which were found, not so many years ago, among the magisterial papers of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before which the cases were conducted. Mr. Wiggin's grandfather Pike fought in the Revolution, and other kinsmen were in the War of 1812.

Q. Will you now tell us something about the picture of Miss Cushman's birthplace which, by permission of the publishers of the National Magazine, is to illustrate this article?

A. With pleasure. She was born in the higher and hired house, on the left of the picture. In the middle house lived for generations the Gibbes Atkins family, to which John Gibbs Gilbert's mother belonged, and there that famous actor was born in 1810, six years before Miss Cushman; and it is certainly remarkable that the two most distinguished histrions Boston has perhaps ever given the world should have been born in adjacent dwellings.

How did it happen that this picture, the only one in the world, until copied by permission of Charles E. Wiggin's heirs, came to be the property of that gentleman? Well, in 1866, when these houses were to be demolished in order to make way for a new school for girls, and the last solitary Atkins was reluctantly vacating his native shell, Mr. Wiggin tried to get a photograph of the place; but the fading light of an April afternoon, and the crude condition of the photographic art, made this impossible; so a friend of Mr. Wiggin's, Mr. William Walker, a Scotchman by birth, but a resident of Chelsea, tore off a piece of coarse house paper (paper-hangings being part of Mr.

Wiggin's merchandise), and went down to Richmond street to make a hurried sketch with his own hand; and this imperfect sketch can be still seen in the present office of Charles E. Wiggin & Sons, at 61 Blackstone street.

You may wish to know about the house on the right of the picture,—a double house when I knew it. Well, there was a gruesome feeling about that house, because once occupied by Charles Lincoln, who was murdered by a prisoner while in the discharge of his duties as warden of the Charlestown State Prison.

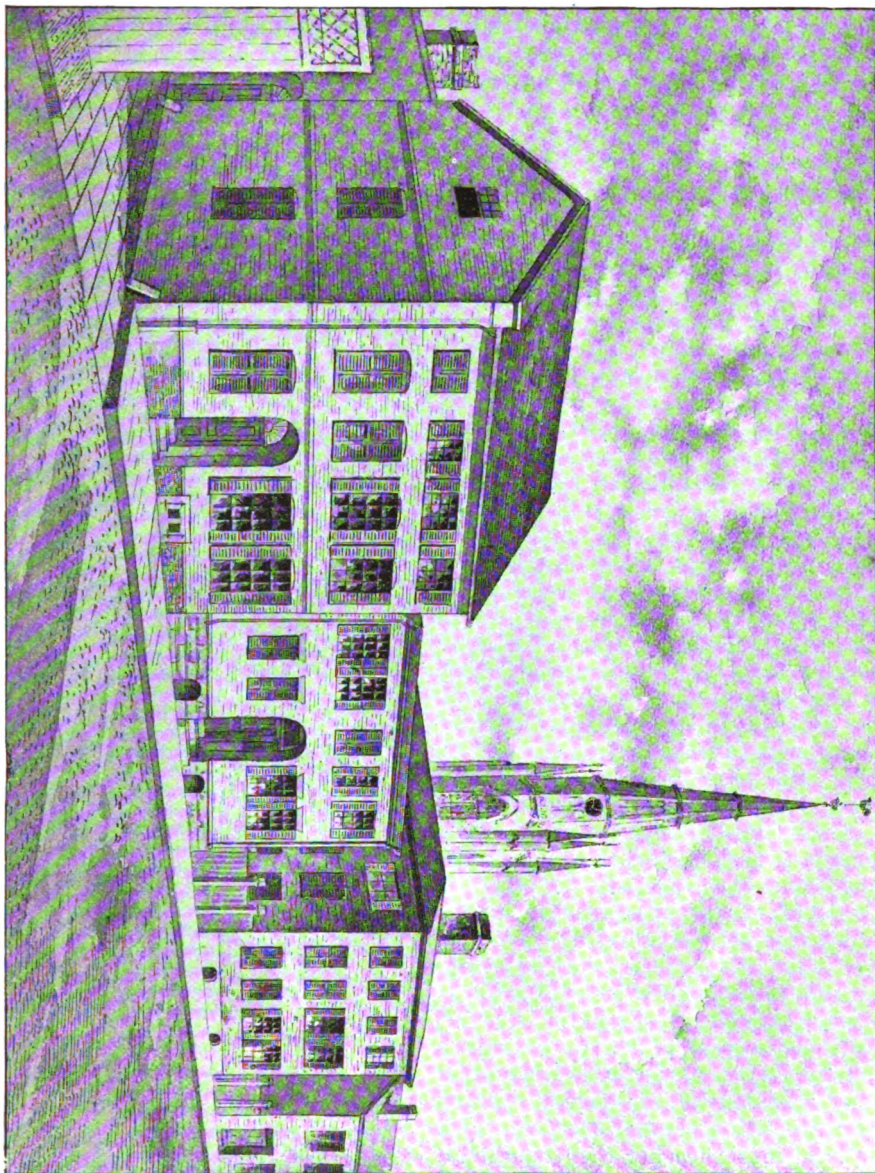
The church visible over the housetops, situated on Hanover street, between Richmond and North Bennett streets, was a new, brown, freestone structure, built in 1844, and was the successor of the New Brick (or Second) Church built in 1721, and widely known as the Cockerel Church, because of its vane. In this old edifice Charlotte Cushman was one of the choir before she began acting. The Second Church, founded in 1649, originally stood on North Square; but this church, having been injured by its red-coat occupants during the Yankee siege of Boston, 1775-'76; was utterly demolished when the siege was over; and the old society decided to unite with its granddaughter, known as the New Brick Society, which thereafter became the Second Church, whose successor now stands in Copley Square. The minister of the united society was the pastor of the older, John Lathrop, whose new parsonage was soon erected on the site of the vanished church; and he was succeeded by a line of Unitarian pastors,—Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., famous as a theological writer and Cambridge professor; Ralph Waldo Emerson, who preached there only a short time, three years, and was tearfully regretted when he gave up both his pastorate and his profession; Chandler Robbins, who married my parents in 1835, and christened all their children. It was under Dr. Robbins' pastorate that the old brick church, which had stood nearly one hundred and twenty-five years, gave way to the edifice in our picture, surmounted, however, by the same weathercock, which now ornaments Dr. Mackenzie's church in Old Cambridge; the brown church hav-

ing been sold in 1849 to the Methodists, who had to pull it down and build a new church when Hanover street was widened in 1871.

therefore six years old when baby Charlotte came into the neighborhood, and, as her father moved away when she was still an infant, there could not have been

The large house on the left was the birthplace of Charlotte Cushman, the adjoining house was the birthplace of the eminent actor John G. Gilbert.

THE HOUSE WHERE CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN WAS BORN.



The fact that Miss Cushman was born in the house next John Gilbert's home leads a biographer to assert that she played with John in their happy childhood; but he was born in 1810, and was

much play between the two little folks in their back yards. However, as the Cushman and Atkins families both attended the Second Church, near by on Hanover street, and occupied adjacent pews for



some years, doubtless the little folks became well acquainted, though residing in different parts of our small city; yet six years make a big difference in juvenile association, till the six become twenty-four and the zero grows to eighteen.

Q. I see that my question has called you away from your line of thought about Miss Cushman. Will you kindly resume it?

A. True; but I am always glad to talk about the old North End of Boston, where I was born in 1836, close to what Rufus Choate felicitously called the "great, unplanted sea."

When C. E. Wiggin came to live in the Cushman home he was a strapping boy of fifteen, and Charlotte a tall girl only three years his junior; but the precise locality of this home is now forgotten.

My uncle used to relate with glee a queer episode connected with his boarding place. One evening, while its members were assembled in the family room about the open fire (no furnaces or hot-water pipes then!) reading and playing cards, a tremendous uproar burst upon their ears from the adjacent china closet, without which no Boston house was then considered complete. Mrs. Cushman rushed in from the kitchen and threw open the pantry door in consternation. There stood a much inebriated citizen, dripping with grease and smeared with stuffing, the ooze from the cold roast turkey he was waving frantically aloft, like some star-spangled banner, while fragments of broken china lay on the floor around his conquering feet.

Charlotte's first appearance in public was at a concert, on Thursday evening, March 25, 1830, when she was four months short of fourteen years of age. It was given at No. 1 Franklin Avenue, under the direction of Mr. G. Farmer, a prominent Boston music teacher, who that evening presided at the piano, opening the concert with a popular overture which every local music teacher then taught his pupils, and which my own mother learned under the late George Hewes,—Boieldieu's "Caliph of Bagdad." All the participants modestly called themselves amateurs. Mr. John F. Pray, Charlotte's lifelong and most efficient friend and

helper, took part in the concert with his flute, playing as his solo variations on the favorite Mozart aria, "O dolce concento." The songs by Miss Cushman, "A Young Lady," as the programme called her, were: "Take this rose," "Oh, merry row the bonny bark, just parting from the shore," and "Farewell, my love,"—the last piece being a composition by Mr. Farmer himself. There were other songs, by Messrs. Coupa, Barry, and Stedman. One can fancy the cheers over that popular favorite, "The Hunters' Chorus," probably the one from Von Weber's "Der Freischuetz," just then in vogue; over "See our bark" and "Sweet Home," the latter then not many years from the pen of its author, John Howard Payne, who wrote it as the central theme of his drama, "Clari, the Maid of Milan." Few people seem to remember the foregoing fact, and that Sir Henry R. Bishop partly borrowed the beautiful melody of "Sweet Home" from a Sicilian air, although the play is located in northern, not southern Italy. Mr. Coupa also played at the concert his guitar; while the manager, A. S. Chase, not only sang, but played the flute. Mr. White played the violin; and one glee new in those days was:

A little farm well tilled,  
A little house well filled,  
A little wife well willed,  
Give me, give me.

In the five succeeding years Charlotte sang in church, and otherwise exercised her vocal talents, her penchant for theatricals taking form in privately getting up the spectacle of "Bluebeard," with her schoolmates, in her mother's garret.

She always insisted that what one desires and earnestly seeks is sure to be reached. Certainly this was the result in her case, before she was quite nineteen. Her encouraging motto was from Browning:

Be sure that God ne'er dooms to waste  
The strength he deigns impart.

In those days, from 1833 to 1836, J. G. Maeder and wife (Clara Fisher) were producing English operas (Italian opera not having yet crossed the ocean) at the Tremont Theater, having in the company

such attractive artists as Joseph Wood and wife (Miss Paton), scoring great success, especially in "Cinderella," a version of Rossini's "Cenerentola." In April, 1835, Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" was to be sung; but the contralto fell ill. Who then could sing the Countess Almaviva? Somebody suggested that near by lived a girl with ambition and a big voice, and Charlotte was accordingly sent for. One can

Rising early on the morning of the eventful day, she summoned my uncle from his downy bed, with the request that he would take a long walk with her, since she could not sleep for anxiety. They returned home for breakfast, and she went through the work and rehearsal of the day as best she might; but after supper she again begged young Wiggin to go with her to the stage door, which he did, though

not daring to penetrate the sacred precincts of the play-house on its professional side, though often in front of the foot-lights.

The second part Miss Cushman sang with the Maeders was Lucy Bertram, in "Guy Mannering," so that she early became familiar with Terry's dramatization of Scott's famous novel, in which she was destined later to become famous by her assumption of what proved to be both fortune-teller and fortune-maker for her, the very different part of the gypsy hag. Lucy has several songs, and I recollect how well they were sung by Miss Wagstaff (afterward Mrs. William Pembroke Fetrige) when I first saw the play, a dozen years later, in 1848, at our old Boston Museum, Mrs. Judah having the part of Meg; Warren, of the dominie; J. A. Smith, of Colonel Mannering; Louise Gann (Mrs. Wulf Fries), of Julia Mannering; Louis Mestayer, of Harry Bertram; W. H. Sed-

ley Smith, of Dinmont; Muzzy, of Dirk; Frank Whitman, of the chief gypsy; Adelaide Phillips, of the gypsy girl, for the song.

Everybody knows how our intrepid heroine won her way as an opera singer, and how she shortly lost her voice by overstraining it, in New Orleans. "Died Abner as the fool dieth," was the apt scripture quoted by the venerable Theodore D.



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

imagine how, on the wings of the wind, she flew to the newly built Tremont House, opposite the old Tremont Theater (1827-1852) to have her voice tested; and how her joy overflowed when she was engaged to sing the countess, her rehearsal being satisfactory. Though a critic once called Charlotte "the most reposeful woman" he ever knew, she was naturally very nervous over the forthcoming debut.

Weld, in allusion to his own similar loss of voice, by overstraining it in the philanthropic efforts of his earlier platform days. Yet this very disaster, brought on by disregard of friendly advice, was turned to a greater blessing with Miss Cushman; for as an actress she was greater than she could have been as a singer. Consulting with managers, she found a chance to appear as Lady Macbeth for Mr. Barton's benefit; and, for lack of proper wardrobe, she borrowed a sort of fake costume from a French actress, wholly unlike her in form and height; but pure grit carried her safely over the chasm.

It did not require long, however, to convince Miss Cushman that she could not learn to command a ship by climbing in at the cabin windows; and after some changes she settled down to a four years' utility engagement at the old Park Theater, New York, under manager Simpson. It was amid this discipline that she leaped into prominence, as she leaped upon the stage in the gypsy camp, in "Guy Mannering." Even Braham, who was singing the part of Harry Bertram, declared that she almost affrighted him out of his lines.

Everybody knows how Miss Cushman won Macready's approval, attained fame and money across the seas, aided the sanitary commission; how shrewdly she managed her business affairs, and was able to bequeath to her kindred a generous fortune. There is therefore no need to dwell on these points; but of one thing I must speak. She never forgot the house of her birth, and when, in 1866, the estate was purchased, with others near it, as the site for a new school-house, she was very desirous the building should receive the name of Cushman; for it is a singular fact that, despite the many Cushman descendants, there was not, at any rate until recently, a river, town, or hamlet in our land bearing the name of Cushman ("cross-bearer"), or even a Cushmanville, Cushman City, or Cushmananton.

To this name for the school there were two great objections in the minds of the Boston School Board,—that she was an actress, and that all Boston school-houses had been named after noted men, such as governors, mayors, and leading divines.

My uncle, C. E. Wiggin, had meanwhile become a prominent citizen of the North End, living on Prince and Sheafe streets, where his children were rapidly growing up; while his crockery store, at the junction of Union, Marshall, and Hanover streets, which he had rebuilt in brick in 1846, was one of the landmarks of that part of the city, as it continued to be until 1899, some years after his decease in 1888.

Through the intervening years since her childhood the Wiggins had kept up their acquaintance with Miss Cushman; and my parents used to attend the theater on those occasions, not too frequent, when she appeared in our city. One of these engagements was at the old Federal Street Theater, not long before its demolition in 1852, to make room for mercantile houses. Indeed, it was already closed, but reopened especially for her engagement, about 1850. Our family party and friends occupied a box,—the old-fashioned arrangement of pit and boxes remaining at this theater until the very end. The tickets being for the box, holding a dozen or twenty, and not for any particular seat in the box, some of the ladies were vexed at finding two of the front seats already occupied by men. My gentle mother, whose ladylike dignity and sweet unselfishness always commanded respect and assured courtesy, was at once given one of the front seats still remaining vacant; but of necessity some of the party had to sit a row farther back, much to the disgust of one of the number (a generous-hearted soul, too!) who let drive a series of cutting remarks at gentlemen "unwilling to oblige a lady." They might well have responded, "Where is the lady?" But the only reply was from one of them, who said: "Madam, we came here early in order to get these very front seats and the better to see Miss Cushman in 'The Honeymoon,' as you might have done, had you so chosen; and now we do not purpose giving up the seats, wherefor we have expended time and money." My mother told me the story next morning, and declared she thought the strangers perfectly right in their persistence.

One of my earliest remembrances is that in 1844 my father took me to the old Baptist Church, on Baldwin Place, off Salem



street, at the North End, to see my uncle, his blessed wife (Rebecca Hadaway), and others of her kindred baptized into the fellowship of that society by the pastor, a Christian gentleman then in the prime of life, Rev. Baron Stow. Faithful to his religious profession, my uncle seldom thereafter attended the theater, for on this point the Baptists were very tenacious a half-century ago; but he never wearied of talking about Shakspeare, and always on his list of friends were many players, such as Mrs. Vincent, Annie Clarke, George W. Wilson, W. J. Lemoyne, George Spear, especially the tragedian, Joseph Proctor, and Gideon Haynes, who was an actor years before he became warden of the Charlestown State Prison, where Mr. Wiggin one season superintended the Sunday-school.

When, therefore, the question arose of naming the new school-house, standing midway between my uncle's store, beside the ancient Boston Stone, and his home on Sheafe street, it was inevitable that Miss Cushman should appeal to him for assistance, and that he should meet her more than half way. His urgent wish in regard to the name was known to the school committee, and one day the chairman, William H. Learned, hinted that if Mr. Wiggin were on hand that evening, at the board meeting, his pleadings might prevail, since several opponents were likely to be absent. Sure enough, the vote was passed, rather to the displeasure of one clerical member, who nevertheless used to supervise dramatics in his own vestry, and was the first to seek an introduction to Miss Cushman after the fatal deed was done.

Nor can I conscientiously omit another incident connected with naming the school. As soon as the vote was passed my uncle hurried with long strides up to the Globe Theater, where Miss Cushman was then playing, to tell her the happy news. She allowed him to be introduced, though she was already on the stage in her customary big armchair, waiting the rise of the curtain on the death of Queen Katherine, in the last act of "Henry VIII.," as that historic tragedy is commonly arranged for the stage. His ear did not catch, or at any rate heed, the tinkle of the bell. "There's the clearing bell, Charley," she cried. "The curtain will be up in a min-

ute." But he went on with his interesting tale until the rising bell caused him to beat a hasty retreat, the auditors little dreaming that those vanishing boots, at the prompt side, inclosed the legs of a gentleman well known in evangelical circles. When he soon after, in company with his youngest son, called upon Miss Cushman at the Evans House, on Tremont street, facing the Common, she jocosely declared that in his rapid flight, like the "spirits of peace" in Katherine's vision, he had left his hat at her royal feet; but he declared this was Charlotte's embellishment of the story,—as perhaps it was.

All this happened a few years after the school-house was completed. During this interval Miss Cushman was not in Boston, but when she finally came to town she assisted at the formal christening of the building, where she sat on the platform, and made what she called her maiden speech, telling the girls how much could be achieved by hard work like her own. She also privately promised her friends a name-gift to the Cushman School, but this gift never materialized; nor did her heirs find any bequest for this purpose in her will; though here it may be mentioned that my uncle's suggestion to her nephew, Susan's son (who assumed the maternal family name), was met with a gift enabling a body of the Cushman School girls to bear flowers at her funeral, at King's Chapel, on February 21st, the day before Washington's Birthday, 1876; an incident which might well recall to her spirit the Shakspearian lines she had so often repeated:

Saw ye not even now a blessed troop  
Who brought me garlands?

But to return to her interest in the school. It was perhaps in 1871 (the dates are confused in her biography) that Miss Cushman wrote, while in Boston, to a friend in England:

Then, after New York, when I went to my native city, Boston, where they never believed in me much as they did elsewhere, I came to have such praise as made my heart satisfied; and they endorsed their good opinions in a substantial way, which was also good. The city government paid me a great honor, in formally announcing to the world that one of their chief boasts, their public-

school system, should be associated with my name, by enacting that henceforth and forever the school building which had been erected on the site on which stood the house in which I was born, was to be known as the Cushman School. This from old Puritan stock, which believes that the public school is the throne of the state, was a greater honor than any other I could have received from them. I was proud; first, that I as an actress had won it; then secondly, that for the first time this had been bestowed on a woman; and then came the civic pride in knowing that my townspeople should care that I ever was born. Nothing in all my life has so pleased me as this.

After the formal services at the school she spent the rest of the day with Mrs. C. E. Wiggin, visiting the Normal School, and ending their drive with a reception at the residence of William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), then head master of a Dorchester grammar school and the father of a daughter, Mary, who subsequently became the wife of that excellent comedian and genial gentleman, Sol Smith Russell, one result of this visit being the presentation to his distinguished guest, by Mr. Adams, of a full set of his popular stories, for the delectation of his guest's young kinsfolk at home.

Q. My questions have caused you again to wander somewhat from the main theme. Will you now resume your record of your personal acquaintance with Miss Cushman?

A. In beginning this narrative I did not mean to meander around so large an orbit; but we are now back where we started, in Rome, at the Hotel Minerva. Our call from Miss Cushman was not to be my last peep at my gifted countrywoman, as you shall see.

The Hotel Minerva was nothing if not religious; and one day the proprietor notified me privately that I could purchase a ticket for an entertainment wherein the Abbe Liszt would bear a part; though this was not generally known, the celebrated pianist being then in Rome, having recently taken holy orders. Did I go? I should smile to see myself staying away. The price? Well, you could pay what you chose, if not less than ten francs. The entertainment took place on the ground floor of a new palace in the outskirts of Rome, near the Pretorian Camp,

the Baths of Diocletian, and the new railway station. The brick walls were still damp, the place gave you a shiver of influenza, and distinctly dismaying was the suggestion to check one's overcoat. Soldiers were ubiquitous. On the bare walls were stuck ornamented flower bunches, in lumps of plaster, like so many rough floral sconces. Why have a concert in such a place? Because, in 1864, the Eternal City had no better hall for such a purpose. What need of halls where there were three hundred and sixty-five churches, one for every day in the year? The auditorium was shaped like the paragraph sign, ¶, the platform of honor being in the loop. For the piano legs two small stands were provided, and a brass band played operatic airs by way of an appetizer. The orators remained seated while they read from huge sheets of paper. They were clad in robes of red and violet, according to their ecclesiastical rank, and each speaker was applauded when he took his seat, after the fashion which prevailed in the days of St. Chrysostom, who possibly gained this title of "Golden Mouth" because of the applause which stimulated his sacred oratory.

This concert took place on March 21, 1864, at two p. m. The programme was headed thus:

## ACCADEMIA SACRA IN ONORE DELLA CROCE

PER OBOLO DI S. PIETRO

And below was the consoling statement that his holiness (Pius IX.) deigned to accept the offering for the "Scuole dei Poveri."

The first number on the programme was a Palestrina Mottetto, "Adoramus te Christo," sung by a gentleman from the Capello Giulia, under the direction of Maestro Salvatore Meluzzi. Following this was an Italian sermon by an Italian dignitary, on "The Church Teaching by the Cross." Then came Liszt, with a solo, "Armonia Religiosa," with its succession of grand chords, followed by a French discourse on "The Church Fighting by the Cross." Then came another Palestrina

Mottetto, "O bone Jesu." Then we had Liszt again, with two selections,—*"Ave Maria,"* with a beautiful effect of vesper bells, and a transcription of the great *"Cujus Animam Gementem,"* from Rossini's *"Stabat Mater."* The first part ended with an Italian poem, *"Hail, O Cross, our only Hope,"* recited by a Roman advocate, Paolo Tarnassi.

Next came the English sermon, by a gentleman already popular in Catholic circles, and destined in a few years to be known the world over as Archbishop and Cardinal Manning, though then he had not attained these dignities, albeit noted for successful zeal in persuading other English people to follow his lead "beneath the sacred wings of mighty Rome." His subject was *"The Church Doing Good through the Cross."* One beautiful thing Manning said was this, that "the church reverses, by a sweet refinement of charity, the very words of Jesus, and the blind become leaders of the blind." Next was sung Pitoni's *"Hymn to the Cross,"* bearing the same title as the poem before recited. Then a German prelate preached to us in his own language about *"The Church Triumphant through the Cross."* Another Italian gave a sort of valedictory-salutatory, *"Ringraziamento,"* and the entertainment closed with *"Ocharity,"* a *melodia religiosa*, played by Signor Commendatore Liszt,—*"last and yet least."*

May I quote from my old diary?

When I took piano lessons in 1851-'53, on a steep little street on the slope of Beacon Hill to the river, at the West End, of a German musician, Henry W. Evert,—long a resident of Boston, but in his younger years a trumpeter in the Swedish army of King Bernadotte,—over his pianoforte hung the common engraving of Liszt surrounded by noted artists, listening in rapture to the melody he plays; Liszt's head thrown back, his hands arched, his long, gray, unparted hair brushed straight back, yet swinging like heavy silken fringe about his smooth face, as he bends over the piano before him, his countenance sharp and steadfast, not too full of amiable beauty, yet lighting up "e'en at the sound himself hath made," yet by no means recolling therefrom, like Anger in Collins's *"Ode to the Passions,"* whence comes the quoted verse; and now I absolutely heard this dream artist play. Add an exquisite touch, refinement of modulation, and rapidity of execution to the playing of the best pianists America ever heard, and

you begin to appreciate Liszt. Such *diminuos*, such melody.

Yet may I criticise? He lifted his hands unnecessarily high. He bowed too often, in a catch-courtesy sort of way, while taking his seat and rising therefrom. He had too much the air of playing "before the highest nobility" and depending upon titled smiles. But these were but parts of him, not affecting the great whole.

Remember, dear editor, this was written in 1864, before Rubinstein, Paderewski, Van Bulow, and a host of other pianistic angels had smiled upon our rock-bound coast.

What has all this to do with Charlotte Cushman? Perhaps I have been tempted to say too much about this entertainment, because of its singularity; but it has to do with my subject, because she was very much in evidence. Having always a weakness for front seats, I went early, and as the hall was nearly empty and the movable, unpainted chairs not reserved, I possessed myself of one perhaps two yards from the pianoforte. The place rapidly filled, and presently I saw sweeping toward me a bevy of people under the convoy of Miss Cushman. Need it be said that this American youth, flattered by her instant recognition, as she was looking about for an eligible seat, speedily offered her his own? "But it is such a good seat," she said, "just where you can see his hands!" Yes, but I would gladly have her occupy it. It would be better than keeping it for myself. After some demur she accepted the oblation, and then—sat down? Oh, no! Rather to my—chagrin, shall I say—she beckoned to it a lad of her party. The seat I was fortunate enough to find near by was good enough for any ordinary mortal, though not a coign of vantage whence I could see the "dear master's" fingers; and I must confess the incident will long linger in a shady corner of memory. Do you wonder?

Once again I was destined to meet Miss Cushman. It was a flaming day in July of the same year, 1864. My mother and myself had been gazing upon the sarcophagus in the Hotel des Invalides, where Napoleon Bonaparte expressed a wish to be buried among the French people whom he so loved. As we emerged from

the building, and walked across the arid and desert-like courtyard in front of it, who should loom up before us but our distinguished countrywoman, walking alone from her carriage at the gate, her vivacious face and strong jaw full of intensest life. Warm as the day her greeting; but she could talk of nothing but our country and our Civil War; for she was nothing if not patriotic, and already had diverted thousands of dollars into the channels of the sanitary commission. Americans, especially those abroad, were grieving over the long-drawn Battle of the Wilderness. "How long, oh, how long?" was the psalm-cry in every patriot heart. "Do you know," vociferated Miss Cushman,—and she emphasized her words with a vigorous wave of her parasol, a stamp of her foot, and a flash of her eyes,—do you know what I think Grant means to do? He means to starve those Rebels out,—to starve them out!" And as she spoke you might imagine her exclaiming, with Gloster: "Off with his head; so much for Buckingham!" or launching, with Richelieu, the "curse of Rome" upon some viperous head.

Q. Have I not heard you say that Miss Cushman was at one time a magazine contributor?

A. Yes, though this is not generally known. In "The Ladies' Companion," a periodical now extinct, in the volume for 1843-'44, you will find her name attached to sundry poems, among them "The Rain-drop;" "Age" and "Youth," two sonnets, of fourteen lines each though not in regular sonnet form; "A Monody on the Death (September 20, 1843) of Henry Ware, Jr.," her pastor, which closes as follows:

Guide of my infant years, my parent's friend,

Soothing her sorrows when life's sky grew drear,

If, as I fondly deem, Heaven's chosen bend  
'To note the actions of this erring sphere,

Then, when with Channing's goodness, His-  
tory's pen

Adds Greenwood's name, his brilliant rank  
to share,

Will not this scribe link, with these wondrous  
men,

The fame, the virtue, and the name of  
Ware!

It is interesting to note that among the contributors to this same magazine at that time were many who afterward became famous,—William E. Burton and John Brougham, the actors; Rev. Henry F. Harrington, who gives an amusing account of the performance of his tragedy, which he calls "Gaetano" (Bernardo del Carpio) at the Tremont (National) Theater; Mrs. E. C. Enbury, Professor J. H. Ingraham, Lydia H. Sigourney, Caroline Orne, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Anna S. Stevens, Francis A. Durivage, Mrs. E. M. Sheldon, Horace Greeley; Rev. Joseph H. Clinch, the well-known Episcopal chaplain of South Boston; John Neal and William Gilmore Sims; Samuel Woodworth, who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket;" H. M. Parsons and Edward Maturin; Thomas L. Harris, who became famous as an inspirational preacher; Mrs. Hofland, Thomas Dunn English, Helen Maitland, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett, A. Oke Hall, Park Benjamin, Hannah F. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Seba Smith, H. W. Herbert, Frances S. Osgood, and Isaac Charles Pray.

Q. Now will you say a word about the picture you have furnished for us of the sisters Cushman?

A. The picture, of Charlotte playing Romeo to her sister Susan's Juliet, is from the London Tallis edition of Shakspeare, published fifty years ago, these two ladies being the only American actresses allowed among the English of the collection. The sisters played this tragedy in London one hundred nights. Charlotte was "ever mindful of her own," and while at the Park Theater, 1837-'41, she brought into the company her younger sister, Susan, left destitute with her child; and it is to the elder sister's credit that often she accepted masculine roles, not from preference, but that Susan might have a better chance in the opposite parts. Thus, in 1841, Charlotte was Oberon and Susan Helena, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which had not been produced in New York for eleven years previous, and is now so rarely played that the only notable productions most Bostonians can recall are two, one at the new Boston Theater, in 1855, under Thomas Barry,

and the other at the Globe, about fifteen years later, by no means so well staged, though well acted.

In 1847, when the sisters had been playing together nearly a decade, they found themselves at Liverpool, the guests of

gramme of "Macbeth," at the Globe Theater, May 15, 1875, "the last appearance on any stage of Miss Charlotte Cushman," we find that Fleance, Banquo's son, was played by Portia Albee, who is now the honored wife of Mr. Lewis, and the

mother of his three lovable children, Harriet, Walter, and Portia.

Q. Did you ever see Miss Cushman act? What do you recollect about her personations, and how do you gauge her as a player?

A. Much has been said about the short time in which Miss Cushman learned the part of Meg Merrilies. When Madame Janauschek was urged to play Meg, she long refused to undertake it, partly because she had never seen Miss Cushman in the part, though she had seen Mrs. Waller; but at last she consented, and during a voyage to Europe gave special study to Scott's novel, with this result, that she added much to the dialogue, especially in the last act, and made Meg more womanly, more motherly, than had been the custom; but Miss Cushman used Daniel Terry's old version, practically unchanged, at any rate in the beginning; and this, having been written as a melodramatic opera, with lots of singing, and not proposing that Meg should be the leading



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AS ROMEO AND HER SISTER SUSAN AS JULIET.

James Muspratt, whose son married Mrs. Susan Cushman Merriman the next year, on March 9, 1848, her death occurring eleven years later, in 1859.

By the way, in the January issue of *The Coming Age* appeared an interview with Mr. Horace Lewis, a Boston actor, accompanied by a fine portrait. On the pro-

role, did not introduce her until the middle of the second act, and gave her only one hundred and thirty-six lines, divided into thirty-seven speeches through the entire play; so that the wonder was, not at Charlotte's quick study, but her quick grasp of the spirit and possibilities of a character she speedily made famous.

In seeing Miss Cushman's Meg I must confess to some disappointment. Being very familiar with the text of the drama, and having seen Meg in supposedly inferior hands, perhaps I expected too much. Her singing days were so long past that you could not expect her, as of yore, to sing the verses originally assigned by the author to "a gypsy girl;" but she crooned them with musical power, though perchance with only a shadow of her old vigor.

When we remember that "Guy Mannering" was produced in 1816, the very year in which Charlotte was born, we almost feel that she had a right to the play, —to change the prophecy of the drama, and say:

That Cushman's right and Cushman's might  
Had met on Ellangowan's height.

During the five years after her initiation as a stock actress, Miss Cushman appeared in about twenty-five female and ten male parts, not a large number in a period of two hundred and fifty weeks, only one new part in over seven weeks; since many an actor can give us a record of seven new roles in one week; and a lady still honoring the boards, Mrs. Sol Smith, daughter of the well-known Boston manager, William Sedley (Smith), tells us that she once played forty different characters in as many consecutive performances,—a new part to be learned on every day except Sunday and Saturday; for we speak of a time when Saturday evening performances were not allowed in Boston, and matinees were as yet unknown. Indeed, through the larger part of her forty years of professional life Miss Cushman was not only blessedly able to take long vacations, but for at least thirty-five years she played mostly her favorite characters, Bianca, in Milman's "Fazio," Lady Macbeth, Lady Gay Spanker, Shylock, Beatrice, so that she was able to perfect herself in each.

How great she was as Queen Katherine! Yet you could fancy King Henry preferring "Sweet Anne Bullen" to this masculine princess with her massive dignity and stern logic. Her exit from the trial scene was something to be forever remembered. Surely she had spoken a column; but looking over the tragedy ere you slept, be-

hold her great speech to Griffith was only six lines, as she swept like some mighty galleon from the stage:

What need you note it? Pray you, keep  
your way!  
When you are called, return! Now, the Lord  
help,  
They vex me past my patience! Pray you,  
pass on!  
I will not tarry; no, nor evermore  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

The actor, George Vandenhoff, was undoubtedly justified in criticising her Lady Macbeth as too masculine. These are his words:

I never admired her Lady Macbeth. It is too animal. It wants intellectual confidence, and relies too much on physical energy. Besides, she bullies Macbeth, gets him into a corner of the stage, and—as I heard a man with more force than elegance express it—she pitches into him! In fact, as one sees her large, clinched hand and muscular arm threatening him in alarming proximity, one feels that if other arguments fail with her husband, she will have recourse to blows.

Her acting was in accordance with the old notion that Lady Macbeth incites her lord to slay Duncan; whereas the text shows that he has really taken the initiative and already planned the murder—as Irving argues. Macbeth, the valiant general, a military physical hero, akin to Duncan and the crown,—a man in the very vigor and prime of life,—was not the nobleman to love such a virago as it was once the fashion to make his wife; nor would he think of calling such a termagant "dearest chuck." Consequently wisdom has made our latter-day Lady Macbeths gentle, sweet, and loving, ambitious for the sake of the husband they love, rather than for themselves; and so we have such excellent personations as Modjeska's, Mary Anderson's, Ellen Terry's, making the Thane of Cawdor's wife a woman to help, persuade, woo, comfort.

In Cushman's sleep-walking scene there was by no means the fineness and delicacy, the subtle metaphysical study, and the profound insight we find in Modjeska's, for example.

One afternoon I saw her play Mrs. Simpson, in the two-act comedy by John

Poole, "Simpson & Co." Another disappointment, and in a piece wherewith I had long been familiar. In the jealous scene with her husband she paced like a chafing tigress up and down the rug in the center of the stage, chewing her handkerchief, and apparently trying to recollect her lines; but where was the intellectual fire wherewith she had endowed every character in earlier days? Wrote Horace Smith, in his "Address to the Mummy:"

And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Yet of Miss Cushman to the last it might  
be said:

Even in her ashes lived her wonted fire.

These are quotations which I have always felt must apply to Charlotte Cushman in the days when I saw her. Amid the embers her spirit glowed,—the spirit of a self-respecting and rightly respected woman, alive to the ties of kindred and country, thinking below the surface into

the roots of being, and able to hold her own in life's battle.

You ask for my opinion of Miss Cushman as an artist. I am not capable of giving a wise judgment on this subject, because I saw her so late in her career, when cancer had already fastened its fangs upon her vitality. Her strength was largely physical,—that is, in appearance more than reality, for her tall frame and strong face and hands suggested this idea of her efforts. If Charlotte Cushman were to-day beginning her lifework she would bring to bear upon every personation the farthest knowledge, and make it squarely up to date; but using simply the methods which made her great in comparison with other players sixty years ago, it is doubtful if she could therewith attain to-day the greatness of 1840. Macready was delighted with her, and well he might have been, for her intellectual processes were in harmony with his own; yet to-day, with larger insight, we have greater acting than either of these two great actors could give the world.

## THE CRY OF THE HERE AND NOW

BY COLETTA RYAN

Poor little unborn minds, why do you plead to me,—

So pure and white

In the lonely night

As I drift upon the sea?

Would you have me sail to the land of Birth,

Away from the bosom of Mother Earth,

To mold you and make you that you may rise

As a crystal lamp in the morning skies?

Ah, feeble children, I hear your call,

And I leave the guests in the banquet hall.

The gems are fair

In the women's hair,

And a brilliant word

Is the passing bird

That thrills the midnight air.

Are they thinking of those to come—

The minds of the world to come—

The beautiful world to come?

Ah, yes, far back of the shining jest

That finds its home in Humor's nest

Is the soul of the world to come.

## THE COMING AGE.

Magnificent, true, and wise  
 With the light of a thousand eyes,  
 Stands the soul of the world to come.  
     But mine is the voice to speak,  
     The voice that must sing and speak.

    A Hand not mine,  
     But the Hand divine,  
     Has told me that I must speak.  
 And the ones I cherish have led my feet  
 To the written message the stars must greet,  
 From the lips of the world to come,  
 The beautiful world to come!

Poor little unborn minds, why do you plead to me,—  
     So pure and white  
     In the lonely night  
 As I drift upon the sea?

Why are you singing so loud and clear:  
 The heart of the Future is Now and Here!  
 Shall we come of the dark? Shall we come of the day?  
 It is all for your purpose and you to say.  
 You can 'prison our souls, you can bless their flight,  
 You can blind our vision or give us light,  
 You can make us giants or leave us frail,  
 As we climb the mountain or tread the vale!

Which shall it be? Will you give or take,—  
 Shall we come to govern or come to break?  
 Shall we come with sunlight or come with rain,—  
 Or smile in silence or weep in pain?  
 Which will you make us—earth or sky;  
 Will you bid us live, will you bid us die?  
 From your thoughts and deeds shall our souls take form,—  
 Shall our masts be lost in the raging storm,  
 Or bravely conquer the cruel flood  
 To sing of spirit and not of blood?

Which shall it be,—will you give or take?  
 Shall we come to govern or come to break?  
 Shall we sing of sorrow that crime will paint,  
 Or dream of prophet and seer and saint?  
 You hold the secrets we all must tell,—  
 Will they be of heaven or earth or hell?

. . . . .

Unconscious thought of the Now and Here,  
 You will live again in the parent year.  
 Be strong and watchful, and white and true,  
 For our souls are molded and built by you!



# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE

BY LYMAN C. NEWELL, PH. D.

Science is usually regarded as a synonym for organized knowledge. The study of any one science, such as chemistry or physics, becomes, therefore, the acquisition of the facts embodied in that particular branch of classified knowledge. This conception of science, however, is inadequate, because it omits the fundamental feature of modern science, viz., the element of research. The trend of science teaching, notably in our best high schools, shows that educators no longer regard the acquisition of facts, however orderly they may be arranged, as the sole object of science.

We hear much just now about a "new theology," a "new education," "the new thought," but we know that these "new" things are simply the old things seen in a new light. We seldom hear of a "new" science, because science is ever new to those who love wisdom—to philosophers. However, a broader conception of science now regulates and uplifts the inculcation of its principles. We must now regard science as the investigation, interpretation, and comprehension of truth. The study of a single science is not merely the search for facts; it is the search for truth. I believe in facts and their educative value, but I have found it more profitable to let them accumulate in the students' minds by investigation, grow by interpretation, and become fixed by comprehension. By investigation we are not to understand original research, necessarily, but hopeful, patient, persistent, unbiased performance of experimental work

under intelligent guidance and with a definite object. It is highly desirable from a pedagogical stand-point to let the student learn, to let him feel the insistent, pervasive power of truth, to let him smile his way into facts which are discoveries of the truth for him, to let him enjoy with the teacher's timely help the unfolding flower of logic, and with the teacher's incisive instruction to let him seize and appropriate that greatest of all mental emancipators—the truth.

A decade ago science was taught almost exclusively by text-books and lectures. But as the broader conception arose, the verbal method began to be replaced by the laboratory method. The student ceased merely to listen and began to work. So rapid has been the change that to-day all branches of science are taught almost entirely in the laboratory. Magnificent laboratories equipped with the best apparatus and the most modern appliances can now be found in high, normal, and private schools and colleges in all parts of the country. The laboratory, however, has not entirely superseded the class-room. Lectures, recitations, oral examinations, and similar channels of instruction are still used as supplements to the laboratory work. Here we have, then, side by side, two distinct methods of teaching science, one largely mental and the other largely manual. In many institutions the major part of the work in science is done in the laboratory, hence we speak to-day of laboratory or experimental science as distinguished from that

learned exclusively from a text-book. Simultaneously with this interest in science has arisen a wide-spread interest in psychology, especially in pedagogical psychology. Little attention, however, has been given to the psychology of laboratory science, and I wish, therefore, in this paper to discuss some psychological aspects of laboratory science which have been revealed in my study of the students who have worked in laboratories under my personal supervision.

Laboratory work is concrete labor. A laboratory is a workshop, where a student must use his hands as well as his head. Concrete labor has an important psychological bearing on the acquisition of knowledge. (1) It cannot be shirked mentally. In mathematics the mind wanders, it cannot be concentrated on the abstract. Hours are spent over problems in geometry which could be solved in half the time if the student would hold his mind to them. But the mind slips away from its abstract task. We may or may not think about that geometrical problem, just as we choose. We can shirk it mentally as much as we wish. The case is the same with history, and so much so that the methods of teaching history have been completely overturned in the last few years. Various devices are used to make the work more concrete in order to keep the mind from shirking. When the mind is following an experiment in the laboratory it cannot shirk. Something is constantly happening, the mind is carried quickly from concrete to concrete. Various instruments must be arranged, operations started, watched, controlled, and stopped. The work is concrete from beginning to end. Things must be seen and done. The laziest mind must often act instantly, if only to prevent a disaster. Even note-taking and collateral reading are more or less concrete, because they are intimately connected with experimental work. (2) Concrete labor relieves mental fatigue. Pupils in our high schools are crowded with mental work. Their brains are overtaxed. They are under a constant mental strain. They have too many book subjects, and many pupils graduate with overworked brains as well as under-nourished bodies. They

are victims of a disease which might truthfully be called mental fatigue, not because they have used their brains too much as a whole, but too long on the same kind of school work. Now, laboratory work relieves mental fatigue. It is restful, not merely because it is an interesting change, but because the eyes, hands, nose, in fact, the whole body, are in harmonious action. No part is pulling another. Each bears a share of the burden. I have often seen wearied pupils recover during a laboratory period from the fatigue of several hours' struggle with text books. They often leave the laboratory refreshed and ready for another kind of work. Harmonious action is freedom. Cheerful work is the remedy for discouragement and despair. (3) Laboratory work produces the highest grade of reactive conduct. In his latest book, "Talks to Teachers on Psychology," Professor William James emphasizes the maxim that there can be no reception without reaction and no impression without a corresponding expression. This principle is not new, but its comprehension and application will revolutionize our methods of teaching, if we realize that most pupils are as willing to learn error as to learn the truth, and as ready to grasp the bad as the good. Teachers forget that the natural outcome of thought is action, that acts lay down the primitive strata in the soul which determine our deepest beliefs, that knowledge is incomplete without action, that all motor activities are expressions of thought. The old-fashioned verbal recitation is based on a familiar principle. Pupils recited because the teacher believed they did not know their lessons until they could reproduce the words of the book. But the verbal recitation has long been regarded not only as insufficient, but often vicious. All teachers have painful recollections of the direful errors which lurked behind the glib words of the pupil, errors which persist for years, even into manhood and womanhood. "In a modern school," to quote the above-mentioned book, "the pupil must keep note-books, make drawings, plans, and maps, take measurements, enter the laboratory and perform experi-

ments, consult authorities, and write essays. He must do in his fashion what is often laughed at by outsiders when it appears in the prospectuses under the title of 'original work,' but what is really the only possible training for the doing of original work thereafter." A magnificent pedagogical opportunity awaits all teachers of science who remember that laboratory work begets habits of observation, teaches the difference between accuracy and vagueness, inspires a belief in the utter inadequacy of all abstract verbal accounts of real phenomena, increases self-reliance and independence, confers precision, and inculcates honesty in little things. It is clear, I think, that laboratory science produces reactive conduct of a highly valuable quality. It bears sound intellectual fruit. It causes motor results which possess a permanent element. Its impressions are durable, and therefore the correlative expressions will be permanently available.

In laboratories provision is made for individual work. This arrangement is exceedingly important from a psychological stand-point. It is a fact that no two pairs of hands move exactly alike in performing the same operation. We do things our own way. Now, along with free hands goes a free brain. Hence, mental tension is reduced to a minimum when students work alone. Here as elsewhere freedom and harmony are mutually helpful. Again, individual work eliminates what Emerson calls "the pain of discovered inferiority." Many pupils actually refrain from reciting because they shrink from revealing their inferiority to their classmates. But they will work in a laboratory by themselves, and will show the record of their work to the teacher. Such pupils present a fruitful field for a patient, shrewd laboratory teacher to cultivate. A consciousness of inferiority deadens activities. Sympathy, not criticism, should be the teacher's guiding thought in leading such pupils to realize their latent power.

The curriculum of many schools is rigid, and often forces uninteresting studies upon pupils. Their minds become torpid. They see no value in distasteful studies. Indeed, for them such studies

have no value. Beyond question, there are times when pupils should be made curious, times when it seems as if they would faint mentally by the wayside for the mere lack of digestible mental food which is kept tantalizingly beyond their reach in this or that other course which the rigid curriculum precludes. Laboratory work, therefore, stimulates curiosity. The boy wants to know about his camera, his sailboat, his bicycle, about electricity, engines, minerals, liquid air, and wireless telegraphy; the girl wants to understand flowers, butterflies, birds, her piano, the stars. Psychologically, they want impulses toward better cognition. The problem is to lead them from indiscriminate curiosity in things to a philosophic grasp of principles. The best teachers of laboratory science arouse this dormant, unbridled curiosity, stimulate it, and then lead the pupil thereby into the more abstract and special fields of study. Curiosity is like a great oil well. Its treasures burst suddenly into the air as soon as the drill breaks the crust, and are lost unless the skillful master is at hand to gather and refine the crude material.

Curiosity, however, is at best an unscientific stimulus. It serves a purpose, it is a means to an end, a bridge across the stream. Successful teachers never stop at the curiosity stage in a pupil's development. The transition from curiosity to interest is the crucial test for the pupil and the critical time for the teacher. The passage is sometimes imperceptible, alas, to both teacher and pupil. Too often a harsh word, an unintentional but definite oversight, a joking attitude, or neglect on the teacher's part may upset the delicate poise of the pupil's mind and turn to permanent indifference what might have become life-long interest. Pupils must be studied as units, their complete mental life should be known, and just before they reach the parting of the ways the teacher should point them hopefully, confidently, unerringly to the path best adapted for their total development. I believe laboratory science is admirably adapted to rationalize curiosity and thereby lead the pupil to act from philosophic interest. It helps students escape the insidious self-indulgence of

merely observing, and leads them to act from scientific insight, critical testing, and personal conviction.

Many objects are interesting in themselves. We study them with pleasure. Once past the period of adolescence we study subjects voluntarily, especially those which we call interesting. Objects and subjects which are interesting per se are called natively interesting, they arouse native interest. On the other hand, some subjects are not natively interesting, but they become interesting when we study them extensively, that is, they have an acquired interest. Botany, for example, is not natively interesting to me, but it has some acquired interest; anatomy is not natively interesting, but it has an acquired interest because of its relation to physiology in which I am natively interested. We all have both native and acquired interests. Students have said to me, "I never liked chemistry, and would not take it if it was not required." Some of these, in fact most of them, acquire an interest in chemistry and by the time it is replaced by another branch their interest is as deep as that shown by those who were natively interested. The law of interest says that an uninteresting object may be made interesting by becoming associated with another object in which interest already exists. This is trite, but none the less true. It is a fact of common experience that our native and acquired interests are delicately mingled, and that we suddenly become interested in absolutely new things, simply because we associate them with something already understood and liked. The beauty of this relation is that borrowing does not impoverish our native interests. The operation is not subtraction but addition, not plucking but grafting. Acquired interests increase the sum total of our mental life, even though they spring full-armed from our native interests. Furthermore, there is no limit to acquired interests. Association may go on ad infinitum, one subject opening another with marvelous rapidity and ease. It is clear that the most fruitful subjects of study are those which not only educe native interest, but which also create acquired interest.

It is not enough to have the student interested in a subject, he must be increasingly interested in all branches of that subject and in kindred subjects. He must be so interested that he will not be contented with mere observation, but will yearn to interpret and comprehend the truth in all its fullness.

Now, laboratory science is pre-eminently fitted to arouse native interest. It presents at the outset work which invokes examinations, explains phenomena of nature, and answers questions about common things. Take electricity for an illustration. Every student desires some knowledge of electric lights, street cars, electric cabs, the telephone, the telegraph, both wireless and multiplex, the dynamo, the motor, and other applications of electricity. All these appliances can be studied in a well-equipped laboratory, in a high school as well as a college. And the native interest once stimulated, the acquired interest rapidly grows. So definite is the result that the student often derives the keenest pleasure in grasping the simple principles which underlie the electrical apparatus and its use. The same relation is exhibited in a study of plants, of the atmosphere, of the stars, of photography, of common rocks and minerals, of marine animals, of fungi, and all of these subjects may be studied in the laboratory.

Interest is inevitably connected with attention. A natively interesting object arouses passive attention, that is, attention requiring no deliberate, conscious effort. It is often called involuntary attention and is the most common kind. Indeed, some never pass beyond this mental stage. They never will to think, they are mere passive recipients. They are in all educational institutions. Many of the devices and startling methods now in vogue seem designed, it must be confessed, to meet minds of this caliber. It cannot be denied, also, that the nonsense in the lower grades and in the Americanized kindergarten is actually weakening the minds of children by pandering almost exclusively to native interest. Teachers stop half way, they leave the minds suspended, they keep minds hugging native interest so long that pupils

become unfitted to do much mental work beyond mere passive observation.

Voluntary attention is essential to complete psychical life. We must exercise at times deliberate attention, we must think, whether the object is interesting or not. Professor Ladd says, "What I will to mind becomes interesting, and attracts further attention to itself." This kind of attention is sometimes called active attention or sustained attention, but the term voluntary is preferable. It is a rare possession among young students. Some authorities limit its possession to geniuses. It must not be forgotten that a genius is a man of infinite resources and most of his attention is really passive; he wants to work, he needs no mental compulsion. Indeed, many, Edison, for example, have to be pulled away from their work in order to sleep and eat. The genius is voluntarily attentive at the critical time, his deliberate thinking counts, and perhaps that is his secret. Voluntary attention is really a momentary act, and the total time consumed by voluntary attention in most of our mental lives is short, but its importance is inversely proportional to its brevity. It wheels the forces of the mind into line and then the passive attention leads them along until another momentary impulse is necessary, and so on. Many a business man has cultivated voluntary attention to an enviable degree. It is a boon to be able to work mentally upon an uninteresting subject. Much work in our schools is fundamental and hence often dry and dull. Pupils do not see what it all means. They want to drop everything not immediately interesting. But they should be led to see the value of voluntary attention, the supreme value of being able to learn a dull lesson. No means, even the simplest and apparently the most insignificant, should be spared to arouse voluntary attention, and the teacher who succeeds in arousing voluntary attention in his pupils has achieved a splendid pedagogical triumph.

Educators agree that laboratory science in its manifold phases is a practical and ideal method for arousing voluntary attention. It contains the essential element of all devices for that purpose, namely, pleasing and alluring change. A

monotonous subject we call uninteresting, that is, we cannot voluntarily attend to it. The mind inevitably wanders. But if new and enjoyable aspects are always appearing, we are constantly interested and we will to think. Let us take as an illustration the subject of the atmosphere. In physics the student learns experimentally that air has weight and hence exerts a pressure on the earth's surface which is measured by a barometer, that it expands or contracts uniformly when subjected to a rise or fall of temperature, and that a given volume varies inversely with the pressure to which it is subjected. In chemistry he learns that air consists mainly of oxygen and nitrogen mixed in nearly constant proportions, that oxygen assists and nitrogen retards combustion, and that water vapor and carbon dioxide exist in the air as a result of combustion and similar operations. Now, when he studies meteorology he will be voluntarily interested in weather changes, in storms and cyclones and their prediction, because he knows from personal observation the physics and chemistry of the atmosphere; when he studies geology, in the class-room or field, he will be voluntarily interested in erosion because he learned something in the laboratory about water vapor and carbon dioxide, the two constituents of the atmosphere which cause erosion; when he studies biology and physiology he will pursue voluntarily the whole question of respiration, growth, and decay, because he already knows from his own experimental evidence the function of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon dioxide. The same idea—the atmosphere—is constantly appearing in a recognizable yet an attractively different dress. The correlation idea, so prominent in many schools, aims to emphasize the value of voluntary attention. But mere relations will not accomplish the desired end. The student himself must be led, enticed, trapped into a convincing mental vision of the relations by constant but not violent change. It is not a strain for a student in astronomy to pass mentally from the atmosphere of the earth to the atmosphere of the sun or the absence of atmosphere in the moon, nor for the student in geology to think willingly of com-

bined carbon dioxide in a mountain of limestone after he has prepared carbon dioxide from a lump of limestone in the chemical laboratory.

If a thousand educated people were each asked what mental possession they most desired, the majority would say memory. The most frequent complaint among pupils is of a poor memory. An endless number of devices has been foisted upon a forgetting world designed to improve the memory. Yet all are based upon substantially the same fundamental principle, which, alas, most of us do not always remember. All psychologists agree that new conceptions are best remembered when they are attached to concrete facts. Words are not sufficient. Verbal reproduction connected with objective work must always play an important part in education. The abstract is remembered at a great mental expense. So far reaching is this principle in education that a prominent psychologist says: "The mind's knowledge of the contents of books can only be acquired by objective methods of education." This view is verified by the fact that many subjects formerly taught exclusively by books are now taught in part, at least, by objects. The Latin teacher displays photographs, casts, and coins; the history teacher uses maps, documents, photographs, and illustrated books; the literature teacher does not scorn to use relics and pictures, to make excursions, and to interview some old inhabitant. Laboratory science was based at the outset on this very principle. Its whole object is to put the concrete into the students' hands. The laboratory worker sees, smells, tastes, handles, makes, and repairs the things he uses. In response to the frequent question, "How do you know?" comes the answer, "I saw it in the laboratory," or "I did it in the laboratory." Students have told me repeatedly, "I can remember these facts so much better after I have done the experiments." It is true, memory is fickle, it is dependent on many physical and psychical conditions, and no single branch of knowledge builds or strengthens the memory, but laboratory work can do much to improve this enviable accompaniment of a fruitful life.

It was thought about half a century ago that certain nerves checked the action of certain muscles. This is true, but it is a narrow view. Arrest, as it is called, is rather a general function which any part of the nervous system may exert on other parts under appropriate conditions. Fear or excessive joy may arrest appetite, maternal love may arrest fear. This conception of arrest has been extended to cover our mental activity and is called inhibition. Suppose I have an idea, X, which will lead to action, but before action results another idea, Y, arises, which suggests a different action or a direful result of the first action. The second idea will probably arrest or inhibit the action from the first idea. Inhibition admits a wide application. It is not necessary that the inhibiting idea be exceptionally strong, for here as elsewhere the mental machinery is delicately constructed. A strong motor idea may be completely inhibited by a simple and apparently remote idea, and the inhibition occurs without apparent effort. For example, suppose I close my eyes and am told that my forefinger rests on a little knob in the air which is connected with a bell in my laboratory. Such a situation is not at all inconceivable, in fact, I can easily imagine it. Nevertheless, my finger will not "push the button," because I have simultaneously a faint but definite idea that the conditions of the experiment are false. This faint impression inhibits the other idea. We are here confronted with a kind of mental parallelogram of forces, in which impulse and inhibition are the components and voluntary action is the resultant. Obviously, we should guard our students from purely impulsive action on the one hand and cowardly inaction on the other. The path should be along the diagonal, the path which results from the simultaneous and mutual action of the two thought forces. Our aim as teachers should be to create in students broad fields of consciousness, fields in which reasons both for and against action exist so clearly that action results from a consideration of the whole field. It is just here that voluntary attention is so important, for it enables one to focus attention on the whole field and thus insure

judicious action. We are false to all that is sacred in our profession if as teachers we allow students to leave our laboratories with reckless or inactive wills. The world needs in these exacting days calm, deliberate, independent, untrammelled, honest, original thinkers.

There are two types of inhibition—inhibition by negation and by substitution. In the first type both ideas, impulsive and inhibitive, remain in the mind producing a mental tension. In inhibition by substitution the inhibitive idea replaces the impulsive idea and lives in the mind, becoming in fact the victorious good. Successful teachers never yell at their pupils, never recall their wandering minds by noise or sarcasm. A little psychological forethought shows that it is best to substitute a positive, a happy, a quiet thought for that which was distracting. In general, it may be said that the best educational results never arise from negation as such, but from gentle and judicious substitution of good for evil.

Numerous applications of this principle of inhibition by substitution may be made by a teacher of laboratory science. In many high schools and all colleges, for example, exact measuring and weighing form a relatively large part of the laboratory work. It is difficult for the students to realize the psychological value of this kind of work. They strive for answers, not for mental training. My own experience shows that good results can be secured by substituting the idea of truth for "luck," or "accident," or even "the right answer." In most of the quantitative work done under my supervision I never tell the correct answer until the work is completed. I often say, "The correct answer is just what you find to be the truth." In teaching the effects of alcohol on the system the best results are attained by substituting for illustrations of the drunkard's grewsome vitals a beautiful healthy body sweetened by good food and pure thoughts. Likewise, cruelty to animals, so often shown by children, is easily overcome by the teacher who shows his pupils his own deep love for helpless creatures.

It is traditional that scientists seldom suffer from what Professor James calls

"a paralyzed will." The reason for this immunity is apparent. In all scientific work the experimenter must come to a decision, he must act mentally, his attitude is constantly judicial, he does not permit inhibitions to exercise absolute sway. Furthermore, he early learns that his decisions must be based on a survey of the whole field of consciousness. Hence our genuine scientist acts from the truth, from all available data, and as a result impulsive decisions are rare. In a word, he habitually acts along the diagonal, not the sides, of the mental parallelogram which occupies his field of consciousness. In the laboratory day after day just such conditions arise in the minds of students. The best modern books in laboratory science are so written that the student must not only observe, but also interpret. He not only sees results, but must explain them, must eliminate foolish impulse and unwarranted inhibition and answer the questions honestly, squarely, accurately, scientifically. It is true that some teachers have not risen to their privileges, and go on in the same barren, stereotyped way. Nevertheless, there are many whose conception of the nobility of their calling has begotten in them the principles which underlie the first acquisition of knowledge. Their motto is one word—truth, and dissemination of the seeds of truth in their daily duties will ere long produce a harvest of priceless minds.

Two mighty conceptions continually confront every student of science. One is the reign of law and the other is the unity of nature. Horatio W. Dresser says, in "The Perfect Whole:" "It is one of the proudest achievements of modern science that it has formulated a relatively trustworthy conception of nature as a great law-governed unit." These are wise words. The first moment you begin to experiment, you stand face to face with law, immutable, inexorable, and constant. And as you pass on to verify and perhaps discover laws, you stand face to face with unity, simple and sublime.

Laboratory science offers an unlimited field for the study of law; indeed, most of the laws of science, especially physical science, can be verified by simple appa-

tus in the hands of even a high-school pupil of moderate ability. This is particularly true of the laws of expansion of gases and solids by heat, laws of the pendulum, law of machines, laws of the vibration of strings, law of the refraction of light, the whole subject of current electricity, and hosts of topics in other branches of science. Many laws capable of only partial experimental demonstration by the student often evoke similar feelings, for example, the laws of falling bodies, the law of universal gravitation, the law of multiple proportions, the periodic law of the chemical elements, and the two great laws of the conservation of matter and of energy. I have seen open-minded pupils display that inimitable smile of peace as the conception of a law dawned upon them. Until two years ago it was my custom to teach the law of definite proportions by lectures, but now each student in my classes verifies this law by two simple experiments. The law means, in a word, that the proportions of the constituents of a chemical compound are fixed, constant, definite. How do the results of the two methods of instruction differ? By the old method they never grasped the law, by the new method the law grasps them. It needs no teaching, it simply arises in their minds. It is there, and their own created environment gives it birth. The student readily sees that no deception or accident will permit the uniformity and constancy of independent results. He realizes keenly that the results are the outcome of the operation of a law, though he may not be able to formulate that law in the language of the books. Sometimes a student is literally lawless. He cannot see or feel relations. One student, in verifying the law of the lever, wrote in her note-book: "The power times the power arm almost equals the load times the load arm." These instances are rare. The truth usually leaps into their souls and is immediately welcomed. I have observed what seems to me a remarkable fact in connection with this part of the laboratory work. Whenever a law is verified as the outcome of definite labor their belief in that law is unshaken. I often ask individually, "Do you believe that law?" And they usually

look at me in astonishment, as if I could doubt their belief, much as children gaze at you when they are asked obvious questions about settled facts. It seems as if their whole being responds sympathetically to simple laws, and I believe that science has a mission in its guidance of young men and women into what Emerson calls "the perception of absolute law." The older methods of science teaching scorned the experimental study of law. Their advocates said students should not be allowed to think they can rediscover laws, and text-books were constructed on this plan. This is good doctrine as far as it goes. But the student should not be cut off from communion with law, and keener teachers have gradually replaced the word "rediscover" by "verify," and so to-day the aim of the best teachers of laboratory science is to have their students verify these simple laws. This kind of experimental work has a distinct psychological value, and those teachers whose courses exclude the verification of law are unjust to the learners who come to them for instruction in the larger life.

Hand in hand with the idea of law is the conception of the unity of nature. In most institutions opportunities exist for an extended study of science in a general or scientific course as opposed to a classical course. Gradually the student meets this conception of unity. In physics, for example, the idea of the conservation of energy is constantly arising. A few years ago an English physicist showed that a definite amount of work in the scientific sense is always equivalent to a definite amount of heat, no loss, no gain, simply a transformation. He determined what is known as the mechanical equivalent of heat. Around this fact the loose ideas of energy began to crystallize, and to-day we know that there is but one energy, a unit amount, in the universe and all our forces are but manifestations of this unit of energy. We believe that energy can be transformed, but neither destroyed nor created. We view in our simple way the cycle of energy. We burn coal to produce steam, which runs an engine attached to a dynamo which generates a current of electricity powerful enough to heat a filament of carbon to incandescence



—and we have an electric light. And it is possible to calculate the number of pounds of a given grade of coal which will cause an electric light to glow with an intensity equal to a definite number of standard wax candles. The whole operation is based on the law of the conservation of energy, the law which says inexorably: Nature's energy is a unit; you may transform but you cannot create or destroy. Students easily grasp this conception, vast as it seems. Constant experiment shows students the interrelation of heat and chemical action, while the fairly accurate measurements which can be made in calorimetry serve to strengthen this conception of unity. Experiments in electricity show that energy is not haphazard or fickle, and as the student faces many of the far-reaching conceptions of that fascinating subject, he cannot fail to realize the fundamental significance of the law of the conservation of energy.

Within recent years science has enlarged our knowledge of vibration. Sound has long been known to be due to vibration; but heat and light were until recently erroneously viewed from a purely materialistic stand-point, they were explained by the corpuscular theory; while electricity was dismissed as a mystery. It has now been proved beyond doubt that radiant heat, light, and electricity are curiously interrelated, all being simply varying rates of vibration of the ether. The next decade will witness a marvelous simplification of our ideas of the phenomena of heat, light, and electricity, based entirely on the knowledge of vibration. Here is another conception of unity set before a student of laboratory science, the unity of motion. It is not possible for many students to demonstrate experimentally the truth of this statement, but by the time they reach this point in their work they can comprehend the results of others.

I alluded above to the law of the conservation of matter. Just before the

French Revolution a French chemist named Lavoisier promulgated the law that matter cannot be created or destroyed—that matter is a unit. This law is the foundation of chemical analysis. It has never been seriously questioned, and stands to-day as unshaken as the universe itself. Students believe it as firmly as they believe their own existence. They apply it daily with unquestioning faith. Starting with a unit mass of matter—a given weight—the student in chemistry subjects it to the action of various forms of energy, and believes as confidently that he has destroyed no atom of that given weight as he believes that he lives and has done the work. He believes that that given mass of matter is a unit, that it cannot be destroyed, and that the given mass is a definite portion of the one mass of matter which he is pleased to call the material universe.

What is taught by these conceptions of unity? They teach that "fundamentally life is one great unit." They teach that man and the Father are one, and as we live day by day we live not unto ourselves, but as members of one family, as sons of God. They teach that God is law and law is God, and as we look out into the face of nature we look into the face of our Father speaking silently, justly, firmly through his laws which are also our laws.

It is not too strong to say that the ultimate value of all work in laboratory science is conditioned by the mental attitude of the teacher. He must realize his own psychological life as well as be alert for mental crises in his students. He must create an atmosphere which fosters honest work. And as he lives with the souls who come to him for light and inspiration, his one purpose should be to lead them to investigate, interpret, and comprehend the truth. He must be the truth, for "what we are shall teach."

The person who would receive compensation for doing right would do wrong on the same basis.

Do not imagine that in withdrawing from association with men you grow more wise or good than they. Christ lived among men.

# PROFESSOR JAMES MASON HOPPIN: A CHARACTER STUDY\*

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

Learned men have given the beauty of art clumsy names, have written tomes on the abstract idea of beauty. It remained for a poet in the English tongue, who died while he was still a mere boy, to define it once and forever. With divine appreciation Keats wrote:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,  
That is all ye know on earth,  
And all ye need to know.

Why are we not satisfied with this simple and complete definition? Hundreds of critics have arisen to tell us what beauty is not, thinking that we should know more about it by this curious explanation. One man at least in our own country has had the prophetic vision and that instinctive appreciation which enabled him to write about art in a truly sympathetic way. For thirty-eight years Professor James Mason Hoppin has endeavored to lead the students at Yale, and the larger public to whom his books, "Greek Art on Greek Soil" and "The Early Renaissance," and certain random essays have been dedicated, to his own clear and high appreciation of this undiscovered country.

It is a rare combination to find a thoroughly trained and cultured university man, who is at the same time the artist in all but the manual dexterity which expresses itself in form or color. I can think of only one or two men in the century,—and Walter Pater is one of them,—who have spoken with such naive sincerity and with such wonderful simplicity. His work has in it the same quality that you find in the Parthenon frieze. It has the simplicity and solidity of the Doric, with the charm and delicacy of the Ionic, "as unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained," and does not seem a

product of this hurrying, noisy end of the century.

If we take up his "Early Renaissance" at almost any page we see at once that this writer believes art to be spiritual in its essence, and that it has its foundation in the inner susceptibility of the soul which corresponds to certain outward forms, and claims such forms for the medium of its highest expression; and, moreover, we learn that he believes the human mind to contain the ideas in their conceptual mold in which the forms of natural objects are cast, and therefore that the mind is eminently fitted to comprehend them.

It is strange to find from the college professor, upon whom the layman and artist are apt to think the moss of convention fastens too readily, expressions like this, when speaking of Morris and Watts, and the great Englishman, in his "Tendencies of Modern Art," he says, "their power is like the spirit that floats in music, and belongs to the soul. It is the power that lies in color tones to convey passionate and pathetic thought from the artist's soul to ours, and with their prevailing tone of gray, aerial coloring, through which shine delicate, roseate lights, they seem to steal into the mind as a misty vision, bodiless and rainbow tinted."

And yet one is glad to find that this critic, while he soars into the realm of pure poetry, keeps his chariot wheels on the old red earth. He writes that "art finds its principles in nature, and it cannot go a step independently of these natural laws and remain art; but it is more than nature, and requires an action of the artist's own soul. It is this which gives his works the appearance of fresh forms of nature. This is the law of selection in art, and was probably coeval with the law of imitation, for the earliest art could not have been entirely imitation. The ideal enters into all true art.

\*Professor James Mason Hoppin has for the past twenty years held the chair of History of Art in Yale College. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1820. He resigned the professorship in Yale in March, 1899.

The real is only the working basis of the ideal."

His thought tallies in this respect with all the great inspired thinkers of the world, Greek, Italian, German, and English.

Bacon made a happy hit when he said that "art was man added to nature," and Coleridge emphasized this thought in many of his essays.

In talking with Professor Hoppin one soon finds this critic believes that the love of beauty is the inspiration of all art, "the beauty in the universe and in the human soul." We are not surprised to find that his idea of beauty is the Greek one, and merely another name for perfection. What other idea can any thinking, feeling man hold? One need scarcely add any talk about moral quality or perfect truth. Keats has done that all for us.

Professor Hoppin's theory of art makes it a great moral force tending to bring about the reign of truth and light. He deals more with the surrounding mountains, and the lofty ideas they inspire, than with the immediate foreground of life, or the technical differences of the schools. We are glad that he does not add another theory about color, but tells us merely the effect of good color upon the human mind and soul. This age is weary of analysis. He differs essentially, and most happily, we believe, from a critic who is well known in connection with a great sister university, and who seems to entertain no hope for American art. And yet we are not surprised to find in a man who is so much abreast of his time as Professor Hoppin a substantial appreciation of what the American people are doing and must yet accomplish in the domain of art. He finds American sculpture more national in its conception than painting, and he has not overlooked in American architecture such names as Hunt and Richardson. He does not cross the college campus with bowed head, muttering to himself, "There is no art after Titian," but he is resolute in his determination to see the art products of the day; and therefore his prophecy and hopeful outlook for

American art are pregnant with meaning. He has the sanity of the Greeks, and falls back constantly on their idea of the soul awakened to act by joyful and loving sympathy with nature in all its forms, especially with what is beautiful and perfect in nature as that for which the mind was originally made. As Matthew Arnold has expressed it:

Not by the lightnings of wit,  
Not by the thunder of scorn!

Charm is the poet's alone,  
Hollow and dull are the great,  
And artists envious, and the mob profane.  
We know all this, we know!  
Can'st thou from heaven, O child  
Of light! but this to declare?  
Alas, to help us forget  
Such barren knowledge awhile,  
God gave the poet his song!

If there is any institution that needs to enforce the esthetic element in the higher education of men and women it is the modern university, and Professor Hoppin has clearly shown in all his work that it would be to the great detriment of the moral nature as well as to the intellectual if the esthetic element were not treated with all seriousness in the arranging of the curriculum. He has helped to gain for art an admission into the circle of the recognized humanities, and to make it one of a trinity with literature and science. He goes back to the fountain-head, and reiterates the thought that a great art follows inevitably upon a great and simple order of living. He shows us that great art with the Greek was inevitable. Still he leads us on gently, showing that perfection comes out of imperfection and order out of chaos. He is just to pre-Phidian art, and shows that the great period was one of development and not of the beginning of artistic impulses. He helps us in our present need, and helps us in a purely artistic way, by his graceful expression and comparison rather than by his pointed moral. He knows that it is impossible to give a rigid definition of art. He says that it "bursts from our formulas like an uncontrolled spring," and that it is "indefinable because it is a truth rather than a term." Such happy ex-

pression separates this critic from the myriads of people who talk the jargon of art, and never touch the hem of its garment or receive its divine consolation; for is not the true love of art like a rose-leaf pressed against the world's scarred cheek?

Yet Professor Hoppin evades nothing. Without being pressed, he makes the statement that "nature is the substance, physical and spiritual, out of whose depths art arises like an exhalation of beauty."

I call to mind no one in this country who writes in this way,—in England one or two. Perchance Max Mueller might have done so had he been able to give his time and thought to art. It would have been well for some of our critics if they could have followed, for a few years at least, the lectures of this seer that have been delivered so freely at the university. Now that he has tendered his resignation there is a sudden outcry and a sense of great loss, but we are happy that the loss is to be to the student of the college rather than to the world.

The last quiet years of this sane and beautiful life are to be given to the completion of his unpublished essays and books, so that the world will eventually be the richer for this cessation of daily work. Art to him is no abstraction. He cries out against the theory that art exists solely in the mind, and that there is no intrinsic beauty in natural objects. He declares art to be the interpretation of the significance and perfection of nature. He would not have you think of nature only for scientific and practical uses, but he would have you see in it two revelations, "that of use and that of beauty." Listen to this: "The beauty is just as much a part of nature as the use; they are only different aspects of the self-same facts, the usefulness on one side is on the other beauty. The colors of the landscape, the tints of spring and autumn, the lines of twilight and the dawn, all that might seem the superfluity of nature, are only her most necessary operations under another view; her ornament is another aspect of her work; and, in the act of laboring as a machine, she also sleeps as a picture."

He sees the use of Mercury as a messenger of the gods, but this is not all he sees. In describing the Hermes at Olympia, he notes the "sweetness of expression that lights up the face, and that quiet look into futurity which is linked with a benignity that seems to express a consciousness of present care and duty." He sees that his feet have wings. He declares that the use of beauty is to make us free men, a thought that the Greek held very dear.

Professor Hoppin has endeavored to make art a recognized factor of our intellectual life, as it has been in Germany since the days of Goethe and Lessing. He quotes in one of his essays on *Hellas* from Maurice de Guérin as follows: "I have spent ten years in colleges, and I have come out, bringing, together with some scraps of Latin and Greek, an enormous mass of weariness. That is the result of all college education in France. . . . Who has dreamed of annotating reciprocally the poets by the philosophers, the philosophers by the poets, the latter by the artists, Plato by Homer, Homer by Phidias? They isolate their great geniuses, they disjoint a literature, they fling you its scattered limbs without taking the trouble to tell you what place they occupy, what relations they mutually sustain in the great organizations whence they have been detached. In Germany, on the contrary, a broad philosophy presides over literary studies and sheds over the earliest labors of youth that grace which so sweetly cherishes and develops the love of letters."

This quotation is made to show how thoroughly Professor Hoppin understood his work and himself when he attempted to make art a vital part of our education as a people. He appreciated thoroughly that "vital need" which Matthew Arnold tells us the human spirit hath for beauty, for expansion and knowledge. With his keen insight he saw that moral conduct would follow inevitably in the wake of esthetic education, for no man can love beauty and be bad. He showed how Hellenism would complement and amplify Hebraism, and eventually expel Philistinism. He showed how knowledge, quickened by the spirit

of beauty, would take on new meaning. Philosophy would take new flesh upon its bones, and science, instead of killing by analysis, would build up a living whole.

Professor Hoppin's essays on Greek art and Greek thought are easily the best that have been written on this side of the Atlantic. All the other books that have been published become pedantic, or mere summaries of mechanical definition, or thoughtless praise of artists who have taken or attempted to take the kingdom of art by storm. This man impresses one with his Olympian calm,—so much, at least, has the quiet atmosphere of the university town given to the sympathetic student of beauty,—and he is at the same time entirely free from the "professorial cant," or the mental attitude so apt to be assumed by the man constantly with his pupils who dare not give back as good as he sends. He shows the necessity of the student coming in contact with the Greek mind in art, as well as in literature, to make him alert, able to use all his faculties, ready to do as well as to think, ready to lay hold of every kind of work, to turn knowledge into action, and to enjoy the breadth and beauty of life. He divined early in life, if one may judge from his writings, that we had not given sufficient thought in education to the spiritual element, that we were getting mere knowledge, "book-stuff" as some man termed it. He perceived the profound reach of Plato's scheme of education, or the harmonious development and operation of both psychical and physical forces. He saw how science might be made to serve art as a hand-maiden or a sister, and art, in turn, might record the achievements of science, and that they were in no wise antagonistic, but might work in perfect harmony.

After traveling, and studying the works of Albrecht Durer, Giotto, and Ghiberti, more than ever did he find art to be serious work. He noted how these artists were ever studying and learning, trying to apprehend nature's universal laws, interpreting her beauties, in fact, as he says, "God-impelled," as much as were Dante and Luther, with a distinct revelation to impart to mankind.

In answer to that bizarre hue and cry which claimed that this age furnished no *raison d'être* for art or poetry, he turned to nature, and finding her loveliness inexhaustible, he saw that as long as the human mind worked in harmony with her laws there would be reason for art and artists, and that you could no more exhaust art than you could exhaust the heaven's blue. He came close to the artist and touched elbows with him, because he was interested in that order of vision which sees deeply into nature. As has been aptly said,

The poem hangs on the berry bush  
When comes the poet's eye;  
And the street is one long masquerade  
When Shakspeare passes by.

He came more and more closely, as time went on, into kinship with that order of being which produces the stuff that outlasts the throne, nor does he forget that deft manipulation of the clay is necessary to the true artist, nor undervalue the mastery of the material in which one works.

It is interesting to meet in his eightieth year a man who all his life has been a lover of beauty, who in Greece and Italy has come in touch not only with the magnificent monuments of antiquity, but with the men of modern times who understand so well these creations, and can talk about them with intelligence and feeling. He has stood on the plains of Marathon and put into his work that sturdier thought of the Spartan who made the great Greek sculpture possible. He knows as well as any critic living that only a patriotic people, free and intelligent, produce great and enduring art. His whole life has been sustained and strengthened by his early and consummate knowledge of Greek sculpture and Greek thought, of Plato and Aristotle. One might almost fancy as he looked at the Hermes that he repeated to himself those immortal words of Socrates: "I do not believe that the soul shall vanish away like smoke, or that the dead sleep on forever like Endymion."

As a student, first, of theology, and a man who in the press of a full life has thrown off books of the most serious nat-

ure (which are still largely used as text-books) as easily as Mr. Gladstone did his Homer with the affairs of the state spread out on his desk before him, the whole career of Professor Hoppin is one that invites our affection and claims our admiration and respect. The storms of life have beaten about his brow, and the writing of life one can read plainly in his benign face. To wear the harness of college work for thirty-eight years uncompainingly, and then to lay it aside with so little ado, is worthy of an old Roman. More than at any other time in the history of this people do we need men of this order, men of archetypal nature. Thinking of him we are reminded of Longfellow's description of his three friends in his great sonnet. "He, too, recalls the amplitude of nature's first design."

Happy college to have had so long a teacher with a message! Happy social

world in which he moved and graced with a personality that quietly insisted upon the assertion of the ideal in a material age! Happy time to have given voice to a man who, like Wordsworth, hath "uttered nothing base." Such work cannot be appreciated until time has placed it in the perspective of the years. Then we prophesy that no one will be able to say of us that we had no trained and cultured critic, no one to interpret for us the beauty of the past, and make it the key to the present need. This work he has done essentially. He has helped to make possible the immortal words of Shelley:

If Greece must be  
A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble,  
And build themselves again impregnably  
In a diviner clime,  
To Amphion's music, on some Cape sublime,  
Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.

## THE RELATION OF RELIGIOUS CLASSES TO SOCIAL REGENERATION

BY REV. GUSTAVUS TUCKERMAN

This is not a cheerful theme. The facts are such that he who attempts to state them inevitably lays himself open to charges from which man naturally and perhaps properly shrinks. Yet facts are facts, and cannot be blinked indefinitely. If statement thereof is to be made, it is well that it should be by one whose view of the matter is from within, and whose utterance will therefore take the form of honest, albeit painful confession, rather than of accusation. Mistaken in his conception of facts, and unhappy in the form of presentation, such an one may easily be. But realization of communal guilt and shame should render him at least immune from the imputation of deliberate falsification and slander.

The terminology of the topic is intended to be specific and exact. By social regeneration is meant that process of transformation by the renewing of the mind—that new birth of the spirit which in the view of the writer can alone suffice

to bring humanity into harmony with the rest of nature, with the Divine mind, toward which consummation, according to the apostle, the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.

It is probably unnecessary to dwell at length upon this point. For although there are those whose word is reform or reconstruction, whose schemes take into account principally, solely, the crying needs of certain classes, whose aim is to ameliorate conditions and render existence more tolerable for the toiling masses, whose expectation is that good treatment, better social relations, and enlarged opportunities for material advancement will lead men to turn their attention to the essentials of human life, yet on the other hand, one of the hopeful signs of the time is the rapid increase in the number of those to whom the solidarity of the race and the conception of man as an organism, are so far matters fundamental to all thought as to render their stand

upon regeneration axiomatic and self-explanatory. To such it is absurd to talk of reconstructing society as would be the proposition to reconstruct an individual man. Reformed he may be, to be sure, by restraint, removal of temptation, etc. But unless the character of the man in some way be changed, his improved relations are but temporary and dependent upon regulation from without, which regulation is restraint, however beneficent in purpose, is a curtailment of freedom, making of the man a ward rather than a citizen. So with what we loosely call society; order, conformity to law, can be secured by martial force or policemanization of some sort; discontent may be allayed by largess, and harmony temporarily attained through a common peril or general opportunity for enlargement of life. Yet until the spirit of Cain, of Esau, and of Balaam be supplanted by the spirit of the Christ, the only peace possible is that of an armed truce; the only justice a balancing of selfish interests; the only righteousness that of the scribes and Pharisees, concerning which Jesus had something pertinent to remark.

In saying, "The kingdom of God is within you" (or in your midst), he indicated a line of extension thereof diametrically opposite to the methods commonly advocated by reformers. The antithesis would appear to be as distant as that between the dream of the tower builders of Shinar and Saint John's vision of the New Jerusalem—yes, as between the ambition of Lucifer and the humility of the Christ—the one in essence materialistic and individualistic, the other spiritual and associative. It has taken us a long time to discover that in making relinquishment of things a fundamental requisition of discipleship, in his dictum to the rich young ruler and in his question to Simon Peter, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Jesus was in fact laying the axe at the root of the upas-tree of materialism. We have been very slow to learn that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" and to see that he alone "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things"—yes, enjoyeth all things—who hath renounced them all,

and, unlike the foxes and the birds, hath not where to lay his head. It is still unseen by some that the individual apart from society is an abstraction, and that a man's individuality is in inverse ratio to his individualism. We have not even now grasped the fact that of the divine society the watchword is: "As poor (individually) yet (collectively) making many rich; as (individually) having nothing, and yet (collectively) possessing all things." We seem strangely unwilling to accept or even seriously to consider the divine method of deliverance from that most prolific sin and the direct spawn of unbelief, namely, covetousness. We are so stupid as not to perceive that no balancing or adjustment of "meum" and "tuum" can ever take the place of the divine "nostrum" or bring in the family relation in which alone is to be found freedom to think, freedom to speak, freedom to love, which is life.

"Society the redeemed form of man," as the late Henry James explained it, is not yet un fait accompli. What we call society is no more such than pandemonium is music or a boarding-house a home. Yet the transformation necessary to bring about the accomplished fact, so far from being an intricate problem, as our professors of political economy and sociology (the modern scribes) would have us believe, is the simplest and most common-sense thing in the world. All that society, as at present constituted, requires for its salvation is the same sort of regeneration which took place in the case of a certain young man who, despising his birthright, wandered from home, and, having drunk deep of the cup of individualism, found its dregs bitter, found the husks of materialism incapable of satisfying his hunger, found the wisdom of the world to be folly indeed, finally came to himself and said: "I will arise and go to my father." The young man had faith,—faith that, in spite of all, his father was his father still; faith that he himself was still a man who could play the man rather than the fool; faith in the future for which he instinctively hoped. And so love, which is faith in action, faith energizing, actualizing itself, once more took control and led him home. He that was

dead became alive again. The lost came to himself again, and so was found.

Now that society may come to itself and be sane once more with that social sanity whose keynote is to be found in the apostle's utterance, "We must obey God rather than men," which utterance, be it noted, implies not compulsion, but rather the recognition of ability to respond—the prime requisite is still, as Mazzini said some sixty years ago, faith,—faith in God, faith in humanity, faith in the future. "Not alone the individual faith that creates martyrs, but that social faith which is the parent of victory, the faith that arouses the multitude, faith in their own destiny, in their own mission and in the mission of the epoch." Rightly or wrongly Mazzini held that the instinctive philosophy of the people is faith in God, and that what is required to cause this faith to express itself in the energizing of the universal law of love is the headship, the leadership of men who believe in the people and so make the people believe in themselves. I hold that he was right, and that all history proves him to have been so. We do indeed see large masses of men following the lead of those who do not believe in men, and the spectacle, as Whitman says, is profoundly affecting. But we also see that the people will not follow such indefinitely. They cannot all be permanently fooled. Let one arise who does believe in them, and they will know his voice and will follow him whithersoever he goeth, as they have ever done. In this matter and in this manner is the old promise, "Give and it shall be given unto you," etc., literally fulfilled. If the head be come to itself and the heart be true, the hands, the feet, and the rest of the organism will in harmony begin the homeward way.

From whence is this leadership and this social faith to come? It were natural, surely, to look to that body of people professing faith in God and in his Christ, and commonly called the church or Christianity. One would instinctively suppose the primary function of such a body to be the creation of such faith through the development of such men. Yet were he to turn to the so-called church of to-day for proof of this promise he would be griev-

ously disappointed. Not only would he fail to find that for which he sought; he would also fail to find anything answering in the remotest degree to the church of the apostolic age, when "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and soul, and not one of them said that aught of the things that he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." Rightly was such a social organism termed the body of Christ, inasmuch as it was a harmonious whole, a social incarnation, the very embodiment of his spirit. With reason was it regarded as the bride of Christ—a bride whose adornment consisted not in outward things, but in the spirit of truth manifesting itself in beautiful activities, seeking naught but the approval of the bridegroom.

But now what have we in official Christianity? Not the body of Christ, surely. For that which arrogates the name is invalid, impotent, moribund, having dismembered itself and very nearly committed suicide by decapitation. Not the bride of Christ, surely. For, if so, the bride has forgotten her first love and been seduced. No. Dismal as is the confession, and full of pain as would be the denunciation of one's own mother, the fact remains that "the church" and "Christianity" are mere euphemisms for a conglomeration of religious classes, in part distinct, yet having this in common,—that severally and as a whole they suggest an unpleasantly close correspondence with the description given by Saint Paul to Titus of society as he saw it anterior to the manifestation of the philanthropy of God. Pride, suspicion, fear, prejudice, jealousy, self-aggrandisement, self-justification, self-conceit,—all class characteristics (which in truth are nothing other than the characteristics of individualism in the large) are exhibited in aggravated form, yet all arrayed in the garb of religion. Of religion, yes. Of that there is no lack. It is life that is lacking. It is righteousness, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost—those three essential characteristics of the kingdom of God—that are lacking. Indeed, pretty much everything is lacking save religion—a thing that Christianity in its inception was not, whatever else it was. As Dr. Herron has pointed



out, Jesus seems to have had no interest in or use for religion per se. Nowhere in the New Testament writings is the term applied to the new life, save in the report of a speech of Festus, a heathen.

Christianity or the "way" was no more a religion than the Mosaic dispensation was a religion. The latter became such, it is true. So that Paul the apostle, when describing his anti-Christian life, naturally and truthfully uses the term, saying that "after the strictest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." But he is referring to degenerate days,—to a time in which the old national boast of the presence of God and the possession of a glorious and righteous code were no longer heard; a time when instead of these exultant cries there fell, from the lips of the high-priests upon the ears of the kingliest man the world ever saw, these words: "Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him! We have no king but *Caesar*!" Yes, a time when the propinquity of God was a nightmare and belief in it heresy; when the law had become a burden and evasion of obedience a fine art; when the only god or king wanted was one who knew his place and kept it, attending strictly to his own business, and content therein with such bargains as might be made in accordance with long-standing custom and arrangement. But this Judaism of the days of the Christ and Saint Paul was no more the Judaism of Moses and Joshua than modern Christianity is the Christianity of the apostles.

Are you tired of hearing that history repeats itself? Are you weary of comparison between the history of Judaism and that of Christianity? Well may you be. Yet the statement is true and the comparison justified by the facts. For the degeneracy in both cases has the same termini,—from organism to institution, from life to religion, from whole to part; and the same process,—emasculatation, evasion, substitution; and the same resultant characteristics,—infidelity, practical atheism, impotence. Both were of divine creation, and therefore organisms rather than institutions. Each was "a social body for the soul of God," a divine ordering of human life in its totality; differing each from the other chiefly in this, that

in the one case the ordering was mandatory from without and in the other intuitive and spontaneous from within. Permanence in both was dependent on corporate faith, corporate loyalty, corporate obedience, and corporate unity resulting therefrom; in other words, upon the maintenance of organic life in its wholeness.

In saying of the Temple, "There shall not be left one stone upon another which shall not be thrown down," Jesus was pronouncing the inevitable doom of any and every organism which was degenerated into an institution, any and every ordering of human life in which analysis has taken the place of synthesis, in which religion has been substituted for righteousness,—which last is nothing other than rightness, normally of personal relationship in organic life. For that which has lost the power of initiation, which is incapable of aught but resistance, which has no force left but that of inertia, is a dead thing, a corpse which sooner or later will certainly rot, disintegrate, and fall to pieces. Such was the fate of Judaism, and such may be the fate of modern Christianity for aught you or I know to the contrary. Indeed, there are those who hold that the doom of official Christianity is already sealed, and evidence in support of this thesis is not wanting. For instance, it has come to pass that the so-called church no less than the world needs conviction of sin as rooted as unbelief and therefore unnecessary, of righteousness as possible through the incarnation, and of judgment as certain because an ever present fact. All talk of necessary evil is infidel. Constant harping upon the string of "our poor weak human nature" is atheistic cant—self-chosen chronic invalidism. Postponement of judgment is simply willful blindness—the stupidity of the ostrich with his head in the sand. Again, the church requires to be taught once more the lesson given to Nicodemus, that the Spirit breatheth where he listeth,—that it is as absurd for men to set bounds to his field of operation as it would be to attempt to direct the motions of the planets or the course of the winds. Saint Peter learned the lesson and taught it to the

brethren. It seems to have been forgotten. Forgotten also, or willfully ignored, is the fact that such statements of the Christ as these: "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon;" "He that would save his life shall lose it;" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all necessary things shall be added unto you;" "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," are of social and ecclesiastical application no less than individual.

No longer is the voice of the church the voice of the apostle, saying: "Silver and gold have I none; but what I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, walk." Instead of this, it is the church which is chronically invalid and begging. The modern cry is for endowment, without which (though it be tantamount to indirect taxation of the poor) according to ecclesiastical authority the work in certain districts cannot go on. (Query: What has become of the original endowment of the Spirit of the living God?)

No longer does the church utter the words of the Apostle Paul: "We seek not yours, but you." On the contrary, even skilled personal service gratuitously and faithfully rendered is by the powers that be rated as of less value than cash. Hard as it still may be for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God, a dress suit of financial respectability or a cloak of charity (sic) may insure his election to vestry or other official board in the church, no matter how his money is acquired or whether he be even baptized. And he will not hear in the church much that will disturb his equanimity, self-complacency, or sense of being a patron. Ezekiel, with his unequivocal condemnation of interest, profit, and the individual appropriation of unearned increment, is entirely out of date. The sermon on the mount is not to be taken literally. Christ's saying that he came not to destroy but to fulfill the law applies only to the decalogue. All else is mere legal enactment. Christ said: "The poor ye have with you always;" "My kingdom is not of this world;" "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

These are very precious texts. Saint Paul was a very practical man, for he said, "He that provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel." But he was beside himself when he wrote that letter to Titus, telling him that salvation is within the reach of all, and that a man can live sound-mindedly, righteously, and godly in this present age. For salvation is for those who can afford it, and—well, you know a man must live. We are all poor miserable sinners anyhow, and never can be anything else in this world.

It gives no pleasure to write all this, nor have I any slightest wish to satirize or exaggerate or caricature. These are simply things which I know. And I know also, alas, that it is possible in that religious class to which I belong for young men to have been church-goers from boyhood, and yet be unable to remember ever having heard anything from the pulpit inculcating the idea of living for the sake of others as the very essence of Christian duty. Recently one such complacently confessed that he lived for nothing but the gratification of his own instincts; and another of a group of six, who apparently agreed with him, asked: "Why do we go to church or do anything that is right except to get to heaven and have eternal happiness?"

This is bad enough, Heaven knows. After all, however, the most dismal and heart-breaking failure has been and is in the matter of the treatment of children. In no other sphere of activity is infidelity more manifest or the waste consequent thereon more awful. As Alden truly says: "The newness of life which comes with every generation is a divinely ordained force for our social regeneration. Forever the Master places the child in our midst as a symbol of his kingdom—the power to renew and remold our life. Every child is a fresh manifestation of the Christ, divinely born, sent even as he was sent for our inspiration and leadership; and received in this way a single generation of children would renovate the world. Instead of availing ourselves of this marvelous power, we put these leaders behind us and impose upon them the hard and fast mold of an older life, striving with them to anticipate the Gospel of

our Lord in their hearts by the maxims of worldly experience and the forms and traditions of a worldly ecclesiasticism." Yes. In spite of Christ's solemn warning, the little ones are despised. Instead of trying to be like them, allowing them to convert us, we must needs do all in our power to make them like ourselves, regarding them not as pure in heart and so capable of seeing God as we, alas, cannot; but rather as things empty which we are to fill, as things plastic which by us must be formed and fashioned to make their way in the world. So for five days in the week and two sessions per day we send them to school to be taught by experienced and trained teachers arithmetic, grammar, geography, etc., and on one day in the week for about three-quarters of an hour to a Sabbath-school to be taught (?) by the most amateurish of amateurs the things which in theory concern their everlasting weal or woe. We go on quoting the Lord's words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," and then do we suffer them to come to him? Not exactly. Not quite all the way. We bring them to baptism, send them to Sunday-school, and perhaps take them to church. Baptism is a pious custom; they will be out of harm's way in the Sunday-school; and they are not likely to hear anything dangerous in church. It is a good habit to acquire—this church-going. It pays in the end. So far we suffer them and forbid them not. But let a boy exhibit in ever so small a degree the messianic instinct, let him insist on being natural, let him attempt to live in accordance with the fundamental law of seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and how soon will pressure be brought to bear to turn him from his purpose, to conform him to his environment, to make of him "a practical man." Worse, if possible, is this: that instead of the presumption being that the child's development may and therefore should be like that of the Son of Mary, a daily increase in wisdom and stature in favor with God and man, the idea is that a certain amount of folly, etc., is inevitable, and that He asserted this. He did no such thing. He did say that there should be occasions of stumbling,

and He added: "Woe to that man"—not that child—"by whom the occasion cometh."

The plain truth is that while faithful, brave, and godly believers are praying (as such have always prayed), "Thy kingdom come," with intelligent sincerity, the religious classes of to-day, as classes, do not want the kingdom to come just yet. They have no longing for a regime here upon the earth in which respect of persons, special privileges, patent rights, individual and class distinctions are no more. They may do very well in heaven or when the millennium comes—whatever that may mean. But till then let heaven and earth, religious and secular, saints and sinners, rewards and punishments be carefully differentiated. Disunion must and shall be preserved. The modern Pharisees have no heart hunger for a faith in the possibility of a social order in which justice no less than charity shall be swallowed up of love. Society without a leisure class, patrons, policemen, fags, and scapegoats is to them unthinkable.

Therefore, although the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and the way thereto wide open, they neither enter in themselves nor do they suffer them that are entering to go in—if they can prevent it. But, thank God, the way is so plain and the open door so wide that they cannot stop them all. And so, in spite of all learning and in the face of all obstacles and occasions of stumbling, the kingdom of God, the reign of righteousness, the society of the redeemed, is coming in our midst and will come till it be come indeed. It is coming through the faith of men meek enough to be sons of God, and sufficiently unsophisticated to acknowledge the relationship in themselves and in their brethren; men to whom usefulness in the hands of the Creator is, if not the summum bonum, at least the sine qua non of happiness; men who would rather be right (that is, fit for use as a vehicle for the divine life) than be rich or respectable or comfortable or successful as the world counts success; men who recognize that life to be human must have not one dimension, length (of least importance), but breadth and depth also (the most thoroughly hu-

man life ever lived was but thirty-three years in length; but in breadth it embraced humanity, and in depth it sounded the heart of God); men, in short, to whom Jesus was and is what he said to himself, the Way, the Truth, the Life—the first-born of many brethren, among whom it is cowardly to say less than, “My Father worketh hitherto and I work,” it is evidence of disloyalty to be unable to say, “My Father and I are one.”

To the eyes of ecclesiasticism these men—many if not most of them—appear as heretics, irreligious, and outside the pale. Many of them have been driven from or severed their connection with the established religious classes, and may never be seen in attendance on the so-called worship of the church. Yet they are the real worshipers, worshiping in spirit and in truth, to whom the Christ life is the normal life, the sane life, the natural life, the most symmetrical and beautiful thing upon which the sun ever shone. And they are the real Christians who know that they are sent even as He was sent, endowed with the same dynamic authority to be to their day and generation what he was to his. They do not seek for reward. They do not fear punishment. They know that there is no such thing as work for God. While sure that without Christ they can do nothing, they are equally sure that he who hath begun a good work in them will perform it unto the end. Therefore are they the salt of the earth. Therefore are they the light of the world. Therefore are they the children of the kingdom, citizens of that abiding city whose builder and maker is God.

Their word to us and to the world at large has been sung for them by Mrs. Stetson in her “Christmas Hymn:”

Listen not to the word that would have you  
believe  
That the voice of the age is a moan;  
That the red hand of wrong  
Is triumphant and strong,  
And that wrong is triumphant alone;  
There was never a time on the face of the  
earth  
When love was so near its own.

Do you think that the love which has died  
for the world

Has not lived for the world also?

Filling man with the fire  
Of a boundless desire  
To love all with a love that shall grow?  
It was not for nothing the White Christ was  
born  
Two thousand years ago.

The love that fed poverty, making it thrive,  
Is learning a lovelier way.

We have seen that the poor  
Need be with us no more,  
And that sin may be driven away;  
The love that has carried martyrs to death  
Is entering life to-day.

The spirit of Christ is awake and alive,  
In the work of the world it is shown,  
Crying loud, crying clear,  
That the kingdom is here.

And that all men are heirs to the throne!  
There was never a time since the making of  
man  
When love was so near its own!

For God will not be balked in the fulfillment of that eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus. The Holy Spirit, though gentle and patient, is persistent, working in all humanity and not in a chosen part. Even though what we now know as the church should utterly fail and die, his work will go on and the kingdom will live as it has lived its silent, unobtrusive life all the years that are gone—coming, coming all the time. For it is a seed that hath been sown, which groweth while men sleep, and which will bear its ripened grain ere the leaves fall and the summers end.

Yes. Dark and full of foreboding for the church though these days be, they are brimming over with hope for the race. “God’s still in his heaven”—his heaven of the loyal, humble, filial heart—and so long as that is true, “all’s right with the world.”

Jesus wept over Jerusalem, not from fear of failure of that kingdom to which he had given his life, but in sorrowful recognition of the fact that, his nation and the church of his boyhood having utterly lost the sense and power of mission, salvation though it were of the Jews could only come in spite of rather than by the instrumentality of those who should have been his very own. Even so, if some of us be sad these days, it is not that we are pessimistic concerning the kingdom, but

because, loving the church to which our mother gave us at birth, we cannot with joy face the apparent fact that social regeneration though it be of Christianity can only come in spite of rather than by the instrumentality of that body which ought to be, if it is not, the living church of the living God.

There are those, I am aware, whose outlook and forecast are not so dark as mine; who hold that "a new reformation," a

new Pentecost within the body, may yet restore the view-point of the Christ and the life-giving spirit of self-sacrifice, and so save the church. They may be right. Would to God that the future may justify their hopefulness! But as for myself, though no prophet, I am in the position of Ezekiel in the valley of dry bones, and to the Lord's question, "Son of man, can these bones live?" can only reply as he did: "O Lord, thou knowest."

## VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT POEM ON "GOD," OR THE SEARCH OF THE SOUL FOR THE INFINITE

BY KENNETH S. GUTHRIE, A. M., PH. D.

### I.

Victor Hugo is known to the average American reader only as a writer of novels; and this is not strange, for his poetry, in some respects the greatest and most sublime existing French poetry, cannot be translated into English, so different is the genius of the English language from that of the French. The few published efforts are limited in both scope and felicity. One might as well give up the attempt to get at his poetry in translation. As a dramatist he is better known. "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," and "Le Roi s'Amuse" (Rigoletto) are familiar to the better educated classes. Great as Hugo was as novel-writer, poet, and dramatist, he stands yet higher; for his greatest claim to reverence may be said to lie in his remarkable poem, "Dieu," in which, with the touch of the artist and the genius of the philosopher, he seeks to follow the development of the human spirit, both racial and individual, in its persistent effort to grasp the eternal Reality that, itself unseen, informs the visible universe. For every thinking man grapples more or less with this problem, Who is God? Is the God of theology an actual being? Must we be atheists if not believers in theology? Can we not believe in God otherwise? What were the grounds on which other men in the past

believed on God? What is the purpose and hope of life?

Although the poem deals with such abstruse questions, it is so lucidly arranged, so poetic in its diction, that it is not difficult to grasp the author's thought. But it will be asked, How is it possible that such a masterpiece has not been translated before this? A sufficient answer is to point to such masterpieces of poetry and thought as Madach's "Tragedy of Humanity" and Wildtbrandt's "Master of Palmyra," which are as yet comparatively unknown in English. Let us rather sympathetically listen to what the great exile of Jersey had to say on these sublime problems; for none will doubt that these words of his will be worth listening to, so elevated, so powerful, so keen are his more familiar utterances.

### II.

Before entering into the details of the poem it may be well to give the reader a general outline of the purport of Hugo's message,—his purpose, meaning, and significance. And this is easy, because he divides his subject into three books: (1) The Ascent through the Darkness of the Human Mind; (2) God; and, (3) Daylight. Although the latter book comprises only four pages to two hundred and twenty-five of the second book, it is set apart for

the purpose of emphasizing the result of his thought. And to paraphrase this division one might say that Hugo earnestly sought the truth through the darkness of human doubt until he came to the idea of God, which he was determined to understand. So he studies all the various ideas men have had of it, passing from one form to another until, at last leaving them all behind, he discovers the great secret of thought, that reason is above everything and only in its exercise may we hope for a newer, better, truer "theology," in the best sense of that word.

Like a true poet, like a true prophet, Hugo does not state this result baldly in dogmatic language. He constructs a most beautiful dramatic setting, which unfolds the thought of the poet and represents the human soul rising through the darkness to the object which is highest above it. At each stage it finds, when it has reached and examined it, a farther height above it, and so, going through the abysses of immensity, from height to height, ever restlessly seeking better things, at last the human soul emerges from the gloom of its starting place into the daylight of the last revelation. What this is will be seen later.

### III.

The first book, entitled "Ascent through the Darkness," represents the beginning of the journey in search for truth, which more or less consciously all of us are making. Darkness—thick Egyptian darkness—surrounds the soul that would find truth. This darkness symbolizes not only the mental condition of ignorance, blindness, and foolishness, but the heart-ache, the suffering, the bitter derision of the world, which falls to the lot of him who is determined to fight his mental way to some firm standing ground. And if the person insists sufficiently on this, his new path of life, his first result of study will be a Babel of confusion, jangling voices from all ages and conditions of men, each claiming to have the truth, each trying to convince the inquirer that he cannot proceed farther or ever hope for success, so limited are his resources, so weak his best endeavor.

Only if the inquirer has the moral grit to persist in spite of all these confusing voices will he reach actual results, such as the second book may be said to present. These two stages of the inquiring soul's progress are typified by a separate division, the first being entitled "The Mind of the Human" and the second "The Voices."

#### THE MIND OF THE HUMAN.

And I saw afar above me a black point. As one sees a fly moving upon the ceiling, this point came, went, and the darkness was sublime. And, as man, when he thinks, is winged, and as the abyss attracted me more and more into its gloom. I felt myself already flying toward it, when I was stopped by the word, "Stay." A hand was stretched out. And I saw a strange figure appear, a being covered with mouths, wings, eyes, living, almost desolate, almost radiant. Vast though it was, it flew. . . . nightmare of the flesh or vision of the apostle, as he showed one or another face, now beast, now spirit, leaving behind him a track of darkness now, and now a ray of light. "What is thy name? It answered, "For thee, who, far from the cause-world, driftest, blind to but one side of things at a time, I am the Human Spirit, the Mind of the Human. My name is Legion, now brutal instinct, now divine impulse." It is the Mind of Humanity, the representative Man, the Grand Man of the Earth, if not of the Heavens, in Swedenborgian dialect. "What seekest thou? For I can tell thee all things. No miracle is too great for me!" "I seek HIM." It disappeared, in loud laughter. Once more the poet cries for light and knowledge of HIM. A second laugh. Then the "enormous resurgance of the Earth, the Reason," reappeared.

But here the sublimity of Hugo's description of this tremendous gloom, to use Shelley's description of Demogorgon, will compel a short interruption of the story:

By degrees the shadow became visible;  
And the Being who before had spoken to me  
Appeared once more, but, oh, what size immense.

The somber dome of space from zenith to the depths was filled  
As if this phantom was infinity;  
Till space, all terrified, showed faces dark,  
A tide, an ebb of living eyes,  
Hydras, men and beasts in noise confused;  
The sky itself a host of living forms.  
. . . All eyes were fixed on me.

And from this monstrous Humanity forms came forth and spoke, each voicing

some historical attitude of the human mind toward the great question, "What think ye of God?"

"THE VOICES."

The First Voice asks, Do you expect to find that which the great men of all time have not found? The Second, Why will you not learn the enduring calm of nature, which alone abides? The Third, after recounting the various beliefs of the philosophers of all times, Is there anything of which man is sure? The Fourth, Will you not take example by the great thinkers, who all have begun with courage and ended in bowed despair? The Fifth, Concerning which of the many Gods is it that you desire the truth? "I long for the Name of the True God, that I may repeat it to the suffering Earth." Are you a poet? And yet the poets can do more than all others, though even they cannot name God, cries the Sixth. The Seventh, Is not the Name of the multi-form God simply all that exists? "The infinite mouth can alone utter the infinite Name." The Eighth, Why seek that which to seek may risk annihilation for thyself? The Ninth, How dost thou dare to seek God, who art only a grain of dust? The Tenth, Will not the Atom alone satisfactorily account for the whole Universe, without any further God? Is it the enigma of God that troubles thee? Piece together if you please all existing theologies, and you will be no farther than you are to-day, says ironically the Eleventh.

"Lost," I cried. "It is impossible that the end of all be Nought. It cannot be! Great Unknown, evil or good! Great Invisible One! I tell it thee to thy Face, O Being. It cannot be!" A third laughter. All is gloom.

IV.

Thus far the essence of Hugo's meaning is that when a soul begins to seek the heart of things there is everything to discourage it in history, poetry, philosophy, and practical experience. Unless a soul has learned the secret that it must rely on itself for its light, both for its source and brilliancy, it is in hopeless darkness. Ages of trampled consciences, of "authority" in religion, in philosophy, in politics, and in social position, have demonstrated to all but those who propose to be themselves at all risks that their only business is to serve, to obey, and to leave thinking and the search for truth to their betters. A salary, a position, a home and the means of subsistence,—these surely are enough to get, and lucky are those who succeed in this! And so

the world laughs at the "comical" sight of a soul in search of truth!

But Hugo is not to be baffled. He will study comparatively and in their historical development the main religious views that humanity has believed in from time to time; but he finds rest in none. To none does he capitulate, but ever raises his head higher, and sees each time at the extreme zenith a little speck, which, when he rises to investigate it, proves to be a new form of religion. This in its turn, found unsatisfactory by his spirit, is left behind just as its predecessor has been, while the poet again springs heavenward to investigate a new black speck in the dome of the sky. And so he proceeds until he has "graduated" from them all, and the thought of God, in all the interpretations it has yet received, is left far beneath the flight of the poet's aspiring spirit.

In order to present his views poetically and palpably, Hugo allegorizes on each religion. Thus atheism is represented by a great, obscene bat, blind, with tentacles on his wings, and revolting. Skepticism is an owl, wise in his own conceit, but blind in the light of day, God's true day of spiritual love and emotion. Manichæism is a crow, feeding on corrupt flesh. Paganism is no better than a vulture, "manifold" in its manifestations, feeding off the superstition of the weak and ignorant, rapacious and cruel, fattening off the gifts and sacrifices of generations. Mosaicism, the Old Testament religion, is a glorious eagle, daring to look the sun in the face, believing in "one" God, strong and sublime. A person who comes to monotheism is coming nearer the true light, which Hugo indicates by the fact that as the soul of the poet flew upward toward this eagle day began to break. But it is not daybreak Hugo wants. He wants the fullness of the light; so up he springs to Christianity, the winged lion, "threefold" in belief. Its motto is "Forgiveness of Sins." But is this sufficient? Nay. Above such a conception of God, built up gradually through historical vicissitudes and mutual misunderstandings of preachers, stands man, whose intuition tells him that eternal damnation is not so much a crime as it is stupid, unjust,

and irrational. Verily man, with his intuitions, would be juster than such a God; and higher than Christianity stand such men as Aeschylus and Shakspeare, who have added new stars to the firmament of God. So men stand above irrational dogmas in their human dignity; but higher than "personalism," higher than human individualities, is yet the realm of light, of divine principles,—the principles of truth, of beauty, of righteousness, which are God, indeed; although, as Matthew Arnold says, "this simple lore is in the deserts now as heretofore."

With this in mind the reader will find no difficulty in threading his way through the following abstract of the second part of the book, entitled "God," and professing to compare those ideals which human beings have so far had of God.

The Bat, Athelism, with motto, "Nihil," is the first Being the poet meets, when flying upward to what seemed a black point. "God does not exist, God does not exist, O Despair." All is gloom. "And I saw far above me a black point."

It turns out to be an immense Owl, Skepticism, with motto, "Quid?" In sublime language Hugo describes the agonies of Doubt. "I grapple myself to God, in the darkness, without one single stable spot to hold on to." "And I was alone . . . And I saw afar above me a black point."

It was a tremendous Crow, Manichæism, with motto, "Duplex." They are two fighters, and the fight constitutes the world. "The Jaguar for ever devours the gazelle." Chaos is their plaything, and if Ormuzd but for a moment should sleep, "the extinguished star will seek a vanished world." "And I saw afar above me a black point."

It was a huge Vulture, Paganism, with motto, "Multiplex." And yet behind the Greek Gods is Matter. Man is the toy of monsters; he commits the crime, the evil, which the Gods gave birth to. It was not worth while living and carrying on the moral struggle. Prometheus, who sought freedom, was destroyed. Yet, if man will not let the torch be put out, he shall still attain power and beauty. "And I saw afar above me a black point."

It was a glorious Eagle, Mosaicism. "Unus." The day begins to break. Behold, "Afar above me I saw a black point."

It was the Winged Lion, Christianity. "Triplex." Its word is "Pardon." "Whosoever thou mayest be, O Boat, turn thy prow Godward. . . . O Eagle, the holiness of the human soul is such that in the depths of the highest heaven, where brightness smiles, where Father and Son are mingled with the

Spirit, the azure of the sky equalizes and commingles, Jesus the soul of man, and God, the soul of the world." The Eagle could only say, I have seen God, Holy, holy, holy. "And I saw above me afar a black point."

It was an Archangel, Rationalism. "Homo," Man. God is truth. Neither vengeful nor clement, but just. No eternal hell. What, God worse than Shylock? Never. None punished for the sins of others. "With heavy blows of science, with strong blows of axe, the living are right, in their darkness, to sketch, and plan out, to rough-hew the immense statue of Truth. Man is the sculptor, mystery is the marble. Proceed." Beauty is thy right. Aeschylus and Shakspeare "are in the right, O Earth, in covering the ceiling of thy prison with stars." Struggle, spirit of Man! The Angel now sang, now prayed. One wing stretched to the light, one toward the darkness. Sorrow? It is only the preparation for the joy. Why waitest thou, O Man? Go, proceed to the very bottom of the mystery—God! Hasten! Investigate! "The spark of God, the soul, is in everything. The world is an ensemble where nothing is alone. Each body masks a spirit; each flesh is a shroud; wouldst thou see the soul? Lift the facecloth." All that creeps expiates a fall from heaven. The stone is a cellar where dreams a criminal. Take care, spirit! Act not so that thou be hidden from God, for whom thy conscience wakes within thee! See to it that God be the object of thy love and desire. There is no pariah in the Universe. Even Cain may greet thee as an archangel! Be witness, O Sky, the Helot and Slave is the brother of the Sun! We seek not forgiveness, but Justice, which is beyond all eternity. "And I saw far above me a black point."

It was a light, with two white wings, and which seemed to me, when I saw it from far, dark, so glorious was the sky above it. It was "The Light," that which has yet no name, but whose motto is "Deus." Matter exists not as such; spirit alone can live. God has but one forehead, and it is light; He has but one name, and it is Love. "I trembled, . . . I was overcome as if by a holy kiss. The light gleamed, and I asked, 'Light, is this all of it?' But it answered, 'Silence.' The Eternal Prodigy eternally proceeds from mystery. Blind man who thinkest thou readest; insane, who thinkest thou knowest! "And I saw afar above me a black point."

It is impossible to give more than a passing outline of the work, and yet the reader will not willingly miss a passage such as this, describing human destiny:

There is but one power, Will; but one law, Attainment.



Perhaps Humanity has been waiting for  
 somebody to break this obstacle for it,  
 by attaining for it.  
 So Prometheus lived and worked, and im-  
 prisoned the fire divine.  
 That fire divine is still somewhere; still  
 can man  
 Find it, and thus, if he will, grow, live, and  
 develop,  
 If he shall know how to think, how to climb,  
 to dig, to seize, to hug to himself what  
 he shall find;  
 If he shall never let the sacred torch go  
 out;  
 If he shall remember that to him there is  
 nothing impossible;  
 That he must struggle; that dawn is the  
 promise of victory,  
 And that to have hold of the torch is all the  
 hope a man can want;  
 For, lo, the light of Heaven is formed by  
 these two rays,—  
 The ray of power and the ray of beauty.

## V.

So far we have accompanied Hugo on  
 his search for truth. It began in the  
 midst of the darkness, and it has pro-  
 longed itself into the full daylight. Alas!  
 it is not given man here below to know  
 the ultimate truth. These various re-  
 ligions were only figments of the imagi-  
 nation,—dreams. To get hand to hand  
 with Infinity, whatsoever be the door, is

what the poet wants. He knows now all  
 that man, while "still asleep" with the  
 sleep of the senses, can know; he would go  
 farther than Amos, than Esdras, farther  
 even than Elijah went; the trembling ar-  
 row is determined to reach the goal, the  
 mark. He would open his eyes to the in-  
 conceivable, the pure light of Reality.  
 "Do you wish it?" "Ah, yes," cries the  
 poet; and he felt how creation trembled  
 like a cloth. Then the Being behind the  
 grave-cloth, which the poet had found to  
 be the highest point, lifting an arm and  
 covering all terrestrial objects, his fore-  
 head with his finger. "And I died."

Who would lift the veil of the statue  
 of Truth in the temple of Sais must die.  
 None can "see God and live."

Would a man actually come face to  
 face with God and behold the beatific  
 vision? He must die to the world and  
 live to God only. It is within itself that  
 the soul finds truth after all outside is  
 taken away from it. But the visions of  
 the third heaven, of the ninth heaven,  
 "are not lawful to utter," as St. Paul  
 said in his day.

It is the old story. Look within for  
 Truth.

## APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY; OR, HYPNO-SUGGEST- IVE THERAPEUTICS

BY HENRIK G. PETERSEN, M. D.

### SECOND PAPER

It would be well-nigh impossible to clas-  
 sify the range and conditions where sug-  
 gestive therapeutics become either an ab-  
 solute failure or a decided success. Study  
 and application have not, as yet, covered  
 sufficient ground to permit the tracing of  
 any exact line of demarkation in our pur-  
 suance of relief or cure through psychic  
 agencies. Nevertheless, we find that every  
 day adds surprisingly new and well ob-  
 served facts which tend toward rational  
 expectancy instead of timid or hazardous  
 limitation.

Just as our medical science has for ages  
 diligently explored the resources of the  
 animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms,

the approaching century opens for our in-  
 vestigation an apparently new realm,—  
 man himself. And who would here re-  
 fute the possibility of a valuable find, or  
 contest its superiority when once found?  
 Still, it seems as if it was but yesterday  
 that we were accustomed to hear grave  
 physicians pronounce, and their echoes  
 reiterate with alarming emphasis, "Im-  
 agination, mere imagination!" whenever a  
 psychic factor had accomplished what their  
 physical remedies had failed to achieve.  
 In truth, they spoke more wisely than they  
 knew or pretended to know in thus at-  
 tributing to subtle and inherent force an  
 operative action of which they despaired

while passing it by with a wave of the hand.

We hear to-day constantly of nervous people, their nervous acts and sufferings. While once the word nervous meant vigorous, nerve-strong, applicable to a well-knit frame and mental strength, our generation has fitted its application to an existing condition in the sense of nervous unrest, nervous prostration, debility, and degeneration. Although referring to men of all nations, the pointed assurance of our Berlin professor, that his clinic would offer abundant material, as the "American disease" had spread among his stolid Germans, had its own significance. He alluded principally to neurasthenia, so named and brought to the attention of the medical profession by Dr. Beard, an American physician. Here we meet with a complication of symptoms, mental and physical, denoting diseased nerve processes and initial steps to organic destruction. There can be no doubt that the American in reality possesses the unenviable distinction as chief sufferer in this respect, a woof of hysterical composition, running through the make of his nature and in a degree of which his English cousin falls short. We had, indeed, in the early part of the eighteenth century medical works upon the "English Malady," which, according to their authors, comprised a third part of then prevalent complaints, but it referred to "people of condition" as the fashionable victims of nervous disorders, "vapors," low spirits, spleen, etc.

The actual brain element, the sinews and muscles engaged in daily toil, then found recuperation in healthy living and sufficient maintenance of modest daily needs, thus escaping the more injurious strain of idle comfort, immoderate indulgence, and imaginary ills. This changed, however, as competition became universal. more intensified, and the toilers felt its wear and tear both mentally and physically through care for the present and fear for the future day. On one side, then, the struggle to maintain or surpass the means of an already existing ease, and on the other side the stern necessity of ceaseless activity involving undue expenditure of vital force, which, to remain productive, demanded moderation of effort, a calm

mind, and just remuneration. The struggle has resulted in disseminated restlessness and discontent permeating all strata of the body social, to the detriment of racial strength in the widest sense of its meaning.

Without exaggeration this may be considered the condition of the world to-day, but pre-eminently it behooves the American people, at least from a physician's point of observation, to modify haste and make life worth living, through the possession of well-balanced mental and physical energy; this ought to appeal with simple directness to an intelligent race embodying qualities of great promise for coming achievements above animal needs. We lubricate with careful supervision the thousands of machines now doing our industrial bidding every day, so that friction may not cause their ruin and stop their gigantic work. Are we to do less for the millions of human engines through which man has material contact with life and its activities? And how can we do it if every individual span of existence is made subservient to an exhaustive material ambition? The readable stamp of this grinding turmoil and worry can be seen everywhere, and is felt daily, in our family life as well as in our commercial relations. Not that so deleterious a process is unheeded through ignorance of its presence or result, but rather met with a false comforting, easy-going procrastination and complacency as to ability of control.

In this direction, both as a warning and a help, a most impressive book, "Power through Repose," has struck a note the true ring of which forces conviction of needed change in our strained mode of life. Its unassuming form substantiates scientific, undeniable truths as to care of body and mind in a manner which more learned dissertations have failed to emphasize with equal weight. Any physician would be proud to claim its authorship and regret having neglected to promulgate its principles among those who either suffer already or are liable to become victims tomorrow of mental and physical unrest and its legion of complicating ills. We have but to remember that the example of pulsating environment, the thought it instills individually and collectively, pro-

duces a far deeper and more immediate effect upon the generations of to-day than that of heredity upon those yet to be born. Antecedents are more pliable and governable factors than the contagious imitation of a *modus vivendi* mirrored before our own eyes. There may be an excuse, as sad as just, for pointing backward to causes of extant misery, but assuredly by no subterfuge can one justify drifting either thoughtlessly or willfully with a current that endangers the present. With the psychic element seriously recognized as a sustaining as well as a motor force, its impairment will be considered a ruthless transgression whenever incurred for the sake of material gain.

Such is the view now in ascendancy and the corner-stone for reconstructive scientific labor. It makes its progressive march in the field of medicine as elsewhere, and, allied with all honest physical investigation, we escape the blinding error of extreme transcendentalism in our endeavors to maintain conditions of soundness in body and mind. The new psychology is therefore eminently practical, free from obscure and sounding verbiage, based upon a rationally critical observation and a working aid in developing knowledge concerning our own natures. Suggestive therapeutics, being a clinical demonstration of interchangeable effects between the outer and inner man, stands in the same relation to physiological medicine as governing force to tangible existence. If we are to recognize a difference of degree, we are not to forget their mutual dependence, and that the law of cure, viewed from a psychological point, must necessarily reckon with a greater or lesser physical aid or resistance which either retards or frustrates successful operation. The decided advantage is that a properly directed psychic impetus becomes a nutritive and restoring process, while under the same conditions a mere physical remedial agent, otherwise helpful, proves an exhaustive strain upon the already weakened human economy. This may be summed up by saying that dead anatomical matter, in the sense of being non-serviceable for body growth, remains dead in spite of potent psychic influx, but that decaying conditions, hitherto unaided or

antagonized by material support, may be arrested and their field of action circumscribed, thereby gaining time for recuperative agencies to assert themselves. If, then, experience has taught us aright we must conclude that the prognosis of material medicine ought never to have the last word absolutely as to the final outcome of disease. We ought to discard it in so far as we are told and convinced that its efforts are no more available. But the momentous question, and a problem not always so easily solved, is how long we are to permit physical remedies to delay the assistance of psychic factors. The ideal as well as the strictly practical course to adopt in regard to treatment is the combination of both, leaving to the educated physician's insight the decision of their mutual or single co-operation. The one-sided obstinacy of schools, whether in the one or the other direction, can but give rise to error, natural enough but heavily burdened with didactic incumbrances and disappointing enthusiasm. All being subject, one day or another, to physical decay in its various forms, it seems in accordance with both intellectual and instinctive prudence not to chase a phantom of our imagination or give undue weight to a pleasing idiosyncrasy. Physical medicine will remain to the end of time, and as long as we bear physical bodies. We therefore, cannot and ought not to think and act as if we were ethereal beings or mere conglomerations of active chemical force. Any wordy phraseology on this point is more dangerous to those who swallow its bait than crude drugs or abstract speculations. What we can demand, and what to a great extent has been accorded already, is the modification of drugs in proportion to our present advanced knowledge of an extremely delicate human structure. Admitting also, as before said, a psychic element of active virtue, we look for the physician who, with trained observation of our physical bodies, possesses himself of all advantages which psychology offers to allay or remove suffering. On so rational and elevated a basis, worthy of the advent of a new era, we profit by honesty and laboriously gained experience, cease all futile and tiresome discussions, and hope to remove obstacles

and achieve ever better results by lifting together.

The clinical documents with which we will illustrate the practical aspirations embodied in the work of eminent and unbiased physicians give a somewhat adequate idea of the present activity within the strictly scientific psychic branch of modern medicine. They possess intrinsic value as facts, because they not only rank with those of material medicine, but even surpass them by vivifying that very philosophy which older medical tenets attempted to throttle. While these traditional tenets have been a most ponderous inheritance to succeeding medical generations, an impediment to therapeutic progress, their loaden contrast to the induction derived from multiplying, authentic facts of psychic force as a therapeutical agent aroused a powerful opposition to crystallized views. Like all revolutionary movements, the impetus may have carried to an extreme at first, but it has undoubtedly been a wholesome innovation. And if the layman has erred in his adaptation of this or that in a field still embryonic even to the most sagacious among us, the fault of unrestrained enthusiasm is not his but ours whenever we have put on the classical mask, instead of humbly studying all and honestly acknowledging the best wherever found. We have yet to convince him that we are representatives of disinterested progress with fitness to teach and dictate, and not the same old fretful and jealous class. A science can only advance when we succeed in grouping correlative facts, and learn to understand their law of dependence. The cause, the origin, and the graded approach to our sentient being are the final triumph of an investigating mind, but until then we are well justified in seeking benefit even from causes evading our analysis. A robust common sense and good will, studiously trained, prove very excellent antidotes to pompous prejudice and all lay or professional juggling with sonorous phrases and sublime theories too deep for comprehension.

The recent effects of psychic potency in the treatment of disease herewith submitted are unadorned facts. To any one familiar with such work in the famous

clinics abroad, or in the possession of similar results from his private practice, they are but the corroboration of already acquired conviction, while to the intelligent layman they are a matter of profitable thought.

College boy, fifteen. Parentage healthy, although mother easily emotional and lachrymose. His health generally good; struck by a stone on the head some months previously, and unconscious several hours. Always quiet, even timid, but very studious and persevering. Extremely nervous when in class and agonized by thought of being called upon to recite, although well prepared. His tremulous condition increased after the injury, and his writing became irregular and jumping, so as to make it impossible for him to draw geometrical figures. Felt tired; digestion became very much disturbed, and an acne eruption appeared on face and upper extremity. At times auditive and visual hallucinations.

During slight hypnosis self-control was suggested, and also disappearance of hallucinations, lassitude, indigestion, and trembling. Some massage movements he was firmly suggested would permanently benefit him. He improved at once, and after three months' treatment he was again the former excellent pupil and had no nervous symptoms. No relapse.

Woman, thirty-seven; intelligent and refined. A rather peremptory disposition; as child much left to nurses and governesses. Parents restless society people, but apparently otherwise normally healthy. When about ten years old slight choreic movements which increased after puberty. Ordinary treatment seemed to increase disorder. Wrinkled forehead and dilated nostrils repeatedly, with rapid movements of lips. Left arm and hand now and then thrown forward and backward suddenly, the left foot moving unceasingly laterally. This would occur more than a half-hundred times during the day and even oftener when excited by the slightest cause. Ordinary treatment had given little or no result. During the whole time of suggestive treatment only the most superficial somnolence, but she remained placid and attentive to simple and methodical suggestions. After the tenth visit the move-

ments grew more sparse, and had disappeared completely after five months. This normal condition existed after a year and seven months, except for a short relapse a year ago upon the news of a nephew's sudden death.

Such cases tax the patience and perseverance to the utmost, and many remain a burden unto death because of no continuity of purpose and firmness on the part of patients and friends. This one is an example of suggestion cure in the waking state. Chorea in children and young persons is generally very satisfactory as to results, while in older persons less prompt. Partial chorea yields more easily than when generalized. There is mostly an alcoholic or neurotic family history, and rheumatic conditions seem very prone to be causative in these disorders.

Among other successful cases may be mentioned a little child of seven developing chorea after burns; another, sixteen, neurotic antecedents and also a sufferer from rheumatism, cured in less than nine months. A case of grave chorea, complicated with paralysis of the right side, was relieved of both until, having taken a rather cold river bath in the summer, a serious relapse occurred, which required treatment of nearly two years, when the choreic manifestations had been arrested and but a slight paresis of the affected side remained. This may in time ameliorate as the general health is better and functional activity normal. Hypnosis was deep in this case. Of an indifferent number of thirty such cases and various forms, rhythmic, athesoric, saltatory, general and partial, eighteen may be said to have been successful, absolutely or with marked improvements according to their characteristics. Suggestion does away with the generally accompanying despondency, sensitiveness, and lack of energy, shortens the period of duration and prevents chronicity. Besides, there are nervous individuals, annoyed by involuntary, spasmodic movements, pseudo-choreic, dependent upon a habit and not due to any lesion, still beyond their control.

The following case illustrates well the combination of engrossing thought in disease and removal of both by suggestion.

University instructor, thirty; healthy and of strictly regular habits. Caught cold at athletic sports and woke with lumbar pains radiating over hips and abdomen. Painful to bend the back in any direction. Almost the same condition during ensuing winter, and no relief from massage and electricity nor from medicines. Consulted on a warm May day, dressed as for an arctic exploration, a very detailed story denounced the auto-suggestionist. Was too self-absorbed to present a suitable subject for hypnosis or ordinary suggestion in the waking state. After a most minute examination, which revealed some muscular congestion and rigidity, the painful parts were brushed with hot water and red muslin placed over the lumbar region, abdomen, left shoulder, and back. He was gravely told to lie down on the lounge while absorption should take place and its effect relieve him. He fell asleep because he was comfortable, and remained so for more than an hour. The idea he had certainly absorbed and benefited by, as he walked away easier and in much better spirits. He has had no relapse.

Any routine course would have failed, as habit thought had strongly encroached upon his mental integrity. A suggestion which did not seem to be one, but was held in the background by something more tangible and visible, hot water and red muslin, became active only under those circumstances. In the practice of suggestive therapeutics there is this constant demand upon the physician's mental alertness and perception of individual contingencies, and those who are anxious to produce arguments against psychological efficacy in medicine have but to dull their wit and understanding by employing routine efforts.

Rheumatic cases, acute and chronic, are of such ordinary occurrence and resemblance that details of their relief and cure by hypno-suggestion would not be especially interesting as examples in a magazine article, but the fact remains that the important modification which then takes place in the circulation and the increased activity of all eliminating processes, are reconstructive and curative in just such conditions.

Dr. De Jong, who has a large clinic for suggestive therapeutics at The Hague, corroborates the experience of many of his colleagues in regard to the encouraging success which has followed the suggestive treatment of epilepsy. Naturally reckoning with great difficulties to be encountered, even if four out of twenty cases should prove successful, such a result must be considered a fair return in this very intractable disease. Some improvement has always been noticed in the remainder, as, for instance, longer interval and weaker attacks. Even if it were but for the mental amelioration of these unfortunate ones, this method appeals to us as desirable where so little else can be done, but it demands great perseverance.

Girl, twenty; neurotic parents. Consulted four months after third attack. Short treatment, and now four years without attacks and in good health. Has since then married and become mother.

Man, thirty-five. Fell often in the street; violent attacks, frothing at the mouth and biting the tongue. One year's treatment improved in a marked degree both physical and mental condition. A year later he had three successive attacks and returned at once for treatment. He has been free from attacks several years.

Woman, twenty-eight. First attacks when seventeen, and since then frequent and violent. Had been treated five years at the Hospital Sainte-Anne with bromides. No improvement. After two months' suggestion, the horrible night attacks and grinding of the teeth disappeared completely. Previously dull and unintelligent, her physician was amazed to find her gradually grow brighter and more energetic. The vertigo also disappeared gradually. Since last report normal five months.

Man, eighteen; neurotic antecedents. When child, general chorea, was bitten by a dog at six and ever since frequent epileptic day and night attacks. Appearance idiotic; indocile and brutal. The attacks ceased after several months' suggestion during hypnosis, and he grew more gentle and intelligent. Goes out alone, and able to occupy himself in various ways of which he was incapable before. Left without treatment one month, the night attacks re-

turned, but they promptly disappeared after resuming treatment.

Dr. Spehl, of St. Pierre Hospital at Brussels, reports a case of Jackson's epilepsy, where the local spasms had been caused by a violent blow on the head. The patient, now twenty years old, had suffered five years, been an inmate of various hospitals, and undergone the usual bromide treatment in massive doses. The same routine was followed the first week at the St. Pierre, with the same result. Seeing this, Dr. Spehl, then in charge, began treatment by indirect suggestion. At every visit he would ask him about the number of attacks, and then assure him that they would soon stop, and his headaches also. There was, almost immediately, an improvement, and from the third day only a slight attack occurred every second day. Dr. Spehl then suggested in a more imperative manner by saying with apparent severity to him that he was not in the hospital there to have attacks, but to get rid of them, and that, if he were to continue having them, he had better return home. From that moment there were no attacks and no headaches. The bromides had been suppressed and placebos substituted. In both hospital and private cases Dr. Spehl has methodically applied suggestion.

We may rest assured that similar results are obtainable whenever due regard is paid to the laws of psychic evolution. It is not our half-hearted or self-complacent physician, who either mumbles or shouts his suggestions, but the modestly self-confident and firmly patient man of the healing art, that produces the desired effect. And if any of our hospitals, equal to those of continental reputation, have any records of this kind, let it be known to the public that supports them and not be spoken of with bated breath as something abnormal or discreditable. The medical profession can to-day hardly afford to attach exaggerated value to scalpel and drug while affecting an overprudent reserve in regard to psychic medicine.

If our definition of pain means distressing conditions of body and mind, we cannot, therefore, logically conclude that they are identical or inseparable. Still, as indication of disease, such symptoms are too

often and chiefly referred to a physical state and made the basis for premature physical interference. In woman, liable to marked changes under the influence of emotional impressions, this is most evident. Various conditions have been fostered and developed by suggestions emanating from imprudent recital of symptoms in others and grown to larger proportions when compared with often insignificant details of their own, whenever they really existed. These victims of suggestion are naturally the nearest subjects for well-directed counter-suggestions, and logically we would apply a psychic remedy in preference to drugs or operative measures. We know that the vaso-motor system is subject to the unconscious action of suggestion. An individual laboring under some fearful apprehension suffers first from the mental strain which it causes. In due time the purely emotional vibrations either engorge or occlude the channels of generous nutritive supply to one or more organs, causing congestion or anaemia, and organic disease results. The same psychic force, ill directed hitherto, will reverse the morbid condition through the regulation of nervous life and processes. Injudicious and overzealous interference may already have given material substance a firmer hold, and suggestive medicine, instead of being preventive, appears either too late or able only to modify a pathological state. But even so its value as a therapeutic agent is well illustrated.

Woman, forty-six; childless; very timorous; always in an abject fear of cancers. Hypogastrium distended by a globular, immobile tumor (fibroma), reaching above the umbilicus. Seven months' growth and almost painless. Abundant hemorrhage; more or less oedema, marked anaemia, with severe gastric pains. Various remedies had been employed, with but feeble and temporary relief. Suggested her to eat with appetite on awakening, and no hemorrhage. This was successful at first, but during the night the hemorrhage

recommenced. Continued suggestions stopped this without any return. The gastric pain and vomiting proved more rebellious, and prevented her from taking nourishment, but when given during hypnosis she retained the food and gained daily. She feared the return of neuralgic pains, but suggestion in the waking state dispelled her apprehensions and the digestion continued normal. Meanwhile, the tumor had steadily diminished, and is now, seven years later, but slightly perceptible to palpation. She enjoys good health, feels confident, and is free from apprehensive fears.

In addition to real morbid growths, uterine or otherwise, where suggestion has proved a vanquishing force, its effect might be illustrated also by the numerous phantom tumors, false ovarian cysts, pseudo-cancers of the stomach and intestines, etc. Nervous individuals, fearing the thought of an operation as much as the tumor or cancer idea itself, have availed themselves of the suggestive treatment as the last attempt at bloodless solution, and have generally proved very susceptible at the same time, as their hopes fortunately have left a working surplus over the abject and counteracting fear concerning their physical condition.

A sailor, nineteen, fell eight feet on board ship, and was admitted to a hospital in Antwerp, about a year ago. His legs were crossed and the feet turned inward (double equino-varus). All kinds of treatment failed. After the lapse of three months the surgeons would operate, but the young man was afraid and did not permit them. Soon afterward he was transferred to Paris, where Dr. Raymond, considering it a case of traumatic hysteria, made use of suggestion. The contractures rapidly disappeared and sensation returned to the limbs.

The record of this case does not detail the degree of hypnosis, but similar cases generally require deep sleep unless the subject is very suggestible.

Never do what you would wish to undo to friend or foe.

Nothing is ever lost; it is found again under another form, such is the law of compensation.

# RACE AND RELIGION IN SWISS REFERENDUM VOTINGS

BY ELTWEEED POMEROY

There is probably no spot on the earth's surface so unfavorable for the trial of direct legislation as Switzerland. It is the most unhomogeneous nation on the globe. We think that in the United States we have a mixture of all the races, languages, religions, and conditions of men, but we are not as mixed as the Swiss.

It is the meeting ground of all the races of Europe. According to its last census, it held 634,613 French, 155,130 Italian, 2,083,097 German, 38,335 of an almost extinct race, the Romance people speaking the Romance language, besides Slavs, Bohemians, Huns, Jews, etc. The last constitution was printed in five languages, and there are two federal official languages, French and German, while in some of the cantonal legislative halls three and four languages are spoken.

It was the fighting ground of the Roman and Protestant religions. In its territory is Constance, where the celebrated Roman Catholic council of that name was held, and Geneva, where Calvin once ruled with a rod of iron. In 1848 there was a bitter internal religious war. By the last census 1,716,548 are Protestants and 1,183,828 are Catholics. In nine cantons the Roman Catholic religion is the official state religion; in six cantons both the Roman and the Protestant are officially established and supported; in five cantons there are three state churches, and Neuchatel officially supports three and an Israelitish society.

It is divided by high mountain ranges which have not been pierced by railroads until recently, and the inhabitants of various valleys are more foreign and alien to each other than if separated by thousands of miles. People of New York and San Francisco are more like each other, and more thoroughly understand each other, than ten years ago the inhabitants of neighboring valleys in Switzerland.

It is divided by habits of life. In some sections it is pastoral and primitive,

the people living by farming and sheep and goat raising; others depend on the tourist business; and then there are large manufacturing cities with all their attendant problems. Switzerland embraces every condition of life from the pastoral, primitive, and unspecialized to the manufacturing and highly specialized.

Less than a century ago all forms of government could be found in Switzerland. In the mountainous cantons was the pure democracy of the *Lands-gemeinde*, or the most direct form of direct legislation. In others an aristocracy or the rule of a class, in others a monarchy in the reign of a duke or lord, abbot or bishop. In some cantons the city ruled over the country; in others part of one canton ruled over part of another.

As a nation it really only dates back to 1848, when the national constitution was adopted. Direct legislation has bound this diverse group of races, languages, religions, conditions of life and government into a unified nation with a strong national feeling. As a prominent Swiss statesman once wrote me, the voting on the laws by which they are governed has been a real and vital communion or common action uniting them into one people.

I have had a number of statistics of Swiss votings sent me at various times, and in order to see what effect religion and race and language had in the votings I have prepared the two following tables of percentages. In both of these there are one column of percentage each for eight votings, two columns of percentages each for five votings, and one column each for three votings, as I lacked the data for the second column in the first eight and the latter three instances. The first column for each voting shows the percentage of those voting who voted "yes" on the proposition; the second, where there is a second, shows the percentage of the total voters of those who did not vote. Every man is registered on the list, so that it is easy to tell how many did not



vote. The latter may be called a barometer of the interest the people took in the questions voted on, and the former shows the strength of their decision one way or the other.

The vote in 1848 was on the adoption or rejection of the federal constitution. Four half-cantons and three cantons did not vote on this question, and in little Uri all the votes were against it; yet it carried by nearly three to one. This was right after the civil religious war, and it is the only voting which shows a regular series of percentages from the Catholic to the Protestant cantons, the majorities increasing as the cantons become more Protestant.

The next seven columns give the percentages voting yes on seven amendments to the constitution submitted in 1866. There were no national votings between 1848 and 1866. The first two of these carried. They were on a uniform system of weights and measures, and guaranteeing religious freedom. The others were negated.

The vote on June 3, 1894, was on the socialist proposition that the state should provide work for all the workers. This was overwhelmingly defeated by four to one in a moderately sized vote. It is only fair to say that the proposition was coupled with conditions which would have bankrupted the state. It was initiated by radicals, and was an extreme statement. It was known long in advance that it would be defeated, and hence many who would have voted if it had been closely divided did not take the trouble to vote. There were 53,194 signatures on the petition starting this question, while only 75,880 voted for it; this shows that it gained very few supporters after it was started.

The vote on November 4, 1895, was on customs duties, and was lost through lack of interest among the people about it. It was not an important question, at least from the stand-point of the people. The signers to the petition for this vote were 67,828, while 145,462 voted for it.

The vote on September 29, 1895, was on the match monopoly, and showed more interest and a closer vote. Usually the two go together. The proposition was

that the state should buy and operate the manufacture of matches. There was said to be a big job in this measure, inasmuch as it provided for the purchase at very high prices of existing plants for making matches.

The vote on November 3, 1895, was on the centralization of military authority, whether the twenty-two cantons should give up the control of their militia to the federal government. Though strongly favored by the government, it was defeated.

The vote on February 28, 1897, was on the establishment of a federal or national bank for the issue of money. The proposition that the government should issue all the money of the country had been previously accepted by the people, but they did not like the highly centralized banking powers now proposed to be given to a banking corporation which was not directly under the control of the people, and so they voted the law down by a majority of 60,220. In this voting there were 9,532 blank and 863 void ballots out of a total of 462,143 ballots, or a trifle over two per cent. There were 72,487 signers to the petition, while 195,764 voted "yes."

The last two votes on November 13, 1898, were on the unification of the civil and military code, and show a general desire among the people for these needed reforms.

Table No. 1 divides the cantons according to race and language into German cantons, of which there are fourteen, German-French, one; French cantons, five; and Italian cantons, two. This and the classification in the second table are taken from De Ploige's book, "The Referendum in Switzerland." It is only moderately accurate, as there are a large number of Italians in Valais, which is put down as a French canton, and a number of Germans in Graubunden, which is classed as Italian; and the Romance people are not separated. But it is as accurate as it can be.

A study of this table shows:

1st. That the cantons do not all vote one way according to race and language. Thus in the June 3, 1894, voting, the percentage of those voting "yes" in the German cantons ranges from 6.9% to 36.9% and in the French cantons from 6.0 % to

## NO. 1—SWISS VOTINGS DIVIDED ACCORDING TO LANGUAGE AND RACE.

Percentage Voting Yes, January 14, 1886.												Nov. 4, '94.		Feb. 3, '95.		Sept. 29, '95.		Feb. 28, '97.		Nov. 3, '95.		Nov. 13, '95.		Nov. 13, '98.	
	On Constitution, Sept. 12, 1848, Percentage Voting Yes.	Weights and Measures.	Assimilation of all Swiss Beliefs and Nationalities.	Right to Vote on Communal Matters.	On Legislation Applied to Factories.	Right to Vote on National Matters.	Liberty of Conscience.	Suppression of Punishments.	June 3, '94.		Nov. 4, '94.		Feb. 3, '95.		Sept. 29, '95.		Feb. 28, '97.		Nov. 3, '95.		Nov. 13, '95.		Nov. 13, '98.		
									Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	
22 Total.....	72.8	50.5	53.1	43.1	39.9	44.6	49.8	34.2	19.8	43.6	29.3	28.2	41.5	57.8	46.3	51.7	42.4	35.4	42.0	47.1	71.2	74.4	72.9	75.4	
14 German Cantons.....	62.3	50.8	54.3	53.5	49.3	56.2	51.8	36.0	21.3	37.8	28.6	23.2	35.0	44.5	58.0	39.7	49.1	30.6	47.1	53.8	71.2	74.1	72.9	75.4	
1 Aargau.....	70.3	47.0	63.3	60.7	50.7	64.1	66.7	32.3	16.2	19.8	31.9	11.8	30.2	22.4	37.7	19.7	54.6	19.0	53.8	71.2	74.1	72.9	75.4		
1/2 Appenzell, A.R.H.	.....	24.9	44.0	44.3	3.3	47.8	15.0	4	15.0	24.8	3.6	18.5	45.1	42.0	61.6	32.5	56.8	28.5	45.4	71.8	74.1	72.9	75.4		
1/2 " I.R.H.	.....	2.0	2.0	2.8	2	2.5	7	4	6.9	18.4	57.3	13.2	7.5	23.7	10.9	26.1	21.9	16.0	84.4	19.7	72.5	74.1	72.9	75.4	
1/2 Basel, Ld.....	89.5	63.3	61.7	60.0	58.1	62.4	60.9	56.9	23.8	54.6	26.8	38.5	18.0	68.7	57.0	58.3	61.4	53.7	42.4	74.8	75.0	72.9	75.4		
1/2 " St.....	88.0	66.6	58.7	31.1	78.9	27.7	62.2	34.5	36.9	50.8	11.0	35.7	10.0	85.6	81.2	62.8	56.6	58.2	69.0	95.6	96.4	72.9	75.4		
1 Glarus.....	31.6	69.1	56.0	64.0	68.9	50.8	11.8	12.8	35.6	45.6	24.5	38.2	28.0	56.6	72.4	51.6	63.8	37.0	14.6	81.2	84.9	72.9	75.4		
1 Luzern.....	58.8	16.6	19.3	16.0	20.3	18.8	12.8	10.5	62.9	50.8	52.1	23.1	24.6	79.0	43.3	71.9	38.1	39.1	38.6	62.6	60.9	72.9	75.4		
1/2 Nidwalden.....	.....	10.6	5.9	6.0	4.5	8.1	5.2	1.9	12.9	58.4	65.7	25.5	7.3	68.5	20.0	60.0	15.6	41.0	27.0	44.4	45.6	72.9	75.4		
1/2 Obwalden.....	.....	58.5	53.3	61.6	20.9	70.0	49.0	21.8	11.2	61.1	67.0	29.5	5.5	76.0	22.9	70.0	6.3	55.8	12.1	41.2	40.7	72.9	75.4		
1 St. Gallen.....	67.7	26.5	30.0	28.0	24.3	29.1	23.9	19.1	20.7	25.3	27.3	20.0	24.4	31.9	48.4	30.1	42.7	19.4	40.5	72.0	72.2	72.9	75.4		
1 Schaffhausen.....	80.0	60.0	53.3	46.4	46.7	56.5	40.0	33.0	19.3	16.5	11.1	13.3	24.9	21.4	78.1	18.2	71.1	15.1	39.3	88.6	89.3	72.9	75.4		
1 Schwyz.....	25.3	24.6	22.3	20.5	15.6	23.4	16.0	10.2	12.0	64.0	70.0	28.0	8.2	80.6	37.0	79.3	15.1	57.0	11.6	44.0	40.3	72.9	75.4		
1 Solothurn.....	.....	70.0	68.9	68.0	70.0	71.2	69.8	67.6	33.0	58.2	51.6	24.4	46.7	74.1	58.4	64.7	47.3	39.2	41.0	83.7	83.7	72.9	75.4		
1 Thurgau.....	86.7	84.5	85.2	85.0	80.5	87.1	80.7	32.3	13.3	34.5	17.2	25.5	40.5	49.9	61.8	38.6	65.4	32.3	57.7	82.4	82.5	72.9	75.4		
1 Uri.....	0.0	13.5	6.0	5.9	6.0	6.1	3.7	3.3	17.4	40.1	74.5	11.8	5.1	42.2	15.9	37.3	10.9	23.5	13.0	21.3	21.3	72.9	75.4		
1 Zug.....	34.2	12.1	17.1	16.0	13.2	16.7	14.0	9.3	15.5	74.5	53.7	32.5	26.6	82.5	60.6	81.0	35.2	61.7	19.7	70.0	13.6	72.9	75.4		
1 Zurich.....	90.9	91.5	93.6	92.4	93.1	91.7	91.6	85.0	26.8	31.0	14.7	24.5	38.6	46.6	79.3	41.0	39.4	24.0	64.1	80.9	80.8	72.9	75.4		
1 German - French Cantons.....	81.7	70.0	62.7	10.7	6.8	12.7	56.4	8.9	8.8	47.3	4.6	42.7	90.0	72.4	7.1	64.2	9.9	21.1	19.2	88.0	89.3	72.9	75.4		
1 Vaud.....	81.7	70.0	62.7	10.7	6.8	12.7	56.4	8.9	8.8	47.3	4.6	42.7	90.0	72.4	7.1	64.2	9.9	21.1	19.2	88.0	89.3	72.9	75.4		
5 French Cantons.....	73.9	49.4	59.4	33.3	28.3	44.1	47.3	32.3	19.0	48.8	33.6	29.2	45.3	64.3	25.3	61.4	41.3	40.8	39.3	69.2	69.0	72.9	75.4		
1 Bern.....	76.6	39.7	62.1	38.8	30.4	40.8	40.0	35.5	18.9	46.1	22.9	29.0	53.8	57.6	42.0	65.4	65.6	43.6	61.8	83.6	83.3	72.9	75.4		
1 Fribourg.....	.....	58.2	56.8	20.4	19.4	48.2	55.5	20.5	11.6	51.0	69.3	20.5	21.6	61.8	6.8	57.4	16.7	33.3	15.6	34.4	34.2	72.9	75.4		
1 Geneva.....	82.0	88.0	80.6	38.0	58.3	52.7	84.4	56.1	37.4	52.6	7.5	38.7	90.0	68.9	17.0	61.6	22.5	40.1	25.1	83.3	82.0	72.9	75.4		
1 Neuchatel.....	94.8	89.7	85.5	71.9	74.7	77.6	88.0	80.6	26.2	49.4	4.7	38.2	90.0	62.7	8.9	61.1	21.2	44.3	19.3	82.3	83.1	72.9	75.4		
1 Valais.....	39.7	48.2	38.0	15.9	13.1	38.1	36.7	14.6	6.0	53.6	74.5	23.4	16.2	58.2	2.1	57.5	6.9	36.3	11.0	33.0	34.4	72.9	75.4		
2 Italian Cantons.....	.....	37.8	39.2	30.6	34.6	38.5	34.6	26.7	26.3	56.6	43.8	34.7	40.9	61.5	18.0	62.3	39.0	50.1	40.6	60.8	61.3	72.9	75.4		
1 Graubunden.....	.....	5.6	10.3	9.9	10.4	11.2	9.3	4.0	18.9	40.3	32.6	18.4	34.3	44.4	22.1	42.4	34.4	24.8	40.0	60.0	61.5	72.9	75.4		
1 Tessin.....	.....	88.6	84.4	63.4	60.0	83.4	77.4	62.2	36.9	68.0	56.5	52.0	49.8	72.8	12.0	75.1	45.2	63.1	45.0	62.7	61.2	72.9	75.4		

NO. 2—SWISS VOTINGS DIVIDED ACCORDING TO RELIGIONS.

	On Constitution Sept. 12, 1848.	Percentage Voting Yes, January 14, 1886.							June 3, '94.		Nov. 4, '94.		eb. 3, '96.		Sept. 29, '96.		Nov. 8, '96.		Feb. 28, '97.		Nov. 18, '98.		Nov. 13, '98.	
		Weights and Measures.	Assimilation of all Swiss Beliefs and Nationalities.	Right to Vote on Communal Matters.	On Legislation Applied to Factories.	Right to Vote on National Matters.	Liberty of Conscience.	Suppression of Certain Punishments.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.	Percentage Voting Yes.	Percentage Not Voting.
22 Total.....	72.8	50.5	53.1	43.1	39.9	44.6	49.8	34.2	19.8	43.6	29.3	28.2	41.5	57.8	46.3	51.7	42.0	42.4	35.4	71.2	52.0	72.9	51.8	
9½ Catholic Cantons	51.6	45.9	41.9	30.4	27.6	42.2	1.2	26.8	16.7	58.9	60.0	28.6	25.6	69.1	22.0	66.0	25.0	27.0	44.3	52.0	51.8	22.5	34.2	
¼ Appenzell, I.R.H.	...	2.0	2.0	2.8	4.2	2.5	7	4	6.9	18.4	57.3	13.2	7.5	23.7	10.9	26.1	84.4	21.9	16.0	19.7	52.0	51.8	22.5	34.2
1 Fribourg.....	...	58.2	56.8	20.4	19.4	48.2	55.5	20.5	11.6	57.0	69.3	20.5	21.6	61.8	6.8	57.4	15.6	16.7	33.3	34.4	52.0	51.8	22.5	34.2
1 Luzern.....	58.8	58.8	16.6	19.3	16.0	20.3	18.8	12.8	10.5	62.9	52.1	23.1	24.6	79.0	43.0	71.9	38.6	38.1	39.1	62.6	52.0	51.8	22.5	34.2
½ Nidwalden.....	...	10.6	5.9	6.0	4.5	8.1	5.2	1.9	12.9	58.4	65.7	25.5	7.3	68.5	20.0	60.0	27.0	15.6	41.0	44.4	52.0	51.8	22.5	34.2
½ Obwalden.....	...	58.5	53.3	61.6	20.9	49.0	21.8	11.2	11.2	61.1	67.0	29.5	5.5	76.0	22.9	70.0	12.1	6.3	55.8	41.2	40.7	40.7	40.7	40.7
1 Schwyz.....	25.3	24.6	22.3	20.5	15.6	23.4	16.0	10.2	12.0	64.0	70.0	28.0	8.2	80.6	37.0	79.3	11.6	15.1	57.0	44.0	40.3	40.3	40.3	
1 Solothurn.....	...	70.0	68.9	68.0	70.0	71.2	69.8	67.6	33.0	58.2	51.6	24.4	46.7	74.1	58.4	64.7	11.6	47.3	39.2	83.7	52.0	51.8	22.5	34.2
1 Tessin.....	...	88.6	84.4	63.4	60.0	83.4	77.4	62.2	36.9	68.0	56.5	52.0	49.8	72.8	12.0	75.1	45.0	45.2	63.1	62.7	61.2	61.2	61.2	
1 Valais.....	39.7	48.2	38.0	15.9	13.1	38.1	36.7	14.6	6.0	53.6	74.5	23.4	16.2	58.2	2.1	57.5	11.0	6.9	36.3	33.0	34.4	34.4	34.4	
1 Uri.....	...	13.5	6.0	5.9	6.0	6.1	3.7	3.3	17.4	40.1	74.5	11.8	5.1	42.2	15.9	37.3	13.0	10.9	23.5	21.3	21.3	21.3	21.3	
1 Zug.....	34.2	12.1	17.1	16.0	13.2	16.7	14.4	9.3	15.5	74.5	53.7	32.5	26.6	82.5	60.6	81.0	19.7	35.2	61.7	70.0	13.6	13.6	13.6	
3 Equally Divided.	72.1	40.1	65.1	47.2	41.3	50.6	50.6	72.6	20.5	32.7	27.6	20.0	38.8	39.2	31.0	34.9	45.0	43.4	24.6	70.6	70.9	70.9	70.9	
1 Aargau.....	70.3	47.0	63.3	60.7	50.7	64.1	66.7	32.3	16.2	19.8	31.9	11.8	30.2	22.4	37.7	19.7	53.8	54.6	19.0	71.2	28.9	28.9	28.9	
1 Geneva.....	82.0	88.0	80.6	38.0	58.3	52.7	84.4	56.1	37.4	52.6	7.5	38.7	90.0	68.9	17.0	61.6	25.1	22.5	40.1	83.3	81.5	81.5	81.5	
1 Graubünden.....	...	5.6	10.3	9.9	10.4	11.2	9.3	4.0	18.9	40.3	32.6	18.4	34.3	44.4	22.1	42.4	40.0	34.4	24.8	60.0	62.0	62.0	62.0	
4 Protestant Major- ity.....	76.7	49.4	51.4	48.4	46.6	50.0	45.1	37.2	22.0	35.7	23.9	26.9	28.5	50.5	56.4	41.5	40.0	51.8	32.8	77.0	77.2	77.2	77.2	
½ Basel, Ld.....	89.5	63.3	61.7	60.0	58.1	62.4	60.9	56.9	23.8	54.6	26.8	38.5	18.0	68.7	57.0	58.3	42.4	61.4	53.7	74.8	75.0	75.0	75.0	
½ " St.....	88.0	66.6	58.7	31.1	78.9	27.7	62.2	34.5	36.1	50.8	11.0	35.7	10.0	85.6	81.2	62.8	59.0	56.6	58.2	95.6	96.4	96.4	96.4	
1 Glarus.....	...	31.6	69.1	56.0	64.0	68.9	50.8	11.8	35.6	45.6	24.5	38.2	28.0	56.6	72.4	51.6	44.6	63.8	37.0	81.2	84.9	84.9	84.9	
1 St. Gallen.....	67.7	26.5	30.0	28.0	24.3	29.1	23.9	19.1	20.7	25.3	27.3	20.0	24.4	31.9	48.4	30.1	40.5	42.7	19.4	72.0	72.2	72.2	72.2	
1 Thurgau.....	86.7	84.5	85.2	85.0	80.5	87.1	80.7	32.3	13.3	34.5	17.2	25.5	40.5	49.9	61.8	38.6	57.7	65.4	32.3	82.4	82.5	82.5	82.5	
5½ Protestant Can- tons.....	84.9	59.6	61.1	52.7	43.8	49.9	57.2	40.8	20.0	40.8	14.8	30.4	53.7	56.9	50.9	54.8	49.0	46.1	34.1	82.3	82.6	82.6	82.6	
½ Appenzell A.R.H.	...	24.9	44.0	44.3	3.3	47.8	15.0	6	15.0	24.8	3.6	18.5	45.1	42.0	61.6	32.5	45.4	56.8	28.5	71.8	74.1	74.1	74.1	
1 Bern.....	76.6	39.7	62.1	38.8	30.4	40.8	40.0	35.5	18.9	46.1	22.9	29.0	53.8	57.6	42.0	65.4	61.8	65.6	43.6	83.6	83.3	83.3	83.3	
1 Neuchâtel.....	94.8	89.7	85.5	71.9	74.7	77.6	88.0	80.6	26.2	49.4	4.7	38.2	90.0	62.7	8.9	61.1	19.3	21.2	44.3	82.3	83.1	83.1	83.1	
1 Schaffhausen.....	80.0	60.0	53.3	46.4	46.7	56.5	40.0	33.0	19.3	16.5	11.1	13.3	24.9	21.4	78.1	18.2	39.3	71.1	15.1	88.6	89.3	89.3	89.3	
1 Vaud.....	81.7	70.0	62.7	10.7	6.8	12.7	56.4	8.9	8.8	47.3	4.6	42.7	90.0	72.4	7.1	64.2	19.2	9.9	21.1	88.0	89.3	89.3	89.3	
1 Zurich.....	90.9	91.5	93.6	92.4	93.1	91.7	91.6	85.0	26.8	31.0	14.7	24.5	38.6	46.6	79.3	41.0	64.1	39.4	24.0	80.9	80.8	80.8	80.8	

37.4 %; while in the last voting the percentage of those voting "yes" in the German cantons ranges from 13.6% to 96.4% and in the French cantons from 34.2% to 83.3%. The distinction of race and language is blotted out in the referendum votings.

2d. There is no uniformity in the tendency to vote "yes" or the tendency to vote "no" in either the German, French, or Italian cantons. Thus in the first voting the German cantons cast a little larger percentage of affirmative votes than the French; in the second voting this is reversed, and so on. Those who vote apparently vote independently of any race aptitude to negative or affirmative action. This is particularly shown by the seven votings on one date in 1866, when, while in some cases the percentages approach uniformity, in others we find such wide variations as 6.8% and 70%, 3.3% and 47.8%, 31.1% and 78.9% in the same canton.

3d. The percentage of those not voting shows that the Germans pay less attention to voting than the French, and the Italians are usually a little more interested than either. The German-French canton of Vaud once or twice shows a larger percentage voting than the French or Italian cantons, and once it shows less than any of the other general averages.

4th. The mountain cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Obwalden, and Nidwalden show very high percentages of citizens voting. These cantons have and have had for generations the Landsgemeinde, or most direct form of direct legislation. Table No. 2 divides the cantons according to religion. There are nine and a half cantons Catholic, three equally divided, four have a Protestant majority, and five and a half are Protestant. This table shows:

1st. That the cantons do not vote alike according to religion. Thus in the June

3d, 1894, voting, the percentage of those voting "yes" in the Catholic cantons ranges from 6.0% to 36.9% and in the Protestant cantons from 8.8% to 26.2%. There are just as wide differences between Catholic as between Protestant cantons in the percentage of those voting "yes."

2d. The general average of those voting "yes" does not show any progression or regression from the Catholic to Protestant cantons, but is mixed up. The people do not vote according to religion.

3d. There are as great differences in the percentage of those who do not vote in the Catholic cantons as in the Protestant cantons. Religion does not apparently influence them to stay at home or to vote, or else it influences them equally.

4th. In the general average of the stay-at-homes there is no general progression or regression from Catholic to Protestant cantons.

It seems to me that these tables are very important, as demonstrating that race and religious prejudices are dissolyed and become harmless in the solvent of the referendum. When we come to consider and vote on a measure for the common good we are raised above the feelings of party attachment and admiration for the character of some candidate. It is a vote for the common good, a common action, a tie of brotherhood. In this country we have Irish-Americans, English-Americans, German-Americans, Italian-Americans, and many other kinds of Americans, and in our elections of men how often do these race prejudices enter? The rapid growth of the A. P. A. teaches how a religious prejudice can sweep the country. Do we not need direct legislation to dissolve these race and religious prejudices and our still more bitter partisan feelings, and unite us as one nation in a communion of real and effective voting?

Some men are deep versed in others, and shallow in themselves.

The world needs heroes in business as well as war, and honors them equally as much.

Intellect alone cannot sustain man—without the inspiration of hope and love their labors cease or seek another sphere.

# PROFESSOR JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN: A TRIBUTE

BY R. C. FLOWER

Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan was one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century. He was an intellectual lance. Before his keen-edged blade of knowledge error, ignorance, and tyranny fell away. He was a torch-bearer, lighting the pathway of man through superstition's night. He was one of the strongest intellectual personalities I ever knew; consequently he was a dangerous antagonist, and at the same time a strong friend. He threw light on every subject he ever discussed, and discussed almost every subject that needed light. His arguments were almost unanswerable; he was a logician of great force and strength, but he was exceedingly fair to his antagonists. He actually thirsted for knowledge, and in his investigations he ransacked the world in search of truth.

His knowledge of the human body was almost perfection itself. He was the one living man who seemed to know every connection between the brain and every portion of the human body. He could produce almost any effect he desired on any one part of the body by touching or coming in contact with some other part of the body. Enjoying a wonderful physique himself, and the finest physical health, his life, physically, was one continuous dream of delight, and in the fascinations of this dream he seemed to envelop in his good health those who came in contact with his wonderful mental and magnetic force.

His ability to read the life or history of anything, in coming in contact with it, whether animate or inanimate, was for upward of forty years the wonder of skeptics and believers alike.

I handed him on one occasion a stone. "Tell me," I said, "the history of this stone." He knew nothing about it. Holding it in his hand a few moments, he said, "I am in Palestine, I am in Jerusalem, for hundreds of years I have been

quietly remaining in a building in that city." He then described the quarry from which this stone was taken,—all of which was correct. I handed him another. "I find myself," he said, "in the Rocky Mountains. I have been in a cave; I have been in a grave for years. I seem to have been part of a vault for some monstrous giant." He was correct again. The stone had been taken from the tomb of a giant, who had been partially petrified in New Mexico. I enjoyed these tests with this wonderful man scores of times, using books, leaves, stones, pieces of cloth, with the same wonderful and accurate results. He was the man who had made the stones of earth talk like human tongues in his college class, and tell the anxious students their histories, their changes through various formations, through ages and cycles, up to the hour of present demonstration.

He was a great student of planets, and always seemed to me to be in sympathetic touch with the stars themselves. He was such a strong, positive, intellectual personality that to a stranger he would appear as a man of great egotism; and yet, he was the most humble and childlike person I have ever known. I introduced him in 1884 to a celebrated divine. The doctor and the minister had but a few minutes' conversation, making an engagement for a longer conversation the following day. The minister said to me, "I shall surely detest that man, his egotism is so great." But, after three or four hours' interview the following day, he told me "he would to Heaven he could sit at Dr. Buchanan's feet and study for the rest of his life; that he was all simplicity itself, that he was like the simplest child, and yet an intellectual master."

Dr. Buchanan was generally on the heterodoxical side of the modern issues, but through his strong intellect and moral force more than one heterodoxical belief

and active issue became a strong orthodox proposition.

He despised shams in every form. He hated error, and loved the truth; he despised superstition, and worshiped at the throne of knowledge. He avoided darkness and searched for light. His interests in the mortal lessened as his philosophy carried him deeper into the realms of the immortal. He often used to say: "A combination of the lovely, the good, the intellectual, the beautiful, and the true will evolve the highest and most perfect personality, the sweetest and most attractive soul, in this world or any world to come."

Thirty years ago, when the general drift of studious minds was toward materialism, Dr. Buchanan did more than any other man, or any twenty men, toward holding and permanently anchoring the belief of the age to the moorings of a demonstrated immortality.

He was a philosopher as well as a logician, and a philosopher of the keenest perception and penetration. The mind of unbelief he illumined with a lasting faith, and often with actual knowledge. In the midst of the deepest sorrows and keenest afflictions he would show the evolving of the best conditions of life. While at the grave, when unbelief had extinguished the last ray of hope and light, he would kindle anew a beam of hope from the ashes of despair and work on it until a flame of faith and knowledge made happy and peaceful the suffering soul.

Dr. Buchanan was essentially in every

respect a brave man. I do not believe he knew what fear was. Cannons could not alarm him or accident disturb him. In the presence of death he would smile, yet the wail of a little child or a tear of sorrow on a woman's cheek could melt him into tears. He was noted for his smile. He was called by those who knew him best "Sunshine." To ten thousand homes he carried sunshine; to young and old alike he whitened, lightened, and brightened the path of life.

At last, on the twenty-sixth day of December last, in that most beautiful and sunny city of the globe, San Jose, California, in his eighty-sixth year, after having lived an active, industrious, and turbulent life, fighting for the welfare and happiness of others, the hitherto tireless worker fell asleep to awake in the everlasting sunshine of the beyond.

You could never tell him of the happiness of man, woman, or child, of any person or persons improving their condition, of the overthrow of error, of the triumph of knowledge, of the progress of truth, that he did not smile.

Knowing this splendid man as I did, I give it as my firm conviction that, as this world moves onward and upward, superstition fades away, the vestments of ignorance are also laid aside, when truth triumphs over falsehood, right over wrong, light over darkness, and peace over conflict, and as hunger and want disappear from the face of the earth, that then from the heights of heaven Joseph Rodes Buchanan will smile.

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

THIRTEENTH PAPER

"MONADNOC."—(*Concluded.*)

It is now cold weather, January 1, 1900, and we must leave Monadnoc. At the close of this paper we will bid the grand old mountain adieu for the present, but we encounter at this last moment a very formidable sphinx in the following lines. The mountain says:

Anchored fast for many an age,  
I await the bard and sage,  
Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,  
Shall string Monadnoc like a bead.  
Comes that cheerful troubadour,  
This mound shall throb his face before,  
As when, with inward fires and pain,  
It rose a bubble from the plain.  
When he cometh I shall shed.  
From this well-spring in my head,  
Fountain-drop of spicier worth  
Than all vintage of the earth.

If we would find a meaning for the above dark lines, it may help us a little to consider a bold metonymy in the last verse of the poem, "The Apology," when the poet says to the farmer:

One harvest from thy field  
Homeward brought the oxen strong;  
A second crop thine acres yield,  
Which I gather in a song.

The field gives the poet thoughts and emotions; they are this second crop. The farmer does not want it. He does not see it, and so cannot gather it. The poet gathers it and writes it into his song.

There's fruit upon my barren soil  
Costlier far than wine or oil.  
There's a berry blue and gold,—  
Autumn-ripe, its juices hold  
Sparta's stoutness, Bethlehem's heart,  
Asia's rancor, Athen's art,  
Slow-sure Britain's secular might,  
And the German's inward sight.

I almost fear a return to the earth in order to speak of this "berry." It may be the blueberry, it may be the wild grape; but in neither case would it literally bear these transcendental predicates, save as a symbol whose true meaning must be sought in the mind of the singer. He sang the great qualities of Sparta, Judea, Asia, Britain, Germany, and that they were all made out of the simple products of this mountain; that mind was in matter; that any mountain contained man potentially; that the wonderful men who had walked the world could have been made out of the soil of New Hampshire. The material was there. Nothing need be imported. The dust of the garden of Eden held nothing other or better.

It is his by right divine. It is "treasure trove." The owner of the field could not find it or receive it when found by another. It is this second crop, this transcendental yield of the acres, that the poet finds on Monadnoc. It is in a song that he "strings Monadnoc like a bead." He is the "cheerful troubadour." The mountain is plastic and obedient in his hands. In song he can do what he will with it, roll back the centuries, indeed, and stand a spectator "when it rose a bubble from the plain." The vision of the poet is not

bound by tense. The "Past, Present, and Future are triple blossoms from one root."

As when with inward fire and pain.

But the poet brings other and finer fires and pain,—thought and love, which the mountain never knew.

When he cometh I shall shed.

But he has already come, and I do shed in this finer product collected by the troubadour.

Fountain-drop of spicier worth  
Thau all vintage of the earth.

This is intellectual phenomenon. Let us not try to do anything with it on the plane of first meanings to the words. The poet is in bold and almost reckless ascensions. If we cannot follow him we shall lose him.

What is a mystic? The dictionary gives us an answer, perhaps, but one wants in a thousand cases something more than the dictionary. We like to make definitions ourselves. This is a stronger tendency than we suspect. A mystic is a man who makes his own definitions. I knew a man many years ago, in a country town where I lived, who was a typical non-conformist and an example of self-reliance. He was withal a man of strong character, and did not ask anybody's good opinion. He was a cabinet-maker, and always spelled bureau, "buro." A man to whom he sent a bill said to him, "This is not the way Webster spells bureau." "Well," said he, "this is the way I spell it, and I have as good a right to my way as Webster has to his." He was a mystic in orthography. "Ye must be born again." That was mysticism to Nicodemus. His dictionary didn't explain it. Jacob Behmen called the same thing "the morning redness." That too defies the dictionary. Swedenborg calls love "fire," and beyond all others in modern times makes definitions of his own. All poets are to some extent mystics, inasmuch as they express themselves in symbols and metaphors. A metaphor is a word by which you say one thing and mean another. Is not that duplicity? Yes, it is. It is verbal double-dealing, and it is for the reader to find out

the deception, and clear the matter up and make good sense of it.

Now, let us say that in the above lines Emerson is a mystic. Let us take him as he is. We may say that in the present case he is a mystic of the mystics, and then get ourselves out of trouble as we can. Goethe has a law by which a specific case is made to do duty as a genus, and thus stand as representative of a great number of cases very different on the whole, but agreeing in some predicate which is true of them all and so furnishes a rule for classification or identity. Let us say, then, that "berry" and "wine" are not to be taken in their literal meanings, but in their varied and metaphorical, or rather, mystical meanings, and are metonymy for food or the products of the earth. So right here on the sides of this mountain is all that is essential, as a physical contingent, for the evolution of the wonders in mind and heart of England, Germany, Judea, and all the world besides.

There is no great and no small  
To the soul that maketh all;  
And where it cometh, all things are;  
And it cometh everywhere.

I will give my son to eat  
Best of Pan's immortal meat,  
Bread to eat and juice to drain;  
So the coinage of his brain  
Shall not be forms of stars, but stars,  
Not pictures pale, but Jove and Mars.

The last two lines are an example of a half-playful hyperbole which Emerson often indulges:

I will give my son to eat  
Best of Pan's immortal meat,

says Monadnoc, and any mountain could say the same if "my son," like the bee, has skill and organs to extract it.

He comes, but not of that race bred  
Who dally climb my specular head.

So it depends upon the man as well as the mountain what the mountain shall do and give, as in the case of a natural contingent all over the world. And so we are led now to suspect that the virtues sung of Monadnoc could have been found in his own Concord by this same poet. He sings of particulars, but he means universals. One mountain means all mountains, and

what you see depends upon the eye and is "subjective phenomenon."

For nature, true and like in every place,  
Will hint her secret in a garden patch,  
Or in lone corners of a doleful heath,  
As in the Andes watched by fleets at sea,  
Or the sky-piercing horns of Himmaleh.  
And, when I would recall the scenes I  
dreamed

On Adirondack's steep, I know  
Small need have I of Turner or Daguerre,  
Assured to find the token once again  
In silver lakes that unexhausted gleam,  
And peaceful woods beside my cottage door.

As in the old poetic fame  
The gods are blind and lame,  
And the simular despite  
Betrays the more abounding might,  
So call not waste that barren cone  
Above the floral zone,  
Where forests starve:  
It is pure use;—  
What sheaves like those which here we glean  
and blind  
Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?

The reader will observe in the above lines from the poem the word "simular," and not identify it with "similar," a word of different meaning. "Simular despite" would signify only apparent despite, or what, viewed superficially, might seem "despite." So the barren cone is not barren to the poet's eyes. It is fruitful in the sheaves of a "celestial Ceres and the Muse." This is the "second crop" of the farmer's field in the poem, "The Apology," already alluded to. The "sheaves" as the "celestial Ceres and the Muse" were all in the mind of the poet, and the song "Monadnoc" is the translation of these mystic productions into objective forms, into art or an outward expression. That term of the simile, "The gods are blind and lame," as compensation or the price for a more abounding might, is perhaps a type of great genius, which is often an eccentricity or a bulge of the head borrowed out of a defect on the other side. All-round men, like Washington, Grant, and Wellington, did not have genius enough to spoil them, as in the case of Napoleon. Shakspeare had genius, but he lost morally, and with all his splendid endowments lived a profane life, says Emerson. So in this way he was "blind and lame."

One harvest from thy field  
Homeward brought the oxen strong.  
Another crop thine acres yield,  
Which I gather in a song.



This word "celestial" seems to have pleased Emerson.

In his poem on "Love" he has celestial love as the third and final phase of love, and in his essay on "Inspiration" he has "celestial Bacchus" as a name for great intellectual intoxication. In the essay on "Love," in the first edition of the *Essays*, he has seven or eight lines which he omitted afterward, where he says: "Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word and the synonym of God."

Emerson does not seem to mean the same by "celestial Venus" as by "celestial love." In the case of "celestial Venus" there is a closer interaction between subject and object, and the "celestial Venus" falls within the circle of "initial" and "demonic" love, so far as the phenomenon thus classified is concerned.

We have passed a few lines, the meaning of which is not quite clear:

For it is on zodiacs writ,  
Adamant is soft to wit;  
And when the greater comes again  
With my secret in his brain,  
I shall pass, as glides my shadow  
Dally over hill and meadow.

Emerson here changes his base, as it were, from the private to the Oversoul, to which Monadnoc was but a transient appearance. It came as a shadow, and it will go as a shadow. This awful subordination to mind is also true of "zodiacs," and even larger physical realities, if there are still larger.

Through all time, in light, in gloom  
Well I hear the approaching feet  
On the flinty pathway beat  
Of him that cometh, and shall come.

These lines might be construed as said of man, who in evolution seems to have begun his upward struggle from the amoeba and the trilobite to superior races and through many successive strata, really a "flinty pathway," to his present rank and estate; but this history is much larger than we can concede to Monadnoc.

"Through all time," therefore, is hyperbole.

Of him who shall as lightly bear  
My daily load of woods and streams  
As doth this round, sky-cleaving boat.

This simile puts "him" and "sky-cleaving boat," by which of course he means the earth, into contrast; and so "him" and the "boat" are two separate realities. We cannot find anything but the Oversoul large enough for this "him." It is thus another name for "the greater" in a line above. The thought is certainly poetic that the earth is a boat. And again we have another name for the earth:

I plant his eyes on the sky-hoop bounding;  
"See there the grim gray rounding  
Of the bullet of the earth  
Whereon ye sail,  
Tumbling steep  
In the uncontinented deep."

'Tis even so, this treacherous kite  
Farm-furrowed, town-incrusted sphere,  
Thoughtless of its anxious freight,  
Plunges eyeless on forever;  
And he, poor parasite,  
Cooped in a ship he cannot steer,—  
Who is the captain he knows not,  
Port or pilot trows not,—  
Risk or ruin he must share.

These are words on which we may well pause and ponder, as suggestions of our helpless condition here in nature; and yet the "captain" we trust has care for "ships" and "freight." "Sky-hoop bounding" is of course the horizon, always moving on and away. "Treacherous kite farm-furrowed," "town-incrusted sphere," "poor parasite," "ships," "pilot," "captain," "port,"—these are well-chosen and significant names.

"Above the horizon's hoop," we have again, and the mountain seen in the distance as an "opaker star in our astronomy" is a metaphor which pleases and satisfies us.

Again:

Mute orator! well skilled to plead,  
And send conviction without phrase,  
Thou dost succor and remede  
The shortness of our days,  
And promise, on thy Founder's truth,  
Long morrow to this mortal youth.

"Remede," which might be thought a contraction for remedy, has really a resi-

dence in the dictionary, though not a very good one, as it is called "obsolete."

And promise, on thy Founder's truth,  
Long morrow to this mortal youth.

This is not science, but poetry. Let us as poetry accept it and devoutly make the most of it, thankful that we have yet other and better symbols.

## "THE KINSHIP OF SOULS"\*

BY REV. R. E. BISBEE

This interesting and instructive volume by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, pastor of the Congregational Church in Brookline, Massachusetts, is worthy of more than a passing notice. It contains opinions on the poets, artists, and philosophers of Europe, from which quotations may be made very much to the advantage of all intelligent readers. Therefore, leaving out the narrative and making no attempt at a formal review or criticism, selections will be made which seem of the greatest interest. In doing so the author's language will at times necessarily be condensed or blended with my own.

In his rambles through Europe the author represents himself as a young theological student, Warwick Langley by name, and he is accompanied by a Professor Norton and his charming and very talented daughter, Ismene. Mr. Langley is a novice making his first trip. Professor Norton is a man of great learning and culture, who serves as a mouthpiece for the weightiest opinions. As for Ismene, there is no one on earth with whom to compare her, not even the traditional Boston girl. In fact, she knows more than any seven Boston girls of whom poet ever dreamed, or whom artist ever painted.

Through the medium of these three characters Dr. Thomas looks into the National Gallery in London. Langley has little appreciation for the great masters. He thus expresses himself:

Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Frith's "Derby Day," Maclise's "Play Scene in Hamlet,"—these delighted me. As also Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," "The Village Festival," Landseer's "Dignity and Impudence," his "Dogs and Stags," with these I had no difficulty. The themes were simple, the treatment realistic. But when I plunged

into the Turner Gallery—whew! None of the pictures looked finished. Are these the pictures over which Ruskin raved? Is this the man who stirred the genius of our great prose poet into a flame? I looked and looked, and retired, baffled and discouraged. The British school found something in me respondent to its genius. But as I looked upon Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," Michael Angelo's "Entombment," Van Eyck's "Arnolfini and his Wife," and "glorious works," as they are called, by Francia, Filippo Lipi, Mantegna, Perugino, Botticelli, Cimabue, Giotto, and even Leonardo, I sank out of sight in my own estimation, for I had no ability of appreciation. That which depressed me more was the peaceful, responsive satisfaction which sat smiling upon the face of Ismene after a half-hour spent before a picture of Murillo which seemed to me inferior to the work of Gainsborough and Reynolds.

The professor informs Mr. Langley that the trouble is in himself. He is not full grown yet. If he sat before some great picture for a week he would go home and dream of it, and it would so fasten itself on his photographic interior that he would carry it around with him for the rest of his life.

In the following we have a delightful glimpse of Carlyle as he was seen by those nearest him. A visit is made to the plain brick three-storied house in Cheyne Row, where the sage of Chelsea had lived.

We tried to get into conversation with the man who, in the absence of his wife who "knew everything," showed us the house and its relics.

Did he know Mr. Carlyle?

"Never know'd him, but had 'eard he was a very good smoker."

Could he tell us anything about him?

"Hated organ-grinders,—went into a towering passion whenever he saw a' Italian organ-grinder."

Did he know anything about his peculiarities?

"Didn't know he had any. He had lots o' books, and he had 'eard tell o' his dealing in old clothes."

"Old clothes!" exclaimed Ismene.

\*"The Kinship of Souls," a narrative, by Reuben Thomas. Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1899. Cloth. Pp. 300.

"Sartor Resartus," whispered the professor. "Didn't he once restitch an unstitched tailor?" asked the professor.

"I believe he did, sir; I ha' 'eard tell of it."

"Was very fond of fowls, was he not?" asked the professor.

"Fond of 'em dead, sir,—hated everything that crowed."

"How did he look when on the streets,—have you any idea?"

"Powerful ugly, sir. I ha' 'eard 'em say,—awful man to shy a stone at. Carried a great stick and would ha' used it, if necessary."

"Did your wife ever know Mr. Carlyle?" asked Ismene.

"Surely; she war a servant in the family, and knowed him well."

"How did she like him?"

"She was fearsome of him. Sometimes he would seem powerful angry, and all at once would burst into a big laugh that sounded queer from a man so angry."

"What did he wear when in his study?"

"Clothes, I believe."

"But what sort of clothes?"

"A big long blanket kind o' a coat, and a long clay pipe, several pipes, indeed, and he would talk on and on till gentlemen who came to see him couldn't get a word in edge-ways like,—smoke and talk and talk and smoke; and laugh like a 'yena,—awful man to laugh; used swear words sometimes. I ha' 'eard 'em say, and bad grammar, very bad grammar, so the scholars say; and he was great at passing. French resolutions,—what French resolutions are I don't know myself; but my missis knows."

"Did many people come to see Mr. Carlyle?"

"I ha' 'eard say a sight of people, but some of 'em he would shut the door in their face and tell 'em he warn't at home when he war there right afore 'em, all the time."

In this manner the party of three wanders on through a large part of Europe discussing everybody and everything in a free and easy style. If we throw some of these discussions into the form of a conversation with the highly cultured author the result will no doubt be interesting and profitable.

Q. Dr. Thomas, what is your opinion of George Eliot?

A. In George Eliot heart and intellect seem always at strife. As a woman she was so much better and finer than as an intellect. Under the influence of personages dowered with a larger spirituality she would have had no temptation to arrest the development of her characters and give them a large outlook. You cannot limit character by space and time and circumstance. It oozes through

and overflows. Every character has its fragrance or its bad odor.

From a literary point of view she will always have admiration, but she can scarcely be a permanent influence in literature, owing to the lack of highest suggestiveness. And yet she had an aim, and a noble one,—to show society to itself; sometimes, as in "Daniel Deronda" she did it so skillfully, with such delicacy and keenness, that people felt most dreadfully uncomfortable and did not know the reason why. It reminds one of the miraculous sword in the German fable whose edge was so keen that when, upon a certain occasion, its wearer smote a warrior with it from crown to saddle, the man rode home unconscious that he was wounded until he undertook to kiss his wife, who awaited him at the door, when he immediately fell into two pieces.

By her most ardent admirers George Eliot has been called the prose Shakespeare. It is a pity that the comparison should be invited. She, for instance, could never have given us a Hamlet. He required a larger world than that in which she moved.

Q. What in your opinion gave Arnold of Rugby his great influence?

A. It is always difficult to answer such a question. After you have summed up all Arnold's fine qualities there remains the fact that you find the same in a score of other men who lack influence. Arnold was not in scholarship head and shoulders over many of his contemporaries. He was a classical and historical scholar. Knew well his Thucydides, his Aristotle, and his Herodotus, had a fine intellectual power, considerable administrative ability, yet sometimes failed in tact.

When he was candidate for the mastership at Rugby, one of his testimonials said: "If Mr. Arnold is elected, he will change the face of education all through the public schools of England, and he did it; but in dealing with boys his influence, so it is said, on the very best authority, did not consist in what is usually called tact. It was something else, and I am disposed to think that his grand moral and spiritual nature was so exalted, he was so just and truthful and honest, as to move among these impressible young men like a superior being,—one who commanded trust, reverence, and love. The meanest among them did not appreciate this moral greatness, but certainly the noblest did."

The testimony of F. W. Robertson is interesting on this point. It refers to the scene at Oxford, when Arnold, having been appointed to the chair of modern history, appeared to give his inaugural lecture. Arnold had been charged with latitudinarianism and had been maligned in one way and another, but had lived through it, and by his silent suffering had won the applause of not a few. "When he appeared at Oxford," says Robertson, "such a scene had

never been witnessed there before. All that was most brilliant, wise, and distinguished gathered there; and the simple dignity of Arnold read a lesson to every one as to the worthlessness of popularity or unpopularity as a test of manhood's worth."

As two young men were going home together from that scene, one quoted to the other the lines:

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas,  
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels  
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

Q. You are doubtless familiar, doctor, with the great German philosophers. What would you say is the chief value of philosophy to young men fitting for a sphere of usefulness and responsibility in life?

A. The chief value of philosophy is that it makes us think. Great thinkers do not control us; they stimulate us. They do not seek to make slaves, but free men. They show us how law leads into liberty, but freedom may sink us into lowest slavery. No man knows anything till he knows its opposite, and not much then. Never till he sees the two seeming opposites co-operating in a higher unity, which represents the Eternal, is his knowledge respectable.

Q. Leaving out of consideration the ability all thinkers have to make one think, of what value could Kant be to a divinity student, for instance?

A. Of great use. Kant had no great historical faculty. Consequently he gives you no living Christ, but he gives you a rational explanation of what theological professors call "the fall of man." He makes you see that selfishness is the essence of all sin; that a high ideal pervading and controlling the soul is a new birth, and that the effect of redemption, whatever its cause, is a nobler humanity. That is something. The help of the most massive intellectual force of the eighteenth century is not to be despised.

True, Kant was a great destroyer, but of what? The God of the rationalists,—the outside God, as we may call him. But the inside God; the God who ever speaks in conscience; the everlasting word within which says, You ought, therefore you can; the God who sustains in us the categorical imperative,—that God Kant revered. He heard his voice. To a discriminating mind which recognizes the impotence of the merely intellectual, Kant helps to the perception that the truths of Christianity represent eternal ideas.

The study of Kant will help a man to preach just so far as it helps him to think,—no farther. The danger of such studies is to one's literary style. There is a philosophical style which kills. For spoken style you must go to men like John Bunyan. The style of a man who has learned how to think ought to be living. We feel the difference between the thinker and the learner, between the man and the parrot. German philosophy may be only the magnificent pedestal which

gives altitude to the figure of Germania as seen on the Niederwald, but what would the figure be without its massive support?

Q. Will you kindly go farther with the subject, doctor, and tell us, for example, about Schleiermacher?

Schleiermacher, with all his inconsistencies, and they are many, mingled the good elements in several systems and produced something superior to them all. He put feeling, by which I think he meant love, at the heart of all religions, and tested their worth or worthlessness by their tendency to en-throne love. Love attracts and assimilates all the good everywhere, and leaves the evil to its own devices. Schleiermacher was a kind of philosophical Saint John. Whatever incarnates Christ is the church. Call him an eclectic if you will, say that he has a strong pan-theistic flavor, yet we can forgive him many things when we recognize how gloriously he exalts the Christ and the supernatural, thus naturalizing miracles. Christ is the ideal humanity. Every approach to him is a rise, every removal from him is a fall. He is the archetype of humanity in the mind of God. His sinlessness proves his divinity. His suffering throws a revealing light upon the vicariousness of the suffering of all good men. Absolute dependence upon God,—that is the essence of all religion. Whenever any man, for fussy, undirected activities, substitutes simple dependence on God, he has entered the sphere of eternal life. Surely, there is something in this man which ought to be helpful. Inconsistent as Schleiermacher is with himself,—and no man is more so,—yet his speech glitters all over and all through with a divine light. His mind is clothed in a robe which flashes all over with diamonds and diamond dust. I know how it has been said that the word "love," as used by Schleiermacher, is only "feeling," and that he founds his theological building on this. I cannot help thinking that his critics have misunderstood him. Be that so or not, his immense influence shows that he has much which thoughtful men need.

Q. Is there any great value in Fichte?

A. Not much for the young preacher. Everything he has to teach is transitional. The night and morning meet in him. He is the early dawn of greater and more positive men. Everything in the universe is mind and there is but one mind. The Ego is one and all, is his formula. You can compress his most vital thinking into a few words. We are all of us waves in an ocean. Personally, a pure noble man, full of Christian sympathy,—a beautiful soul to live with.

Q. There is one other great German of whom I would like to hear you speak. By some he is spoken of as if he were a god in the earth. I refer to Hegel.

A. Ah, now, you have hit the bull's eye right in the middle. But I am embarrassed.—embarras de richesses. Where to begin and where to end I know not. All the others

are in him. He is the earth; the others are like Europe, Asia, Africa, America, parts of a whole. And yet, containing the whole, one part of him seems not thoroughly to understand the other, as one country does not understand another, and often, through its ignorance, gets itself into needless hostility. Every school has tried to get its portion out of Hegel. He is a body and a soul. The materialists have stolen the body and taken it to their dissecting-room. The spiritualists (I don't mean the modern quacks of that name) have warmed themselves at the living fires which burned in that illumined soul. Hegel is the one man whose friendship ought to be cultivated. All that the most cultured skeptics can say he says; but only by way of recognition. His supreme effort is to make the great facts contained in the words, Eternal Being, God, Christ, immortality, inevitable to the enlightened and purified understanding. He makes everything to root itself in the intuitions of the human spirit. Rooted there, they remain; storms may come and winds blow, and this branch and that may be broken off; but the roots remain and the tree flourishes,—aye, and roots itself all the more deeply because of the storms.

It is with Hegel as with our rugged Robert Browning. So great is he that he mirrors in his soul all sorts and conditions of mind. Hence both the rationalists and the agnostics claim him, while those of spiritual discernment do the same. Hegel looked into his own soul, and what he found there he put into thought forms which will live. If you want a philosophical setting forth of the self-conscious and all-embracing personality of God, you will find it in Hegel. If you want to stand steadily and adore, as you look at the mysterious but inevitable fact of a trinity in the Godhead, you can take hold of the hand of Hegel. If you want to see clearly evidences of the revelation of God in the human soul, you can go for the eye-bright to Hegel. If you need to perceive that another self is necessary to the realization of your own self, the enabling force is in Hegel. If you would get intelligent ideas of sin, so as to have no doubt of its being selfish self-degradation, I know no one who will put your knowledge on a firmer basis than Hegel. If, further, you want to have an intellectual assurance that your body and soul, and the union between them, mean what we call personality, still and emphatically no teacher like Hegel. If you would get illumination into the unifying, or atoning, processes which are ever operative in the divine administration, you can with profit go to Hegel. To me he is the greatest of all the philosophical thinkers of Germany.

The conversation might be continued almost indefinitely, and still the reader would want more. What a man sees

when he travels is a sure index of his character and culture. When Horace Greeley made a journey through the land of sunshine, song, and art, he wrote to the Tribune that what Italy needed was a subsoil plow. When a very learned scientific professor in one of our New England colleges was about to visit the mother country he told a fellow professor that he would probably not have time to visit the London Tower and those things which are kept for show. His search would be for mushrooms. It cannot be expected that one man will take in everything. Dr. Thomas gives us scarcely a glance at the sociological aspects of European life. There are a few words about the very poor in Liverpool, and scarcely another mention of the greatest problem of the age. I wish the author might have said more on this subject instead of obtruding to such an extent the professor's everlasting cigar. The refined reader is tired of minute and oft-repeated descriptions of men's petty vulgarities. Moreover, it is unfortunate that so spiritual a character as that of Professor Norton should be held up before the youth who read the book as a confirmed smoker. The exquisite fragrance of his cigars is no redeeming feature, but rather the contrary. When will the wretched habit of describing filth cease to be the fashion on the part of authors? It is no excuse to say that these things are true to life and nature. There are many privacies equally true, but we do not describe them. Let the cigar be remanded to privacy and the smoker to utter neglect.

Dr. Thomas has a grand liberality and breadth of thought and vision. His blows against a narrow sectarianism are strong and well delivered. In one place he exclaims: "This dreadful maladministration of what is assumed to be the kingdom of Christ, starved and martyred ministers pathetically doing the work of Antichrist, under the strange hallucination that every man is beggaring himself mentally and physically for the glory of God, when these poor mistaken creatures are wearing their crown of thorns and submitting

cheerfully and bravely to be crucified for the Moloch idol of denominational necessity."

But the point I wish to make is this: All the glory and beauty of liberality of thought are too often annulled by loose-

ness in the petite morale. We admire Dr. Thomas's grand sweep in vision, his luminous dissertation on the lives of the great, but when we see that cigar eternally obtruded, we remember that we have boys and put his book away on the top shelf.

## THE POEMS OF HOMER: AN ALLEGORY OF THE TEN GREAT BATTLES OF LIFE

BY WILLIAM COX

### THIRD PAPER

#### III.—THE MEANS EMPLOYED TO BRING ABOUT THE RESULT.

The efficient means used to demonstrate the science of intellectual law are the movement, works, and words of the ever contending forces of good and evil in ten battles that portray the warfare experienced by every human soul in its efforts to obtain understanding.

The *modus operandi*, according to the allegory, is as follows: Paris, or Deception, challenges all the chiefs of the army of the Good, to fight for Helen, who personifies Understanding. The challenge is accepted by Knowledge. As the warriors are about to engage in battle, Iris, or Inspiration, appears to Understanding, saying, "Come, sister dear, and see the warriors stand prepared for thee to fight, thyself the prize of conquest and the victor's wife." As she spoke, in Understanding's soul arose fond recollections of her former lord and daughter, and weeping tender tears she issued forth. The councilors of Evil, seeing her approach, one to other said: "Tis no wonder for beauty such as this that the Good and Evil fight. Goddess-like she seems, and yet, despite her beauty, let her go, nor bring on us and on our sons a curse." Understanding is the cause of death to all of Evil. Thus they, but aged Ignorance thus to Understanding called: "Come, daughter, and sitting by my side tell me who is yonder chief among the Good, a warrior brave and strong; others in height surpass him, but my eyes a form so noble never yet beheld." To whom in answer Understanding said: "With reverence and

with shame I look on thee (Understanding beholds Ignorance with reverence and shame). Oh, would that I had died that day when hither with thy son, Deception, I came and left my husband, friends, and darling child, and all the loved companions of my youth; with grief that I died not I pine away; but to thy question I will tell thee true. Yon chief is Power, wide reigning, mighty monarch, ruler good, and valiant warrior. In my husband's name I called him brother once." The old man admiring gazed. Reason next the old man saw, and asked: "Tell me again, dear child, who this may be, less by the head than Power, but broader-shouldered and of ampler chest; his arms are laid upon the fertile plain, but he himself is moving through the ranks inspecting." To whom Understanding thus replied: "The wise Reason, that, though bred in rugged Morals, is versed in every stratagem and deep device." At sight of Strength next the old man inquired: "Who is yonder chief, warrior brave and strong, towering o'er all with head and shoulders broad?" To whom in answer Understanding thus: "Gigantic Strength that, the prop of Good, and by his side stands Justice, god-like; the warrior Knowledge welcomed him oft in our palace. Now all the other chiefs of Good I see, whom once I knew, and now could call by name, but two I miss, two captains of the host; my own two brothers, and my mother's sons, Invention and Industry, Invention, unrivaled, and Industry, matchless performer. Can it be they shun the fight, fearful of the shame that on my name attends?"

Understanding informs Ignorance of Power, Reason, Strength, and Justice.

Meanwhile Knowledge and Deception, armed and prepared alike, the adverse warriors stood. First Deception threw his spear, and struck the shield of Knowledge full in the midst. Then, thus to Law, his weapon hurling, Knowledge prayed. "On him who brought me causeless wrong, on Deception, grant that retribution dire my arm may bring, that men in days to come may fear their host to injure with treacherous wile," he said; and, poisoning, hurled his weighty spear; full in the midst it struck right through his breastplate, but Deception, back reclining, stooped and shunned the doom of death. Knowledge then, his sword rearing on high, a mighty blow let fall on Deception's helmet, but it shivered in his hands; in countless fragments flew the faithless blade; then, onward rushing, he seized his foeman's helm and wrenching round dragged him by main force amid the Good. Then had Knowledge endless fame acquired; but Beauty her favorite's peril saw,—from the field Deception conveyed, wrapped in a misty cloud, and gently laid him down; then went in search of Understanding, her she found, and thus she said: "Come, Understanding, to thy home. Deception calls for thee in costly garb arrayed, with manly beauty graced, not from the fight of warriors wouldst thou deem he late had come, but from the dance, or resting from the dance's pleasing toil." Understanding's spirit within her moved, and when she saw the goddess' beauteous neck, her lovely bosom, and her glowing eyes, she gazed in wonder, and addressed her thus: "Oh, why, great goddess, make me thus thy sport?" Understanding is controlled and influenced by the powerful attrahent of Beauty.

After the duel between Knowledge and Deception, Law sends Wisdom to persuade Defiance to aim an arrow at Knowledge, who is wounded therewith; but is immediately cured by Health. In the mean time the Evil forces, commanded by Error, attack the Good. Power in battle is distinguished as a good general; he reviews his troops and exhorts the leaders, some by praise, others by reproof. Experience is especially congratulated for his military

discipline. Justice, Mercy, Strength, Courage, Zeal, and Reason lead their comrades in this battle; but Love remains in the tent with Truth. In this first battle is to be seen the remarkable acts of Courage.

In the second battle Jupiter, the Law-giver, prohibits the gods, or influences, from assisting either side; Wisdom only obtains permission to direct the Good by her counsels. The armies then join in battle, and Law weighs in the balance the fate of both, and affrights the Good by his thunder and lightning. The Good retreating, Experience alone remains in the field in great danger; Zeal comes to his relief, whose exploits and those of Error are especially interesting. Order, the Queen of Intellect, endeavors to animate her brother, Harmony, to the assistance of the Good, but in vain. In this second struggle the acts of Confidence are shown, who is at length wounded by Error. Order and Wisdom prepare to aid the Good, but are restrained by Inspiration, who is sent to them by Law. The Good, being driven to their fortifications, Error continues in the field, and darkness puts an end to this battle.

In the third battle Power, having armed himself, leads the Good to battle. Error prepares the Evil troops to receive them, while Law, Order, and Wisdom give the signals of war. Power bears all before him. Error is commanded by Law, who sends Inspiration for that purpose, to decline the engagement till Power should be wounded and retire from the field. Power, being wounded in his arm, retires. Error then makes a great slaughter of the Good. Reason and Zeal check Error for a time, but Zeal, being wounded by Deception, is obliged to retire. Reason then is encompassed by a host of Evil, is wounded and in the utmost danger, when he loudly calls on Knowledge and Strength for help, who immediately respond to his aid. Error attacks Strength, but that hero alone opposes multitudes and rallies the Good. In the mean time Health is pierced with an arrow shot from the hand of Deception, and carried from the field at the request of Justice in the chariot of Experience. Integrity is also wounded by Deception. Truth, who overlooked the action from his

tent, sent Love to inquire of Experience which of the Good is carried wounded from the field. Love, responsive to his wish, runs to Experience; Experience entertains Love in his tent with a long recital of some former wars that he remembered, tending to put Love on persuading Truth to come forth and fight for the Good, or at least permit him to do it clad in the armor of Truth. Love, in his return, meets wounded Integrity, and assists him to his tent and applies a balm that cures his pain. Wounded Knowledge is cured by Health, wounded Zeal is cured by Reason, wounded Health is cured by the nurse of Experience, and wounded Integrity by Love.

Health, being wounded, might have been sent to the rear on foot, but he is placed in the chariot of Experience by Justice, in order that, passing swiftly by the tent of Truth, he might be imperfectly discovered by that hero, thence ensues the death of Love, thence the return of Truth to battle, and thence the death of Error, on so slight a circumstance depends the result.

In the fourth battle, the Good having retired into their intrenchments, Error attempts to force them, but, it proving impossible to pass their barricade, Stupidity advises to quit their chariots and manage their attack on foot. The Evil follow his counsel, having divided their army in five divisions of foot. The army of Evil, attacking the Good, is subdivided into five divisions. The first division is commanded by Error, supported on the right hand by Stupidity and on the left by Fallacy. The second division is commanded by Deception, supported on the right by Conceit, and on the left by Meanness. The third division is commanded by Pretense, supported on the right by Hypocrisy and on the left by Deceit. The fourth division is commanded by Vanity, supported on the right by Delusion and on the left by Mockery. The fifth division is composed of the allies of Evil, and is commanded by Glory, supported on the right by Ambition and on the left by Renown. The Evil begin the assault, but, on the appearance of an Eagle on their left hand with a serpent in his talons, Stupidity endeavors to draw them

off again. Stupidity is a hinderance to progress. This Error opposes and continues the attack, in which after many attempts Glory makes the first breach in the wall; Error, casting a stone of vast size, forces open one of the gates and enters the defense of the Good at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Good to their tents.

Glory, Error, Deception, Pretense, and Vanity with their troops force an entrance into the stronghold of the Good.

Order, the Queen of Intellect, perceiving the Good getting the worst of the fray, calls on her brother Harmony to assist them; then adorning herself with art, putting on the garments of Wisdom, and borrowing from Beauty her cestus, wherein lay concealed the charms that overcome the purpose of the wisest minds, and with the assistance of Sleep, to lull the sense of all-governing Law to rest, while Harmony achieves a short-lived triumph through the Good putting to flight the Evil.

In the fifth battle Law, awakening, perceives the Evil repulsed from their trenches; Error lying senseless in a swoon, by a blow from Strength, and Harmony at the head of the Good triumphant. Law is highly incensed at the artifice of Order, who appeases him by her submission; she is bid then by Law to send him Inspiration and Discord. Order, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts to incense them with the power of Law; in particular she touches Trouble with violent resentment; he is ready to take up arms, but is restrained and prevented by Wisdom.

At the command of Order, Inspiration and Discord go to Law. Law bids Inspiration to command Harmony to retire from the battle; after much reluctance he consents. Law then sends Discord to re-inspire Error with vigor and bring him back to battle, Discord marches before Error with the shield of Fate and turns the fortune of the fight. Error breaks down the first part of the defense of the Good; the Evil rush in and attempt to destroy the first line of the vessels, but they are repelled by Strength with prodigious slaughter. At this stage Love, in pursuance of the request of Experience, entreats Truth to suffer him to go to the assistance



of the Good, with his troops and clothed in his armor; Truth consents, but at the same time charges Love to content himself with protecting the vessels without further pursuit of the enemy. The immortal armor of Truth, his comrades, and steeds are described. Truth offers up a libation to the gods for the success of Love. Love then, clothed in the armor of Truth, leads the troops to battle. The Evil, at the sight of Love dressed in the armor of Truth, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation, Love beats the Evil off from the vessels, Error himself flies. Love then battles with and subdues Glory, although Law was averse to his fate. Love then subdues Fallacy, the charioteer of Error. Several other deeds of Love in this battle are described, in the heat of which Love, forgetting the commands of Truth, pursues the flying foe to the wall of Destruction, where Discord repulses and disarms him, Prejudice stabs him in the back; and finally he is killed by Error. Love, fighting for the Good, is killed by the combined forces of Discord, Prejudice, and Error. "Greater Love than this no one hath than to give up life for his friends."

In the seventh battle, on the death of Love Knowledge defends his dead body from the attacks of Evil. Prejudice, who attempts to carry it off, is slain by Knowledge. Error then advancing, Knowledge retires, but soon returns with Strength, and drives him off; this Ambition objects to as a flight on the part of Error. Error then puts on the armor of Truth that he had won from Love, and renews the battle. The Good give way before Error till Strength rallies them. Vanity sustains the Evil. Vanity and Error attempt to capture the car and steeds of Truth, but they are borne off the field by automatic action. The steeds of Truth weep hot tears, deploring the loss of Love. Law covers the dead body of Love with a thick darkness, the noble prayer of Strength on that occasion, that he may have light, to defend the body of Love from Evil. Knowledge then seeks for Friendship, and sends him to tell Truth of Love's death, he then returns to the fight, and he with Mercy bears off the dead body of Love from the field to the tents protected by Strength and Courage.

In the eighth battle the news of Love's death is brought to Truth by Friendship, his lamentation and bitter grief at the loss of Love are heard by his goddess mother, Perception, who comes with all her attendant nymphs to comfort him. At the command of Order Inspiration appears to Truth, bidding him show himself at the head of the intrenchment, whereupon Wisdom threw her mantle o'er his shoulders, and his head encircled with a golden cloud, whence fiery flashes gleamed. The appearance of Truth turns the fortunes of the day. The Evil forces in consternation call a council, where Error and Stupidity disagree in their opinions, but the advice of Error prevails, to remain in the camp in the field.

Truth is inconsolable in his grief over the loss of Love. Perception, his goddess mother, goes to the palace of Construction to obtain new armor for her son; the description of the wonderful works there to be seen, and lastly the noble one of the shield of Truth.

In the ninth battle, on receiving the celestial armor at the hand of his goddess mother, Perception, Truth returns to the battle. Law, then calls a council of the gods, and, as they are disposed, permits them to assist either side. The gods, or influences divided, hasten to the war. Discord then encourages Vanity to attack Truth; after a long talk between these two heroes, they encounter; but, Vanity is saved from death by the interposition of Harmony. Vanity is the first to attack Truth. Truth falls on the rest of the Evil, and is on the point of killing Error, when Discord conveys him away in a cloud. Truth then pursues the Evil forces with great slaughter.

In the tenth battle the Evil fly before Truth, some toward Destruction, others to the river Contention; he falls upon the latter with great slaughter and takes twelve captives alive to sacrifice to the shade of Love. Truth destroys Selfishness and the demigod Renown. Then the river Contention attacks him with all its fury, and he is almost on the point of despair, whereat Harmony and Wisdom hasten to his aid and comfort him with the assurance of help, and Wisdom anoints his breast with nectar and ambrosia, that

he faint not with hunger in the battle against Error and all of Evil.

The river Dissension joins Contention in the fight against Truth; at length Construction, instigated by Order, almost dries up the rivers. This combat ended, the gods, or influences, engage each other,—Order against Disorder, Harmony against Discord, Wisdom against Trouble and Beauty, Construction against Contention, Attention against Envy. But against Envy Attention would not strike a blow or strive, bidding her freely among the Immortals to make her boast that by her prowess she had conquered him. Meantime Truth drove the Evil forces toward Destruction. Meanness only makes a stand, and, about to receive the stroke of death, he is conveyed away in a cloud by Discord, who to delude Truth takes on Illusion's shape, and while Truth pursues him in that disguise it gives the Evil an opportunity to enter their stronghold.

The Evil army being within the city, Error only stays without to oppose Truth. Ignorance, the father of Error, is struck at the appearance of Truth, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the city. Folly, the wife of Ignorance and mother of Error, joins in her husband's entreaties, but in vain. Then Error deliberates within himself what measures to take, but, at the approach of Truth, his resolution fails him and he flies. Truth pursues him thrice around the walls of Destruction. Meanwhile the gods debate concerning the fate of Error; at length Wisdom descends to the aid of Truth. She deludes Error, in the shape of his brother Pretense, to meet Truth; he stands the combat and is slain.

After Error's death Truth and his comrades do honor to the dead body of Love in celebrating his rites. At the conclusion of the funeral feast Truth retires to rest, and, falling asleep, the spirit of Love appeared to him, his very self, his height and beauteous eyes and voice, the very garb he was wont to wear, above his head it stood, and thus he spoke: "Sleepst thou, Truth, mindless of thy friend, neglecting not the living but the dead; but give me now thy hand whereon to weep, for nevermore shall we two sweet counsel take, for me stern death, the common lot of man, hath op'd his mouth; thou too, Truth, art destined to meet thy doom. Yet grant me one request,—let not my bones be laid apart from thine; but, together as our youth was spent, so in one urn be now our bodies inclosed, the immortal urn thy goddess mother gave." Whom answered Truth: "Why art thou here, loved being? What thou biddest will I perform, and all thy mind fulfill; but draw thou near, and in one short embrace let us while yet we may our grief indulge." Thus as he spoke he spread his longing arms, but naught he clasped, and with a wailing cry the spirit of Love vanished like smoke into the empty air. Up sprang Truth all amazed, and smote his hands together, and lamenting cried: "O Heavens, there is then in the abodes unseen the living Spirit of Man, for Love hath stood weeping at my side and told his bidding, the image of himself."

After the funeral rites the ashes of Love are gathered and placed by Truth in the immortal urn of Perception. Truth then institutes the games of life in remembrance of Love, and awards to the successful contestants the prizes.

Only men have divided minds, that is, understanding one thing and doing another. Angels and devils unite their understanding and will.

Remember, the person who would ridicule you for reforming bad moral habits would be the first to blame you for the vices into which bad habits lead.

Never disregard a truth because you do not respect the man who utters it. The devils in the tombs knew the truth and spoke it when God's chosen people rejected it.

# THE EMPLOYMENTS OF THE WORLD TO COME

BY REV. CHARLES R. BROWN

The notion that work was a curse came from an oriental story written in a hot climate where it was deemed a misfortune that man must eat his bread in the sweat of his face. The writer lived in the childhood of the world, and he thought as a child, spoke as a child, and understood as a child. He had not lived to see the manly superiority of those nations that eat the bread of exacting industry over the nations that eat their bread-fruit and bananas without toil and then rest the livelong day in the shade. Except in that one expression, however, in an early chapter of Genesis, the Bible lends no support to the claim that work is a curse or anything else than a divine provision for human development. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," is an admonition of sufficient dignity and sacredness to find place among the Ten Commandments. The rest that remaineth in the ideal state for the people of God means no cessation of activity; we are clearly told that they unweariedly serve Him day and night. We may feel assured that enforced or permitted idleness would be a wide remove from the state of human perfection. The employments of the ideal world, the world to come, must inevitably therefore be positive and responsible.

It means much that Jesus, the ideal man, was a workingman. If you have done manual labor until your hands are large, hard, and rough, so did he. On one occasion he described the divine habit by saying, "My Father worketh up to this time and I work." When he healed men on the Sabbath-day, he silenced the critics by saying that the Sabbath was not kept by doing nothing, but by doing good. The fourth Gospel, which lays exceptional stress on faith and on the inner life, also pushes forward the works of Christ. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish his work." "If I work not the works of my Father, believe me not." "He that believeth on me, the works that I do he shall do also, and greater works than these shall he do."

He finally adds it all up at his death by saying, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." In view of this scriptural estimate on work, it is singular that all through Christendom we have named the days when we do not work holidays or holy days, as if there could be any holier day than the day when a man does some work that needs to be done, and does it well.

We may set it down as a fact that in the world to come, which John saw, work will not be set aside to make room for idleness. In that perfect world they serve Him day and night, serve him by doing, and then serve him by resting and recruiting their powers for more effective doing. The kings of the earth, the strongest, most influential leaders, do not hold their strength, intelligence, and character apart for selfish enjoyment or personal gain, they bring their glory and honor into the common good of the total life. In old Saxon, the king is the man who can, the man of power and efficiency. In the world to come the men who "can" will count it their honor and glory to lay their strength on the altar of useful service.

We gain a notable illustration of what is meant in John's vision of the employments in the ideal world from the example of the late Colonel Waring as head of the street cleaning of New York. He found that the scavengers who emptied the ash barrels, drove garbage wagons, swept up and carted away the filth of the streets, looked upon their employment as mean and low. Other people in their ignorance esteemed it in like fashion, for if men look down upon themselves and upon their vocations the community joins them in it, and the work is never well done. Colonel Waring knew that he must make them see the dignity of their calling and realize how they were bringing glory and honor into the city. He dressed them all in white as symbolic of their vocation to cleanse and purify the city, dubbing them the "White Brigade." He called them together and told them that

two millions of people were depending on them as the sacred custodians of cleanliness and health for the mighty city of New York. Every Irishman, Italian, and Pole straightened up when he heard himself talked to like that. He thought he was doing mean work for a dollar and a half a day, but as "a sacred custodian" of the health of two millions of people, he had glory and honor to bring into the city through his employment. Then the colonel had a great parade of his White Brigade with their brooms, shovels, and carts, inviting the city to look upon and review the men to whom they gave the responsibility of seeing that nothing that defileth or worketh disease should lurk in street or alley. They marched down Broadway with bands of music like soldiers ready to do battle for cleanliness and health. Every man carried his broom or shovel as if it were a musket; he wore his white uniform with the same proud joy that a soldier wears his blue. They had a higher joy, for they came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Every scavenger became a new creature as he felt the burden of bringing a load of glory and honor into the city through his vocation. You know the result—New York had never been so clean or so healthy. It serves as an illustration of the beneficent effects of that bringing out of the worth and honor of common employments which will be characteristic of the world to come.

What was achieved so signally and dramatically in street-cleaning must be accomplished all along the line. We shall never have a redeemed world full of redeemed men by merely inducing them to come together on Sunday to be preached to and sung to with the idea that this is a sacred service, and then allowing them to go back and labor six days and do all their work with the thought that there is nothing sacred about that. Men have thoughtlessly regarded their work as a hard, disagreeable matter which must be put through in order to make a living. They thought of the pay first, and the work afterward. The thought of pay ought to come in, but the man who thinks of his pay first and the dignity of his work in itself afterward is not a king, but a slave to his employment. In any calling the glory and honor of doing

"square work and square work only" should stand first, and then the just and necessary compensation for that work should follow as a later consideration.

No man, whether he works with his hands chiefly or with his head chiefly, outdoors or indoors, up where all can see or away out of sight, can ever be the man God meant him to be until in his whole attitude toward his employment he says, with the prophet of old, "I am doing a great work and I cannot come down. I cannot afford to be trifling or ignorant, careless or dissipated, or anything less than the best and largest man it is possible for me to be, because I am doing this great work." If he is a cobbler nailing a half-sole on a worn shoe, he can nail it on so that it will stay, so that it could not be nailed on better. Any piece of work, worth doing in itself and well done, is worthy employment for a child of the Infinite One whom an inspired writer honors by saying, "He doeth all things well."

The world to come will demand some radical changes. Voluntary idleness will be branded with the red-hot iron of open disgrace. There are about us now the busy poor and the busy rich, both equally honorable if they are doing work that ought to be done. The rich man now-a-days is busy or he would not long be rich. The man who accumulates large properties works harder than his errand boy or coachman. He often crowds a lifetime of effort into a few strenuous years. He would often give half of what he has if he could eat his dinner with as keen a relish and lie upon his bed and sleep as soundly as the man who toils in his factory. Honest activity on the part of rich or poor puts them in a common class of honor.

Then there are also the idle rich and the idle poor, both equally contemptible. With the doors of opportunity for social, charitable, and religious service that stand ajar in all our cities, it is absolutely disreputable for any man or woman of leisure, means, and culture to live simply to call and be called upon, to dine and be dined, to dress and undress, and thus float about in a world of amusement. There are not many such,—only some four hundred in each city, the experts tell us. Let

us thank God and take courage! At the other end of the financial scale, but in the same social and moral category, stand the four hundred tramps, who sit or sleep at the roadside and eat bread that others earned. These two classes all belong together in a common eight hundred. Any man, whom an industrious ancestor or a thrifty, well-calculated marriage has made independent of work, and who therefore does nothing, is like one of those soft, sappy, disgusting green worms that crawl upon the apple trees. "They eat and eat and eat the green leaves, never taking trouble to change them into a decent flesh color or into any sort of blood or muscle; they just lay the wads of green around their soft fat bodies unassimilated. You can see what leaves they ate last." These lazy parasites of society counting it no part of their duty to do anything valuable for the community, eat and talk, travel and look, with no sufficient energy to maintain a definite, digesting personality. As you come upon them in society, you know what they ate and heard and saw last. The stamping of all such voluntary idleness in rich or poor as contemptible will be another characteristic of the world to come.

There will come also a more equitable distribution both of the products of joint effort and of the labor itself. Some men are working too much and others not enough. Under the pressure of selfish competition, two men are often doing the work of three and the third man is walking the streets begging for a place. The men who perform an inordinate amount of work, even if they are permitted to receive inordinate returns, become diseased and disturbing members of the body economic. Only the free, natural, proportionate, and productive exercise of every organ of that body where we are all members, and its security in the enjoyment of a fair return for that effort, will insure our economic health. When all the able-bodied are willing and are privileged to work, the task of sustaining earthly life in its strongest, fullest, richest expression will never prove a burden too serious to be borne.

There will come a natural limit in the reduction of hours of labor. Whether eight hours a day is that limit, or is too

high or too low, remains a question of economic science to be determined by experience. Reason and conscience must judge, rather than the force of commercial advantage. Those who engage only in severe manual labor will need more hours of leisure for mental and moral culture than those whose very avocations call the higher faculties into constant use. The more general introduction of the Saturday half-holiday will mightily advance the cause of Sabbath observance in that it will better allow the weary to use that day, which was pre-eminently "made for man," and for that part of the man which suffers neglect in the overcrowded six days, for the enrichment of their domestic, mental, and spiritual life. The larger opportunity of the summer vacation, sending the city people back into the country, thus permitting vital contact with that wholesome soil from which so many priceless gifts have sprung, should become the established order not only for merchants and professional men, but for those whose narrower outlook in daily toil makes the month asfield more imperative. With the advance of social and humane sentiment, it will be taken for granted that we are not here to make livings, but to make lives, and this nobler attainment will become feasible as the growing social spirit prompts us all to stand together in meeting the obligations it imposes.

This, I believe, is the meaning of John's dream where he saw the powerful ones bringing glory and honor into the busy, burdened life of an active city. The coming of a new spirit into the work-a-day world was to create the spiritual world which he pictured. The spiritual world, like the spiritual life, is not something separate and apart from the natural; it is rather the natural world itself informed, enriched, and glorified by the introduction of new purpose and life. In this new habit and feeling, the working people of every kind need not run aside now and then to gain the life of the spirit; they will through their ordinary vocations grow steadily and evenly in grace and in the higher, finer knowledge, thus bringing each his own appointed share of glory and honor into the total employment of the world to come.

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

Gladstone with other great men has declared that psychical phenomena are the most important subjects of study in the world, and we know that noble, good, and great men are devoting their time and energies to the discovery of the cause of these phenomena, which can no longer be sneered at or disregarded because ignorance, superstition, and even charlatany have heretofore been their votaries. We must admit that only valuable things are counterfeited, and there is no truer test of the great worth of anything than numerous counterfeits of it. No one has counterfeited a copper cent, but many have risked the prison to counterfeit the silver dime, half-dime, and paper money, to say nothing of gold coins. Nobody values the silver less because of the counterfeit, but really more and immediately sets to work to be able to detect the counterfeit however minute in detail it may have been made. There are men in jewelry stores and banks whose hands are so skilled that they can detect counterfeit coins by the weight, and there are receiving tellers in banks whose deft fingers can tell by the touch a doubtful piece of paper money.

Is it then to be the accepted fact that money is the most valuable thing a man can possess? True, it is most powerful on the natural plane, and by that very fact it is symbolic of the most valuable of all man's spiritual gifts and possessions. Gold represents the highest condition, the celestial good; silver, the spiritual good; and paper money, on account of its being the most convenient in daily business transactions on the natural plane, represents natural good.

There is deep spiritual significance in this natural good to man. If it behooves us to be wary and watchful of the counterfeit money and counterfeiters, shall we

not be much more so of the spiritual reality they typify, and as we prize the material good and guard against its adulteration, and value the genuine all the more because it pays to counterfeit it, shall we not value at the same ratio at least the genuine spiritual good because there are counterfeits and counterfeiters?

The Bible expressly forbids man to have to do with those having familiar spirits. Why need the Christian seek any mediator save Christ? If in answer to prayer he sends his reply by man let us receive the message with honor to the sender, not to the messenger, just as we do our telegrams. We care not for the messenger so the message is signed by one we love and trust, and the telegram bears all the indemnity against failure, fraud, etc., that the telegraph company guarantees us. If it is not just right they will repeat it. We know our telegraphic service is often faulty, because of ignorance or incompetency on the part of the operator, but we do not think of dispensing with its use. All such errors could occur through mediums without the power of detection except by experts in these phenomena.

Let us look the question honestly in the face, and be fearless. We know that God is a Spirit and demands that we worship him in spirit and in truth; if there was no spiritual part of us he would not make such command. Which is the more ennobling, to believe that we have a natural body and a spiritual body, the latter living after the death and decay of the former in its human form, or to believe that we are mere animals, with this difference only between us and the lower animals,—the power to deceive ourselves and to deceive others,—for no other animal ever lives and labors to deceive himself?

We have recited some experiences demonstrating mental telepathy. Now we give what we hope to have explained.

In January, 1897, I was in Wisconsin. I dreamed that our son Clifford had by some imprudence on his own part taken a severe cold and was dangerously ill, and I foresaw the fatal consequences. The matter caused me so much anxiety that I wrote his sister to warn him against any carelessness or imprudence. Presently I received a letter from him from which I extract the following:

January 30, 1897.

My Dear Mother—I understood from George that you had a dream that I was ill through carelessness. I am glad to state this is not the case.

Yours with much love,  
CLIFF.

The latter part of February he took cold by imprudence, from which pneumonia followed, and he died the seventh day of March.

The shock of his death came near killing me, and I was unable to go with his father when his body was taken to Ohio for burial. When they took the casket from the room, I cried to him, believing

he could hear me, "Oh, Cliff, Cliff, come back to mamma, come back and help me."

One morning that week, Thursday or Friday, I was combing my hair, and in the mirror I saw him as plainly as I ever saw him in my life, standing just back of my right shoulder. It was as though he had come in through the door and stepped there to surprise me and I seemed to hear him say distinctly:

"You wanted me to come back to you; here I am."

There was the pleased, boyish, playful expression that he always wore when he did anything to surprise one. He seemed to enjoy my surprise at seeing him.

Now, this was no hallucination; I know that I saw him as plainly as I saw my own face in the mirror. He was tall and could look over my shoulder, and stood there long enough for me to see and hear what he said, and each of us understood he had come to prove to me that he heard my voice when he went away and had returned in obedience to the call, and was pleased to show me that he could do so. Many times, but always since then in a partial dream state, I have seen him and talked to him, and found that he remembers and is still interested in our earth life.

## PREMONITION OF STEAMBOAT' DISASTER

In 1884 I was employed as a traveling man to do business in the central and southern portions of Alabama for a North Carolina firm. It was the 19th of November and I was at Autongaville on the Alabama River, between Montgomery and Selma. Autongaville is a small river town which I think was once the State capital. It was the dry season of the year for that part of the country, and the river was very low,—the large packets could not run above Selma so as to reach Montgomery, which is or was then the head of navigation, though several small packets were doing what they could to remove the cotton from the warehouses along the river. One small packet was called the "Captain Sam" and its master was Captain Sandy English, whose home was in Monroe County, about one hundred miles down the Alabama River. At

Autongaville I had made the acquaintance of one Mr. De Rose McNeil, as well as many other persons there whose names and faces are yet clear in my mind. Mr. McNeil was wearing crape about his hat, and during the day he told me about his father having recently insured his life in his favor for five thousand dollars, and that an old trusted family horse in a very short time ran away and killed him. He also told me that in turn he had insured his own life, which was bright and young, for five thousand dollars, in favor of his aunt, with whom he then lived. We were both to go to Selma on the 20th (the next day), and we were told that the "Captain Sam" came along about daylight, and that we could get aboard of her by getting up early, and go to Selma for one dollar and get our breakfast in. To this plan we each agreed before we sepa-

rated, myself going to my boarding place, which was with another Mr. McNeil, who was postmaster there at the time.

At the postmaster's home I went early to bed, and as usual went soundly to sleep. After midnight some time I was aroused, and, as it did then and yet does seem to me, became thoroughly awake; but in this, of course, I could be mistaken, for what happened is like a dream and is unlike what happens when our senses are all active. So the reader can decide as to this matter; I cannot. But there seemed to appear to me at the foot of the bed upon which I lay in a dim light an apparition, the presence of which I could never explain. However, this priestly-looking person in a brief but positive manner told me not to go on that boat to Selma,—that if I did so it would be disastrous. He also used the word "oblivion" in his admonition,—said, "beware!" and then seemed to walk through the wall from me to be seen or heard no more by me unto this day. One thing I do know, whether awake or asleep, I needed no one to arouse me in time to meet that boat at daylight, some three hundred yards away. I did not sleep another wink, but after he vanished I became quite frightened, even wrought up. Well, in the early gray dawn in that balmy air such as only the South has in November, I met my friends, Jim Durden and De Bose McNeil at the postoffice. When we heard the "Captain Sam" whistle or blow about four miles up the river I took De Bose McNeil to one side, and told him that I must be excused, that I could not go, that I had received a premonition and a warning not to go on that boat, and that I could not risk it, much as I should like to go. At this he laughed derisively, and a drummer took it up and helped him ridicule me for being

superstitious, etc. However, I hired an old negro by the name of Henry Thomas (who lives there now and is known by everybody), paying him two dollars and a half and ferriage both ways over the river to take me to White Hall, a railway station, through the first rain that had fallen since July, and I well remember that my fare was just one dollar from White Hall to Selma.

Without delay I reached Selma and finished my business by eleven o'clock in the morning. Then we heard that the boiler of the "Captain Sam" had exploded, and that several persons and the master and engineer were killed. We hastened some eight miles to the scene. We found there had been a catastrophe indeed. The banks of the river were steep; yet we found bales of cotton weighing five hundred pounds lodged two hundred feet from the edge of the water, and other signs of a fearful explosion. My friend De Bose McNeil was not dead, but both thighs were broken, also his spine; he died in one hour. Captain Sandy English and the engineer were both injured, but neither died, though Captain Sandy English's little daughter, twelve years old, was blown into the river, but her body has never been found. I heard they did, however, find her hat some time after.

Nothing by young McNeil or myself was said about the premonition and his last laugh. He was suffering greatly, but I feel sure that he thought of it, from what he did say and the interest which he took in my approach. Now, I have dared to call the names and places, which will be found correct by any investigator. Even the old negro, Henry Thomas, doubtless remembers the occasion. I understand he is there yet.

L. H. H.

## A CHILD'S IMPRESSION

My father was noted for placing his children in responsible positions at a very early age. When I was six or seven years old he put me to work harrowing with a large two-horse spike harrow in a field that lay facing the family dwelling and a blacksmith shop. My father and a young man were working in the shop, when my father placed me on the back of the near

horse to control the team in the harrowing. I was too young and feeble to have any control over the team in an emergency, and they ran away with me. I tried to get my feet on top of the horse I was riding in order to jump clear of the harrow, but I fell between the horses. I went down with a great fear that the harrow would tear me all to pieces.



Then, at once, it occurred to me that my Uncle William (who died before I was born and for whom I was named) was present and would take care of me. I was too young to have any ideas about guardian angels or anything of that nature.

The large spike harrow jumped clear over me without touching me, but the end of the doubletree (as we supposed), struck me on the forehead just at the edge of my hair and knocked me senseless. I lay as one dead.

My mother from the dwelling saw the horses run and called to my father and the young man in the shop. When I came to my senses my head was in mother's lap, father and the young man were rubbing my hands and feet to restore animation. The wound on my head was not dangerous, but I have borne the scar all my life.

I firmly believed at the time, as I have believed all my life and do now, that my Uncle William was present and saved my life.  
W. G. COFFIN.

## HOW MRS. LIVERMORE'S LIFE WAS SAVED

The following interesting extract from an interview with Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is taken from the Boston Post:

I was once hurrying home from a lecture tour, and was on the train near Canandaigua, New York. I was pressing my face against the window of the car, when suddenly I heard a voice as plainly as though some one had spoken to me:

"Jump back for your life!"

I leaped to my feet, and in one bound had reached the center of the middle aisle. I had hardly reached the spot when there was a terrific crash, and one side of the car was shattered. It seems the train had struck some empty cars that were backed on an open switch. I know now that some one in the land beyond had interested himself in me and had saved my life.

The most convincing proof of all was an actual talk I had with my husband some months after his death. I went to a medium in Somerville, and in a short time I was talking with my husband. I was perfectly

unknown to the medium, and the details of personal things my husband told me could not have been known to her. He also told me things about his present condition. He said he was there what an infant would be on earth. He also said that his mother would soon join him, and gave me details as to her illness that happened absolutely as he said.

This convinced me, and now I am a spiritulist. I do not call myself one, as I do not wish to be associated with the charlatany and odious characters, many of whom profess the doctrine. I abominate this class of people, who purport to be priestesses of the higher life and yet whose characters are vile and conduct worse. It seems as though when one professes this belief he or she immediately seems inspired with the desire for somebody's wife or husband. This class is the bane of spiritualism. In spite of it there is a great movement coming. The spiritist influence of St. Paul is working, and thousands of refined, educated people are spiritists at heart, but have not the courage to come out openly and say so.

## A LOVER'S VISION

Several years ago, I was paying my attentions to a very attractive and accomplished young woman with a view of ultimate wooing. The young woman in question was all my heart desired, and my attentions were apparently well received.

I was giving this matter very serious thought and wondered if my hopes would be realized, and a happy consummation of my own plans would result. I was, in other words, about to bring the matter to a focus, when one night I dreamed I was very thirsty and at once found myself in the vicinity of a spring to which other people went in perfect safety and procured clear, sparkling water. I too pro-

ceeded to go there and quench my thirst, but upon drawing near the spring the ground seemed to give way, and after much effort I finally did taste of the water. It was roily and, oh, so bitter. I will never forget that taste.

Interpretation is self-explanatory. The spring was the recipient of my attentions. I was thirsty, but she was not for me; others might drink of its waters with impunity, but for me it was bitter and dangerous ground.

Future events proved the correctness of this dream. Another fountain is supplying me with clear, sparkling water.

J. L. K.

# ORIGINAL FICTION

## A MODERN MINISTER\*

BY GEORGE SANDFORD EDDY

### PART III

Pauline had sufficiently recovered to permit of her being brought home. She was seated in her cozy sitting-room one evening in early December, six weeks after the accident in which she had received such severe injuries. Her mother was attending the weekly meeting of the sociology club, and Pauline was alone. The door-bell rang and the maid-of-all-work admitted Arthur Wellington.

Pauline greeted him with a frank smile of welcome. Since the accident when Arthur and Grant had probably saved her life the feeling of comradeship between Pauline and Arthur had deepened. Her whisper of Grant's name as Arthur was carrying her in his arms was spoken in semi-unconsciousness, and she had remembered neither that nor the tender words which had called it forth. But she remembered her emotion as Grant was brought in by Dr. Mack, and during the long period of recovery, as she lay in the narrow quarters at the farm-house, she had carefully reviewed her feelings toward Grant and acknowledged to herself with humiliation that her regard for him had grown beyond that of mere friendship. But she resembled Grant in her self-mastery and the subordination of feeling to judgment, and she resolutely set about the task of conquering and controlling this uninvited emotion. Unconsciously she had turned to Arthur for help in her task. She looked toward him as to a brother for comradeship in her seclusion and for strength in her struggle.

When Pauline had spoken Grant's name as Arthur was carrying her to the Reynolds house Arthur had at first thought that Pauline loved Grant; but her reserve in Grant's presence of late, and

her different attitude toward himself, had filled him with a new hope. More and more he had abandoned himself to the joy of loving her, and to-night as he took her welcoming hand there was a light in his eyes and a pressure in his hand clasp that caused Pauline to withdraw her hand and drop her gaze.

"Alone to-night, Pauline?" he said, interrogatively, glancing about the room.

It was on Grant's initiative that these three had begun calling each other by their given names. The closeness of their association in work and study, and Grant's romantic devotion to the service into which he was leading them, had made these three, together with Pauline's mother, a fraternal band where the formalities of address seemed out of place.

"Yes, mamma has gone to the club. How comes it that you are a deserter to-night?"

"I thought you would be alone, and I wanted to see you."

"Grant will miss you. He is going to bring up Christmas work for the mission this evening."

"I am afraid I would have been a 'wet blanket' there to-night," replied Arthur. "My thoughts are too disturbed to discuss mission work."

"What disturbs you?" she asked, with friendly concern in her voice.

"I have been called East on business matters connected with the firm. I may be gone several months, and I do not want to be away."

"I am sorry you are to be absent so long. We shall miss you very much."

"Shall you miss me, Pauline?" he said, tenderly, rising and bending over her.

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"Of course, I shall miss you, Arthur. We shall all miss you. You are one of the knights of our inner circle, our 'Table Round,' where absent ones are always missed."

She was trying to keep up the freedom of their conversation. She dreaded anything that would interrupt it.

"But I want you to miss me more than all the rest, Pauline. I cannot remain silent longer. I must tell you that I love you."

"Oh, Arthur, please don't," she said, pleadingly.

"But I must, Pauline. Before I go away I must tell you how much I love you. I have tried to keep it back," he went on, passionately; "I have tried to keep up the same old, frank, delightful friendship. But I cannot. You are more to me than friend can be. Am I nothing to you, Pauline?"

She had risen and was leaning on her crutches.

"Oh, Arthur, I am so sorry," she said, with tears in her voice. "You are much to me, Arthur; but not—not in the way you mean. You have been like a brother to me. I felt weak and lonely after the accident and you were so kind and strong! Oh, I fear I leaned on your friendship too much. I did not think of your feeling like this."

"Is there no hope, then, Pauline? No hope that you can learn to love me?" he pleaded.

"Please, Arthur, don't talk that way. We are friends. We cannot be more. But, oh, I hope we can always be that." She was pleading now.

"Tell me, Pauline, do you love another?" he asked, hopelessly. "You spoke Grant's name when you were recovering consciousness the day I carried you to the Reynolds house."

She flushed, then turned pale.

"I love and admire Grant," she said, "but not in the way you mean. He is great, and noble, and unselfish. He belongs to us all, but he is above us all. He lives only for others."

"I know Grant is infinitely better than I am," said Arthur, humbly. "I am selfish and he is not. You said once that selfishness was at the bottom of all sin. I

think you were right. There are times when I feel capable of any wickedness. I am not good enough for you."

"No, it isn't that, Arthur. Feeling capable of wickedness is not being wicked. Goodness and nobility consist in rising above wicked and selfish feelings. I know you do that. But love and marriage are not for me. With a woman marriage is generally everything or nothing. It is I who am too selfish and ambitious to make a good wife. But you will still be my friend, will you not, Arthur?"

She put out her hand appealingly. He took it and bowed his head in deep emotion. "I shall always be your friend, Pauline," he replied; "I shall surely always be your friend."

"Thank you, Arthur," she said, with deep feeling. "You must not speak to me again of love. You must overcome that kind of regard for me. It will spoil our friendship else."

"I shall not speak of anything you do not like, but I fear it is beyond my power to overcome my feelings. I am too human for that."

"Don't go yet," she said as he turned toward the door. "I want the old comradeship to come back before you leave. I will sing for you."

She moved to the piano and commenced singing softly and sweetly.

The winter at Milltown had been unusually severe, and the spring came late. Owing to the heavy fall of snow the spring break-up was awaited with much apprehension by the residents on the Bottoms and those interested in them. March passed with but little warm weather, and the snow had hardly started to melt before the April rains commenced falling. Then the water from the melting snow and the falling rain commenced pouring into the river before the ice went out, and the more cautious of the Bottom dwellers began moving their effects to higher grounds. But there are always some who, under such circumstances, gamble with fate to the last extremity. Spring floods had been the annual experience of many of the dwellers on the Bottoms, and they had come out of them all with only small loss and considerable discomfort by moving to the upper rooms of their homes

until the floods had passed. Among this class Grant and his assistants in providing temporary quarters for the fugitives labored in vain. They had passed through too many floods to be scared out by mere rumors of high water. In vain Grant went from house to house and urged upon them the facts of the unusual amount of snow above them and the suddenness of the spring break-up. They trusted to their experience rather than to his theory, and clung to their homes.

It had been raining continually for three days and the ice in the river was fast breaking up. The Bottoms were already covered with water and the lower floors of many of the small houses were inundated. Then one morning the water began to recede. The residents still on the Bottoms were already congratulating themselves on their easy escape and laughing at those who had fled at Grant's solicitation. Those who were closely watching the situation were at first mystified by the sudden fall of water. But word was soon brought that an ice gorge was forming at the Narrows above town. This explained the situation.

The water-power dam is at the lower end of the Narrows and the mills are situated on the terrace farther down stream, the water being conducted to them in chutes. The gorge was forming at the upper end of the Narrows. There was no way of escape for the waters above except through the channel between the dam and the gorge, and the longer the waters were held back the more destructive must they prove when they should finally break loose. On receipt of the news Arthur and a crew of men hastened to the Narrows, while Grant and Tom Jones, in long rubber boots, went splashing through the Bottoms warning the residents of their danger. If the gorge was not broken soon the volume of water collected and held back by it, when once the gorge did give way, would come down with sufficient force to sweep everything before it.

Arthur, on arriving at the Narrows, found the situation even more alarming than he had anticipated. The loose ice had caught on both sides of the stream and packed in until but a narrow channel was left between the two wings thus formed. This channel was growing

momentarily more narrow, and shortly after Arthur's arrival a large bunch of logs, loosened from the booms by the rising water, came tumbling down the swift current and was caught in the wedge-shaped channel. The situation now became extremely threatening. Men with pike poles in their hands rushed out on the ice and tried to pry loose the logs which formed the key of the gorge. But the men were soon driven back by the rising water and the accumulating materials. Huge cakes of ice, mingled with driftwood and loose logs, came sweeping down, only to be hurled back by the eddying currents above the now completed barrier. Then, pressed on by rising waters, the grinding, heaving, tumbling mass piled up against the gorge, adding to its height and strength every moment. The noise of the grinding ice and logs, the roar of the waters as they streamed through the crevices and poured over the top of the barrier, together with the appearance of the wildly tossing materials and the dark and angry waters gathering in ever-increasing volume above the dam, constituted a scene of awful menace. The men upon the banks turned pale as they realized what it must mean to the dwellers in the valley below. Arthur at once despatched men with instructions to warn all the residents in the valley between Milltown and the next village on the river below and have the news telegraphed on down the valley. Word was also sent to the lumber offices and mills to strengthen booms and secure loose lumber as much as possible. Then Arthur and a crew of men went back to town for dynamite, with which they hoped to be able to break the gorge.

Meanwhile Grant and Tom Jones had been helping the residents yet left in the Bottoms to move to higher grounds, and on the arrival of the messengers sent by Arthur they redoubled their efforts. It was slow and toilsome work. The water on the Bottoms was not deep enough for boats, but greatly hindered walking. Many of the residents were even yet reluctant to leave, and insisted on carrying all kinds of belongings with them. One of the strangest manifestations of human weakness is the helplessness and inactivity of the majority of men in the face of any

great impending danger. Orderly retreat or orderly resistance can only be secured by military training. With the masses there is first indifference, then a vague apprehension, then confusion and panic. And now Grant had a forcible illustration of this fact, for with danger hanging just above them many families refused to seek safety. The small police force of the town was called in, and the women and children of those still unwilling to desert their homes were taken by force to places of safety. All the afternoon and late into the night Grant waded about in the wet Bottoms superintending the work of removal, while Pauline and her mother managed the task of providing temporary shelter for those of the flood sufferers who had no friends to whom they could go. As darkness came on the work in the Bottoms became perilous. The boom of the exploding dynamite could be heard at intervals, and no one knew at what moment the mass of water held back by the gorge might come hurtling down the valley with death in its wake. Still Grant went from house to house pleading with the few men who still obstinately clung to their homes.

"Why will you stay?" he said to an Irishman. "When that gorge above gives way your house will be buried or carried away by the water."

"Thin Oi moight as well go under wid it," was the dogged reply. "Fur tin years Oive worrked and put ivry cint Oive saved into this home. Now if she goes down sthrame, begorra, Oi go along, to see where she lands. Oi let ye carry the woife and childer to hoigh ground, but bedad, ye'll have a tough job if yez thry to carry meself."

Against such obstinacy it was useless to argue, and the police force refused to exercise their authority beyond carrying women and children out of danger.

"If these men who have lived in the river half their lives want to take their chances, why, let them," said the mayor.

Tom Jones and a crew of men were left to watch developments and render what aid they could with boats when the time came, and Grant joined the forces at the gorge.

Here the men had worked all night, but at daybreak the jam was still unbroken.

Owing to the volume of water accumulated and the fact that the center of the gorge, where the logs formed the key of the barrier, was crowded into the Narrows, the dynamite charges could not be exploded where they would be most effective. Charge after charge was fired as far out as the most daring riverman would go, but the only effect was to tear out small holes in the obstructing mass of ice along the sides of the jam. This relieved the pressure and delayed the accumulation of the water somewhat, but the holes thus opened soon blocked up again and the gorge still grew and the volume of water held back increased.

So much water was collecting in the valley above that the higher levels of the city, and especially the mill property, would soon be endangered if the gorge was not broken.

James Wellington himself was on the scene, and recognizing the danger to his vast property interests below, offered a reward of one thousand dollars to any one who would explode a charge of dynamite under the center of the gorge where the bunch of logs formed the key of the dam. These logs were part of a boom that had come down stream and were fastened together with chains in such a way that they were very effective agents in holding back the ice and other loose materials.

Nobody volunteered for the perilous undertaking. Grant was down at the lower end of the Narrows examining with a field-glass the center of the gorge. He signaled for Arthur to come down.

"A boat could be rowed up the channel in front of that gorge, starting from here," Grant said as Arthur joined him. "It is comparatively clear of ice."

"Yes," said Arthur, "but how would you explode your dynamite when you had it placed there? There is no chance to lay a fuse to the shore, and for any one to be in that channel in front of that gorge when it goes out would mean sure death to him."

Jem Smith had been standing beside Grant during this conversation.

"If youse'll stretch a rope across over that gorge I can fire all the dynamite you're a mind to place under me," he said. "I kin walk a rope with the best of 'em."

"It can be done," cried Arthur, excitedly. A coil of rope was sent for. It was taken down to the mill-dam and one end carried across. The crews of men on both sides of the river were then instructed to carry it up and make both ends fast to trees on the bluffs above. In this way the rope was stretched from bluff to bluff, directly over the top of the gorge and some twenty feet above it, making comparatively easy footing for an expert rope-walker.

Arthur and Grant then took a heavy charge of dynamite in a skiff and rowed from the mill-dam up the channel to the center of the gorge. Arriving there Grant held the boat in position while Arthur carefully placed the dynamite among the logs which formed the key to the jam. This was not a difficult task, because there was no water flowing through at this point, the overflow being at the sides of the gorge. In the mean time Jem had thrown off his coat and shoes, and, with balancing pole in hand and a coil of fuse about his shoulders, was making his way to a point above the center of the gorge. He had performed to the plaudits of large audiences, but never had he experienced the elation which he now felt as the crowds on the banks watched his progress. He was about to become a hero, and something of the heroic spirit thrilled his soul. His opportunity had come and found him ready, and the occasion was making him almost great. Arrived at the point where Grant and Arthur anxiously awaited his coming Jem balanced himself gracefully while he lowered one end of the fuse to Arthur, who hastily but carefully connected it with the charge of dynamite while Grant held the boat in place. This done the two men in the boat swung quickly down stream and landed again at the mill-dam. In the mean time Jem had withdrawn to the end of his fuse and stood there, dramatically balanced, awaiting the time when Grant and Arthur should be out of danger. Never before had he needed such iron nerve as was now required in this perilous position. Under him the angry waters were surging against the obstructing barrier. To fall meant certain death. But joy, not fear, pos-

sessed his soul. Ever since, under Grant's guidance, he had started to lead a higher life he had endured the scorn of his former companions and, too often, the cold, averted glances of the new associates among whom he mingled. His former comrades called him a "softy" and a coward, his new acquaintances seemed to believe him a hypocrite. He now felt vaguely that his hour of vindication had come.

When Arthur and Grant had landed Jem waved his hand as a signal that he was about to fire the charge, and the few stragglers near the mill-dam hastily sought higher ground. When all was clear below Jem stooped and caught the rope with one hand and swung one leg over his frail support. He feared the shock of the explosion might cause him to lose his balance, if standing. Everything was done with the utmost deliberation. He was master of the situation. Holding to the rope with one leg and arm he lighted a match from a handful which he had brought with him. The wind blew it out. He calmly lighted another, and, shielding it with his hands, applied it to the fuse. This fuse was such as is commonly used for blasting, and consisted of a train of powder inside a casing. When ignited the fire runs along the inside of the casing, leaving the cover intact. For a few seconds Jem held his end of the fuse while the little spark of fire went on its mission. Then there was a sullen report that shook the earth, the great mass of ice and logs heaved slightly in the center, then sank as if the bottom had suddenly been pulled from under it. The sullen waters surged forward, and with a mighty roar the center of the gorge gave way and through the opening poured the mad waters so long held back. The center once gone, the pressure above carried everything before it, and a great wall of water went rushing down the Narrows, bearing on its crest the mingled mass of tumbling logs and grinding ice floes. As the wave struck the mill-dam it carried away the upper sections and rushed on into the valley below. A great shout went up from the crowds on either bank, and with one accord they joined in a mad race for the Bottoms below the dam.

*(To be continued.)*

# TWO HEARTS FOR ONE\*

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## CHAPTER IV.

The stranger offered to pay Mr. Morgan a liberal sum for himself and horse, but that generous host majestically refused.

"I hope," he said, "you would not object to me presenting Minnie with a

"No, Minnie, I am sure you would not, and I never thought of offering it to you, but" (he drew from his breast a little jewel case) "this little box contains a valuable bracelet, a family heirloom; my mother wore it, and her mother and grandmother before her. I had a little sister once, who died at about your age,



"THE CHILD THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK."

gift?" He looked at Minnie, whose eyes, swimming with tears at the thought of parting from her friend, now looked in amazement and indignation at him.

"Do you suppose I would have money from you?"

Her father laughed and winked at Mr. Van Horn, who answered mildly:

and I unclasped it from her cold arm at her request when she was dying. She bade me keep it and give it to the one I should meet and love next best to her. Little Minnie, I never thought of parting from it until I met you, but it is yours by the right to give it my little sister left me."

He drew forth a circle of glittering amethysts clasped by a heart of diamonds.

"Oh, no, no!" said Mrs. Morgan; "that is far too valuable. Not that. Give her some little thing to keep in memory of your love and kindness, but not that."

"It must be this or nothing. This is my most valuable earthly treasure, and is a fit emblem of my interest in and devotion to your little daughter. Come, Minnie, you can't refuse me this—let me clasp it on you."

She came forward in wondering delight,—not at the value of the gift, but as an emblem of his love,—and held out her arm. Such a little bony arm it was. And yet it was as strong as steel, for it was the form through which a great unseen spirit moved.

"Too big! But, see here, we lap it so and clasp it so, and you have a double bracelet. And now, Minnie, this shall be a talisman. No matter where I am, no matter what you would ever ask of me to do, raise this bracelet to my view, and I will do it. I would follow this bright circlet on your arm to the prison or the gallows. It has only to beckon me."

The child threw her arms about his neck with one wild passionate gesture, and nestled her curly head a moment on his shoulder, and then she raised it and kissed his cheek, not the handsome one, but the poor scarred one, three times, silently, solemnly, reverently, and turning went weeping from the room. Soon afterward he bade his host and hostess farewell with many expressions of gratitude and esteem.

Minnie cried herself to sleep, and when she woke the next morning she lay a long time admiring the bracelet on her arm, which she resolved never, never, never to take off, only to unclasp it as her arm grew larger.

Suddenly she was conscious of a stealthy presence beside her, and raising her head she saw Mammy approaching her, wringing her hands in mute agony.

"Why, what is the matter, Mammy?" the child cried.

"Why, Carter is going to sell Amy."

The slender arm with its glittering bracelet was thrown high up above her head in horror; suddenly, as though by a strange magic, her upturned eyes were riveted on the jewel,—her talisman.

"Sell Amy! How can he?" Then Mammy explained to Minnie that when Carter had sold her to Minnie's father, he reserved her infant child, and would never sell her during all these years; that Major Morgan had forbade her ever disclosing the fact to Minnie that he did not own Amy as well as herself, as he always believed Carter would eventually yield, and was holding Amy to get an exorbitant price on Minnie's account.

"No, no, he shall not, Mammy, I—I swear it!"

The negro's eye caught sight of the bracelet, and somehow it awoke in her soul a hope,—she knew not why, but it spoke peace to her wild, bleeding heart.

"Where did you get it, chile?" said the negress, drawing near.

"What?" said Amy.

"The beautiful bracelet."

"Oh! He gave it to me,—Mr. Van Horn."

Just then Amy came in. It seemed she had slipped out of the room after Minnie was asleep, a thing strictly forbidden, and therefore more necessary in her opinion to be done, and was on some of her nightly eavesdropping or foraging expeditions when her attention had been arrested by hearing her own name mentioned.

"What's massa talking to mistiss 'bout me foh?" she murmured, and she stooped low at the open door; they were in bed.

"Van Horn said Carter called to-day to see me, and left word it was about what we spoke of at Graham's. He wants to sell Amy, and asks more for her than I can or will pay."

She was so stricken with terror that she well-nigh screamed. She did not wait to hear her mistress' reply, but crawled to the outer door, which also stood open, for the night was warm, and went scudding away to her mother's cabin to carry the news.

Minnie was eager to know the determination of her parents in regard to the sale of Amy, but she feared to ask. A thought occurred to her during the next day, and she said:

"Pa, Mr. Carter was here yesterday to see you. Did Mr. Van Horn tell you?"

"Yes."

"What did he want, pa?"



"Oh, it was a matter of business. Little girls should not ask questions."

"I think if a little girl sees as bad a man as he is calling for her pa she ought to want to know what he wants."

"You think him a bad fellow?"

"Yes, I do. I will turn Hector" (the bull dog) "on him as sure as my name is Minnie Morgan if ever he steps into the yard when you are not home. I would have done it yesterday if Mr. Van Horn had not been with me."

"And you would get Hector killed. He always goes armed."

"It is well he does; but all the arms he may carry won't bring him to a peaceful death in bed. He will die with his boots on, pa."

"Oh, you naughty children! Don't go to prophesying such things. So you would set the dog on him?" he laughed.

"Yes, sir; I would."

"And for your pains see the poor dog killed?"

"I saw Hector throw a great ox to the ground at one spring," she said, looking straight into her father's eyes.

"Did you notice how he did it?" he asked, smiling at her indignant earnestness.

"Yes, sir. He just caught him here," putting her thumb and forefinger under her nose between the nostrils, "and jumped so, and down went the ox."

"Don't you know the ox threw himself?"

"May be he did; but the dog made him do it. Carter may kill himself some day; somebody or something may make him."

"Get along with you," he said, half seriously, half jestingly.

"Tell me what he wanted, pa," she persisted.

"No, I won't. You hate him badly enough now, and you wouldn't like him any better if I did tell you. You are a curious little woman who had better go off to school. But you must not wear that bracelet."

"But I will, pa."

"No, it is not suitable; you will lose it or have it stolen. There are many people in the world who would murder you for half its value. Go and take it off."

Minnie left the room, and presently returned with a white rag wrapped around her arm as though it was broken. Her father laughed.

"Gad, but she is a 'One-er!' Wish she was a boy. Don't see why the devil every young one that is of any account has to be a girl."

Minnie resumed her school at the old log-cabin school-house, and Amy took her book now and sat in the grapevine swing and "read," as she called it, or rode hickory horse (a sapling bent over that rose by its own elasticity and bent with her weight), singing her lessons to the tune of "Nellie Grey" or "Poor Old Ned." She often undertook to lecture Missy with solemn face about white folks' sins; Missy would coincide to a certain point outside of a wide circle drawn around her own home, but inside of that the mistress rose up and Amy recoiled before the flashing eye and flushed cheek of the child, who never yet had raised her hand to strike her; but Amy retreated always in good time, and put on her injured air or sang some doleful song that nearly made Missy mad.

## CHAPTER V.

Days passed and nothing more was heard of the sale of Amy. Minnie questioned her parents, but elicited no satisfactory response. Mammy walked the yard half the summer night, smoking her cob pipe and listening to the whip-poor-will's song.

New Year's Day was approaching too speedily for her sore heart. It had never bothered her before; her own had felt secure. It came and went again, and still nothing more was learned about the sale of Amy. The clouds of the great Civil War were gathering in the horizon; the mutterings of thunder rolled from the South. Some of the negro men gleaned an item here and there and discussed it in the cabins. There was to be war for the abolition of slavery. "Marse Lincoln was agwine to free the niggers." But underneath all this, deep in the faithful negro's heart, was a love for his master, a supreme reverence for his power, and a corresponding dislike for "de po' white trash as didn't hav' no niggers and

jest wanted to free 'em 'cause other white folks had." They saw in it only jealousy, bitter envy, and petty spite.

Troops for both armies were being gathered; in some counties of Missouri the better classes were Secessionists and the worst Unionists, and in other counties the

Missy's room, an' a-eatin' of her dinner in the kitchen." But Amy had now learned to read, and she shook her head solemnly at times and sang doleful songs, and believed in the glorious time when she would be free and get even with all the white folks.

Mr. Morgan was a firm believer in States' rights, and was prompt to answer the governor's call, raised a regiment to join the Rebel general; but was prevented by a severe spell of sickness from accompanying his regiment. When the Federals took possession of that portion of the State he was arrested, put under bond not to leave the county, and then subjected to all kinds of losses.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Morgan had lost heavily during the last year. The State militia and home guard appropriated his grain and horses, and being unable to leave the county to engage in any other business he was prevented from speculating in any line. His tobacco crop, however, was good and commanded an excellent price, although paid for in greenbacks which, as he expressed it, "were not worth a damn;" nevertheless they were legal tender. But the major, expecting all the while that some decisive battle would end the war and prove the independence of the Confederacy, was desirous of having just as small an amount of greenbacks on hand as possible;

consequently the amount which he received for his tobacco was used as quickly as possible to purchase gold, which transaction he perfected through a city broker who made frequent trips through the counties for this purpose, finding occasionally just such men as Major Morgan.



"DODGING BEHIND A TREE AS HER FATHER PAUSED TO LOOK AROUND."

reverse was the case. The State was nearly equally divided.

In the mean time Minnie became a pupil in the academy at the county seat. Amy was her servant, and spent her hours "keepin' Missy's cles' in order; a-mendin' an' darnin', an' sweepin' an' dustin'

Minnie watched her father count the gold into buckskin bags, and then go off to hide it, Mrs. Morgan accompanying him.

All at once a great desire to know the hiding place seized Minnie. She waited several minutes, watched from the window as her father walked carelessly along to the woods with his gun and his game bag, which contained the gold, slung on his shoulder, and Mrs. Morgan by his side. It was not unusual for them to go out; so far he was allowed to keep his shotgun, and the squirrels were plentiful.

Taking her hat and gloves she hurried away, keeping them in sight, but quite at a distance, dodging behind a tree here and there as her father paused to look around.

She could not have explained why she did such a thing. She felt it was mean and like Amy, but a hundred suggestions came to her excuse.

"Your parents might both die and you ought to know where this money is."

Well, she did know, and the knowledge haunted her. Whenever her father or mother looked at her she fancied they would know her thoughts and ask her why she had done so mean a thing.

Poor Minnie! How many temptations this brought her only she and God knows, and how many hours of sadness, how many tears. Whenever she wanted anything there was a whisper:

"Go, get some money and buy it."

A beautiful gold necklace and cross or a ring in the jeweler's window, when she paused to look in, made the voice so persistent that she stopped both her ears with her fingers and ran all the way to school, while Amy ran behind her wondering if Missy had the earache, and asked her when she paused.

"No, I have not."

"Your ma'll scold you dreadful, Missy, when she hears of yo' runnin' on the street jest like po' white trash. Ladies don't run on the street, Missy, no ways an' no how; no, not even if a mad bull is a-comin' at 'em with both horns," gasped Amy, whose breath was spent in the long chase.

"Hush up your mouth. I am not a lady."

"Laws, Missy, I'se gwine to tell your ma. Not a lady, when you've got a nigger at each elbow an' me at yer back all the time! Never you mind, Missy, I'se gwine to tell your ma, sho' as you's a livin' pusson. Since you're no lady—"

"I am a girl, a child, and you— You are a fool! Go off and let me alone."

And Amy, glad to get off and eat her stick of candy, left her alone to cry and think herself the wickedest girl on earth to be thinking of rings and of stealing money from her own father.

Minnie Morgan was excused from school on account of a severe headache. It was Friday, and her father came into town; and she and Amy went home with him, as was her custom, to remain until Monday.

## CHAPTER VII.

Saturday afternoon Minnie overheard a conversation between her father and mother concerning Amy and some of the other female servants, and then her own name.

"Why does not Mr. Carter sell some of his men if he is so much in need of money, and let us continue to keep Amy as we always have done,—we pay him well?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"He cannot sell the men. Every one believes now the men will be drafted into the army very soon. No one would buy a man."

"It would be dreadful to Mammy, and you will have a terrible time with Minnie. Indeed, I believe she would do something dreadful," returned Mrs. Morgan, in a tone of grief and anxiety.

"Well, I have done my best to buy the girl from Carter all these years, but he is inexorable; so I just think I will say nothing to Minnie about it, nor to any one, and let him take her quietly some time when Minnie is away, for I cannot pay more than I have offered him, which is double what any one else would pay."

There was no answer, and Minnie fancied her mother very sad and weeping in that silence. She had heard more than one conversation which led her to believe that the war had cost her father a large portion of his fortune, and if the slaves were freed more than half of all he pos-

sessed would be wiped out; but the starting tears were checked by the bold resolution that took possession of the child. Minnie's blood was the same as flowed in the veins of one great army general and one great navy commander, and neither had ever yet known defeat in battle. That blood rose now and went bounding through her veins. She set her teeth, compressed her lips, and clinched her little bony hands, and a great whirl of thoughts rushed through her brain. The first childish impulse had been to scream, then a dull, sickening feeling made her faint, but when the blood of the generals got the ascendancy she was calm, and resolved, and still; only the quivering nostrils showed that she breathed. At last she walked boldly into the room where her parents were, and stood near an open window which faced the road and said:

"Pa, I heard what you said to ma about—about—" (looking around to see if any one else was near) "letting Carter take Amy. Must you do it?"

"Yes, I must. That is the word,—must."

"Well, pa, I feel that it is next thing to giving me up, and I am just as much ashamed of it, and yet I know if you had to part with me I could not blame you for doing it; but—but, pa, grant me this, get Carter to put Amy on the block; put her up to the highest bidder, won't you, pa?"

Her face looked so pale, so wretched in its misery, those clasped hands were such slender, bony little things, that arm, still bound with its band of muslin to conceal the bracelet, told such a tale of love and trust and fidelity, and touched his heart so strangely, that he said:

"If that will make it easier for you, why, yes; but, d—n it, I don't want any crying about it, mind," he said, turning his face away to hide something that glistened strangely like tears in his own eyes.

"When, pa, when?"

"Why, I will get him to advertise the sale right away; let it be court week."

"Just two weeks. Thank you, pa." Minnie's head drooped until her chin touched her breast; she tried to look up, for Mammy was coming up the walk singing a pleasant song, but her head swam, she spread out both arms toward the ne-

gress, and fell forward in a dead faint. The blood gushed from a wound in her forehead, made by contact with the window sill, and when they raised her up her face was bathed in blood, and the long curls were soaked with the crimson stream.

The doctor was called, who said it would make an ugly scar, which might last to her grave, otherwise she was not seriously hurt; but she was faint and ill.

"Let her be kept quiet to keep the fever down. No talking, no excitement. Darken the room, close the blinds."

Late that night she raised up on her elbow and peered about the room.

"Ma," she said, in a loud whisper.

"Your ma's asleep," said Mammy, approaching her bed.

"Oh, Mammy, I am so glad."

"You slept good, honey."

"I haven't slept at all; I have been thinking, planning. Oh, Mammy, will you put my clothes on me and go with me a little way in the woods? But swear you won't follow me all the way! Will you let me blindfold you and lead you somewhere; promise not to take the blindfold off?"

"Why, de Lord bless us, the chile's out o' her head!" and she started to call her mistress.

"No, Mammy, I am well. No, no! I only want to save Amy. She is going to be sold."

The woman paused with wild eyes. Minnie swore her to secrecy, and then told her that she was going to see Mr. Van Horn and make him buy Amy.

"Laws, chile, that man's po' as a church mouse! His uncle in Kentucky thinks him an abolitionist and has cut him off without a cent. He hardly has enough to eat, and lives in an old cabin he built hisself; but nobody knows it, he's so proud."

"Who told you?"

"Why, he did, and he told me not to tell you."

Minnie was dumb for a moment.

"Well, that makes no difference about what I want you to do. I can save Amy if you mind me."

"Then God knows I'll mind you, chile, if I am hanged for it."

"Then go with me quick; but let me blind you first. I only want you to go that I may not feel afraid, for what I am going to do makes me feel so wicked that the devil might rise up out of the ground and take me down right into hell" (Mammy was responsible for this belief in

per, "for myself that I can't bear this awful misery of parting? I wish there never had been a slave in America, Mammy, I do, I do indeed."

All this while Mammy was nervously buttoning the child's clothing, half doubtful if she was not speaking in the delirium of fever; so much so that several times she felt her pulse and cheek.

The white bandage round her head was scarcely whiter than her face, as the child, trembling like a condemned culprit and holding to Mammy's hand, slipped out of the house into the bright moonlight and hurried away into the wood, leading the blindfolded negress as she ran along.

It was done, and Minnie lay panting and trembling in bed again, and Mammy knelt by her side, her face buried deep in the bed clothes.

"Does Mammy know what I have done? Did the blindfold slip, Mammy?"

"What, angel chile?"

"Don't call me that, Mammy. Don't! Did you slip the blindfold?"

"No."

"Do you know what I have done?"

"No, chile; only I know that God must be with us."

"Oh, Mammy, Mammy! if you only knew you might say that Satan took me there! But, Mammy, God knows why we do wrong things, don't he? We are forced to do wrong because others do wrong." No answer. "This war forces pa to let that man sell Amy because he is poorer now than before the war, and to save her I must do wrong."

"I sometimes think that all the good things in the world comes of the wrong," sobbed Mammy.

"How, Mammy?"



"SLIPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE INTO THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT."

the devil's ability to rise up out of the ground and get bad people, and children especially); "and I'm so nervous that every bush or tree will be a ghost, and a night bird's cry a warning angel's voice; but, Mammy, I am going to go. I will risk hell this once, and remember it is for you and Amy; or—or is it," she said in a whis-



"Why, it's wrong to have civil war and brother kill brother, but, chile, that's the way that freedom comes. It was wrong to crucify Christ, but that's brought us all salvation."

"Oh, Mammy, I don't believe that! I believe every curse and every wrong in the world has come from that murder on the cross."



"GREAT GOD! REDEEM IT WITH A THEFT."

"Chile! chile! I knows now that you're out o' your head sure enough. Say your prayers, chile, and sleep, or else let me call your ma."

"Oh, no, Mammy; if I were to look into my mother's eyes just now I would spoil it all. I would tell her the truth and all

would be lost. Just think, Amy must be saved with a lie, and a—" She trembled, drew the cover up over her face, and sobbed herself to sleep.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Van Horn sat in his hut alone. A lamp and some newspapers were upon the table beside him. It was near his bedtime, for he turned in usually quite early. He had always been subject to spells of gloom, during which his great misfortune weighed heavily upon him. At such times he withdrew from contact with his fellow-men and spent his time in solitude and meditation, and oftentimes in prayer; but poverty had come upon him now like a crushing blow, and he was solving the question of how to live, for he had become a subject of suspicion now to both political parties. The Rebels thought him a "black" Republican, and the Federals thought him too friendly with such men as Major Morgan, albeit he visited him only at rare intervals, only when he grew heart-sick for a sight of little Minnie, who had sprung up like a snow-drop in his frozen heart, peeping out through the frost and ice of his world-weary feelings.

His trained ear caught the sound of footsteps,—no, the tramp of hoofs, picking their way through the brush, and then a hurried whisper and a tap at the door.

"Minnie, child! What brings you here?" he gasped, as he opened the door; a thousand thoughts rushed through his brain.

She walked into the room, almost pushing him ahead of her. He noticed her bandaged forehead and begged her to tell him what had happened to her.

"Sit down," she said, "and I will tell you all."

He sat, and she told him in her own way, with unconscious, burning eloquence, her story. As an angel might speak of the faults of some saint, she touched upon her father's sin as she felt it to be in not giving his all to save Amy as he would have done to save her, and then when the tale was told she handed him the bag of gold, saying:

"Take it; go to the sale, bid against them all,—buy her."

He drew back in horror.

"But, child, I cannot; it would be a crime. Be patient a little while, and wait; the slaves will soon be free,—any day, any hour, the proclamation may be given to the world,—it is already written."

"Here—look at the talisman! I come to ask you to redeem your pledge, your oath, made to me a little child, who fills your dead sister's place."

"Great God! Redeem it with a theft!"

"To the gallows or the stake, you said."

"So I did! Amen."

"Here is the paper advertising the sale. You will be there?"

"Yes."

"Good-night, God bless you!" She put her arms about his neck and thanked him over and over again, while Mammy stood looking on with tears pouring down her cheeks.

"Is it so that you are poor?" she said, at last. "Won't you take this bracelet now and sell it?"



"BLACK DIAMOND WILL WEAR WITCHES' STIRRUPS IN HER MANE TO-MORROW MORNING."

"No! You don't know, I cannot tell you what it means. This girl must not fall into that bad man's hands. Oh, kill her first,—buy her or murder her, I pray." She was repeating wild words she had heard Mammy use, unconscious of their true meaning.

The sad words and her agony tore his heart; he bowed his head upon his hand, then raising it, white and stern, he said:

"Minnie, I cannot, child! I cannot! It would be a crime."

With sudden energy she sprung forward, dropped the bag of gold at his feet, and tearing the bandage from her arm, and raising it so the lamplight fell upon the glittering circlet, she said:

"No, no! I am quite rich,—not in worldly goods, but in content. I have my little Minnie's love, I have bought it with the price of all I prize,—my manhood and my honor. You must keep the bracelet always now."

"It has never left my arm. I wonder who will remember it when I die, for it must then return to you," she said, slowly, looking at it.

"God grant that may not be!"

He led her out and put her upon her horse, and Mammy got up behind, and he watched them as they picked their way through the brush to the main road, and then he paused and heard the mare break into a gallop.

"Black Diamond will wear witches stirrups in her mane to-morrow morning," he said, and turned back, not to enter the cabin, but to wander like an uneasy spirit from its grave, who could not go to heaven and would not return to hell,—while the gold, the price of a human being, a human soul, perhaps, lay where the child had thrown it.

There stalked beside him a grim monster, who whispered: "'Tis the nucleus of a fortune; sell the gold, speculate with it, make a fortune for her and thee. The slaves will soon be free, 'tis tempting Providence with doubt."

What devil had the broker kept with his gold that it walked beside the child and stalked by the man? Oh, what sor-

Minnie did not return to school. Winter set in with unusual severity, and the child seemed more delicate than usual. Her eyes grew bigger and brighter; her mouth appeared a trifle larger, the delicate nose still smaller, and, indeed, so thin was she that the whole bony structure of the little face was visibly outlined, and so perfect was it that she became more attractive to those who daily watched her etherealize, as it seemed. Her long bright auburn curls seemed to sap all the life force of her tiny body, for they grew more and more luxuriantly, and she had cropped off enough to fall in little ringlets over the angry scar upon her forehead, not like the thick, unsightly bang worn of later years, but a shower of airy, flossy curls, through



"THE WINTER'S SNOW FELL ON THE GRAVE OF GOLD."

row it had brought him! Deepest, darkest of it all was a cloud upon his little Minnie. Oh, he must save her from this sin! But how? "Behind me, Satan," he cried to his obnoxious guest and walked on.

Amy was sold and Mr. Morgan returned home to tell the news. His bid was too low; he was disappointed. In reply to his wife's question who had purchased her he had said, "Mr. Van Horn."

The next day Amy came with a note saying Mr. Van Horn had sent her as a present to Missy, and he was going away.

So the winter's snow fell upon the grave of gold.

which the forehead peeped and showed its intellectual outline.

She walked more slowly and lightly now, though her footfall had always been like a sparrow's tread; her voice was softer, and a timid, fairy-like air took possession of her. She would start and turn pale or pink at a sudden sound. She was annoyed rather than pleased at Amy's constant presence, and if her father stepped out of the door she watched with nervous dread the path he chose; but at last her heart was eased when she overheard him say to her mother, "We must never go, or scarcely look, in the direction of our hidden treasure. We know not whose eye is upon us, and we know the gold is safe."

(To be continued.)



# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## ARTISTIC HYGIENIC DRESS

We have affirmed that most people eat too much. It is equally true that most people wear too much clothing, and habit is allowed to determine the amount of clothing more than nature. The error begins in infancy; mothers who are over-anxious about their infants taking cold put on so many clothes night and day as to weaken the skin. From their very birth they are literally smothered with clothes. In the warm nursery we find children with several thicknesses, and they are weighted down at night with bed clothes, so that the average human being becomes habituated to clothing enough to be the only burden he is able to bear. Shutting in the animal heat relaxes the skin, paves the way for colds that are so injurious, and promotes diseases instead of preventing them. Select for yourself and children the warmest clothing of the very lightest weight. Wrapping up ice keeps in its cold; wrapping a hot iron keeps in its heat. If you are of a cold nature learn to breathe correctly, just as you fan the fire to increase the blaze. You cannot be scientifically warmed by piling on clothing. If you are delicate you would not think of doing heavy work, and yet there is no work, no drudgery so wearing, tiring, killing to man or woman as the carrying of heavy clothing. The hod carrier who climbs the ladder with his load of brick and mortar never does as hard a day's work as the woman who carries her heavy gowns. He is clothed suitably for his task, while she is weighted down, laced, and belted in the most unhealthful manner, dragging herself on in a suicidal effort to appear in a fashionable gown and perform her daily duties, whether it be calling, shopping,

receiving, or any other of the manifold duties of the average woman. First select with care material suitable for the purpose you desire, and then be brave enough to have it fashioned into a comfortable garment whether for house or street wear.

The art of picture drawing consists in skillful handling of straight lines and curves, and the same skill is effective in designing artistic garments.

The pupil in drawing is surprised to find how many beautiful and artistic figures are made with straight lines, and he is still further surprised to find them to be the very foundation of drawing, and that grace and beauty are produced by the curves.

Let the woman of taste who is seeking freedom from the slavery of fashionable dress but get a glimpse of light, and she will work her way out of her prison house. Do not be afraid to venture—lest you be forced to give up the beautiful. Retain the beautiful and the useful, but discard the fashion that is hurtful. The pretty, becoming yokes of soft white lace or chiffon may be used with fine effect with the modernized stola, which should be made short enough to show the flounce of the tunic or petticoat. The relief the delicate woman seeks from the corset and the heavy gown may be found in the graceful, soft folds of the stola; and her own taste will suggest where to drape or loop, where a bow of ribbon or a bit of lace will be most effective. We shall follow our suggestion given in the plain model with gowns to suit any occasion. Those who are suffering from the effects of popular "fashion plates" will become their own designers.



FIGURE 1.

Figure 1 shows what can be done with straight strips in fashioning a woman's gown. It is made thus plain to serve as a foundation for the few suggestions I would offer; for I take it a word to the wise is sufficient, and all I aim to do is to illustrate a suggestion.

Figures 2 and 3 represent a pretty house gown of precisely the same design. Not a curve, save the rounding of the long sleeve. The long ribbons in front may be adjusted so as to alter the appearance of the gown entirely, as you see, and to define a waist line in the back, or form a Watteau plait.

Figure 4 shows what can be done with straight lines and curves.

The front of the cloak is straight and plain. The back curved by gores that give sufficient fullness.

The cape is formed by one long strip of silk, lined with same or contrasting shade, with double box plait in center of back, also one double box plait on either shoulder, fastened down with bow of ribbon.

The front ends are turned just enough to form a yoke V-shaped, fastened with hook and eye and ornamented with bow of ribbon. The flaring collar exposes the throat, but in cold weather a storm collar of fur may be used, or boa of feathers.

This garment, made of silk, is invaluable to the

invalid for street or traveling, and is very becoming. For cold weather the bishop sleeve and waist may be wadded with woolen batting (never use cotton, as it is heavier and not so warm). Seek comfort without weight. For summer traveling, this garment may be made without lining, and forms an entire costume.

We shall not furnish patterns. Our aim is only to give suggestions of pretty, simple garments, becoming to almost any figure. Taste in trimming varies the entire appearance of the gown. Thus the great difficulty of designing is obviated. One pattern serves for street, house, and reception gown, and a slight modification makes a beautiful traveling cloak.

A bolero jacket, a bertha or fichu of lace, transforms the entire costume.

Read description in February number. Make your tunic of the length and width to suit occasion. The stola is always made twelve to fourteen inches shorter to show the flounce or other trimming on the tunic, and the waist line is made to suit the wearer's form with belt, girdle, or sash. But remember always the short waist is most comfortable and most healthful, for the long waist compresses the floating ribs and causes a soreness round the waist, where the body is soft and sensi-



FIGURE 2.



FIGURE 3.

tive. An invalid should never wear a long waist garment that fits snugly, and unless it does it is usually unbecoming.

Figure 5 represents a satin merveilleux, made by a fashionable gown maker, furnishing the material, price, seventy-nine dollars. Upon investigation, I find the material is retailed at two dollars a yard. Six yards is all that could possibly be used in the gown, or twelve dollars' worth of material. The lace, wholesale, as they bought it, would probably be one dollar a yard, or six dollars. Thus, you see, a clear profit for making the gown, to the house, was sixty-one dollars.

The cape is a simple one, of the same material, forty-five dollars, with a clear profit of thirty-five to thirty-eight dollars. Thus the costume you see, which is formed of the gown and the cape, cost one hundred and twenty-four dollars, twice and a half as much as the silk garment, which is more elegant and will give the wearer service for years. The other gowns can be made of the most elegant material and trimming at home for less than one-half, probably one-third of what would be charged outside.

This is estimating the cost at what I could have bought the material myself. Of course, at wholesale they bought it probably at one-half the price, in which case they have made a clear profit of

about sixty dollars on the gown.

The cloak is made of elegant silk, lined throughout with silk, at fifty dollars. The *merveilleux* is double width of silk. This shows the difference between a garment designed by the wearer and made under her directions, and the one ordered from the fashionable gown maker. The one would never go out of style for the purpose for which it is used. The other would not be fashionable more than one season, and the material is so frail that if the fashion did not change the material would be worthless.

Let it be understood that we leave it to the judgment of the wearer to select material suitable for the occasion and season, but would suggest that Figure 1 is the pattern from which all these garments are made. If the tunic is made of silk with flounce, the *stola* of cloth, *merveilleux*, or cashmere, it will be both suitable and becoming for street wear with a cape of same material as the *stola*, and lined with silk, a pretty and becoming color.

Elaborate trimming is out of place on these gowns for street wear; for home or evening gowns they may be adorned with the richest of lace and embroidering.

We repeat, the beauty of any garment consists in its suitability to the purpose for which it is



FIGURE 4.



FIGURE 5.

designed, the occasion on which it is worn, and the figure of the wearer.

For house gowns something cheerful and even bright, and for certain natures even gay colors may be chosen. Here, indeed, the tasteful woman may give full play to her genius, for clear days and cloudy days, rain, hail, or shine, a woman may adorn herself in the most cheerful and becoming gown at home. The negligence of the invalid may be a thing of beauty; indeed, an invalid should eschew somber colors,—not that she should wear those things that contrast too strongly with her physical condition, but the delicate face of the invalid may be beautiful in a pretty gown if there are no lines of fret or worry or irritation upon it. The daintiest of shades of pink, blue, rose, green, ivory, and white are more becoming to the delicate woman than the strong, rich colors that seem to throb with a life so strong as to mock the frail wearer.

Never wear black. There is no circumstance that should induce you to put on a black gown indoors.

Choose your material according to your purse always, if you would be able to wear your gowns over a light heart with a good conscience, which alone can give a sunny countenance.

# EDITORIALS

## THE LIFE, TEACHINGS, AND EXAMPLE OF A GREAT MAN

### I.

On the 26th of last December Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, who richly earned the title of a great and good man, passed into the larger life, after an earthly pilgrimage extending over a little more than eighty-five years, during the last sixty of which he had waged an uninterrupted battle against ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and slow-moving conservatism. He was ever opposed to all forms of physical violence, but in the intellectual arena few men gave or received harder blows. This combativeness, which I always regarded as extremely unfortunate, cost him many friends and served, I think, to drive away from him thousands of persons who might otherwise have been won over to the nobler truths and the larger vision for which he gave his life. This strenuous self-assertive note in his intellectual conflicts was doubtless due largely to the indifferent cynicism and unreasoning opposition which greeted him in early life, when he taught luminous and helpful truths touching education, human rights, freedom, and little dreamed of scientific truths; for all who intimately knew this philosopher, as it was my fortune to know him, knew that in his home, among his friends, in his class-room, and wherever he found persons who were willing to give an unprejudiced and candid ear to all sides of a question, he was the most gentle, considerate, loving, and sweet-spirited of men. Indeed, I have never known a teacher so patient and forbearing, so interested in the development and unfolding of his students, so anxious that they should become well rounded, and above all open-minded and tolerant; nor have I ever known a more disinterested, unselfish life of beautiful simplicity than was his. The posi-

tive ground taken and strenuous spirit evinced in debating a question or opposing what he believed to be a fallacy, which aroused such bitter antagonism, was so foreign to his nature that it can only be accounted for as arising from the indifference of conservative society and the resolute refusal of the so-called learned ones even to give an ear to truths which did not present the ear-marks of age. Through all his life he was an ardent admirer of the great Nazarene, and I have known few men who have striven more faithfully to live the life of Jesus than he; and perhaps he felt that in the great, serene, and gentle Teacher's withering denunciation of hypocrisy and the refusal to hear a new truth, no less than in his action in the temple when he overthrew the money-changers, he found warrant for his stand against those he regarded as moral cowards and unreasoning defenders of error and injustice. Most of us are slow to realize how much more is gained by not arousing the hostility of those from whom we differ than by the assumption of a self-assertive attitude.

From early youth he lived a simple life, and sought faithfully to carry out those fundamental demands of nature which go so far toward insuring good health. Had he failed in this there is little doubt that he would have early succumbed, owing to a naturally frail constitution; for I well remember on several occasions he told me how exceedingly delicate he was as a boy and youth. "When twenty-five," he said, "I was thin-chested and very delicate. Few of my friends imagined I could live many years. I determined, however, to do all in my power to overcome the natural weakness. I practiced walking with my head erect and chest thrown out until I



became as straight as a soldier. I regularly took deep breathing exercises in the open air. I avoided rich and unwholesome food and excesses in eating; and these soon brought about a wonderful change in my physical condition." The simple, regular habits of living were carried out, so far as possible, through his long and arduous career.

He ever evinced a passion for truth only exceeded by his love of humanity and his desire to see justice and brotherly love prevail. His whole life was a conflict against the violence of society and individuals; against war and capital punishment no less than the taking of law into one's hands by the citizen, and for the development of all that was finest, fairest, and most divine in the lives of young and old; for securing for woman the privileges of the largest possible life; for the securing of equal and exact justice for the humble as well as the most powerful members of society; and for increasing the happiness, strengthening the character, and developing the spiritual as well as the intellectual and physical life of man.

He believed in freedom as have few great men since the Revolutionary days. He was ever loyal to justice. He faced the morning, and demanded for every oppressed one the full and noble heritage which should, so far as society can grant it, be given to all the children of men. He was profoundly religious in thought and singularly free from dogmatism or the narrowing influence of creeds. He lived a simple, loving, self-sacrificing life, and passed to the other side with a serene confidence that he was entering the audience chamber of eternal progress, under conditions which would favor the development of all that was most divine in life.

## II.

Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, on December 11, 1814. His father was a cultured physician, who, in addition to the onerous requirements of his profession, found time to do considerable editorial and other kinds of literary work, ably discussing many practical and timely questions. He took a keen interest in his son's education, and gave him the benefit of that home training which is often the most

valuable part of the culture and the education of a child who is rightly brought up in a home of culture and refinement. In his early twenties, his school and home education being at an end, he began practicing medicine with an old and very successful practitioner, Dr. Rogers, of Louisville, Kentucky. He had previously studied under Dr. Rogers for some years, during which time he had come across the writings of Gall and Spurzheim. The principles of phrenology greatly interested him, although he felt that the remarkable work achieved by these eminent pioneers in the field was necessarily largely experimental. The more he studied the question the deeper became the conviction that the cause of medicine as well as that of education could be positively advanced by researches which might throw further light on the interesting subject and also reveal the relationship between the intellectual faculties, the emotional nature, and the physical body. Accordingly he began an exhaustive investigation of the subject, which during the next several years engaged much of his time and led to his examining and comparing over two thousand skulls and the dissection of a great number of brains. During these investigations he traveled to many remote points in the southern States, visiting a number of mounds for the purpose of examining and comparing the skulls which were often found in these old burying places.

In those days the medical profession relied on heroic treatment. Mineral medication, bleeding, and blistering were in high favor, but among the younger physicians there was a growing protest against a treatment which they regarded as barbarous and out of keeping with the age. The curative value of scores of American herbs had been established to the satisfaction of a number of these physicians, but their introduction was opposed by the conservative wing of the profession. This led to the foundation and establishment of the American or Eclectic School in medicine. The parent college, the Eclectic Medical Institute, was founded in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1864. Dr. Buchanan was called to the chairs of physiology and institutes of medicine. Five years later he was elected dean of this college, which position he held for five years. The college



rapidly grew to be an influential institution, and has been in successful operation for fifty-four years. Of this period of Dr. Buchanan's life W. P. Strickland, D. D., in the course of a delightful reminiscence sketch published in the Boston Transcript in 1884, observes:

It was more than thirty years ago, that I became acquainted with Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, at Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was Dean of the Eclectic Medical Institute, and editor of the Eclectic Medical Journal and Buchanan's Journal of Man. I had been honored by the position of president of the board of trustees of that flourishing college, which he so efficiently served and presided over.

No other member of the faculty did so much to extend its reputation, to liberalize its principles, to introduce woman into the medical profession, and to bring medical ethics into closer harmony with the divine principles of the Founder of Christianity. His useful enthusiasm was imparted to the students, but he had something more than enthusiasm and the dry facts of medical text-books; he was shaping the philosophy of a new medical system with a courage and enthusiasm equal to that of John Hunter, and was gifted with a degree of originality and self-reliance which led him into the profoundest investigation of the constitution of man. In every session of the college he gave not only the rationale of the American Eclectic system of practice, but special instruction in original researches, showing how much of truth and how much of error existed in the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim, Bell, Carpenter, and other physiologists, how incomplete was the physiology of the schools, and how vast a territory of unexplored science still remains unknown and almost unsuspected, as America was unknown and unthought of before Columbus.

In 1847 he published a brilliant and striking paper on the nationalization of land, which I republished in the *Arena* a few years since, and which amazed the disciples of Mr. Henry George, as the fundamental points therein put forth were in agreement with the theory so luminously amplified by Mr. George in his great books. Dr. Buchanan, however, held that taxation of land values should be brought about in a gradual way, so that the danger of economic shock might be averted during the change.

His *Journal of Man*, published in 1849-1855, proved a positive intellectual power in the Middle West. I remember while editing the *Arena* I received many letters from thoughtful men and women who re-

ferred to the character-forming influence of this magazine. The following extract from one of these letters fairly illustrates the tenor of a number of similar communications:

It must have been a quarter of a century since I had my thoughts turned into broader paths by the same noble teachings and inspiring sentiments which I now find in the *Arena*. I received this new inspiration from Buchanan's *Journal of Man*, then published in Cincinnati.

In 1856 Professor Buchanan resigned his position as Dean of the Eclectic Medical Institute, and also gave up his chairs in that institution, that he might devote his time to scientific research and educational progress. Through the influence and writings of such men as Robert Owen, Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmunds, Rev. Dr. Watson, and other foremost thinkers, Professor Buchanan became deeply interested in spiritualistic phenomena, which, after investigating with his accustomed thoroughness, he became profoundly convinced revealed much that could not be dismissed as the result of legerdemain or fraud; indeed he was forced to believe that under certain circumstances those we call dead may and do communicate with the living.

His exhaustive investigations in psychical phenomena, with the many perplexing phases, such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, and the seeming atmosphere which envelops individuals and objects, led him, as it also did the eminent New England geologist, Professor Denton, to conduct long series of experiments to determine something further of the last-mentioned phenomenon. The results were set forth by Professor Buchanan in his interesting and valuable volume on "Psychometry," and by Professor Denton in his "The Soul of Things." These investigators found that psychics or sensitives are enabled to describe individual characteristics, and also the conditions surrounding or emanating from objects, by simply touching the hand of an individual or holding the object. Even a lock of hair would enable the sensitive accurately to describe the individual and his condition in life. From a vast volume of evidence accumulated, both philosophers arrived at the conclusion that every individual and

all objects carried a distinct atmosphere with them which a sensitive might readily sense and describe.

Professor Buchanan's most important work dealing with health is "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," a large volume of about seven hundred pages, treating of the relationship of the soul, brain, and body, and how they act and react on each other. This work, though in the nature of the case necessarily experimental in character, is a luminous treatment of a fascinating subject; and the central facts therein advanced I believe will be recognized more and more as the years further broaden man's vision and liberalize thought. Certain it is that it has opened up a comparatively unexplored realm in experimental science.

In 1877 Professor Buchanan came East, and for four years was Dean of the United States Eclectic College, of New York City, after which he removed to Boston, where he lived until the early nineties, when he removed to California, stopping for some time at Kansas City, Missouri.

In 1875 he began writing his really great work, "The New Education," a volume which I regard as the most vital and complete statement and amplification of what education should consist of that has yet been printed. This volume twenty years ago came to me as a revelation, broadening my views and bringing with it an inspiring impulse which I have never experienced from any subsequent book, unless it be Victor Hugo's "William Shakespeare." It is my purpose to discuss his "New Education" fully in the course of one or two papers in early issues of *The Coming Age*, and therefore at the present time I shall leave it with a cursory notice. Professor Buchanan insists on developing the ethical and spiritual nature and arousing the moral enthusiasm of the child; and in some magnificent chapters he shows how this may be done. He is keenly alive to the influence of music and art over the plastic mind of youth, and also emphasizes the important fact that love and not fear must be the lever used in lifting the human soul. He shows how our faulty educational systems of the past have trained the intellect, but usually have neglected the physical man, by failing to give proper systematic exercise, which, accord-

ing to him, should be at least in part secured through manual training, which should make the boy or girl skilled in some mechanical or manual trade or calling, while the moral nature should be awakened by appeals to all the emotional well-springs that open Godward. The work abounds in illustrations. One chapter on the calling out of originality, or the development of genius, is especially brilliant, and taken as a whole it is a volume which no one could read without being made incalculably better and wiser for its perusal. Four editions of this work were sold. When, however, the author was ready to bring out the fifth edition, it was found that one-half of the plates had been stolen. On discovering this, he determined to revise and enlarge the work, but other subjects pressed for utterance, and "The New Education" was held in abeyance.

From 1880 until he left for California I knew this grand man very intimately, frequently attending his ever instructive lectures and enjoying social intercourse with him. To me he was ever an inspiration. His ideals and teachings were always noble, often far ahead of our time. In life he was extremely simple. I remember on one occasion he said: "Why, with conditions as they are in the world, if I should spend more than a thousand dollars a year in living, I should feel myself to be a criminal." He was ever ready and anxious to help poor boys and girls to acquire knowledge. His classes were made up largely of those who were too poor to pay any tuition, but were ever as welcome as those who paid for their instruction. A large proportion of every edition of his books was given to poor young men and women who were interested in the thought presented. While I was editing the *Arena*, he contributed a number of powerful papers on education and other subjects to that journal. One, entitled "The Cosmic Sphere of Woman," was by many leading thinkers regarded as the greatest discussion of the sphere and rights of woman ever presented in the compass of a magazine contribution. Another paper of great value discussed the duty and responsibility of the state to the citizens. In this paper he took a strong stand for the rights of every man and woman to de-

mand and receive work that should enable a self-respecting livelihood to be enjoyed. He showed that wisdom no less than justice dictated that the state should put forth all her powers to promote efforts to make all her children self-supporting and happy; and that that government which fostered the interests of all the people, so that the individual became a creator of wealth and received from it such remuneration and benefits as should enable the whole man to grow and happiness to come into the life, had nothing to fear. Freedom, justice, and opportunity to work,—these he held the state should guarantee to the least fortunate of her children. He pointed out that there were many persons, especially in the congested parts of our cities, who were willing to work, but who needed direction. He advocated the government engaging in extensive work for internal improvements; also utilizing large tracts of unused land for agricultural colonies and training schools, where under competent superintendence poor people could be instructed in farming and gardening, and made self-supporting. This he held would be wise and economical as a police measure, as it would result in an increase of self-supporting, self-reliant, and wealth-creating citizens, whereas today the same persons were facing pauperism, degradation, and crime.

In the latter years of his life I think Professor Buchanan sometimes failed to keep in mind the difficulties and perplexities which all persons who investigate psychic phenomena must expect to meet,—such, for example, as the likelihood of the psychic or sensitive catching the thought of those present or the thought that is dominant in the sphere of some individual or individuals, and the mistaking of it for something projected from the other world. This and other perplexing problems which investigators should always be prepared to meet, and which should make them very guarded in what they accept, I think Professor Buchanan sometimes failed to keep in mind, and this led him to the preparation and publication of an unfortunate paper some years ago, containing predictions which failed to be verified, and which was the source of great mortification to the author. After

removing to California he wrote a small work on "Periodicity," and two large volumes entitled "Primitive Christianity," containing what purport to be messages from the apostles concerning the life and teachings of the great Nazarene and his disciples, together with an account claiming to be a description of the subsequent corruption of the Christian Church. The astounding claims of the work naturally made many persons, notwithstanding its lofty teachings, regard it with suspicion, and many former friends failed to accord it the warm welcome he expected it to receive. This was a great disappointment, as he believed most implicitly in the verity of his communications, and it tended to embitter some of the closing years of his life. He was not, however, a man to be crushed by disappointments or defeats, and, though over eighty years of age, he set about bringing out "The New World of Science" and other volumes he had written embodying profound thoughts.

His last years were brightened and rendered happy by the constant and loving care of a devoted wife. In several letters written before his death he assured me that he should have died long before, had it not been for the ever faithful care and unwavering devotion of Mrs. Buchanan. A few weeks before his death her health gave way, and she was compelled to go to Denver for a little rest. Here it was the intention of her husband to join her in March; but on the morning after Christmas the grand old philosopher and seer awakened at six o'clock. To the friend who came to him to inquire what he would like for breakfast, he replied: "Anything that you will prepare." He seemed weary, however, and wanted to sleep. In a few minutes he had dropped into a peaceful slumber from which he never awakened.

His was a life of stress and strain, but through all he bore himself like a hero. His ideals were lofty, his thought was helpful and often profound. His life was pure, simple, and noble. He has passed onward and upward.

B. O. FLOWER.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY

## THE LIFE BEYOND.\*

With his beautiful book, "Life Beyond Death," Minot Judson Savage, D. D., has built a temple that must stand as long as human intellects can comprehend, human hearts feel, and human faith endure. He has dug deep down in human history, and has laid his foundation with the truths of the faiths of all ages and cemented them with the love and worship of all ages, and he has arched and glazed and beautified with each successive evolution of man, crowning the dome with the highest and purest, the nearest divine of all human faith, that "the Eternal Spirit has given and still gives unmistakable proof to comfort and cheer his mortal children that there is a life beyond death."

From the dedicatory letter to Philip Henry Savage, which is one of the most beautiful and touching tributes we have ever seen to mortal or spirit, to the closing lines, there is not one word one can afford to lose. He gathered his material with the eye of a connoisseur and built like a master workman. There is no ground for argument, he forces no opinions upon you, he states the facts as they have existed from the earliest history of man down to the present day. And he offers freely all that rich result of investigation and experience that has lifted him from the position of agnosticism to his present position, and has so marvelously softened and enriched his life.

He shows plainly why he has never been able to call himself a spiritualist,—“because, as that word is used popularly in the newspapers, it would utterly misrepresent me.” He says: “Spiritualism as organized has been its own worst enemy. There have been a large class among spiritualists who are so

credulous that, no matter what sort of a story you tell them, they will simply ask for a bigger one.” . . . “One of the worst enemies of spiritualism is the dishonest practitioner, the ‘fake medium.’” . . . “If there is any man on the face of this earth meaner, more utterly contemptible than any other man, it is he who will take money coined from the broken hearts, from the hopeless tears of those who long to know whether or no their dead are alive; and take it, not even for what they believe to be a genuine message from the other side, but simply for the sake of the money. When a person will do that, I do not believe there is anything on the face of the wide earth too mean for him to do.”

Having given these as some of the obstacles that have stood in the way of the progress of the movement called spiritualism, he then fairly gives much that is in its favor. Indeed, we cannot see that it would be possible for any one to be more fair and dispassionate than Dr. Savage, and certainly no book that we have seen masses the stupendous evidence in favor of life beyond death as his book, save and excepting the Christian Bible only, and where he elaborates St. Paul's words, “If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain,” his words seem conclusive.

In truth, Dr. Savage's book carries conviction with its every page. His deep and varied learning and his evident knowledge of the needs of the searchers after truth have enabled him to build for the future as well as present. His knowledge of the conditions of the lives of the people of all ages gained from close study of history, sacred and profane, enables him to throw a broad electric light upon every obscure corner that has hitherto been necessarily dark to the ordinary student of the Bible and of psychology.

\*“Life Beyond Death.” By Minot J. Savage. Cloth; pp. 329. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

There is nothing more difficult for the average mind than to imagine different conditions in other lives, or to grasp knowledge beyond its own limited experience in the progress of the human race, and the various changes even in the language as the conditions of the lives and habits and business of people changed.

I can remember when the words in Isaiah, "for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins," seemed unjust, and indeed contradictory to me, taken in connection with the first part of the same verse, until I learned that in those days, instead of a receipt given when a debt was paid as is now customary, the account was closed by the doubling over and sealing of the page of debit. In like manner, Dr. Savage has elucidated the whole pathway from the earliest history to the present.

Nothing is more comforting than his beautiful faith that shines from every page and warms your heart as it enlightens your mind. "If we could once get our heads free from the nonsense inherited from the old, discarded ideas of the past, such as the idea that the moment a man dies he is either a devil or an angel,—this is what we should expect. If I should die on the platform of my church, and come to consciousness in five minutes, I should expect to be neither more foolish nor more wise than I am now. Why should I be? And, if I should send you a message, why should it not be on the average of my present intelligence?"

Dr. Savage points out the great work that is being done by the Society for Psychical Research,—the very greatest that ever was, or is, or ever can be done by mortal men for their fellow-men, for its aim is to settle the question of "whether we are souls or merely bodies;" "to make it known to be God's truth that each man is a son of God and each woman a daughter of God;" "that the little time that we are spending here below is but a moment in our eternity;" "that we are making ourselves by our characters, and that the eternal future hangs, hinges, and turns on character, and truth, and right, and not on power and frippery and display of wealth, and do you not see the different kind of world that would be the result?"

For the sake of social order, of industrial satisfaction and peace, then, men need to be

taught no lies, mind you; they need to be taught that they are souls, and that how they live, what kind of lives they live, whether or no they cultivate mind and conscience and heart and become noble men and women, are things a great deal more important than the kind of houses they live in or the things that the Gentiles, in the words of Jesus, are accustomed to seek after.

Now, if it were possible to prove that beyond this life is another, that death is simply a gateway that lets us out into a larger and nobler existence; if we could just know that, would not it be worth while for the sake of the comfort and happiness it would bring to the great majority of men? I do not say it is possible yet to know it. If so, would it not be worth while?

I believe that we are to-day beginning to have manifestations of a new and higher, a more spiritual type of man. That ought to be precisely what we should be looking for. . . . The world is getting ripe for it. We are on the edge of it; and I believe with my whole soul that it will not be long before immortality will be as much discovered as America was discovered by Columbus.

Again we make another of those quotations that show the perfect harmony of this lofty religious belief.

Do these people inhabiting the other world have bodies? I think so; I do not know what powers of imagination may be possessed by other people; but what some people talk about as "pure spirit" means simply nothing at all to me. Is there anything unscientific or unreasonable in talking about the inhabitants of this other world as embodied? Nothing whatever, to a man who really understands what he is talking about. Scientists are perfectly familiar with states of matter so ethereal that they are not cognizant to any of our senses. Thus real though invisible bodies may exist.

He gives the grand climax, and it appears to me it should satisfy any one who is not determined not to be satisfied, when he says:

Now I wish to make very distinctly one point that appears to me to be of great importance. We may be able, clearly, scientifically, beyond any question, to establish the fact of another life beyond this, and yet we may never be able to know very much about it in detail until we get there.

I speak of this, and wish to speak of it with emphasis, because a thousand times the question is asked me, why, if anybody has ever reported from the other side, has he not told us all about it?

Will you note carefully with me one fact? All our knowledge here is limited of necessity by our past experience, the experience

of the race. If I were to attempt to describe to you any new thing or any new place, I could do it only by comparing it with something with which you are already familiar, and, just in so far as it was unlike anything with which you were familiar, just in so far it would be simply impossible for me to describe it to you so that you could have any intelligible idea of it.

When we come to the last moment of life, as we call it here, I believe that we shall find it not a horror, not a pain, but only a lovely sleep. Those who have the best right to an opinion on this subject will always tell you that in ten thousand cases there is rarely any consciousness of suffering in the fact of dying. Let us, then, put away from us that one fear. We may suffer a good deal during the rest of our lives. I do not believe we shall suffer in the process of passing from this world to the next.

Neither do I believe that there is going to be any marked or sudden change in us. Were I to die at this moment, I believe that, on my first coming to consciousness in the other life, I should be simply just myself. I see nothing whatever in the fact or process of dying that should make any marked change in us, any more than, as I have said, our going to sleep last night and waking up this morning has made another kind of being of us.

I think we have distorted all our ideas of the other life by our theological speculations, and by supposing that death is a line, the moment we have crossed which, our destiny is fixed, and we are either devils or angels forever. I do not believe that we change. We carry with us our personal consciousness, our memory of what we have been, and who have been our friends, and those most closely associated with us. If I could be persuaded that I was to enter another life, and at the same time was to forget all about this one, and who I have been while here, I would not wish its possession. It would mean absolutely nothing to me. I believe that I shall wake up from that sleep conscious of the past, conscious that I am I, and remembering and loving those who were dear to me here.

Neither do I believe, as some seem to, that the going out into that other world is into a strange and lonely country. When we came into this world we were expected. Our coming was prepared for, and we were welcomed into arms of love and tenderest care. I do not believe that the next step ahead in the universe is into something poorer than was the occasion of our coming here. So I believe that we shall find ourselves among friends, in a place that shall seem very much like home, with people who, as Robert Collyer has somewhere and at some time said, are "just folks like the rest of us," so that there will be no lonely or sad waking up for us when we reach that other country.

The entire book throbs with the very pulsation of a higher, nobler life,—life beyond death, of which he, I am sure, has no shadow of doubt, and his book will light the pathway of many a wanderer who has groped his way in darkness.

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.

#### "THINGS AS THEY ARE."\*

The closing years of the nineteenth century will be known in history as a prophetic age. Never was there a more open vision. Never were ethical truths more clearly seen. Never did ancient wrong seek more nervously to disguise his hideous form. But the garb of philanthropy, the attitude of pretended righteousness, the appeal to deeds of charity as an excuse for supporting a criminal system are all in vain, for the prophet is in the land. His voice is heard more and more from the platform, and even occasionally from the pulpit. His pen is writing the literature which will constitute the Bible of the future, for it is making record of "the despair, the hope, the joy, the moan" of the human race of our time, and

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ;  
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it.

Among these prophetic books of to-day none has a satire with a sharper sting than this one from the pen of Bolton Hall. The only danger is that the average reader will think it overdone. It is only from the standpoint of a prophet who judges rectitude by the plummet from the hand of the Eternal himself that it is not so. From the standpoint of the ordinary moralist the satire is a gross exaggeration, but a prophetic book must deal with the future, not necessarily foretell future events, but judge of righteousness by coming principles. From this standpoint the book is one of the very best of its class. It cannot be commended too highly to those who will read it in the right spirit. A million copies ought to be circulated.

The book contains an introduction by George D. Herron, written in his most incisive style; essays on a counsel of perfection, a search for contentment, our triplex nature, the law in ourselves, the world's pain, the deliverance from bondage, the land

\*"Things as They Are," by Bolton Hall, with an introduction by George D. Herron. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co. 1899. Price, \$1.25.

question, making for righteousness, the end of desire; and fifty fables which illustrate and sharply point the principles enunciated in the essays. Those who cannot receive the essays are asked by the author in his preface to read the parables, those who cannot receive the parables are asked to read the essays, before passing final judgment on their message. The intelligent reader who would not read the entire book would be a person of hopeless insensibility to a charming style, an entrancing theme, and a wit as keen, penetrating, bracing as anything which has flowed from the pen-point of a reformer-prophet of modern times.

There are passages in the essays which must not be pressed too far. This is true of all prophetic writing. The author's strong language should at times be taken to mean, a truth lies in this direction, do not follow it too exclusively, at the same time do not ignore it, or go too far in the opposite direction. Like poetry, prophecy has little use for the man who is always insisting on the logical consequence. The highest spiritual truth cannot be expressed in the syllogism or in the mathematical formula. He who would reduce those expressions of truth, which are induced by the loftiest vision, to hard and fast scientific systems, is sure to make a sorry spectacle of himself. The prophet is he who, following the gleam, expresses his delight often in ecstatic or exaggerated phrase, as he sees that gleam resting for a moment now here, now there. The reader of Mr. Hall's book should keep this thought in mind.

I notice in the Boston Evening Transcript, of November 8, 1899, a very careless criticism of "Things as They Are." The critic says: "Mr. Hall is an idealist; so much of an idealist, perhaps, that he knows very little of some real things. He says, for instance, that a savage cares for no one but himself; he will destroy the life of any one in order to enlarge his own. That is the farthest thing from the real truth that can be said."

Yes, and that is just what Mr. Hall does not say. The following are his exact words: "The savage, a mere brute, cares for no one but himself: he will destroy the life of any one in order to enlarge his own." That is, it is only while he is very savage, a mere brute, that he will do this. Soon he begins to have

care for his offspring, his wife, a little later for his tribe. The author is simply pointing out the order of the growth of affections and moral ideas from their feeble beginning to their perfection:

The Transcript adds a very interesting note about the author, which I herewith append:

Mr. Bolton Hall, by the way, is a New York lawyer of Irish birth and fine Dublin culture—a rich man and the protector, as an attorney, of many vested interests. He is also a single-taxer, and was a great friend of Henry George's. In somewhat the same manner as Confucius learned politeness of the impolite, I should say that Mr. Bolton Hall must have learned liberalism of the conservatives.

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

#### "THE GODHOOD OF MAN."\*

A new force has appeared in socialistic literature. Mr. Mikalowitch holds that the cause of present social inequalities is largely due to a false idea of God. He says: "Both church and state strive to sustain the mythological god idea of primitive races in a desperate effort to prevent the image of the Creator outgrowing their own stature. . . . No amelioration of the prevailing inequitable conditions will be possible, unless it be preceded by the overthrow of existing religious conceptions."

This is strong language, and some are not ready to grant its truth. Nevertheless, the author reasons with much force and in a manner to be worthy of a candid hearing. Though opposed to the prevailing god idea, he is not opposed to what he considers the true teachings of Jesus. He says: "We have ceased to believe in dogmatic theology, and should, therefore, no longer tolerate among us these prophets of a falsified Christianity, if we pretend to be free men and followers of the Nazarene."

The author places the date of his book in the year 9981, and represents himself and companion as visitors from Mars. To them the earth is the fabled wonderland of the half-men. The book consists of five chapters, as follows: "How the Spirit was Made

\*"The Godhood of Man," his religious, political, and economic development, and the sources of social inequality, by Nicolai Mikalowitch. Chicago, U. S. A. Published by the author. Pp. 150. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Flesh;" "How God was Made Flesh;" "How God was Made Into Gold;" "How Gold was Made God;" "How Man was Made God."

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

### "THE PRINCIPLES OF LIGHT AND COLOR."\*

In this work the doctor is very daring, gives what he deems the true philosophy of force as founded on nature, portrays the very form and working of atoms, and through the knowledge of atoms the real processes of chemical affinity, electricity, magnetism, heat, light, color, and the other fine forces. The work gives for the first time the chemistry and therapeutics of all colors, and the examples of healing presented under the heading of chromo-therapeutics are sometimes astonishing. It demonstrates also that there are higher grades of light and color than those which appeal to the outward eye, including the X-rays and those still finer.

The following has been translated from the French journal, *Le Lotus*:

This extraordinary work, by its character, its subject, its methods, and its conclusions, commends itself to the attention of all who are interested in science and philosophy. . . . It recalls the celebrated discourse in which Clausius has been able to deduce from the relationship of light and electricity the unity of force in the universe. "The Principles of Light" should then be for savants a key which permits them to penetrate to the very secrets of substance. It is, indeed, that which commends this book, compared with which the bold efforts of the savant Crookes seem but as brilliant first steps. Although, notwithstanding the evident care of the author to escape from all poetic development, it always captivates by the majesty of this grand subject, in which not a feature is neglected in its vigorous conciseness. He does not act here upon a system purely hypothetical, constructed a priori. Mr. Babbitt, a savant well known, tells us he has spent years in his researches upon the form and constitution of atoms. Those which he attributes to them seem at first to be but an ingenious hypothesis, but its justification comes almost immediately from the explanations that are furnished of molecular mechanics, then hundreds of scientific facts, some well known, others neglected up to this point, complete the confirmation. . . . The book commences by explaining these great principles of nature to ultimate in transcendent theories.

\*"Principles of Light and Color," by Edwin D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D. Published at the College of Fine Forces, Los Angeles, California.

We give all our gratitude to Mr. Babbitt for having consecrated with so much success his high science, in explaining to us this grand mystery of the sphynx, this constitution of man animal in the image of God, who outdoes the genius of even a Pascal, in so far as that does not reveal the sublime harmonies taught in this book, and we greatly desire that a French translation may soon spread before us these amazing principles of light and color.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Light that is in Thee," by Harriet B. Bradbury. Cloth. Pp. 86. Price, 75 cents. New York, Alliance Publishing Co.  
 "Voices of Earth and Heaven," by Harriet B. Bradbury. Decorated paper. Price, 10 cents. New York, Alliance Publishing Co.  
 "The Light-Bearer of Liberty," by J. W. Scholl. Cloth, stamped in silver. Pp. 148. Boston, Eastman Publishing Co.

"Re-Incarnation in the New Testament," by James M. Pryse. Cloth. Pp. 92. Price, 50 cents. New York, Elliott B. Page & Co.

"Every Living Creature," by Ralph Waldo Trine. Cloth. Pp. 40. Price, 35 cents. New York, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

"Automatic or Spirit Writing," by Sara A. Underwood. Cloth. Pp. 352. Price, \$1.50. Chicago, Thomas G. Newman.

"Heliocentric Astrology and Solar Mentality," by Yarmo Vedra. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 266. Price, \$1.50. Philadelphia, David McKay.

"Forget-Me-Nots," poems by Gena Fairfield Grant. Cloth. Pp. 83. Price, \$1.00. Rockland, Me., Gena Fairfield Grant.

"Numa's Vision," an allegory by Nicolai Mikalowitch. Paper. Pp. 173. Price, 50 cents. Chicago, Nicholas Michels.

"Behind the Veil." Decorated cloth. Pp. 107. Price, 75 cents. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"The Story of Teddy," a story for children. by Helen Van Anderson. Cloth. Price, 50 cents. For sale by all leading book-sellers.

"Better-World Philosophy, a Sociological Synthesis," by J. Howard Moore. Cloth. Pp. 275. Price, \$1.00. Chicago, Ward Waugh Co.

"Force Massing Methods," by Ernest Loomis. Cloth. Pp. 158. Price, \$1.25. Chicago, Ernest Loomis & Co.

"The Future of the American Negro," by Booker T. Washington. Cloth. Pp. 244. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co.

"Things as They Are," by Bolton Hall. Cloth. Pp. 233. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co.

"The Larger Faith," by James W. Coulter. Cloth. Pp. 279. Price, \$1.00. Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co.

"Jess; Bits of Wayside Gospel," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Cloth. Pp. 312. New York, Macmillan Co.



# OUR MONTHLY CHAT

## SOME FEATURES IN THE PRESENT ISSUE.

Our conversation this month contains many very interesting and little known facts about the life of Charlotte Cushman, by Rev. J. Henry Wiggin. In an early number of *The Coming Age* Mr. Wiggin will contribute another conversation on "Notable Dramatic Performances in Boston Since 1850." Our conversations next month will be on "Sculpture and Architecture in America," by William Ordway Partridge, preceded by a handsomely illustrated sketch of Mr. Partridge's recent work; and on "The Higher Education," by Professor Thomas Elmer Will, A. M. Among the essays of special interest in this number I wish to mention the valuable contribution by Professor Newell, on "Some Psychological Aspects of Experimental Science;" "The Relation of Religious Classes to Social Regeneration," by Rev. Gustavus Tuckerman; the second paper on "Applied Psychology, or Hypno-Suggestive Therapeutics," by Dr. Henrik G. Petersen; "James Mason Hoplin," by Wm. Ordway Partridge; "The Poems of Emerson," by Charles Malloy; "The Employments of the World to Come," by Rev. Charles R. Brown, being the second paper by Dr. Brown. These two contributions are extremely interesting and suggestive. "Race and Religion in Swiss Referendum Voting," by Eltweed Pomeroy, President of the National Direct Legislation League, is also a paper of special interest and value. I also wish to call attention to Mrs. Reifsnider's paper on "Dress," which was begun in our last month's issue, and is continued in this number. I also wish specially to mention Dr. Bisbee's study of Rev. Dr. Thomas's delightful volume, "The Kinship of Souls." It is our purpose to make our book studies very important features of our magazine during the present year.

## IMPORTANT ECONOMICAL PAPERS.

I desire to call the special attention of our readers to the exceedingly valuable papers by Eltweed Pomeroy, President of the Direct Legislation League, which appears in this issue. The author has given us some interesting facts and logical discussions, which have never, so far as I am aware, been presented before. The unifying influence of direct legislation is not the least of the beneficial results which have followed, in a marked degree, the introduction of the initiative and referendum in Switzerland. This paper is the first of a series of important economic contributions which will be features of *The Coming Age* from month to month. During the present year it will be followed by one of the most admirable discussions I have ever read of government control of railways, by Justice Walter Clarke, LL. D., of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina. Other very thoughtful papers which will appear in early issues are: "Poverty and Social Decay," by Mr. A. M. Colwick; "Prison and Reformation of Prisoners," by Rev. Arthur S. Burrows; "The Wolf at the Door," by Leigh H. Irvine; "A Study of the Labor Question," by Rev. E. R. Dille, D. D.; "The Initiative and Referendum," by James Hoffman Batten; "After Fifty Years," by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider. I think many readers will be amazed at the facts presented in Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider's thoughtful paper, dealing with great men and their achievements after they had reached their fiftieth year. There is a popular idea that a man is old when he reaches fifty, though as a matter of fact, if his life has been reasonably normal, it is the time when he should be ready to begin his greatest and most mature labors. This paper is timely, and will go far toward correcting a popular but erroneous idea, that people are growing old when life should be at its

meridian glory, if there is much truth in the old biblical observation that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

#### SCIENTIFIC AND PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

In *The Coming Age* last month we published a remarkably brilliant essay on "The Ideal Philosophy of Leibnitz," by Professor E. M. Chesley. This paper belongs to a series of philosophical and scientific discussions which will, we believe, be of great value to all thoughtful Americans who peruse them. This month the series is continued by Professor Lyman C. Newell, Ph.D., Principal of the State Normal School, Lowell, Massachusetts, in which he discusses "Some Psychological Aspects of Experimental Science." This contribution will be followed by "Nature's Perennial Youth," by Professor Daniel Batchellor, of Philadelphia, and the "New Philosophy," by Professor J. R. Mosley, Ph.D., of Mercer College, Macon, Georgia; "Human Evolution," by E. A. Norris; "The Relation of the Brain to the Body," by J. C. Fowler; also "The Work of the Minority," by Professor John Uri Lloyd.

#### ART PAPERS IN THE COMING AGE.

In our April number a leading feature will be a conversation by William Ordway Partridge on "Sculpture and Architecture in the New World, and the Relation of Manhood to Great Art." It will be accompanied by a study of the recent art work of Mr. Partridge, which will be profusely illustrated by finely executed photogravures.

#### EDUCATIONAL PAPERS IN EARLY ISSUES.

Among the papers of more than ordinary interest which will be features of *The Coming Age*, I would mention "The Citizen's Interest in the Kindergarten," by Dr. Smith Baker; "Humane Education," by Amanda M. Hale; "The Music of the Speaking Voice," by Emma Griffith Lumm; "The Key-note as a Basis of Musical Therapeutics," by Henry W. Stratton; "The New Education," a study of the late Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan's great work on that subject, and "Reading for Average Readers," by Professor W. W. Stetson.

#### COMPARATIVE RELIGION IN THE COMING AGE.

This month we publish a very notable contribution entitled "The Relation of Religious Classes to Social Regeneration," by the Rev. Gustavus Tuckerman, D. D. A very prominent bishop of the Episcopal Church in the East, to whom this paper was submitted in manuscript, expressed his hearty approval of the same and declared that he wished it could be placed in the hands of every clergyman in his denomination. We have a number of very important religious papers which will appear in early numbers of this review, among which are a notable series of four contributions on the Hebrew philosophers, by the eminent and scholarly Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University; they are entitled: "The Philosopher as a Poet: Job;" "The Philosopher as a Critic: Ecclesiastes;" "The Philosopher as an Allegorist: Philo;" "The Philosopher as a Mystic: John;" and also "Japanese Buddhism," by Keijiro Nakamura; "India—Past and Present," by T. P. Pandrian, of Madras, India; "Count Tolstoi and the New Quakerism," by Professor James T. Bixby; "The Next Step," by Rev. J. W. Winkley; "The Spiritual Influences of India on the West," by Swami Abhedanda; "Religious Customs and Government of Syria," by Shehadi Abd-Allah Shehadi, A. B.

#### DRAMATIC PAPERS IN THE COMING AGE.

In *The Coming Age* this month we present an interesting conversation dealing with many little known facts relating to the life of Charlotte Cushman, by the Rev. James Henry Wiggln. Mr. Wiggln is to contribute another conversation on "Notable Dramatic Performances in Boston Since 1850;" the popular actor, Joseph Haworth, on "The Classic Drama in America, and Great Actors of that School With Whom I Have Played;" Edmund D. Lyons, "Reminiscences of Twenty-five Years of Comedy and Character Work in England and America." The Rev. Watson Weed will contribute "Macbeth: a Religious Poem," a remarkable study of the Shakspearian drama. These are only a few of the dramatic features which will appear from month to month, in early numbers of our magazine. Many of these articles will be illustrated.

### THE LYCEUM PLATFORM.

A conversation, "The Lyceum Platform in America," an extremely interesting conversation, will appear in an early number of The Coming Age given our readers by the talented lecturer, Dr. James Hedley, whose paper on "How Shall the Church Triumph?" called forth so much favorable comment when it appeared in The Coming Age last summer. Dr. Hedley is one of the most popular and successful lecturers in America, and in this paper he will discuss the educational value of the Lyceum Platform, and also the great platform orators of the past twenty years.

The conversation will be illustrated with twelve or more photographs of the leading and most popular orators and speakers of the last decades of our century.

### A PROPHET'S REWARD.

In Galilee and Judea, about two thousand years ago, the great Nazarene and his disciples constantly offended conventional religionists by their utterances in behalf of a truer, purer, nobler, and juster condition and a higher ideal of life. The synagogues were frequently closed against the early Christians, and not unfrequently they were violently cast out of these so-called houses of God; but the treatment of Jesus and his apostles was by no means exceptional. Before them the prophets and sages were stoned or ostracized, and since then the long list of martyrs attests to the presence of the unfortunate spirit which assumes infallibility, and which will not hear that which is not in accordance with its preconceived ideas. A recent example of this unfortunate spirit of intolerance and narrow bigotry occurred on the 20th of January, in Sing Sing, when the talented and noble-minded friend of humanity, Bolton Hall, was forcibly ejected from the pulpit of the Highland Avenue Methodist Church by the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, under whose auspices he had appeared, because in the course of his address he chanced to dwell at length on the fundamental justice of the theory that the land was intended by the Creator for all his children instead of for a favored few. The following telegram, which appeared in the Boston papers on January 21st, explains itself:

Sing Sing, Jan. 21.—While making an address this afternoon in the Highland Avenue Methodist Church, Bolton Hall, of New York,

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on my shoes,  
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and Mamma  
on theirs—  
'cause it's  
the BEST.

In sending for Sample  
mention THE COMING  
AGE.



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social reformer and son of the late Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, was commanded to stop and was forcibly pushed from the pulpit to his seat.

The interrupter was Secretary Israel, of the Y. M. C. A., under whose auspices the meeting was held, and his action seemed to meet with the approval of the congregation that crowded the church.

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*Yours sincerely*  
*Henri R. Petersen*

# THE COMING AGE

VOL. III

APRIL, 1900

No. 4



## A SCULPTOR, POET, AND NOVELIST WITH TWENTIETH-CENTURY IDEALS

BY B. O. FLOWER

Many times, when viewing paintings or sculpture, or after reading some exquisitely composed piece of literature, I have felt the lack of something whose presence would give a sense of satisfaction to the mind. Here in each instance was almost perfection in technique. The rules, laws, and canons of art and literature, so far as technical instruction went, had been conscientiously observed; and yet the work was as the human eye after the light that burns in the brain has vanished. Mechanically considered, there was little left to be desired, but I could not help feeling that behind the careful intellectualism everywhere present, and the faithful adherence to precept and rule of the masters, there was no great soul, no living spiritual force such as gives feeling, warmth, and life to all the best work of man.

On the other hand, who of us has not at times, after reading some book which perhaps was in more than one respect faulty in regard to composition, felt the presence of a moral enthusiasm which thrilled the very fiber of our being, stir-

ring the ethical, mental, and emotional well-springs of life as the sun in spring-time stirs the soul of plant and flower, so long imbedded in ice and snow? And who among us, when viewing some great painting or some noble work in marble, has not felt that strange exaltation which is akin to spiritual ecstasy, and known in his heart that a great manhood stood behind the pen, the brush, or the chisel? Our age, it seems to me, differs from preceding ages in that it is more analytical, scientific, and critical. Behind the greatest work of the past there has always stood great manhood as a vitalizing element, but it has remained for our age to recognize this supreme demand which characterizes work of the first order, and all work which elevates civilization and permanently blesses humanity. The value of this recognition cannot be overestimated, because it will necessarily sooner or later lead to that ethical training which is the forerunner of proper spiritual development. The highest side of man's life has been strangely neglected in the training of the past; but when it once comes under the lumi-



Copyrighted by W. O. Partridge.  
REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

nous influence of a broad, comprehensive, and enlightened educational process, that shall begin with the kindergarten, we shall find in a surprisingly short time a changed humanity. Indeed, this education holds as does nothing else the redemptive potency for the race, and with its inauguration will be manifested a new enthusiasm in all departments of life, such as fractions of the race have caught glimpses of in luminous moments as through the ages man has striven onward and upward through the night toward the dawn.

This new consciousness that all great work and all beneficent effort demand the development of manhood and the awakening of the higher emotional impulses of the individual is apparent on every side, but perhaps nowhere more so than among our artists and educators in the new world.

On many occasions this fact has impressed itself on my mind, but perhaps never more vividly than recently when, on a beautiful morning, I visited the studio

of Mr. Partridge, in the city of New York. He is one of those fine, sensitive natures who seem ill fitted for the hard and prosaic conditions of our age, and were it not for the presence of high and positive spiritual ideals, welded to the artistic imagination—a union which often serves to buoy up its possessor and carry him above the stress and strain of modern existence—he would probably have passed through life achieving little, as have so many of the most delicately fashioned natures of the ages,—the Hamlet type of man, who, as Hugo expresses it, ever impresses you as “one speaking from beyond the stream.” In Mr. Partridge we find the earnest sincerity of the prophet nature with the idealism of the poet and the imagination of the artist. Behind all his creations, whether in marble, verse, or prose composition, we see the man with the positive ideal.

At the present time he is engaged in creating a series of heads of the great nineteenth-century poets, his latest creations being those of Tennyson, Shelley, and Byron. The Tennyson head is remarkably fine, carrying with it all the strength, individuality, and poetic feeling of the late poet laureate. Mr. Partridge excels in the lifelikeness of his portraitures, and “Tennyson” is no exception.

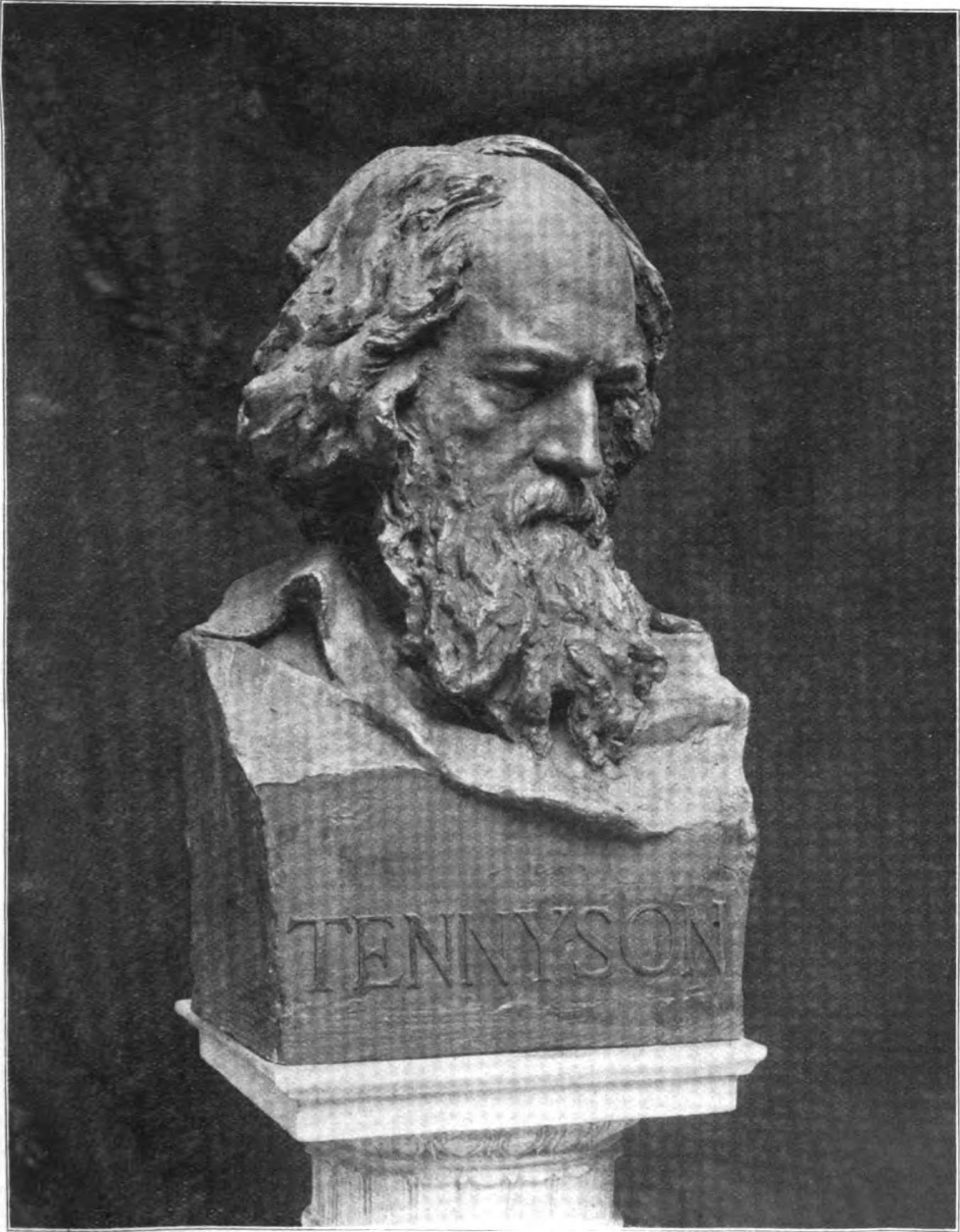


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BAS-RELIEF OF SIR HENRY IRVING.



Indeed, one almost expects to see the light of the soul gleam from the windows of the mind, and I felt as never before, while

nation of the young from self-centered war-gods to the prophet-poets and inspirers of the higher and finer sentiments of



THE LATE ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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studying this splendid creation, the force and meaning of the new ideals of progress which seek to transfer the inagi-

our being,—which seek to turn the mental gaze of the child from the Alexanders and Napoleons, of whom we have had such

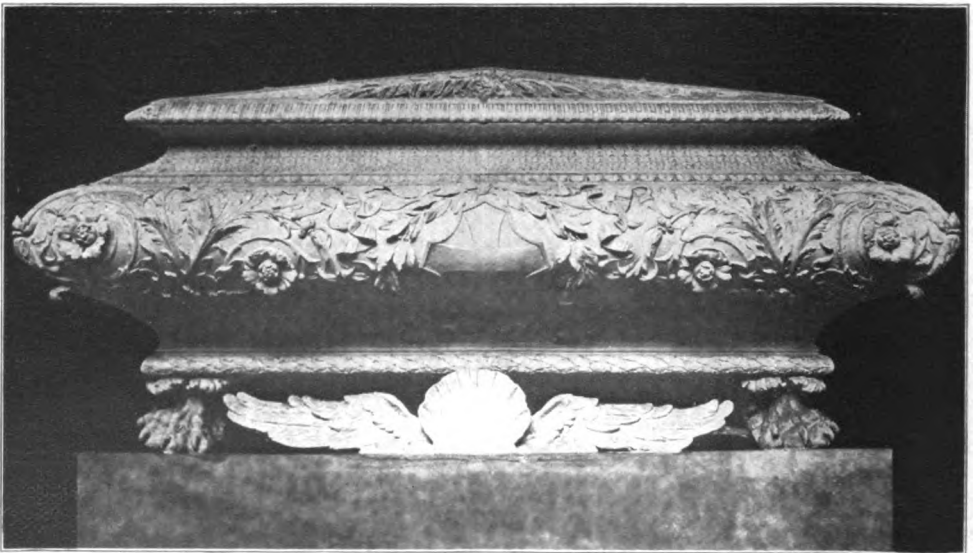
a sickening surfeit in literature of late, to the Hugos, the Lowells, and the Tennysons. Ah, how different will be civilization when the mind of youth is fed on that which awakens moral enthusiasm and creates a passionate love for all the children of men, instead of the mind being, as it has been in the past, riveted as it were to the ideals which embodied first of all force, and secondly self-interest. This change means more than we can yet appreciate. It means the lifting of the imagination and ideals of civilization from engrossment in material concepts to the spiritual sphere from which life must more and more draw its inspiration, and upon the dominance of which the uninterrupted progress of civilization depends. Let our school-rooms be filled with busts of Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and Tennyson; of Froebel, Ruskin, Grotius, and Hugo. Let the walls be decorated with reproductions of the works of those great masters in art who have externalized lofty and immortal dreams. Let the teachers dwell upon the works and the lives of these great personalities who have enriched the world of art and literature and played upon the highest chords of the emotional nature. Let the child see a Lowell or a Tennyson such as a Partridge reproduces. Let him hear the lives of

these men, and then from Lowell, for instance, let him be led to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and henceforth the poet and his message will live in the mind and act on the plastic character as the sculptor's touch which fashions the clay.

Speaking of the education of children reminds me of the fact that Mr. Partridge has from time to time, even in his busy life, turned aside from sculpture to discuss some of the serious problems of literature and education, and his ideas are always as vibrant with high thought as they are rich in suggestions of practical value. In his little volume of essays we have a noble plea for the twentieth century ideals of education. Here, for example, are some fine thoughts expressed with admirable directness and simplicity:\*

It is not my purpose to juggle with words, but to tell you plainly my hope for our public schools, and to say that, instead of thinking of curtailing art, music, and physical training in the round of daily study, we ought to be thinking of ways and means to introduce more thoroughly and largely these studies, which to the clear-eyed Greek were the essentials of education. At the close of "Sesame and Lilies" is found the following quotation, which bears directly upon our subject:

\*This extract is from Mr. Partridge's volume of essays entitled, "Art for America," a new and enlarged edition of which has just been brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



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SARCOPHAGUS OF THE LATE REV. CHARLES BAKER, IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



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ROBERT BURNS.

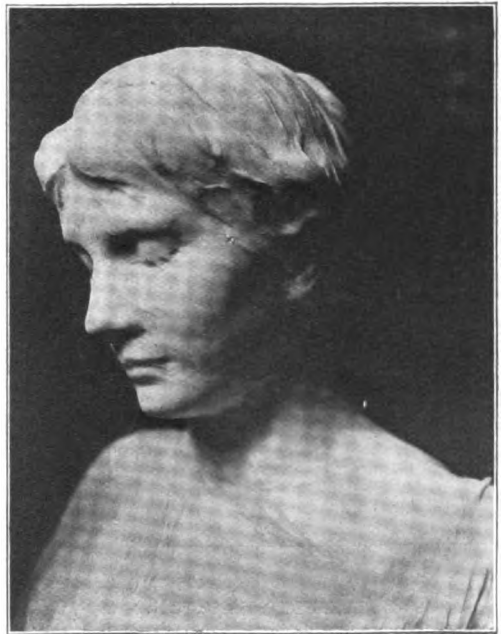
"So with our youths. We once taught them to make Latin verses, and called them educated; now we teach them to row, to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated. Can they plow, can they sow, can they plant at the right time, or build with a steady hand? Is the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed? Indeed, it is, with some, nay, with many, and the strength of England is in them."

So writes John Ruskin, one of the world's great educators. Let us follow out his thought a little, and see if the teaching of reading, writing (I mean chirography, and not composition), arithmetic, as it is drilled into a boy to-day, fits him to take his place among his fellow-men in a world of order, love, and beauty, and to sustain his part cheerfully, bravely, and temperately. It is a common saying to-day that schools are not made for genius; then I say to you that your schools are at fault, and the sooner they are brought into harmonious relation with the genius in every child the better it will be for them and for the world.

And regarding the creative faculties of your children,—who is taking care of these?

The age is putting the receptive faculties of the child to their utmost tension, while the creative ones are starved. It is not right, it is not just. What are you doing to develop and preserve the dignity of manual labor? Have you set aside on your playground a site for a carpenter's shop, or a blacksmith's forge, or a chemical laboratory, or a machine shop? Many of our children have a contempt for manual labor, and it is our fault that it is so. The greatest moral teacher in the world was not ashamed to be a carpenter; and Elihu Burritt planned the good of mankind as he stood by his glowing forge. A man never falls so low but that he may be dignified by some kind of manual labor. All this discernment must come, not alone through mathematics, but through a harmonious drawing out of those faculties which bring the child, and later the man, into relationship with his environment.

Let us, then, unfold the whole nature of the child, and not a little corner of it. Let no ridicule deter us from our desire to consider education in its true light. We are to teach these children, or rather to show them, the ways by which they are to make this world spiritually, as well as materially, their own: we are to be practical, but greatly, not meagerly, so. We are to teach them that, before doing great things, they must dream them; that the wonderful bridge that connects the throbbing heart of New York with its sister city, Brooklyn, was first a dream



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VEILED LADY.



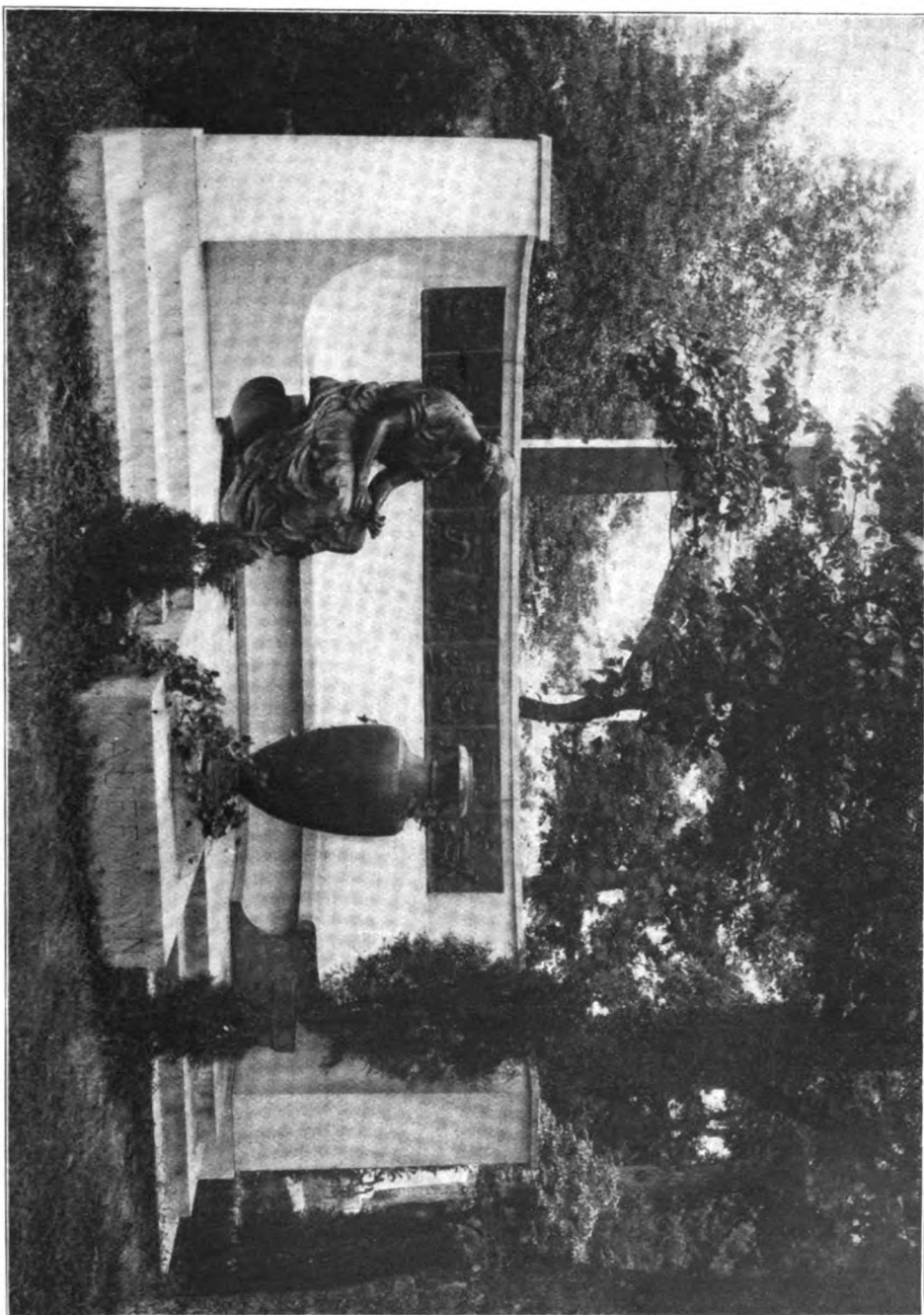
Copyrighted by W. O. Partridge.  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

of that eminently practical engineer, Roeb-  
ling.

Too much time, interest, and excitement are given to-day to the so-called "sports;" too little to the precious handicrafts and arts. Teach children wood-carving, which has become almost a lost art, but which was carried to such wonderful perfection by Della Quercia in Siena in the fifteenth century. All such instructions will prepare them, without their knowing it, for the more serious duties of life. Let them learn that there is something in this life better than baseball, that man is created for something higher. Do not do away with any healthful exercise, but let these games take their proper places. The true education is not entirely physical, not entirely intellectual, nor is it entirely moral, but it is all three in proportion. Let us call for mental as well as physical work. Let us offer prizes of silver cups for a good piece of handiwork, and so keep before our children a proper regard for the dignity of manual labor.

Cannot debates be established between different schools and classes? Assign characters to the different boys,—the character of Hamilton to one, Jefferson to another, Washington to a third. In this way they will become interested in our history in a natural way, and in a way they can never forget. We may even go so far as to hope that each school may have a small theater where plays may be produced at festal seasons, and where children may learn what a good play is, and what is truly dramatic. And a serious order of criticism and critics may be developed. In fact, no influence should be shut out from the child which tends to develop man; all may be softened, however, and modified to suit his nature. Every public school should have its telescope. An opportunity should be given one evening in the week for children to come and study the heavens in their silent majesty. When we have done even a part of what is here suggested the difficulty will have solved itself, and one of the greatest problems of modern life, namely, what men and children shall do with their leisure hours, will find natural solution. I offer this practical solution, namely, the true education in the public schools.

Such education as I have described prepares the ground for a higher order of revelation than we yet dream of. When it comes we shall not need mediums and spiritualists; every man will be a medium, when he shall have learned to give the God within him a right to speak. Let us give our children something that will raise them above the power of chance. I am appealing to you for the larger education of a people. No amount of learning will save our country, in the present and future, from the evils that threaten her; nothing will do so but a higher order of living, and the only way to have such living is to begin with the children. Conversions like that of St. Paul are



MR. PARTRIDGE'S KAUFFMANN MEMORIAL, ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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BRUTUS DELIVERING ORATION OVER  
CAESAR'S BODY.

rare; but a little love and sympathy will win any child.

From "Tennyson" I turned to "Shelley," and here I was greatly impressed with the power of our sculptor in catching and holding that subtle, dreamy, haunting spirit of unrest,—hope mingled with doubt, expectation treading on the heels of unsatisfied desire, so marked in this gifted poet, and which expressed in a real way the tremendous struggle of opposing forces among the revolutionary youths of his time. Shelley was intense-

ly human, and over his sensitive mind the hopes, aspirations, dreams, and longings of the angel of light warred with the spirits in revolt on the lower plane, who sought the mastery of men among the revolutionary forces in society no less than among the highly wrought and sensitive natures of that time. Mr. Partridge has created a noble piece of work in this head; and as I looked on the speaking face of the gifted poet, whose tempestuous life went out so tragically while the day of manhood was yet far from its meridian glory, I thought of many of his noble lines. There was a soul and a great heart within that man who from the depths of his emotional nature exclaimed:

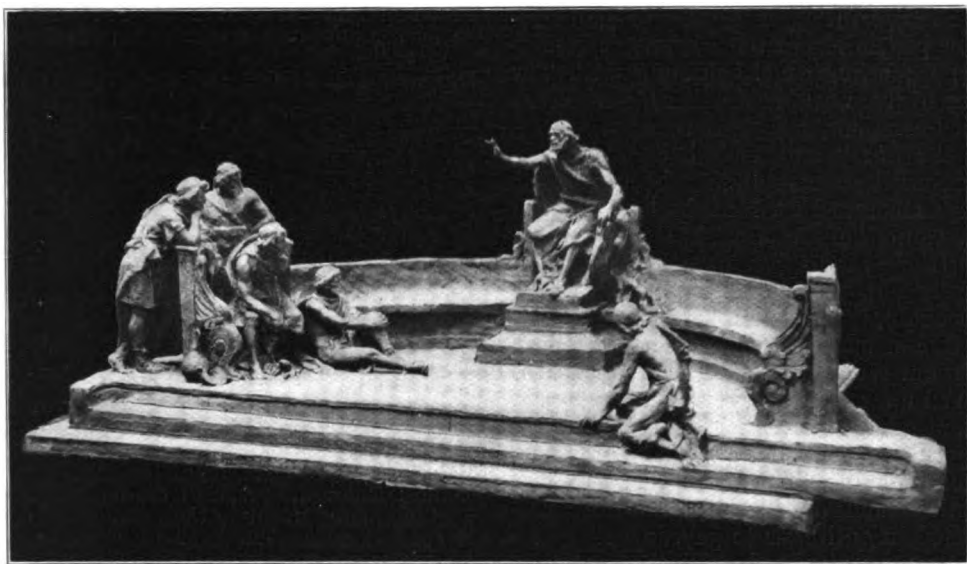
I will be wise,  
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies  
Such power, for I grow weary to behold  
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize  
Without reproach or check.

And again I thought of him and his characteristic lines when in his exquisite poem on "Intellectual Beauty" he says:

The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats, tho' unseen, amongst us,—visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to  
flower,—  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny  
mountain shower.  
It visits with inconstant glance  
Each human heart and countenance;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening,—  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—  
Like memory of music fled,—  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate  
With thine own hues all thou dost shine  
upon  
Of human thought or form,—where art  
thou gone?  
Why dost thou pass away and leave our  
state,  
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and  
desolate?  
Ask why the sunlight not forever  
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,  
Why aught should fail and fade that once  
is shown,  
Why fear and dream and death and birth  
Cast on the daylight of this earth  
Such gloom,—why man has such a scope  
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

"Burns" is one of the sculptor's most effective recent creations, but the Byron head did not satisfy the artist when I



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## HOMER CHANTING HIS TRAGEDIES TO GREEK YOUTHS.

was there. "I find," he said, "Byron is extremely difficult to make, because there is so much that is fine and so much—not so fine in his life. I want to be true; I want to make the man as he was; and yet I want to catch him at the moment when all the highest and the best is uppermost,—the Byron in his highest poetic and inspirational moods, the Byron who gave us the finest passages of 'Childe Harold,' the Byron fired by the love of freedom as he goes forth to die for Grecian liberty."

I do not think I have ever seen a more speaking bust than that of Mr. George Foster Peabody, the well-known financier and philanthropist of New York, who at the present time is engaged in an attempt to raise a million dollars with which to endow the Tuskegee Industrial Schools so magnificently carried on by Mr. Booker T. Washington.

One of the finest works in marble which Mr. Partridge has recently created is a statue of Brutus delivering his oration over the body of Caesar. This is, of course, an excellent subject for a sculptor; and in the hands of a man who loves poetry, strength, high-mindedness, patriotism, and the noble virtues it becomes very impressive. Another statue which

is deserving of special notice is that of Nathan Hale on the way to the scaffold. In this work the lofty patriotism and serene self-mastery of a soul, who in the presence of death finds his chief regret in the fact that he has but one life to give for his country, are brought out in such a manner as to leave an indelible impress on the mind. This work justly ranks with Mr. Partridge's well-known and admirable statue of Alexander Hamilton.\*

Our modern sculptors, it seems to me, have succeeded as have those of no other age in giving a speaking, lifelike quality to their portraiture in marble and clay. A very striking illustration of this kind is an exquisite marble bust of Mrs. Spencer Trask.

\*Speaking of this fine piece of work reminds me of the following admirable descriptive sonnet suggested by Mr. Partridge's statue of Hamilton, and written by Mr. George Meason Whicher:

What courage speaks from that untroubled brow:  
With what imperial gestures of the hands,  
To front some public wrong dauntless he stands.  
And shames the age that dares no more avow  
Its blithright in his fame; our age, who bow  
While Greed and Folly crowned blind harsher  
bands  
Than tyrant ever forged, and the commands  
Of sacred law unblushing disallow.

Ye lips that fain would speak; again unfold  
To calm the tumult of a civil strife;  
O eyes that see, discern some purer gold  
Of virtue, for the baser wealth is strife.  
Thou healing touch, whose power was felt of old,  
Give now a soul where once thou gavest life.



Perhaps the most impressive of his recent memorial creations is one representing a kneeling angel holding a shell. The face of this work, as of all Mr. Partridge's ideal creations, reflects the serious student of the finest and fullest expression of nineteenth-century life. The work is to commemorate Rev. Dr. Charles Baker, of the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn. Mr. Partridge's sarcophagus for Dr. Baker, recently put up in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, is also worthy of notice.

One of many interesting pieces of work that our sculptor is at the present time engaged upon is a relief representing Homer chanting to a listening group. A grim, rugged, noble, Shakspeare-like incarnation of the prophetic, historic, and poetic genius stands out in bold relief when presented in antithesis to gay, joyous, receptive young manhood. On the one side wisdom, born of experience, on the other gay, sunny-souled youth, but both representing in a large way the true poetic spirit. Speaking of poetry, I am reminded that Mr. Partridge has on several occasions yielded to that almost irresistible impulse in the artist nature to express in verse the thoughts, dreams, and emotions which swell in the heart. In his delicate little volume entitled, "The Song Life of a Sculptor," we find many real gems, such, for example, as the following, entitled "Sculpture:"\*

Eternal peace enthroned upon thy brow  
Looks out across the ages with a faith  
Which conquers doubt and cannot know a fear;

The light of some lost vision seems to fall  
From thy calm presence, till I wonder where  
My soul has known thy soul. At last I trace  
Thy beauty back to God from whence it came;

No sin has touched thy stately purity.  
Thou lovedst Phidias, it hath been said,  
And he alone possessed the peace that falls  
Forever from thy calm eternal form;  
And knowing thee he walked through life  
serene,

Like some one in a dream who sees the steps  
Which lead to far-off stars, and evermore  
Is glad and smiles, though shadowed be his life,

While men with wonder look upon his face,  
Not seeing that bright light which burns within.

\*"The Song Life of a Sculptor," by William Ordway Partridge. New and enlarged edition, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

And still they whisper in the Parthenon:  
"This sculptor in a dream has talked with God."

His voice, deep-toned and crystal-clear and strong.

Speaks to the sculptor, silent at his task:  
"Live one grand love, and living so be glad;  
It is the first and last, the crown of life,  
For life is love, and love alone is life,  
And love is God, and God alone endures.  
Into the shadow from the light thy path  
Must lead, O Sculptor Soul, and though thine eyes

Grow dim with tears, the darkness cannot blind,

If thou still cling unto that inner light  
Which once hath flooded thee with perfectness.

Be patient, Sculptor, let thy statue grow,  
As grows thy life, that both may stand unveiled

Before the very presence of thy God.  
Thine is the clearer vision; the nobler life  
Be thine; cling not unto the passing show;  
It soon is gone. The type alone endures."  
He spake no more with men. Then Sculpture slept

For countless years too sorrowful to speak.  
Asleep she lay till Angelo awoke

Her dreaming beauty, and she rose again.  
To all who work in clay he nobly saith:  
"Be strong, O artist soul." With love and toil

He lived and loved and taught and wrought  
and died.

Then Sculpture, leaning on Death's mighty arm,

Bereft of him fell fast asleep again.  
And still she sleepeth, waiting for the touch  
Of love like theirs upon her silent life.

Quite different in character, yet none the less delicate and beautiful of its kind, is the following, entitled "Teach Me, Dear Heart:"

Teach me, dear Heart, to love the simple things

That make the world more beautiful each hour;

That I may speak the tender word that brings

A smile to lips so wholly in my power;  
Let me not keep for those I love the dead.

Dull commonplace exchange of wants and cares,

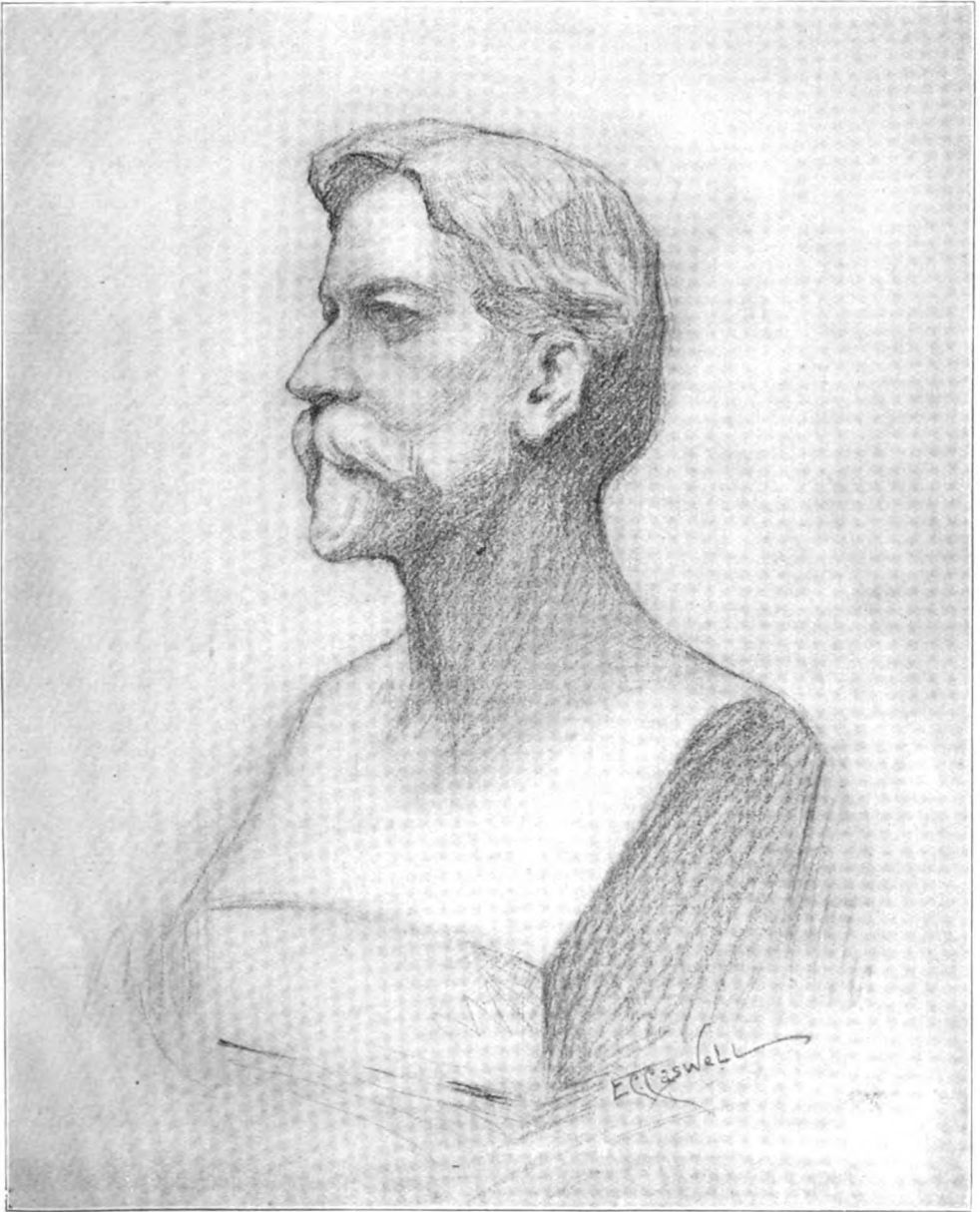
While for the thankless world my best is said,—

The world that heeds not how my spirit fares.

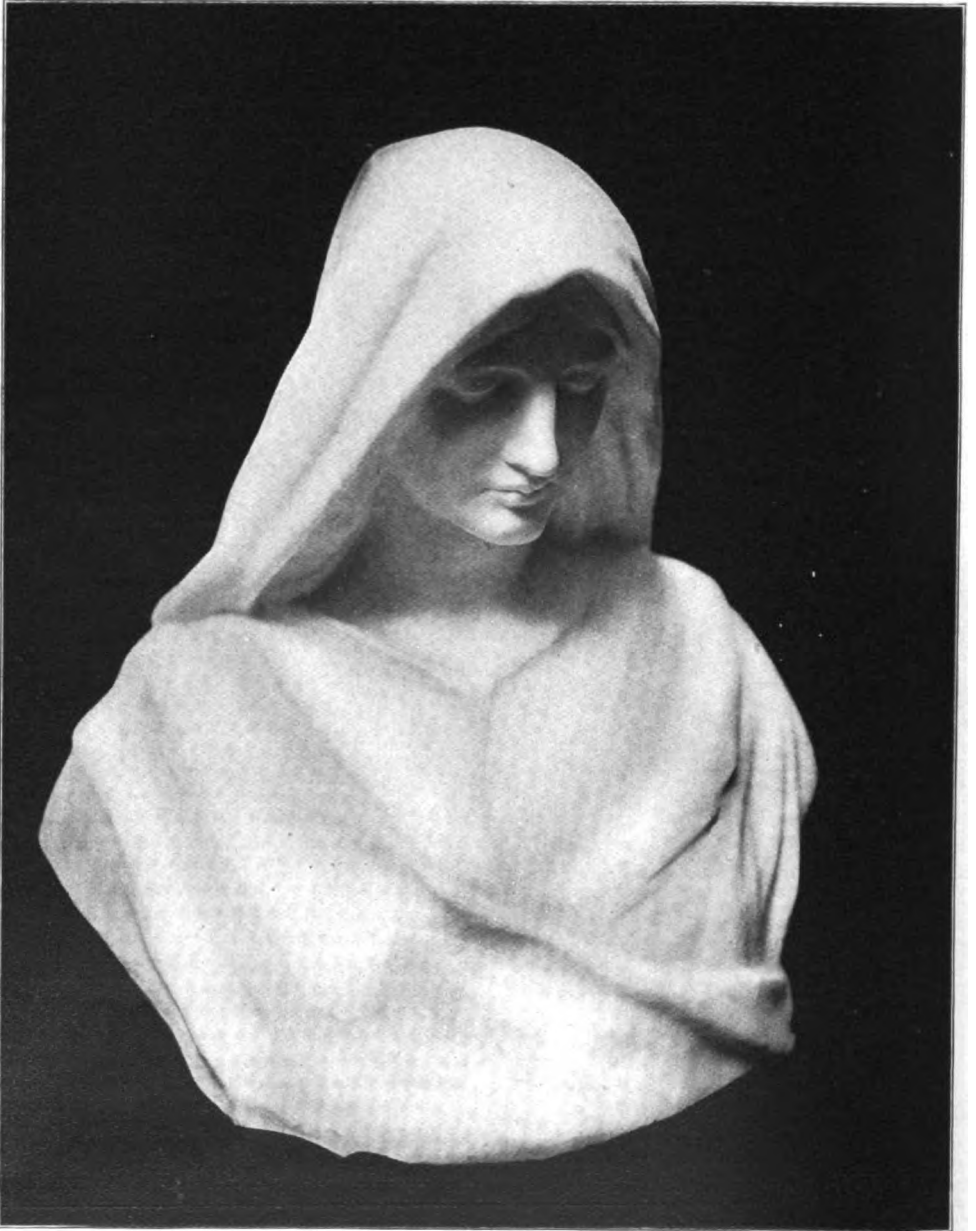
Childlike and guileless even to the end,  
Trusting each one and smiling as I go,  
Finding perchance in every home a friend,

And loving all who greet me here below,—  
So let the story of my life unfold  
Till twilight closes and the tale is told.





GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY, DRAWN FROM MR. PARTRIDGE'S MARBLE BUST EXPRESSLY FOR THE COMING AGE.



MADONNA, BY MR. PARTRIDGE.

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As we would naturally suppose, the artist's imagination loves to linger on the beauties of nature. There are some very pretty poems in his little collection, of which the following stanzas are typical:

I love the purpling shadows on the hills  
 Against the crimson sky and earliest star,  
 The songs of peasants coming from afar.  
 As happy as the songs of woodland rills;  
 I love the last rose-blush upon the lake,  
 When the sun pauses in the glowing west,  
 And of the earth a last kiss seems to take  
 Ere he depart and leave the twilight blest.

And here again, in a little creation entitled "The Water Lily," we see the lover of nature:

Down where the alders tremble,  
 By the shimmer and glint of the stream,  
 I watched a lily awaking,  
 Slow from a stately dream.

I bathed my soul in her beauty—  
 Fair as a queen of old—  
 Clad in a spotless raiment,  
 Crowned with a crown of gold.



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 NATHAN HALE.



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 A YOUNG KNIGHT.

But, lo, when the shadows deepened,  
 Under the fading light,  
 She gathered her petals about her,  
 And veiled her heart from the night.

A strong ethical note runs through all the work of Mr. Partridge. It matters not whether we are studying his sculpture, reading his essays, or enjoying his verse, at all times we feel strength and refinement; and, as Thomas Wentworth Higginson on one occasion observed of the writings of Epictetus, so we can say of all the work of Mr. Partridge, "All that

is here is noble." We shall close our notice of the sculptor's verse with two little waifs, one entitled "The Art of Self-Control" and the other "Courage," which are thoroughly characteristic of the artist-poet:

One by one, from the clouds that hurry  
Across the brow of the storm,  
Are the mystical colors gathered  
That gleam in the rainbow's form.

One by one, from the eager passions  
That darken the poet's soul,  
Are the deep-toned colors blended  
In the arc of self-control.

Be not discouraged at thy doubt, O soul!  
Perchance it is the hand of God that leads  
Thy faith to nobler creeds and broader trust.  
Part of thy manhood is to doubt and solve,  
And rise to higher things. For cobwebs hang  
About the intellect as in a court  
But little used, and we must let the sun  
Pour in and fight and conquer mirk and mist.  
The creed thy father built, where in his soul  
Did live, and move, and find its meed of joy,  
May be but small to thee. Then, without fear,  
Build o'er again the atrium of thy soul—  
So broad that all mankind may feast with  
thee!

More important, indeed, than his essays or poems is his new novel, "An Angel of the Clay," a romance which has just been issued.\* This novel, I am sure, will prove a most notable contribution to the fiction of the last year of our century, as it deals with the artist life in a new and true way. As a novel it is of absorbing interest and is told with the exquisite charm and beauty of style which characterizes all of Mr. Partridge's literary work. Heretofore stories portraying artist life have as a rule partaken of the atmosphere of the Latin Quarter of Paris, and the life depicted has for the most part been superficial and artificial, when not coarse and sensual,—such life as would be incapable of producing the greatest art work. Hence the key-note of these stories has been essentially false. Great and noble work can spring only from great and heroic natures—serious lives which are capable of sounding the expressional depths of being and reaching the highest altitudes of exalted aspiration on the wings of an unpolluted and an unfettered imagination. Now, in

Mr. Partridge's story we have the true artist, who is necessarily first the true man, splendidly portrayed, not as a flawless or unerring and impossible mannikin, but a real man of life and blood whose heart beats in unison with that which is worthy, and yet whose high purposes and fine sense of right, which holds him steadily along the highway of noble endeavor, is not at all times reinforced by that mature judgment necessary to protect him from making serious mistakes. It would not be correct to say that the story is all sunshine by any means, but a strong, buoyant optimism runs as a thread of gold from cover to cover and contributes much toward the inspiration of the work. "An Angel of the Clay" is a needed contribution to our literature at the present time. The twentieth-century civilization imperatively demands that a reaction set in from the artificial, superficial, false, and vicious ideals, atmospheres, and viewpoints of life which emanate from Paris and tend subtly to poison the very well-springs of life in literature, art, and the drama. It would, indeed, be difficult to measure the extent of the evil influence on the ideals of life which artificial and sensual literature, dramas, and art work are exerting over the unformed character and the vivid imaginations of our youths. It is the high duty, aye, the holy and august privilege, of our young men and women of genius and ability in the fields of art, the drama, and literature, seriously to labor to counteract this influence by throwing all their power, enthusiasm, and genius into noble, pure, and true work which, without being preachy, will exalt and dignify life; and this important work has already been splendidly inaugurated by a number of our younger writers, among whom Mr. Partridge will take a prominent place. This novel, we believe, will receive instant recognition and an enthusiastic reception from friends of true art and those who are working for a finer and truer manhood. It is in perfect alignment with the fine work in marble, in song, and in essay which he has heretofore given to the public, and which entitles him to be counted among the builders of twentieth-century civilization.

\*"An Angel of the Clay," by William Ordway Partridge. Illustrated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

## RESERVES

BY ELTWEED POMEROY

Afloat afar,  
 Beyond my reach,  
 Like mirrored star  
 On heaven's beach,  
 Is the matchless song I fain would sing,  
 Is the love-bright hope I'd soon unbar,  
 Is the noble thought I'd gladly teach,  
 Is the perfect chime I'd wildly ring.

O little song,  
 I know thee well,  
 What can be wrong?  
 No words can tell  
 Thy lilt divine, thy rapture sweet.  
 I love thy music to prolong  
 Till all my heart with hope doth swell  
 That I can find thee, words most meet.

O love-bright hope!  
 'Mid thy pure glow  
 I blindly grope  
 Thy whole to know.  
 Thy height and depth, the world should see,  
 The blind, old world. 'Twould help to cope  
 With want and sin. From it would flow  
 Sweet peace and rest from misery.

O noble thought!  
 That guides my soul,  
 I long have sought  
 To reach thy goal.  
 O faithless words! You tease and tease  
 And will not grasp my God-like thought.  
 Your little meanings are so shoal  
 They seem its grandeur to displease.

O perfect chime!  
 O silent bells!  
 Ah, sure, 'tis time  
 To break the spells  
 That long have bound thee, tensely mute.  
 Now boldly ring thy wild, sweet rhyme.  
 False words! Frail words! No music wells  
 But falls in your thick garb to suit.

O song unsung!  
 O hope unsaid!  
 O chime unrun!  
 O thought unread!  
 Ideals defy the subtlest speech.  
 They are the soul's reserves. The tongue  
 That's free to tell its all, hath said  
 But little though in its utmost reach.



*Mr. Ordway & Co.*

# CONVERSATIONS

SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE IN THE NEW WORLD, AND THE  
RELATION OF MANHOOD TO GREAT ART, BY WILLIAM  
ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

## SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE IN THE NEW WORLD, AND THE RELATION OF MAN- HOOD TO GREAT ART

### CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

Q. Mr. Partridge, in surveying the field of art in the new world and noticing the trend in recent years, do you feel encouraged as to the outlook for sculpture and architecture in our country?

A. Most decidedly, yes. On every side we have evidences which seem to promise a great national representative school of sculpture and architecture in the very near future,—a school which will reflect the higher and finer ideals of our wonderful age. I believe the opening years of the fast-approaching century will see a far nobler art in America than we have heretofore expressed; and in saying this I am not unmindful of the excellence of much that has already been produced. I am not forgetful of that beautiful architectural flower of the present decade, the White or Dream City in which we held our World's Fair. One thing, among many which give me more confidence in the achievement of great things of permanent value in the future of those arts in which I am most interested, is the growing realization among our best artists of the mutual dependency of sculpture and architecture, or the essential unity of these arts. The supreme lesson or fact which it seems to me lies before us workers is a hearty and sympathetic union between the architect and the sculptor. In

the past, perhaps I may say as a rule, there has been an absence of brotherly feeling which is painfully apparent in the cold formalism that is everywhere in evidence in our great public works. Now, with the better understanding that is coming about, and the keener recognition of the fact that these arts should complement each other and produce a unity, strength, and beauty in effect which shall educate and elevate the mind of man as the glory, beauty, and sweetness of nature educate, refine, and exalt life, we are bound to obtain results which will not only give strength, character, and essential greatness to the work of the future, but I believe will place the new world in the front rank of modern nations in the realm of art; for our people have the courage of youth; our imagination is daring; our dreams are high; our ideals in regard to life, freedom, and progress I believe are above those of most other peoples. And with this as a basis, with the wealth of the art of the ages at our command, and with the nineteenth and twentieth century human note ringing in our souls, I believe we shall before long give the world a national representative art which will for ages be a positive source of inspiration and education.

Q. Owing to the jealousies and misunderstandings which have so long existed between our sculptors and architects, will it not require a long time to bring about anything like an ideal relationship between these workers?

A. No; the barriers are rapidly giving way. We are coming to see that architecture without sculpture is like a library or a life which is all prose. Sculpture adds the necessary poetic element or note without which no building can endure as a great work of art. No amount of engineering skill or daring will atone for this lack. Now, our most thoughtful American architects are beginning to appreciate this fact. It is true that architecture without sculpture may have dignity and be impressive, just as great sights in physical nature are impressive; but, like such phenomena, they are unsatisfying. The spirit of man demands something more than impressive masses of masonry. It calls for that which corresponds to the poetic, that which like beacon lights guides the soul beyond the stress and strain of living. Therefore a beautiful face or a stately statue is so potent because it responds to the heart's cry. Nothing will satisfy man so much in art as the reproduction of the highest types of men, for in such we see the realization of the ideal which we may have failed to reach, but to which we still aspire. It was this thought which made Heine pass Notre Dame to drag himself through the courts of the Louvre close to the Venus of Melos.

Then, again, there are many forces at work which are broadening the vision of man and deepening the culture of the people in a manner little appreciated by most of us. With the widening horizon that is coming, men of thought cannot fail to recognize the intimate relationship of the arts in question. They realize how pitiful has been the narrow contention which held that architecture had nothing to do with sculpture, or that sculpture did not demand a proper architectural background or setting for effective results. Besides, the deeper culture of the age is creating an artistic hunger and taste in the popular mind which demands nobler work than we have given,

and a unity in effect only possible where there is harmony and the spirit of brotherly sympathy between sculptors and architects. As soon as a better understanding is reached we shall see unity, strength, and beauty expressed in such ways that it will be felt by all who contemplate our work, and our great creations will show in their results a proper recognition on the part of our workers of the fundamental essentials to proper effects, in which the structural, expressional, and total requirements will all have received the consideration demanded by art.

Q. Do you feel that the love of art is taking a firm hold of our people?

A. Who can doubt it? Nothing to-day is more obvious or encouraging than the rise in appreciation of real art,—fine, aspiring, strong art work among our people. Where a generation ago there was little recognition of its educational value or refining influence, to-day we see and feel a public appreciation on every hand. Millions are now becoming critical. The love of the fine and the beautiful is coming to have a real place in the hearts of our people, who in former years too frequently either looked on art and beauty with indifference, as of no practical value, or as something enervating and injurious instead of a perpetual inspiration to finer dreams and higher thoughts. Now the transforming influence of art is very marked. A man comes to love the beautiful, and his neglected garden receives his attention; his home is beautified; by and by art works come into it, and a new delight grows in his soul. He has been helped into a fuller and richer life, and at the same time he has helped those about him. Now, the presence of this spirit is rapidly transforming our land, and it is also calling for great public works and noble statues, memorials and art creations which shall not only perpetuate the higher and finer deeds, inventions, and achievements of the passing years, but which shall be so wrought as to awaken the divinest emotions in the souls of those who stand in the presence of these creations. The past quarter of a century has been almost revolutionary in its influence on the public mind touching art and its value as a real living force



in our midst,—a force for manhood and for progress. Never in the history of civilization, never even in the palmy days of Athenian glory, did men give so freely and liberally for education and art as to-day. And, what is more, our art concepts are finer than heretofore because the human quality, the love note, is present as it was not present in Grecian work, and as it has never been conspicuous heretofore. So I not only feel that the vital work of art is taking possession of our people as never before, but that the new concepts which are leaping from the imagination of our best workers have a spiritual potency which must become a positive though subtle influence in the elevation of society to a higher ethical plane, while it will bring into life a richer and ampler meaning.

Q. What is the chief fact or facts, beyond the rise of art appreciation among the people, which give ground for your confidence for a great art future for America?

A. My faith in our manhood. In spite of all that we have here to the contrary, in spite of the dark spots on our civilization, which I think few appreciate more keenly than I do myself, in spite of the apparent injustice and indifference of men and nations in the presence of human misery and the demands of the higher law, I am thoroughly convinced that at no time in the history of our planet were there so many noble, high-minded, loving, and Christlike men and women as to-day, and at no time in history has the spirit of brotherhood or altruism taken such hold on the heart and conscience of civilization as now. Do you question this? Then turn to the pages of history, from the far-distant days when Job's affliction was increased by the carping of his relatives down to our century, and you will see many luminous moments, but even in the happiest ages the conditions of the millions will be found incomparably worse than ours to-day, not only in the absence of all that education, culture, and refinement can give to life, but in the hard lot they endure. Do not understand me as apologizing for wrongs that exist, or condoning injustice wherever it may be found. Far from that. I am only giv-

ing a statement of what I believe every competent student of history will affirm as a fact relating to the manhood of our age and the conditions of the people.

There is to-day in the Christian world, despite the wars that continue to rage and the hard conditions that we are more sensitive about than men have been at any previous period, a larger measure of love and sympathy than ever before and a keener desire to secure a larger life for all earth's children. Compare the present conditions of orphan children and those of the very poor with those which prevailed no farther back than the days when Charles Dickens's graphic pen brought home to the conscience of civilization the inhumanity of man, and to-day see in every city homes and schools for these poor and unfortunate ones. Look at our public institutions in the way of hospitals and the like. Think of what the Red Cross has done since Clara Barton and her brave assistants buckled on the armor. Again, the feeling of the age is experienced in the liberal bequests constantly being made for the proper care of the diseased, the deformed, crippled, and other unfortunates of life. Almost every day we see accounts of provisions being made for the better care of these different classes, as well as for the education and comfort of unfortunate children. Only the other day the papers contained an account of the will of Mr. Robert Brigham, the hotel man of your city, who from a poor lad worked his way up, and during his life accumulated more than two and one-half million dollars. Almost his entire fortune was bequeathed to institutions for the care of the sick and unfortunate ones, the great bulk of the fortune being given for the establishment of a home for incurables; and his action is thoroughly typical, and reflects in a large way the sympathetic and human interest which is pervading humanity. Then, again, look at the changes which have taken place in the care of the insane. Fifty years ago they were treated like savage beasts. The records, as given in the life of Dorothea Dix and others, reveal conditions as they prevailed so appalling and sickening that we recoil from their very recital. To-day the land is dotted

with homes and asylums where more and more the comfort and welfare of these unfortunates is being looked after. These are only a few evidences of the presence of the new note in civilization. It is no less apparent in the rising sentiment in favor of giving every man and woman a good livelihood. I believe that with all the short-comings and the many discouraging aspects which confront us in present-day conditions, the trend, the great underlying current, which marks the course of civilization, is making for justice and happiness for all the people.

Q. You are decidedly an optimist?

A. Yes; I think I am. I believe the day is before us, and yet I would not have you think I am blind to the dangers of the hour. We are confronted by grave perils. There is abroad the materialism of the market or the tendency to look to gain as the end of all, which is always to be combated. There is a tendency to gloss over wrongs and injustices that must be resolutely opposed, and there are many grave perils which we as lovers of our fellow-men must manfully stand against. Even in art there are dangers which are very ominous. Often one is led to question whether the sculptor, architect, or painter is following his calling for the love and glory of it or merely for material gain. Our artists, as well as others, are in danger of the death-dealing influence of luxury, which expresses itself in their works as well as their lives, and is noticeable in the tendency to overload buildings with decorative carvings that have no special meaning. The perils and short-comings of art, and for that matter of the age, spring from our failure to realize the power, dignity, and demands of manhood. Art reflects the man behind it. The art of an age is the index of the master thoughts and controlling or dominant feeling of the age. There can be no great art without great manhood. It was Thermopylae which made Phidias. Michael Angelo and the masters of the

Renaissance were first of all great men who lived truly and did not dally with empty forms or concern themselves with dress-suits and dinners. When Greece, after the age of Pericles, began to think more of show and result than of the desire to produce men, she deteriorated at once, losing not only the power to produce great men, but the capability to appreciate results that had been attained by them. We must demand first of all a higher order of manhood. We must cherish the higher ideals and seek the simple, true, and genuine life. Then shall we produce an art that will make us the rival of Greece and of Florence.

Q. Though you have faith in the art future of America, I take it that you believe that the present of all times demands earnest seriousness and loyalty to our highest ideals?

A. That is precisely my view. There never was a time when there were greater responsibilities than the present places upon her artists. To-day we cannot be content merely to cherish the higher ideals in studio and study, but we must stand by them in the club and on the street. The supreme demand of the age and hour is a high and noble manhood. Give us this, and our art will blossom forth for all the ages, more beautiful than that of Greece in the Periclean age or of Italy during the Renaissance, because of the added note of the larger life, which slept in the art of the world until our age was born. What we as artists who appreciate the demands of the age must do is to be faithful to the divine obligations placed upon us; and this, I may add, is no less the demand devolving on clergymen, teachers, legislators, editors, business men, and artists. Let us cherish the ideal; let us be loyal to the stern demands of right and justice and progress, and our civilization will suffer no eclipse. Manhood will rise, and with it all that is good and beautiful will blossom along the pathway of progress.

True goodness constitutes true wisdom.

Hatred is not an absence of love, but a love of evil.

No man knows his neighbor until he falls among thieves.

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## GOVERNMENTAL CONTROL OF RAILROADS, TELEGRAPHS, TELEPHONES, AND EX- PRESS COMPANIES

BY JUSTICE WALTER CLARKE, LL. D., OF THE SUPREME  
BENCH OF NORTH CAROLINA

From the golden milestone in the Roman Forum radiated those magnificent roads which to this day tell how Rome built for the ages. Along them poured the tide of the republic's and the empire's commerce; over them tramped the legions, and as the God Terminus successively removed farther and farther the limits of his domains, these viaducts carried to the remotest verges the arts, the literature, the laws, the civilization that were Roman. Indeed, her roads made possible the vast extent of her dominion, and bound together for so many centuries so many countries in that Roman peace which created and maintained the civilization and the learning without which humanity would not occupy the advanced stage that it does to-day.

Suppose for a moment that those Roman roads, the arteries of the empire, had been owned by private companies of millionaires; that not a wheel could roll or a man move along them, or even the legions, except on terms dictated by the corporations. Would not those corporations have had the empire by the throat? Would they not have appointed consuls and proconsuls, every senator, every general, and every judge? They would have been the government.

A greater than Rome is before us. In these United States the one hundred and ninety thousand miles of iron way are no

less the life arteries of the republic. Along them pours a tide of travel, of freight, of wealth, far beyond what the Roman ways, even those nearest the capital, ever witnessed. Indeed, though our railway system dates back only seventy years, over any one of our many great through lines the volume of freight and travel exceeds that of the entire world a century ago. It is needless to say that the control of this immense power must be in the government, that is, in the people,—for with us the government is still, in theory at least, the people.

The Supreme Court of the United States held in the Granger Cases, *Munn v. Illinois*, 94 U. S., and has reiterated in many a case since, that time out of mind the control of common carriers and their regulation as to rates and in all other matters rested in the government. "Though in this country transportation by railroad is carried on by private corporations," said the Interstate Commerce Commission in their last report (1899) to Congress, "it is essentially a government function. This appears from the necessary conditions of railroad construction. It is a universal maxim that private property cannot be taken for private uses, but only for the public use. Yet no railroad can be built without the appropriation of private property. It equally appears from the relation of the carriers' business to

the community. A merchant may sell to one customer for one price and to another customer for another price, as best subserves his interest, without violating any sense of right and wrong, but it is universally felt that the rates of public transportation should be uniform to all. The railway is, from its very nature, in respect to the greater part of its business, a virtual monopoly. . . . If the business of transportation is essentially a government function, then the government must see that it is properly discharged. If it is in essence a monopoly, then it must be regulated. The two things, of necessity, go hand in hand."

This is a very clear statement of the proposition. Railroads can only be constructed by reason of having rights of way condemned for them as a public use, and, being a public use, they are necessarily subject to public regulation. Indeed, the fact that we have an interstate commission and that thirty-four States or more have their railroad commissions is conclusive that the sovereign, of whom the supreme court of the Union and of every State is merely an agency,—the sovereign people,—has decided once for all that these iron horses shall be bitted and bridled. The sun will not, cannot, go back a single degree on the dial of Ahaz. Mr. Ingalls, president of two great systems, in his address to the National Convention of Railroad Commissioners last year, frankly said: "Regulation by the people has come to stay, and a railroad manager who does not recognize that fact is a back number." He further said that the mass of railway managers fully recognized the permanence of public control and regulation, and were earnestly seeking a solution of the difficulties attendant upon it.

No one can doubt that, if all railway managers loyally accepted the yoke of the law, all questions of differences between railways and people would be fairly settled by the boards of railroad commissioners provided by the law for that purpose. It is because many managers do not accept it, but resort to injunctions (often issued by their former attorneys, promoted to the bench) to set aside rates, regulations, and tax assessments made by these com-

missions, that the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs exists.

It results that the real question,—and we are face to face with it,—is whether it is practicable to control these great forces, these immense aggregations of capital, by commissions and by statutes, or whether it will be necessary to take the absolute ownership of them over in the government.

In all the countries of the world save Great Britain and the United States the answer has been that government ownership is indispensable to a safe and just control. Accordingly, in almost all other countries, including even the Australian and other British colonies, the railroads, or at least the controlling lines, are owned by their respective governments. In the United States and the contracted territory embraced in the British Isles the experiment of government control without government ownership is on trial.

There are evils in government ownership. There are difficulties in government control unless it has ownership. It is those difficulties which the several railroad commissioners have had to face since the creation of those commissions. They know well the magnitude of these difficulties. The history of their several bodies, and the published proceedings of their meetings in national joint sessions for ten years past, show how fully they have grasped the situation and with what ability they have discussed the problems it presents.

There are many aspects in which the railroad problem presents itself:

1. The relation of common carriers to their stockholders.

2. To one another.

3. To their employees.

4. To the government.

5. Their relation to the humble individuals who are often treated as if they had no right to express their opinions on such serious and intricate matters as railroad management, yet without whom not a car wheel would roll, not a magnate would draw his salary,—in short, the men upon whose broad shoulders rests the entire support of this immense system, the patrons of the roads.

The "forgotten man" elects no president, superintendent, or board of directors, but he has to bear whatever burdens they see fit to place upon him. He has no voice in fixing the salaries, many of them as high as or higher than that of the President of the United States, but he pays them to the last cent. He rarely rides in a palace car or upon a free pass, but he pays the fare of those who do. He has no hearing as to the tax which shall be levied for the movement of himself, his produce, or his purchases, but he pays it more surely than he does the taxes for the support of his city, state, or federal government; for the station agent, like that other tax collector, the custom-house officer, extends no credit or delay, but requires cash in hand.

Speaking for this unnoted man, I shall not say that he desires government ownership. On the contrary, I think he does not—as yet. He is patient. He is conservative. He has government control, without ownership, on trial. He is watching it closely—I may even say, doubtfully; but he will give it a fair trial. If it succeeds, so much the better. If it shall fail, he will be heard from further touching this matter.

Let it not be thought that there are limitations upon his power, for from ocean to ocean and from earth to sky this land and all that in it is are his. He conquered it with his blood, he has created it with his labor, he has defended it with his life, and he will "rule in the realm he has made." As to constitutions, he made them and he can make others when he deems that justice to himself and to those dependent upon him shall require it. Justice has ever been the attribute of the race to which he belongs, and conservatism his companion, but he can move. He moved at Bunker Hill, and an historic flag—the flag of his fathers for long centuries—disappeared from his shores forever. He moved at Philadelphia, and a new form of government, alien to the traditions of the race, took its place among the nations to abide forevermore.

The masses of our fellow-citizens are intelligent and just. They have no hostility to railroads as such, but only to their abuses. They recognize the immense

value of railroads, their indispensable assistance in the development of this country. By individual, city, county, state, and national subscriptions they have aided the construction of the railroad system of this country. They have seen individual stockholders "frozen out;" they have seen city, county, and state holdings displaced that great manipulators may become the owners of these properties. They have seen the more than five hundred millions of national aid given in lands and bonds disappear "like the baseless fabric of a dream" and leave scarce a wrack behind. These things they have endured and would even forgive if the present management of these systems were fair and just.

It was a Frenchman who maliciously defined a lawyer as a "gentleman who rescues your property from the enemy and appropriates it himself." It will be small advantage to the public if the railroads develop the country merely to own its profits themselves, for the value of land depends upon the amount of profits taken out of its produce for transportation.

Taking the returns to the Interstate Commerce Commission for June 30, 1898, and making an allowance for increase at the same ratio which that showed over the previous year, it may be roughly estimated that there were one hundred and ninety thousand miles of railway in the United States on June 30, 1899, and that the railroad receipts for the year ending on that day were fourteen hundred millions of dollars, of which five hundred millions were net profit. It may also be said that two-sevenths of the receipts were from passengers (of whom more than six hundred millions were carried), and that the total of bonds and stocks upon which these corporations were paying or endeavoring to pay dividends and interest is (according to "Poor's Manual" and other good authorities) something more than double what it would cost to replace all the railroads with their equipment and property of every description. The one hundred per cent or more of bonds and stocks above actual value is due largely, but not altogether, to watering, for to some extent it represents extravagance in construction and shrinkage in values.

The immense volume of this business, whose receipts aggregate nearly three times, and whose net revenues about equal, the total receipts of the national government, shows that it must be regulated by public control in some form. It touches the public welfare at too many points to be left uncontrolled by no considerations superior to the profits of the corporations or the caprices of their managers. At the same time the immense bulk shows also the difficulty of wise or effective supervision and the incalculable harm alike to the carriers and the public if that supervision were done by unskillful or hostile hands.

One of the greatest evils of the present system is the proneness of these corporations to intervene in politics. Realizing that a government by the people is only possible when the government is kept untouched by the power of great moneyed combinations, there is nothing which arouses public indignation more than the almost unconcealed interference of these corporations in the nomination and election of legislators, congressmen, governors, and United States senators. Their contributions to presidential campaign funds is a national scandal. Worse than all is their influence in the appointment of the life judiciary of the Federal Government, and recent evidence given before the Industrial Commission shows that they are not above tampering with the nomination and election of State judges chosen by the people.

It is not for such purposes as these that corporations are chartered. Their interference in such matters is not to advance but to thwart the public interest. Such expenditures of effort and of money are not made without expectation of most adequate returns. They are not necessarily made in behalf of either political party, for the late Jay Gould cynically expressed the truth when he said that "in a Democratic district he was a Democrat and in a Republican district a Republican," but in every one a railroad man. This interference in the nomination and election of public officials fosters popular indignation even more than the lobbies maintained in Congress and State legislatures to affect legislation, and is a great lever toward

forcing a demand for government ownership of railroads.

The greatest of evils attendant upon the present system, viewed from a financial stand-point, greater than excessive rates and more difficult to repress, because secret, is discrimination in rates. By this means individuals and even cities can be destroyed and others built up by their destruction. The Standard Oil Company, which forced the railways to carry its products at thirty cents per barrel while compelling them not only to charge all others eighty cents per barrel, but even to pay the extra fifty cents paid by its rivals into the Standard Oil treasury, is a sample of the methods of these modern highwaymen,—the trusts. The Standard Oil Company is shown to have received from the railroads ten million dollars bonus by this means in eighteen months. Other corporations have followed the same methods until small manufacturers have been crushed out, and equality of opportunity which was the boast of our institutions has become non-existent.

The crucial question for solution is whether the interference of great corporations in politics and their secret discrimination in rates, whereby trusts are created and sustained, can be suppressed without resort to government ownership. These evils must be eliminated. The hope of America lies in the very fact that our people will not submit to such abuses much longer.

How shall these discriminations be suppressed? Mr. Depew recently stated that certain large establishments could ship goods from Chicago to New York at thirty-five cents per one hundred pounds while others had to pay seventy-five cents,—a difference of eighty dollars per car load, or on a shipment of ten car loads per day a discrimination of a quarter of a million dollars per year; and W. H. Vanderbilt testified before the Hepburn Commission that all large shippers got rebates if they asked for them. How can any individual or any town stand up against the destructive power of such discriminations?

Can they be stopped by voluntary agreements, however solemn, between railroad

managers? Hear what President Ingalls, of the Chesapeake & Ohio system, told the assembled railroad commissioners at their last convention. He said: "Men managing large corporations, who would trust their opponent with their pocket-books with untold thousands in them, will hardly trust his agreement for the maintenance of tariffs while they are in the room together. Good faith seems to have departed from the railroad world so far as traffic agreements are concerned." If these managers will not trust one another, how can the public be expected to have much faith in them?

The Interstate Commerce Commission seems to agree entirely with President Ingalls, for they say in the 1899 report: "The situation has become intolerable, both from the stand-point of the public and of the carriers. Tariffs are disregarded, discriminations constantly occur, the price at which transportation can be obtained is fluctuating and uncertain. Railroad managers are distrustful of each other and shippers all the while in doubt as to the rates secured by their competitors. The volume of traffic is so unusual as frequently to exceed the capacity of equipment, yet the contest for tonnage seems never relaxed. Enormous sums are spent in purchasing business and secret rates accorded far below the standard of public charges." This is unanswerable proof that those charges are too high and that the general public is victimized. The report goes on: "The general public gets little benefit from these reductions, for concessions are mainly confined to the heavier shippers. All this augments the advantage of large capital and tends to the injury and often to the ruin of small dealers. These are not only matters of grave consequence to the business welfare of the country, but they concern in no less degree the higher interests of public morality." Further on the report says: "The discriminations are always in favor of the strong and against the weak." "This condition the present law is powerless to control. If it is asked why the criminal remedies are not applied the answer is they have been and without success. . . . The business of railroad transportation is carried on to a very large

extent in conceded violation of law. Men who in every other respect are reputable citizens are guilty of acts which, if the statute law of the land were enforced, would subject them to fine or imprisonment."

It would seem that the remedy is easy and simple. It is to give the Interstate Commission power to reduce rates. When a discrimination of this kind has proved the current rate too high, it should be made the duty of the commission to reduce the rate to the general public permanently at that figure. A ratchet-and-pawl arrangement of that kind can alone give the general public justice and stop discriminations.

The bulk of the receipts of railroads, five-sevenths on an average, or say one thousand million dollars in round numbers, for the year ending June 30, 1899, came from the carriage of freights. I have not the time or the knowledge to point out, if indeed any one can, as yet, the most serious defects in the freight rates. So close is the calculation on these points that it is said that one-eighth of a cent per bushel on wheat between Chicago and Liverpool will determine its rate, and we know that one-tenth of a cent per ton per mile added on freight would tax over one hundred millions more annually out of the people. There should be no power to add it except by the people's consent, given through the railroad commissions.

Our commissions have done a great work in securing improvements in the classification of freights and the publicity of rates, and toward the accuracy of returns, though the reliability of the returns made by railroads is as yet an unknown quantity. On some systems they can doubtless be relied upon and on others not at all. Until a uniform and reliable system of returns can be compelled, we shall be more or less groping in the dark in our search for that elusive but much desired "reasonable rate" which the law allows.

When there is no suppression or intentional misstatement in the returns, there are sometimes such errors as charging the rental of leased lines to operating expenses, which is in effect making the pub-

lic pay the rentals for them, and sums spent for lobbying, subsidizing newspapers, and such purposes are always covered up in a lump sum, usually under the head of "terminal expenses." The traveler and the shipper have to pay for debauching their own public servants.

It is true that compared with foreign countries there has been a decided reduction in freight rates, and if there were no discriminations we might think we had approached, in some sections of the country, a fair rate. The introduction of larger engines, labor-saving devices, and other economies, however, enables the railroads to haul very much cheaper than formerly. By the introduction of larger engines alone the Union Pacific Railroad saved one million and forty thousand dollars in 1894 over the cost of doing the same volume of work in 1890.

That we have not yet reached a reasonable and fair freight rate is shown not only by the frequent reduction to favored parties, but by the large quantities of freight carried from our eastern, and indeed our lake States, over the Canadian Pacific Railroad and thence down to California points, instead of by the natural and shorter routes through our own States. Then, while freight rates in the greater part of the northern and western States are more reasonable than formerly, those south of the Potomac and Ohio were adjudged excessive by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the case of the *Freight Bureau of Cincinnati v. Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Railroad*, 167 U. S., 479, which was begun by the freight bureaus of Chicago and Cincinnati for the purpose of reducing rates from those two cities to eight important cities in the southern States. No tribunal has ever reversed this finding that these rates were excessive. The United States Supreme Court merely held that the Interstate Commerce Commission had no power to reduce rates—the more is the pity,—but it held that Congress could confer that power upon the commission. The statement of Mr. Campbell, general freight agent, proved recently before the Industrial Commission was to the effect that freight rates in the southern States are exorbitant. Indeed, it is a matter of com-

mon knowledge and can be shown at any time by a comparison of freight charges on the south side of the Ohio with those on the north.

In fact, the embargo laid on the development of the southern States by the extortionate charges for transportation is the chief factor in retarding its growth. If the members of Congress from those States would unite in support of a bill conferring upon the Interstate Commerce Commission the right to reduce rates whenever, in the opinion of that able and conservative commission, rates are excessive, they would do more for the progress and prosperity of that beautiful section than can be done by any other single measure in the ordinary range of legislation. In some sections of the South the charges are so high, especially in the trucking business, that the real owners of the soil are the London and New York bankers who own the principal railway systems of the South. Their transportation charges take all the profits, leaving the nominal owners of the soil a mere pittance. Their situation is exactly like that of the people of Ireland, a fine country which is in the same manner impoverished by the bailiffs carrying all the profits of agriculture to be spent by non-resident landlords in London, whence it never returns. The railroad system of the South is a duplicate of that which impoverishes Ireland, there by the actual ownership of the soil, with us by the ownership of the railroad systems, whose exorbitant charges (as adjudged by the Interstate Commerce Commission) practically absorb all the profits of ownership of the soil without its inconveniences. A railroad system in one of our southern States last year paid its stockholders by sundry devices one hundred and fifty-six per cent dividends, which is over four hundred per cent on the price at which the syndicate bought out the State's stock in the road. Though they thus got back in one year's profits more than four times their investment, they obtained from a federal judge an injunction against the railroad commission reducing their passenger fares to two and one-half cents per mile or assessing their property for taxation at one-



third of the market value of their stocks and bonds.

While freight rates in the northern States will compare favorably with those in other countries, in passenger rates the charges in this country are as a rule excessive and unjustifiable, and of course doubly so in the southern States.

In no particular have the railroad charges been more extortionate or more unwise than in passenger rates. Upon the liberal estimate of one hundred and twenty-five pounds (one-sixteenth of a ton) as the average weight of passengers paying full fare (above twelve years of age), the average charge for passengers per mile is over thirty times, not infrequently fifty times, that charged per pound for freight, notwithstanding passengers load and unload themselves, a consideration which far more than compensates for the carriage of baggage for part of the passengers. This is peculiarly unfortunate, for it not only diminishes the revenues of the roads, which could fill their cars or carry additional cars without any perceptible addition of expense, but it prevents that free circulation of the population which is so highly educational and which induces new enterprises whereby freight traffic is increased. Wherever reasonable passenger rates have been tried, the result has been not only accommodation to the public, but increased profits to the railways. In thinly settled Russia, as far back as 1894, passenger rates were reduced to three-fourths of a cent per mile for distances under one hundred and six miles and lower for longer distances, the fare for one hundred miles being seventy-five cents and for two thousand miles six dollars. This paid so well that since then a further reduction has been made which our consular agents report profitable. In Belgium workmen living forty-two miles from their working places buy weekly tickets good to go and return six times a week for fifty-seven cents a week, and shorter distances in proportion,—a good solution of the evils of crowded tenement houses and high rents. In India the rates were one-half cent per mile, which proved so profitable that recently there has been a reduction to one-third cent per mile. In Great

Britain, France, Germany, and Austria travel, equal in accommodation to our second class, averages three-fourths of a cent per mile. The fare in Australia, a thinly settled country of magnificent distances, is one cent or less per mile.

Among many examples of what lower rates will do in this country, in one of the rate wars passenger rates from San Francisco to Chicago were reduced from one hundred and twenty to fifteen dollars, with the result that the passenger coaches were full, carrying sixty passengers, and bringing in nine hundred dollars per car, when the haul of a load of cattle would have been at usual rates only two hundred and twenty dollars per car.

There are two reasons possibly why railroad managers prefer higher rates, for it cannot be on account of the profit. One is they prefer a smaller volume of business at approximately the same profit, the convenience to the public being counted nil. The other is that with high rates the free passes have a greater purchasing power in influence and in votes, and the same is true of the reduced rates they give to drummers, preachers, and others who can influence public opinion, thus making the passenger business a leverage of special privileges to some and not of equal rights to all.

Judge Cooley, that eminent statesman and jurist, as long ago as 1892, in his address before the National Convention of Railroad Commissioners, pointed out that the railroads in most unmistakable ways daily admitted their passenger rates to be too high. First, he said, by the large number of persons they carry free; then by the number of those they carry at reduced rates on mileage tickets, the still further reduction to ministers, and the yet further reduction on all conceivable occasions,—summer tours, college commencements, political speakings, excursions, and in the occasional rate wars. As that eminent man pointed out, it will be fairer for the public if the corporations, instead of making so many special rates, and crowding the people on excursion and other occasions, would make permanent, all the year round, low rates, with exceptional rates to no one and on no occasions. A permanent rate of this kind of one cent

a mile first class, and less for second class, would pay the roads better than the present system and would give them a popularity they do not now possess, not only by reason of the moderateness of the charge, but from the absence of that air of favor and condescension which attends the granting of lower rates for special occasions and the favoritism, or worse, which marks the free pass and reduced rates given to individuals. The greater opportunity given by the reduced rates to laborers to live out of congested cities where their theater of work lies, and to rear their families amid better surroundings, would alone justify the reduction, to say nothing of the greater opportunity to seek work at points where labor is needed, against which present railroad rates are a Chinese wall. Owing to our higher passenger fare only about one-third as many people in proportion to population ride on railroads in this country as in England.

Four years ago Mr. Cole, of New York, stated to the National Convention of Railroad Commissioners that in his State even then the statute required all railroads charging over two cents per mile to sell five hundred mile tickets for ten dollars, good on any train, in hands of the owner, any member of his family or firm or employee, with the result that the roads were selling ordinary tickets generally at that rate or under.

Instead of passenger rates being moderate and alike to all, they range from three and one-fourth cents per mile in the southern States (and were only reduced to that point by the railroad commissions) down to one cent on some of the northern railroads, the average being about two cents. The charges for passengers are thus distributed:

1. To the influential, as newspaper editors, politicians, public officials, relatives of railroad managers, and the wealthy, free passes, which means that their fare is paid by adding the cost to the rate charged the poor and uninfluential.

2. To those with secondary influence, like commercial tourists employed by wealthy firms, reduced rates are given, upon the one thousand mile ticket system,—which is simply a device for the interest on the fare paid in advance, and is no con-

sideration to the corporation, but the required lump sum cannot be raised by the average man.

3. To ministers of the gospel, who will come under obligation to the railroads by special applications therefor, permits to buy tickets at reduced rates are granted as a favor. Thus a padlock is sought to be put on their influence.

4. As an outlet to public disaffection at high rates lower rates are granted as a special favor to conventions, commencements, and the like, and wealthy hotel owners are conciliated by low summer rates.

5. Lastly, the great masses (except on special occasions) are taxed the highest rate possible. Of those least able to bear it the utmost is exacted. For all this system of favors and special privileges a very low, permanent rate, without exceptions for any occasion or to any person (except railroad employees in the discharge of their duties), should be substituted, with no difference in rate except that justified by difference in accommodation.

A change so just, so much to the benefit of the public and the railroads alike, cannot be too soon adopted.

The evils of the free-pass system, and the immoral purposes to which it has been put, have met wide public condemnation. Eight great States, beginning with New York and winding up with the latest constitution, that of Louisiana, have put in their constitutions and laws provisions against it, making it forfeiture of office for any office-holder to take a free pass. The Interstate Commerce Commission has repeatedly decided that free passes are forbidden in all interstate commerce, and among States forbidding it by statute North Carolina did so in 1891. In that State the railroads absolutely ignored the statute, so much so that I find that the chairman of the North Carolina Railroad Commission stated to the national convention a year ago that one hundred thousand free passes were issued annually in that State, and this was seven years after the act was passed. All during those years, in spite of the law, the railroads had carried that one hundred thousand of the rich and influential free, by adding the cost of their riding to the tickets of the

poor and uninfluential. Since then the law has been enforced by a fine of one thousand dollars being laid in two cases (out of, it would seem, seven hundred thousand violations). I see that Van Ost, in his work, states that one-fifth of the passengers in the West ride free, that is to say, that the other four-fifths pay for their riding.

I do not know how far the corrective force of public opinion and the enforcement of the law have abated the free-pass injustice, but Judge Cooley, in his address to which I have already referred, intimated that it had merely become secret (like freight discriminations) and that it was carried on by the device of issuing mileage books for which nothing is paid instead of free passes. Aside from the injustice of making one portion of the community (and those least able to pay for themselves) pay for the free riding of others, there is the leprosy of the free-pass system being the most shameless and most widely spread system of bribery of public officials and others having or supposed to have influence with the public. Beginning as a distribution of transportation to servants of the State, at a time when often the State owned or had largely aided in the construction of the railroads, its evil tendency was not at first generally understood. If abolished utterly, as it should be, railroads could by that fact alone be enabled to reduce passenger fares to accord more with the enhanced value of money, an enhancement which the railroads alone have not reduced charges to meet.

Both as to freight and passenger rates, the courts hold that the States can reduce to a reasonable rate. What is a reasonable rate is a matter of fact, upon evidence adduced, not a question of law. It should be settled by an appeal to a jury, unless the railroad commissions should be held special juries provided for that purpose, and whose conclusions are final, as the Supreme Court held in regard to their valuation of railroad property for taxation (*Kentucky Railroad Tax Cases*, 115 U. S., 321), a view which is sustained by Judge Cooley in his address already referred to.

When a judge issues his injunction against rates prescribed by a State legislature or a board created by it for that purpose, the judge simply assumes to substitute his opinion of the reasonableness of a rate for that of the law, and is guilty of usurpation of power, as was recently shown by that eminent judge of the United States Circuit Court, Judge Caldwell, in an address before the Missouri Bar Association.

The fixing of rates of common carriers and the assessment of their property for taxation are essentially governmental functions, and the judiciary is not a supervisory or higher department of government. If there arises any difference as to rates or valuation, it is a question of fact to be determined by the board created by law; or if there is any appeal, under our system of laws it should be settled, like all other issues of fact, by a jury, not by a judge.

To the Massachusetts Commission belongs the credit of beginning back in 1867 the agitation for safety appliances. To the Interstate Commerce Commission belongs the credit of procuring the act of Congress which requires the use of self-couplers, after a date fixed, which the commission has extended to January 1, 1900, as authorized by the statute. In their last report they say: "There were one thousand and thirty-four fewer employees killed and fourteen thousand and sixty-two fewer injured during the year ending June 30, 1897, than during the same period in 1893. In the Spanish-American war two hundred and ninety-eight were killed and one thousand six hundred and forty-five wounded. In car coupling alone two hundred and nineteen less were killed and four thousand nine hundred and ninety-four less were injured in 1897 than in 1893, when the law was enacted." In 1893, when the statute was passed, the casualties from coupling and uncoupling cars were four hundred and thirty-three killed and eleven thousand nine hundred and nineteen injured. In 1897, when the law as to self-couplers was only partly complied with, the casualties were only two hundred and fourteen killed and six thousand two hundred and eighty-three injured. With the enforcement of the

law, beginning at the first of this year, the casualties from this source should cease entirely. It should not have required a statute to compel the railways to put on this cheap and simple contrivance costing less than eighteen dollars per car, the absence of which at the passage of the statute was causing the death annually of four hundred and thirty-three men and the maiming of near twelve thousand others. Indeed, the courts, in North Carolina and possibly in some other States, have held that independent of the statute the railway company was liable for damages for the killing or wounding of any employee when the accident could have been prevented by the use of self-couplers.

More than four thousand five hundred people were killed and six thousand three hundred wounded, other than their employees and passengers, by railways last year. A very large part of these casualties were at crossings. In England and perhaps all other countries of Europe the railways are required to cross either above or below public roads and streets. This is required in New York as to all new railroads and to some extent as to those already built. But as this change is impracticable as to existing railways in many States, owing to the expense, the commissions could at least require (if they are authorized by law to regulate crossings, and if not they can get the authority) that at every crossing on the same grade of a public road or street the railway company should place an electric gong which shall be automatically rung by the driving-wheel of each approaching locomotive by means of a simple contrivance placed at a specified number of feet from each crossing. It would save many hundreds of lives each year. I have seen this device used in the stations in Germany to notify passengers automatically of the approach of the train.

Electric headlights operated by the engines would be useful in saving many hundreds of lives and injuries annually. According to railroad reports to the Interstate Commission between forty and fifty thousand persons are killed and wounded each year by the railways of the United States, even since the vast saving of life

and limb accomplished by the forced adoption of self-couplers. This is an annual loss twenty-five times as great as that sustained by this country in the Spanish war. Any regulation that will procure a reduction of this blood tax should be welcomed by the railways as well as by the public.

The question of the relation of the employees to the railroads I will not consider in this article, further than as that relation affects the general public. There is no doubt that a very large part of the collisions and derailments are caused by the over-service required of engineers and others. An accident not long since in our section entailing the loss of many lives was caused by the engineer having been on duty twenty hours out of twenty-four. He was nearly drunk for sleep. The strain upon the nerves of a man charged with the responsibility of many lives, who stands at the throttle valve of a ninety-ton engine as it is driven across the country on its narrow ribbon of steel, is such that it is doubtful if the law should not prohibit him or other railroad employees on the trains from being engaged more than eight hours out of twenty-four. I believe that is now the law in New York.

Some of the railroad commissions are charged with the regulation of rates and assessment for taxation of telephone, telegraph, and express companies. In all the countries of the world, I believe, except this and Canada, the telegraph and the telephone are part of the post-office system, legally as well as logically, for they are simply methods of communicating intelligence. I have always believed, as a lawyer, that under the provisions of the Federal Constitution, which requires Congress to establish post-offices and post-roads, it is its duty to transmit intelligence by wire as well as by rail, by electricity as well as by steam or pneumatic tubes, and as this power vested in Congress is held by the United States Supreme Court to be an exclusive power, that the operation of telegraph and telephones for hire by others than the government is as illegal as their carrying the mail would be. Great Britain, which alone has stood with us against government ownership of railroads, has had to

leave us on this matter, for there the telegraphs are a part of the post-office department. The rates under government ownership abroad justify the belief that under government ownership here we can have a uniform telegraph rate of ten cents and probably of five cents for ten words between any two points in the country, and one dollar a month or less for rental of a telephone. Back in 1891 Post-master-general Wanamaker said to Congress that if telegraphs and telephones were turned over to the post-office, as in other countries, a uniform rate of ten cents for telegrams and three cents for telephonic messages would pay handsomely. If so, cheaper rates would be practicable to-day. Immense public benefit would result from this change. Where railroad commissions are charged with fixing telegraph rates there is certainly room for large reduction not only from comparison with foreign rates, but from the fact that the Western Union, which now has a capitalization, bonds and stocks, of one hundred and twenty million dollars, has acquired its plant and its capitalization entirely out of its earnings over and above the steady payment of dividends, for only four hundred and forty thousand dollars cash, less than half a million, has ever been paid in by its stockholders. This was shown in several congressional investigations. Though seventeen out of eighteen committees of Congress, to whom post-office ownership of the telegraph has been referred, have reported in favor of that measure, as well as four post-master-generals have recommended it, the measure has never yet got to a vote, owing to the immense lobby maintained by the Western Union monopoly.

In other countries the post-office has a parcels delivery branch, which collects and delivers by wagon parcels at residences like other mail matter, up to eleven and in some countries sixteen pounds, and at one-half cent to one cent per pound, a small fraction of express charges in this country. In Austria and Germany more than one hundred million dollars' worth of goods are annually sent by the parcels post. In these matters the United States is a back number. The corporations dwarf us. As long as the

express business remains for private emolument, not for public convenience, it should be noted that the rates charged by the post-office departments abroad show that there is a large margin for reduction of rates under public control here.

In no particular are railroad rates more exorbitant than those charged for the carriage of United States mails; eight cents per pound for an average distance of four hundred and forty miles, with a further charge of two hundred per cent per year on their cost for rental of postal cars, while the charge to express companies is one-half cent per pound or less. This is of interest to the public, as it is the sole cause of a deficit in the postal revenue, and thereby defeats a reduction of letter postage to one cent and a further reduction on other matter. In fact, railway rates to the post-office are often fifty per cent higher than the charge for freight by wagon. This should be remedied by Congress, which has full knowledge of the facts. The corrective power of public opinion may effect something.

Most of the railroad commissions, if not all, are charged with the valuation of railroad, express, and telegraph and telephone property for taxation. This is a governmental function, and it has been decided by the United States Supreme Court, in *Kentucky Railroad Tax Cases*, 115 U. S., already cited, that the action of such boards is due process of law and final. But there are federal judges who have issued their injunctions notwithstanding, esteeming their own opinion of the value of such property superior to that of the boards authorized by law. In North Carolina the railroad companies are taxing the public rates high enough to pay four per cent net, above taxes and all expenditures, upon one hundred and twenty million dollars, but when the board appointed by law for the purpose assessed their property and franchise at forty-two million dollars (about one-third the value) those corporations, which were owned by non-residents, promptly secured an injunction from a federal judge. I do not know whether such flagrant cases occur elsewhere, but the result in that State has been universal indignation, except among the newspapers and other agencies in cor-

poration pay. Such action gives an impetus to the growing demand for the election of federal judges by the people, and for a term of years instead of the present unrepugnant life tenure, under which they are responsible neither to public opinion nor anything else, and hold their will superior to that of the law. The acts of a State legislature are apparently held in sovereign contempt by them.

In saying this I wish to be understood as casting no reflection upon my brethren of the Federal Bench as a body. Among them are some of the purest men and ablest lawyers in the republic. But unlimited power without responsibility, such as is conferred by life tenure with a certainty of no liability to impeachment by a busy Congress, is too great a temptation for most men; and when, as now, the Federal Bench is largely recruited from those whose lives at the bar have been spent as railroad attorneys, and who know that they owe their promotion to the influence of the great corporations who have formerly employed them, it is not strange that some of these judges should yield to the bias of their training.

The cardinal mistake is in assuming that railroads are chartered for a private purpose—the emolument of their managers. They are chartered for public purposes, the convenience and service of the public, the profit of the managers being only incidental to procure the service. When railroads were owned by the original subscribers to the capital stock living along their lines, and the counties and cities which were large stockholders, public opinion exercised through the annual election of the officers was sufficient public control. But now that the railroads have mostly passed into the hands of non-resident syndicates, who care little for public needs and wishes or for aught except profits, the officers are simply local overseers of the non-resident owners. Consequently, there is no control except through public opinion formulated in legislative enactment and executed by commissions created for that purpose. The new doctrine that the judiciary is the supreme power in the State, to set aside legislative enactments and restrain executive action, is promulgated and pushed in the

interest of the great moneyed combinations, so that when their lobbyists cannot defeat legislative action they may fall back upon the small body of judges in whose selection they can have a hand. But this attempt to suppress the popular will by a judicial oligarchy (which is without warrant in our constitutions) will prove as futile as the attempt to suppress the popular will by the executive power in England. The result there was that one king lost his head, another his throne. and for two hundred years no sovereign has dared to veto an act of Parliament, and no judge has ever imagined he had power to declare unconstitutional an act of the legislative body. The corporations which are urging the claims of judicial supremacy in this government may bring the bench to ruin, but they cannot destroy the inherent sovereignty of the people, who must speak their will through their legislative bodies and have that will executed by such agencies as they shall select. Those who cannot trust to the wisdom and justice of the people have no business in a free country.

Returning to the matter of taxation, there should be no difficulty on that subject, for as the Supreme Court of the United States held in *Taylor v. Secor*, 92 U. S., 575, the actual value of a railroad and its franchise is exactly that of the market value of all its bonds and stocks. In that case Justice Miller said: "It is therefore obvious that when you have ascertained the current cash value of the whole funded debt, and the current cash value of the entire number of shares, you have, by the action of those who above all others can best estimate it, ascertained the true value of the road, all its property, its capital stock, and its franchises; for these are all represented by the value of its bonded debt and of the shares of its capital stock."

"This is a simple and unerring plan," says Senator Ford, in the *North American Review*, "sanctioned by long usage in many States and approved by the Supreme Court of the United States."

There are some States which lay a tax on gross earnings, which is perhaps as fair as any that could be devised. Railroad

and interstate commerce commissions were created precisely because the public were dissatisfied with the conduct of the railway, telegraph, and express companies, and decided to regulate them otherwise than by individual actions in the ordinary courts, which few individuals had the financial ability to sustain with such powerful adversaries. It is a defect in all these acts that no officer is appointed to represent the State, for the amount of an overcharge demanded by the complainant is usually too small to justify him in retaining counsel, while the relief, if granted by the commission, being usually a reduction of rates or other general regulation, is of general benefit to the public and of great interest to the corporation, which last is therefore usually represented by numerous and able counsel. Their ex parte statements and arguments, the plaintiff being unrepresented, put the commissions at a disadvantage. As Judge Cooley said to the national convention in 1892, "the people's cause is lost by default." This is a grave defect and should be remedied.

To sum up the cause for the people: They are just and moderate. They ask no unjust reduction in rates, nor that any undue share of taxation be placed upon the railroads. They know that they gave these corporations the breath of life and that by aid of their right of eminent domain the corporations have laid their tracks. They know that private and public subscriptions to railroad construction have been often submerged by reconstructions and other methods, and that these great corporations are nearly all owned by non-resident bankers, usually in London and New York. The people demand that discriminations be stopped, whether secret rebates of freight or free passes or donated mileage books. They demand a just modification of freight rates and especially of those south of the Ohio, which the Interstate Commerce Commission has adjudged excessive, and that passenger rates should be reduced to something like the rates in other countries, without

special privileges to any. They demand that these corporations shall take their hands off our politics and leave the people free to select their own public servants, and that the process of federal judges, whether appointed by corporation influences or not, shall not be prostituted to defeat public control or the assessment by law of their property for taxation.

The public would be glad to see the telegraph, telephone, and express (or parcels post) made a part of the post-office as in other countries, or failing in that, secure a just reduction of their rates by the railroad commissions. They ask that safety appliances and moderate hours of labor for employees be required in order that the present annual casualty list of forty to fifty thousand killed and wounded may be diminished.

In these demands there is nothing unjust. Railway managers should gladly and frankly concede them. If so, the utmost harmony will prevail. But be assured, nothing less than these things will satisfy the great American people.

It was Marie Antoinette of France who, when told that the people were demanding the removal of abuses, gave the historic answer, "Rulers should pay no more attention to the clamors of the people than the moon to the baying of dogs." She learned later that an absolute monarchy with a thousand years behind it was not as strong as the demands of a people for justice.

It was a railroad king in this country who, when the dissatisfaction of the people with his rates and his management was reported to him, replied with brutal frankness, "The people be d—d."

It was another American railroad king who, when respectfully told that the people were asking a reduction of passenger rates, to accord with the enhanced value of money, arrogantly replied, "If they don't like my rates, let 'em walk."

Let us hope that there be few like unto them, for there is nothing stronger than a wrong unredressed when a great people is the sufferer.

Falsehood masquerades in many guises. Truth has but one garb.

It would be no more difficult with proper means to develop saints than sinners.

## "MACBETH" A RELIGIOUS POEM

BY REV. WATSON WEED

The grand and deep religious spirit that is shown by Shakspeare in many of his writings, and especially in some of his tragedies and sonnets, does not commonly receive the attention it deserves. Indeed, it seems to be generally overlooked or ignored. Most readers seem to take for granted that his writings are essentially and emphatically secular. They, of course, regard the great poet as the pre-eminent delineator of human character, as the one who more than any other "held the mirror up to nature" and showed "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." But they do not see that his writings have any distinct religious tendency or any clear religious object.

That Shakspeare did not adorn his writings with any of the ordinary outward forms of piety, that he declined to make "religion a rhapsody of words," that he did not wear the badge of any special sect, of all this there is doubtless much evidence. But that he constantly accepted and proclaimed that great religion of righteousness which is an unfailing power in human life, and that in most of his works the dominant idea was the setting forth of some phase of this universal religion, is a proposition for which there is positive and abundant proof.

That is not considered the highest style of art in which the figures have to be labeled, a cow, a horse, or a boy. It is considered better if the figures are so realistically made that even an ordinary observer will instantly know them for what they are intended. So Shakspeare, when he represents man and his doings as dealt with by Providence, does not have to station a chorus at one side to be shouting in the interludes, "This is a religious picture." The picture shows for itself.

If we consider the more important poems that are acknowledged to be religious, we must admit that their religiousness does not consist in the so-called pious comments that are mingled in their structure, but in the distinctly religious lesson that

each story teaches. The story of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" shows a great religious and moral lesson without the explanation that is given in the last two or three stanzas. And in Lowell's "Sir Launfal," it is the story itself in its plain teaching that is so grandly religious, that shows so truly the religion of Christ.

Think also of the great parables of Jesus. What story will a Christian call religious if not one of these? Yet take the parable of the Good Samaritan, or that of the Prodigal Son, and you cannot fail to see that there is not a specially religious expression from the beginning to the end of either one of them. In each case the story is told simply, without any preaching or exhortation, without even an invitation to praise the Lord. In each case the point or aim of the story is what makes it religious.

Now, consider Shakspeare's poems and dramas in the same way. Most of them show in some line very distinctly the way in which God deals with men. The inevitable punishment of moral transgression and the beauty and dignity of the upright character under all conditions,—these are lessons that stand out with great distinctness, that are proclaimed with great emphasis, in all his tragedies, and that also appear quite plainly in his comedies. It was just such lessons as these that constituted the burden of the old Hebrew prophets.

I wish to consider in this manner the tragedy of "Macbeth." This is one of the shortest of Shakspeare's dramas, and one which has a perfect unity of aim or purpose. The single emphatic purpose of the play, which none of its various parts are permitted to disturb, is so plainly and sternly moral, and is wrought out so completely, that it affects me like one of the grand prophecies of Israel pointing out the sure judgment of God on unrighteousness.

As I study and think upon this play the thought is more and more impressed upon me that, if ever there was a really and



nobly religious poem, then this is one. In it I see the course of a great and overmastering temptation to evil, drawing its victims to the commission of a fearful crime, then seizing them with a more deadly hold, filling them with superstitious terrors, and leading them on to more crime, till finally it has brought madness and suicide to the one and fear, savageness, weariness, and hopelessness to the other, followed by the vengeance of an aroused nation.

Here the sure punishment of evil is wrought out and plainly shown in the character and thought of Macbeth himself, and of his brilliant and strong-willed wife. In their words and actions we trace almost the whole course of it. The other persons in the drama are necessary only to show the growth of the character in Macbeth and his wife, and the sure working of divine punishment in this. Even the stage vengeance, which comes upon him at last at the hands of Macduff, is but a trivial thing, a mere incident, as compared with the punishment which God works in his character.

This treacherous murder, ushered in by mighty temptation and by what seemed to be supernatural encouragement, followed by suspicion and fear and ever increasing cruelty, or followed by deep burning remorse and insanity; this is the picture that is presented with such dark brilliancy, such intense and appalling force, that it seems to cover the whole face of nature, and reach from heaven to hell. The horrible crime is matched and mastered by the plainly seen and swiftly oncoming punishment, and in gigantic blood-red letters we seem to see the great meaning of the play,—the wages of sin is death. It is one of the grandest and most terrible things in literature. Yet there is in it a feeling of sadness, of pity and sympathy for even the guilty pair, that brings home to us the real goodness of God, the real heart of the religion of Christ.

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are not represented as horrible monsters in the beginning, but as endowed with an abundance of kindly, of loving, and even of noble traits. Their home life is full of love and tenderness. He is a brave and generous warrior, who has "bought golden

opinions from all sorts of people." She is one of those delicate intellectual natures who are everywhere admired, one whose power of intellect and nerve and will give her great influence. She is full of affection for her husband, and this gives the strength to her ambition. She is ready to help him even in crime for a great object. Yet it is only through her ambition and hope for him. She never originates the thought of crime. She never speaks a bitter word to him except as she would strengthen his courage. Thus we see them as a people whose lives are filled with many worthy thoughts and deeds. Before this great temptation gives its murky color to their lives they stand as well in public esteem as any family in Scotland.

But the temptation comes. Before the play opens Macbeth has felt it, and has introduced its bright and fascinating features to his wife. He has shown her the hope he has of that

Which shall to all their nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

He has shown her how easily a fortunate accident might bring the royal power to him, because he stands so near to the kingly line. He has even gone so far as to say that he would take or make an opportunity to destroy his kinsman Duncan, that he might, as the nearest claimant of the throne, become the king.

Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet he would make both.

He has brought the diabolical temptation to her and it has wrought its fascination upon her. Nay, he has wrought the temptation upon her himself. In this case it was not the woman but the man to whom the tempter first came. In this Scottish paradise the serpent did first beguile the man, and he gave the woman of the forbidden tree. The great prize of kingly power was before them, and in an evil hour Macbeth had dared to think that, when occasion offered, he would presume to

break ope  
The Lord's anointed temple and steal thence  
The life o' the building.

As yet, however, it was only in his thought, as something in the distance. The "murder yet was but fantastical." Without some further encouragement, without the stimulus of some dream or the inspiration of some flattering words, even this thought might have grown weaker, and it was barely possible that better influences might have driven it away.

All this was before the opening of the drama. These are the conditions in which Macbeth comes upon the stage. The devil has begun his work. But his mighty and overwhelming victory is now to come.

It is important that we note the way in which the elements portend the oncoming of the terrible tragedy. At the approach of any great calamity how surely does the poet's ear detect an ominous groan coming from prophetic nature. As she seems to smile or sing at the coming of any joyous or fortunate event, so, to the delicate sense, she seems to frown or weep when any great evil approaches. So in Milton's great poem we read that, when Eve plucked and tasted the forbidden fruit,

Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs  
of woe.

To drape the very beginning, the first far-seen approach of evil with a curtain of darkness and terror, to make the genesis of crime seem dreadful, this is worthy not only of a poet, but also of a Christian.

In this great tragedy it is nature that sounds the key-note to the awful theme. The thunder growls in ominous watchfulness. The sky veils her face as if to shut out the sight of the overthrow of a human soul. It is the dark and threatening aspect of nature that meets us in the beginning, that forms the background of the poem, that deepens till the murder is accomplished, and that, unproclaimed, still seems to deepen round the guilty couple till death removes them from the scene.

It is in the midst of darkness, of clouds and thunder, that we get those strange glimpses of the supernatural which are somewhat disturbing to almost any of us, and which have such a mighty influence

on the superstitious. Terrific dreams come in the night. Uncanny sights appear at night, or in the midst of tempests. Blood-curdling tales and sayings find their appropriate setting in a darkened room or cavern. Hence the weird sisters appear so fitly on the blasted heath amid the thunder of a threatening tempest, and give Macbeth that mystic greeting which seems to him to echo and corroborate the strong evil desires and temptations that are raging in his soul.

Like many another soldier of certified bravery Macbeth is intensely superstitious, and will not undertake any important business unless the omens are propitious. This is a main feature of his religion. He is accustomed to say his prayers at all appropriate times, and to say amen when he hears another praying. But he uses prayer as a sort of fetich, as a check against Providence. When the mysterious powers seem favorable then he is ready to undertake anything. And so he watches eagerly for every supernatural sign. In a superstitious country and time he has fed and thrived on superstition. Yet he is a gentleman as well as a soldier, and to most of those around him his superstition seems perfectly proper.

The three weird sisters represent in an effective manner that darkly supernatural influence which has always prevailed. Their wild attire, their withered and unearthly look, their few words so solemn and oracular, their seeming knowledge of the future, their sudden appearing and vanishing,—these are characteristics that astonish the credulous, and that give their possessors more than the power of witchcraft. They do not offer to perform evil deeds or to help in their performance. But they seem to be able to

look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which  
will not.

And it is this seeming absolute foreknowledge that makes them so dreadful, that gives them such power.

We cannot wonder that this superstitious thane is moved by them, or that, when some of their first foretelling has proved true, their words become scripture to him, and that he hastens to them again

to obtain their prophetic greeting. And yet Macbeth does not honor the weird women as messengers of Heaven. He rather fears them as envoys of hell. He calls them "secret, black, and midnight hags." He believes as Banquo does that they are instruments of darkness. It is because they are evil that their prophecy suggests evil to him. But this devilish religion is the only sort that he can deal much in while hell is burning in his soul.

And so we see that the line between superstition and true religion, though not definitely indicated, is made perfectly certain by Shakspeare. Though he makes the influence of the weird sisters powerful even on us, yet he shows them mainly as a mocking delusion, as playing a huge diabolical joke. And while their influence is strongest on Macbeth, words are spoken that show how foul and deadly is the way of sin, and how bright and sure the path that leads to God.

But to see this let us again watch the tempted ones, and then trace the swift course of the drama.

With his ambition freshly stirred by new success, the thought of reaching to the crown by fair means or foul rises again in the soul of Macbeth with greater strength than ever. The thought of murder, dismissed for a while, now boldly walks beside him as he comes from battle. He thinks of many reasons that serve as an excuse for this, such as his own born equal right, his own prowess in arms, and the weakness of the king. He is sure he has a better right than either of Duncan's sons. If he waits long he will yield his right to one of them. He is proud of his wife and wishes to seat her with him on the throne. The demon rises in his soul, drives back his better angels, and looks abroad for some encouragement.

Meanwhile Lady Macbeth is filled with ambitious hopes for her warlike husband. Kindled by his images of kingly right, and by her love for him, she is made sure that he ought to be king. And she does not hesitate to catch the nearest way. She has not been led to it by any imagining of hers, but, once fairly started by his great desire and hope, her strong, practical mind does not wander off in vain ex-

pectations or fears. Her own love of power comes to aid her domestic love. She resolves that when the time comes she will help him to strike for high place. She will help him to be king. She thinks of her husband and glory and fixes her thought on one thing. She certainly has many scruples and good desires, but led by love and ambition she calls her will to master them.

And now the drama begins. Upon the heath Macbeth receives the salutation of the mystic three. Their words seem to him a realization of his own black and deep desires. They, which to an innocent man might seem absolutely innocuous, suggest to him the murder which he has at heart. His blood is all on fire. When a little later he learns that one of their predictions has proved true, then he believes implicitly in all they say, then he feels encouraged to all that he has thought. He hastens on. He meets the king. He learns of the king's coming visit to himself. He posts a hasty letter to his wife. He reaches home himself shortly after the letter. He finds Lady Macbeth thrilled by the prophecy, feeling that now is the time. His courage is inflamed by her magnificent words. He is inspired by the very ecstasy of her daring. They welcome the king, feast and otherwise entertain him abundantly, and bid him good-night as he retires.

Meanwhile Macbeth is torn by inward conflict. He has time to think, and all the good angels of his nature rise to battle with the demons of ambition and slaughter. His fertile imagination is filled with doubts and fears and scruples. He fears the consequences. He shrinks from the treachery. He almost gives it up.

And then Lady Macbeth becomes the great advocate of evil, and lashes his faltering courage to a fury with that most potent of all earthly weapons—a woman's tongue. She strikes him in the weakest place a soldier has. She scorns his cowardice. She shows him in herself a desperate bravery that stops at nothing when great ends are in view. Yet that which gives this scene its great force is not merely the desperation and fury and scorn that are in the lady, but the feeling that behind it all there is a background of deli-

cate, gracious, respected womanhood, much of whose influence still remains and gives a momentum of character to even diabolism.

There is an awful sadness in this self-ruin of a really noble human soul before our eyes. That this slender, delicate woman, so gentle and loving in her household, shrinking from blood not more than from evil, should thus, by the strength of her will, carry herself and her husband over all doubts and fears and compunctions to a dreadful crime, is a marvel to admire and to tremble at. Yet that is the scope of the thought, that is the showing of the picture. In the previous scene her appeal to the demons to unsex and harden and embitter her is a part of her great effort at evil. There is the effect of an angel being slowly transformed into a devil. And it is the influence and power of the angel nature that largely holds Macbeth. She not only shows how the mind can control all the natural feelings for a time; she changes hell into a great ideal and gives it for the moment a religious character.

And so Macbeth is exalted to the height of hell. He is settled and bends up

Each corporal agent to the terrible feat.

He sees only one vision now, and the phantom dagger leads him on to the king's chamber. The devil has him and holds him to one purpose. He kills his guest and his king. The murder is consummated.

But now the manhood that was summoned in so poor a cause deserts him. Again he is the sport of a legion of torments, fears, scruples, remorse, despair. Not all great Neptune's ocean can cleanse his hand. He cannot pray. He cannot even say, "Amen." He hears an awful voice cry, "Sleep no more." Oh, how he wishes it could be undone.

Even as something of the best of his manhood strengthened him for the crime, so the best of his manhood now comes to give him punishment.

Does it not show much original goodness in his nature that now remorse takes hold of him and tortures him so dreadfully, that his mind is so full of scorpions?

If one is much of a villain now-a-days his conscience does not bother him. He can smile and eat well and sleep soundly. He can pray and say "amen" with fluency and fervent zeal. He can attend church and take part in the services with a perfect appearance of humble piety. If he has any conscience, he seems to have it locked up and laid carefully away where it cannot be disturbed during this present life.

But this old Scottish war-thane has a conscience that is tremendously alive. He is filled with unmistakable remorse. He, who has slain so many, "whose brandished steel" lately "smoked with bloody execution," and "carved out his passage" on the battle-field,—he is filled with anguish and horror at the treacherous taking of one single life. He can't get rid of his conscience. He can't dismiss it and be the same as he was before.

Lady Macbeth cannot comfort him now, but she recalls him to some of his firmness. He again puts on that which has become a mask—his former courage and politeness. He hears with seeming surprise the discovery of the murder. But now his more terrible punishment begins. The bloody hand is on him. The murderer's fear calls for more victims. Going alone to the chamber of death, he kills the still drunken, half-wakened attendants. Not one but three victims is the record for one awful night. His murder is beginning to write itself on his character.

Lady Macbeth by a mighty effort of mind and will has kept to her "fell purpose." She has been able for a time, she has been helped by devils to

Stop up the access and passage to remorse.

She has made the preparations for the murder, carried back the bloody dagger and smeared the faces and the hands of the attendants. She has held herself for one murder as done for a great end. She has held herself firm for all that she could foresee. But when the unthought-of killing of the grooms comes on her, then her delicate, unguarded woman's nature shows itself. She faints. Where her mind has not time to steel itself, the horror overcomes her. This is the first and,

till near the end, almost the only showing of how her conscience works its mighty punishment on her.

And so the night was ended,—a night long remembered as full of "hours dreadful and things strange," as full of portents of disaster,—

Strange screams of death  
And prophesying with accents terrible.

Even nature was horror-stricken at the awful deed.

But from the midst of all this crime and treachery and gloom there sounds the key-note of the drama in the words of Banquo:

In the great hand of God I stand; and thence  
Against the undivulged pretense I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

He who was the foil of Macbeth in the fore part of the play, who had fought down the fiend, ambition, with the weapons of faith and truth and real piety, who had warned Macbeth against the suggestions of the witches, who had felt the forebodings of some awful calamity just before the murder, who had so fervently prayed for help against the influence of wicked thoughts,—he feels the great need of the time. He feels the mighty power of God beneath all this. He seeks the only true foundation. He feels sure that the great hand of God will protect the righteous and punish the wicked. He puts himself as an instrument in that great hand to be used against "treasonous malice." Yes, and these words of his seem to be made specially sacred by the doom of death that is hanging over him unknown. In the play they come to us as a voice from eternity. If any word or words were necessary to mark this play as distinctly and strongly religious, these words would make that mark.

But Macbeth becomes king and Lady Macbeth queen. They have apparently gained their object. But happiness, ease, comfort do not therefore come. Macbeth "lies in restless ecstasy on the torture of his mind." He strongly feels how he has

defiled his mind,  
Put rancors in the vessel of his peace,  
and  
his eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man.

He sees a thousand dangers rise before him. He cannot sleep well, and thus he knows of the misery that comes to Lady Macbeth at night. For he speaks for both when he tells what we will do

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly.

In his remorse and dread he envies Duncan the peace of the grave. His imaginations now turn largely to suspicions or fears of all those in power about him. And first of all his companion in arms, the honest, fearless, unsuspecting Banquo, draws his aim. His fears in him "stick deep." He fears not only his "dauntless temper," but his "wisdom" also. In his presence he feels subdued, and his superstition fears him as one more favored by the decrees of fate. He cannot stop for friendship. He calls for more blood, and procured assassins do the deed for him. He has Banquo killed. And now new fears start up for him in the escape of the son.

But this is not all. The strong personality of Banquo, which has so shaken Macbeth, will not let go its hold so readily. It insists on appearing to him as a ghost.

To such an imaginative person as Macbeth, who has had commerce with the supernatural, it is not so very strange that ghosts should come. He is one who cannot do many murders without seeing sights. And what should he expect, but to see the murdered man, in spite of "twenty trenched gashes on his head," come and sit at the feast just where he had been invited? But can anything be more shocking to the sensibilities of a refined murderer than to see his victim, utterly slain but a few minutes before, rise up beside him apparently unharmed, and silently but confidently claim his hospitality? What wonder that he rather requests the sending of

the rugged Russian bear,  
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger?

What wonder that for a moment he forgets his hospitality, and earnestly begs his too persistent guest to "Avaunt?" Even the fact that others present can see nothing hardly makes the sight seem better to him. He surely does not lie when

he says that he has a "strange infirmity." It is the sickness of hell that is on him. And it does not grow less. It is not likely that it will grow less while he can declare,

For mine own good  
All causes shall give way. I am in blood  
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no  
more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Life is very tedious to him.

But this ghost sadly disturbs his superstitious faith. He begins to doubt the realities of nature. If the dead may rise, why may not stones be made to move and trees to speak against him? He has taken upon himself to enforce the prophecy of the weird women. But somehow it doesn't seem to work satisfactorily. So he hastens the next day to the blasted heath and to the dismal cavern. He must know more of the future. He must learn all that the dread oracles have to say of him. He meets the unearthly women, and sees the strange and awful visions which they raise. He sees the line of Banquo's children all with crowns upon their heads. He sees strange, mystic signs of arms and blood. It is a very disturbing, hair-raising vision. There is little satisfaction in it. But with it all he gets a little selfish counsel and cold comfort. He is confirmed in his growing fear of Macduff, the Thane of Fife. And he is encouraged in his trusted security by the oracular sayings, that "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth," and that

Macbeth shall reign  
Till Birnam wood be come to Dunstane.

Now he has new courage. Now he can defy the ghost. He will not yield to his enemies, open or secret. He will "be bloody, bold, and resolute." He'll "take a bond of fate." He'll kill Macduff. But immediately after he hears that Macduff is fled. His "dread exploit" is anticipated. This is the result of his caution and mercy. And from thenceforth he repudiates them both. Now he vows and dedicates himself boldly to blood and crime. It is more than the bloody hand that is on him now. His bond to the devil has been foreclosed. The great punishment is working deeply in his character. He sends his hired cut-throats to the

castle of Macduff, and gives to the edge of the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate  
souls  
That trace him in his line.

Each trifling circumstance fills him with fear. He constantly calls for blood. Is he not surely under the curse?

But we return to Lady Macbeth. She too has been visited by ministers of vengeance whom she could not escape. With her practical nature, strong will, and mental power she could shut out the imagination of evils to come. She could shut out pity and remorse for a time. And if there had been no core of good in her nature, then she could have shut them out altogether. But she too had a conscience. And she too found that her conscience could not be kept out forever. For a while when she was awake her strong will could hold it back or cover it. But when she slept her will could not protect her. And those horrible dreams take hold of the very center of her soul. Even in her waking hours, strive as she will, the awful remorse soon begins to come. She soon learns that

Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content.

It is she rather than her husband who begins to

keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies her companions making.

She begins to find that it is not always true that "what's done is done," even though it cannot be undone.

We are shown a little of that native goodness in which her conscience lies. Her gentle, loving nature seeks to relieve and exercise itself in help and comfort to her lord. Even after the terrible ghost scene, when all the guests are gone, she breathes not one word of rebuke or complaint. And it is something of this gentle, loving nature that makes that terrible burning thing that is eating at her life, that will not let her rest, that is turning her reason into madness. She herself holds that excellent yet fearful weapon with which God is punishing her.

More sharp, more delicate, more tender, and therefore more terribly felt was

the conscience of Lady Macbeth. Therefore it struck deeper and overturned her reason. Night after night, even in that mockery of hers called sleep, she lived over again the whole preparation and horror of that awful night. And then she found that she could not so easily wash out the stain of blood. With all her firmness and outward show of tranquillity, not only her nights but also her days were taken prisoners by remorse. She could not live and endure it. And so she died by her own hand.

There is not much more to tell. Macbeth, steeped in blood, dreaded even by his friends, sees his power slipping away from him. He is full of misery and complaining. He sees that instead of what he should have,

As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
he simply has

Curses not loud but deep, mouth honor,  
breath  
Which his poor heart would fain deny, but  
dare not.

He sadly misses his wife, his only friend. He comes to think that the life that he has made

is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury  
Signifying nothing.

He bolsters himself with superstition. But he begins to fear that the weird women speak falsely. And when he is told that the forest is moving, his shaky faith is almost destroyed. His heart fails him and he is full of weariness. He has one more hope for his miserable life. But when Macduff tells him what a devil's joke the prophecy is, it is pitiful to see him yield so to despair. However, we feel a little better about him, he wins back a little of our regard, when, under the lash of scorn, he finally musters some

of his old warlike courage and fights to the death.

Macduff feels that by killing Macbeth he has avenged his family. But we know that God, before this, has wrought a mightier vengeance in the tyrant's character.

In the last that we see both of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth each of them seems to be repeating in substance the great complaint of Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

And so this great drama shows us in these two the working of their temptation, the working of their sin, and the working of their punishment. This is that "even-handed justice" that never fails, but that surely

Commends th' ingredients of the poisoned  
chalice  
To their own lips.

More plainly, more completely, more searchingly, more solemnly, yes, and more pityingly than in any other work of literature, is shown the coming, strengthening, and striking of a great crime, and, growing from it and almost as a part of it, the irresistible smiting of divine punishment. Here also is shown the goodness of human nature, as the power of God that worketh in us, working the sure punishment of evil in the same nature. Even in their remorse and suffering, their weariness and loneliness, we read some of that goodness and worth that were part and parcel of their natures.

Can we not also read something of the thought of true divine forgiveness, and of true Christian redemption, far off it may be, but for them as well as others, not alone in the sympathy that shows so plainly the temptation and the remorse, but also in those words of the doctor at the end of the sleep-walking scene:

More needs she the divine than the phys-  
cian:—  
God, God forgive us all?

Men always get what they pray for, though they may not recognize it when it comes.

True religion is established in a sense of duty and strength of will which enables its possessor to conquer all difficulties.

# APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY; OR, HYPNO-SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS

BY HENRIK G. PETERSEN, M. D.

## THIRD PAPER

The laryngologist, when confronted with troublesome cases of nervous coughs or relaxed vocal chords, not infrequently finds the cause to be a psychic condition which he cannot overcome.

Woman, twenty-two; teacher. Neither neuropathic heredity nor hysterical stigma. Always good health until one day in the class, when trying to raise the voice, she became at first hoarse and then voiceless. Some days later the aphonia was an absolute dumbness. Laryngoscopic examinations revealed no lesions and electricity had no effect. Hypno-suggestion was then proposed, and the patient being very susceptible, deep hypnosis was easily obtained. Upon awaking she could distinctly pronounce the words which had been suggested to her. For five months there was no trouble, but then a relapse occurred during menses. The local physicians in the city where she lived failed for many weeks in their attempts to induce hypnosis or produce effect by suggestions in the waking state. She finally called her former physician, and as before the normal condition quickly returned, and has continued for about two years. Similar cases have been reported from various quarters.

In ophthalmology suggestion frequently renders the oculist great service and makes surgical interference unnecessary. Hysterical affections of the ocular muscles, spasmodic closure of the lids (blepharospasm), which prove troublesome in examination of the eyeball, readily yield to the gentle effect of suggestion. The well-known oculist, Dr. Silvert, cured a blepharospasm by assuring the patient that, when the right eye closed, the left one, spasmodically closed, would open. After having emphasized this, he pushed down the right lid and the left one immediately opened with the greatest ease. He then

quickly applied a plaster to the closed lid and examined the hitherto intractable left eye, the muscles of which did not trouble the patient any more from that moment.

Woman, twenty-nine, learned suddenly of her grandfather's death. One of the eyelids began first to tremble, then to wink furiously, and at the same time draw closer, until at the end of three days there was complete blepharospasm. Had undergone treatment by several specialists, but without success. When she presented herself for consultation on this occasion the affection was thirteen months old and left-sided hemianaesthesia. She had grown extremely nervous, and being a pretty woman was much mortified at her appearance. In spite of this nervousness she proved both susceptible and suggestible, so that a few weeks later both lids moved and felt normally. A very slight relapse occurred twice in the course of the next five months, but a few suggestive treatments sufficed and she has now been perfectly well more than two years.

Girl, twelve; general good constitution; complained of being unable to read without fatigue and headache. Sight was normal, but insufficient convergence was very marked. Suitable glasses helped at first, but after a lapse of about six months the convergence, fatigue, and headaches were as bad as ever. No result from tenotomy of the right external, and finally there was a doubling of any single object seen (diplopia), a condition which could not be corrected. The oculist sent her to Dr. Berillon's clinic. The child at first objected to being put to sleep, fearing another operation, etc., but the father was a sensible man and encouraged her in a gentle and convinced manner. During hypnosis it was then suggested to her that she should see all objects normally. Both



the convergent strabismus and the homonymous diplopia resulting therefrom disappeared, and the child has neither squinted nor seen double for about a year.

Dr. Lloyd-Tuckey, London, records a marked case of anaemia in a woman of forty-eight, where his suggestions produced a favorable result. She was sleepless and lacked appetite, almost constant occipital headache, a feeble, irregular pulse, and cold extremities. This had been her condition for about two years. Only slightly susceptible, the suggestions, nevertheless, ameliorated the symptoms within three weeks. Although feeling well, the treatment was repeated a few times during the following two years in order to prevent the depressing effects of various domestic incidents.

There is to-day hardly any dissenting opinion among medical men as to considering alcoholism a disease rather than a vice. It is a national one, irrespective of country or race, and its prevalence is reduced to a statistical comparison. To say that it is incurable is as sweeping a statement as pronouncing it curable by any special method exclusively. The causes differ widely and represent so many complications involving both physical and mental, inherited and acquired incentives of seemingly equal force. Our forefathers drank probably more brutally, but, perhaps, with more assured calm than the present generation, a hundred times more tempted and driven to excess for the sake of avoiding or forgetting the many miseries which dog the steps of advanced civilized man, thereby creating an excuse to stimulate the flagging strength in the race for elusive comforts. Besides undermining the organic strength, this disease is the more to be feared because will and moral resistance are gradually lost. We have medical means whereby to repair early injuries, and so far a chance opens for the will to reassert itself and refuse being an accomplice. However, if the will remains weak and yielding, physical methods are but temporary adjuvants, and relapse a question of time with varying limits. Any physician may have had this sad experience either in private practice or in our institutions. Those who have employed suggestive therapeutics have ob-

served its advantage in upholding the vacillating will, yet capable of moral determination and realizing the benefit of clinging to a saner and stronger one until normal conditions are re-established. Unfortunately, even a psychic agent does not always prove a saving intervention, but this can nevertheless truly be said, that as a strong staff it serves well until confident firmness makes strong. Whenever manhood is not entirely lost and still blushes over present degradation, the individual desire to be helped can make the patient immune through his physician's suggestive guidance. It inhibits his sense disturbance and subjugates the tumultuous craving which his rational self loathes and fears. But in many instances his distorted will obstinately follows a course of its own, a preconceived plan, which from the very beginning frustrates all beneficial effect. One patient thus insisted upon making out a small check the day he consulted. There was in his case a very fair chance of success, but after a few visits he discontinued without any further notice. It became known later that the amount of the check was the limit of his will to resist, and not of his ample means, which continue to aid him in his pursuit of a drunkard's goal. The mistaken idea of an ever present magical presto that transforms the besotted individual into a sober citizen for all time would be highly comical if it were not so unutterably sad. Such almost instantaneous changes are on record as authentic facts and are met with not infrequently, but they are exceptional, and no scheduled calculations can be made to insure a desired effect within any specified length of time. The degree of suggestibility differs, as well as the effect of the subtle poison upon body and mind, in one person more and in another less. The experienced psychologist will be able to tell only after having gained sufficient insight into every particular case, but he never assumes the gift of prophecy. This ought to be considered a logical conclusion, not only in regard to alcoholism, but also concerning all diseases coming either under suggestive or other methods of medical treatment. A strange absence of this rational view is only too frequent

an occurrence. The immoderate expectation of being the favored exception makes one impatient of slower improvement and credulous of the all-promising charlatan's assurances. The value of a remedy is of the first importance, and, if sustained by knowledge and honest experience, relief or cure will depend upon its proper application. But a well-dressed wound does not heal readily if its bandage is constantly and ignorantly disturbed.

In reading the following cases from Dr. Lloyd-Tuckey's day-book, we shall see that the alcoholic sufferer can be helped by suggestive treatment where the mental and bodily health still retains some strength, and individual self-respect is not obliterated. Dr. Aug. Forel, one of the visiting scientists at Clark University last summer, is also among those who recommend hypno-suggestion in alcoholism as an excellent aid to obtain absolute abstinence. His conviction is not based upon theories, but on personal scientific experience at the Zurich Canton Asylum, Burghoelzli, under his superintendence.

A drummer, forty; victim of commercial politeness by "treating" when on the road. Drank for days. Albuminuria and epileptiform attacks. Very anxious to destroy the liquor appetite. Suggestive treatment one month and at intervals several times later. No relapse, although he lost an excellent wife and suffered business reverses.

Son of a lord. The family insisted on his taking suggestive treatment. The patient expressed an absolute satisfaction with his own condition and that he had not the slightest intention to leave off drinking. The suggestions had no effect and all other remedies met with equal failure.

Of sixty-five alcoholic patients, thirteen were cured absolutely; thirty-eight had one or more relapses from three months to two years later. There was a marked amelioration in most of these cases, and also cures if attended to as soon as a tendency to relapse manifested itself. Fourteen cases brought no result whatever. What here has been said of dipsomania is equally true of morphinism, nicotism, cocaineism, etc.\*

\*Dr. Otto Wetterstrand, "Hypnotism and Its Application to Practical Medicine," p. 55, etc. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Such victims, although most numerous among the idle and neurotic class, are found indiscriminately among the poor and the rich, the professional and the commercial classes. Among physicians there are forty per cent morphinists on an average. Cocainomania, recently studied, presents some peculiar symptoms. Even eight grains daily will produce neuro-muscular hyperesthesia, localized anaesthesia, sleeplessness, and an extraordinary indecision in matters of the most common nature. There is first an indescribable excitement with the desire of doing something grand. Hallucinations of sight and hearing, the latter developing to painful acuteness. Then the sensation of animals creeping on the skin and everywhere. Persecution ideas. Uncontrollable erotism. Heart weak and respiration accelerated. There remains an exact distinction between right and wrong, but the moral resistance finally breaks down and adds either a criminal or an insane person to the number of the world's unfortunates. Dr. Voisin, among other eminent colleagues, has in many instances proved suggestion an efficient remedy for such terrible conditions, and upheld its claim as a scientific restorer and regulator of diseased will. Dr. Lloyd-Tuckey is so convinced of the suggestive efficacy that he declared some years ago, at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association, that he already owed more than five hundred therapeutic successes to the use of suggestion in widely differing diseases. The medical world knows that this painstaking clinical observer is no easily roused enthusiast, and that his distinguished work and well-founded opinions are equally entitled to respectful consideration.

There are certain motions which render a majority of people highly uncomfortable from the effect on both mental and physical functions, although in nearly all cases the individuals enjoy ordinary good health. Locomotion by electric cars or railway travel gives rise to vertigo and even gastro-intestinal derangements which have been observed also in certain animals like the swine and the dog. Some cannot ride backward or look out of the carriage window while speeding through the landscape. It is also true that many such effects are chiefly due to notion more

than motion; but the result is the same, the habit having become physiological, and demands an effective remedy. Seasickness is undoubtedly the most dreaded condition of this kind, and deprives thousands of a very valuable recreation and benefit produced by the rest and the saline tonic of a voyage. There are innumerable individual forms of this malady, and as many supposed preventive remedies, yearly increasing, but their praiseworthy ingenuity is not far reaching in effect. Plutarch attributed the discomfort wholly to fear, while Darwin has defined it as due to vertigo caused by moving objects, the same as when riding a camel, etc. Both causes are undoubtedly correct, acting singly or combined according to temperament and circumstances. But whether the starting-point for reflexes, which establish irritated and congested conditions of the stomach and the respiratory nerve and its affiliations, is in a shock sustained by the sensitive nerves of the abdominal viscera, or rather in a cerebro-spinal irritation, it is evident that all the more important nerve centers are involved, and particularly those of the brain. This is demonstrated by lack of inhibitory force and disturbed equilibrium causative of morbid automatic action. The study and application of suggestion in disease have taught its power to inhibit, thereby preventing irritating reflex acts and injurious volition. Of late its regulating effect has been brought to bear also upon such conditions and with a record of considerable success. Last year a middle-aged gentleman, who a fortnight before sailing had been accommodated with a dose of suggestive medicine "just for the fun of it and doing no harm," wrote back that for the first time in crossing his chronic seasickness had left him undisturbed and his passage, although somewhat "rolling" the first two days, had been delightfully comfortable. It must be added that, besides the direct suggestions given him before starting, he was prescribed a supply to carry with him,—auto-suggestions. The effective force of those may be well understood by any one who has crossed the English Channel and scrutinized the expressive faces on board—before the start. Irrespective of those who afterward so gayly

assert that they feel ever so much better for it, the discomfort is, in the experience of all, a drastic measure and, although not very serious in itself, the strenuous efforts to vomit may nevertheless bring about even fatal results in persons with heart affections.

In taking under consideration the still larger field of psychic suffering, we notice that suggestive medicine holds a pre-eminent place by its modifying and curative effect. In psychoses of varying severity, the result of either hereditary or acquired conditions, a disturbed thought sphere originates generally from some disarranged physical function and less from a pathological source. Impaired or perverted brain functions, as manifested by depression or excitement of intellectual or emotional faculties, are either precursory steps to insanity or insanity itself, and yet without lesion or decay of cerebral substance. Such states are therefore not always hopeless. Morbid thoughts have progressive stages, and many are apparently inoffensive to their victim and his friends whom they incommode more or less. Many people even aim at and feel a peculiar pride in cultivating some kind of demeanor, pleasing to themselves as originality and therefore nurtured until the conceit often gets beyond their control. According to politeness of phrase or circumstances, they are then considered eccentric, unique, strange, odd, or queer. To the psychologist such self-imposed separateness of manner or speech is a sign not of distinguished mental capacity, but of equilibrial weakness, and as he watches such cases he often sees the ridiculous develop tragical aspects. At the same time there are those who are involuntarily assailed by irregular mentality, which encroaches upon their judgment in one particular direction while normally strong and unaffected in all others. It is generally a psychic inertia growing out of habit thoughts which paralyze volition. The healthy thought is capable of rejecting or accepting the idea that presents itself, and the proper choice is based upon the ordinary discrimination between what is absurd and plausible. In the affairs of every day such an elective process is as naturally automatic as walking. When

it ceases to be an easy mental function, when hesitancy permits of continued interrogatory inclination toward the absurd and abnormal, the individual has either made a stupendous discovery that later may vindicate his position as a rational being, or his unconscious will has grown weak and excitement supervenes if he is left to wrestle unaided with a recurrent, unusual impression of such disturbing force. As this condition progresses a multitude of vexatious worries and intolerable fears seize upon him, until the endless whirl of symptomatic misery, physical as well as mental, excludes all reasonable distinction between the real and the unreal. The imperative idea, caused by his excessive attention to and consciousness of self, may relate to the most trivial incident connected with his own life or its surrounding conditions. The longer this state continues, uninterrupted by counter-suggestions from a normally clear and strong will, the sooner the obversion becomes a fixed idea, the absurdity of which its victim regards as undeniable truth and the eradication of which grows difficult in proportion. These ideas are not, as a rule, made out of air, but rest upon some demonstrative cause which in a moment of mental or physical predisposition, gains tyrannical predominance. So may consciousness of a physical defect give rise to an exaggerated idea of inability and slight on the part of others, the memory of an imprudent act long ago made subject to recrimination, makes him feel unworthy, and aware of the tacit criticism of others, he writhes under their condemning verdict. These fatal auto-suggestions cannot be reached more effectively than by giving the subconscious self a good dose of common sense while the conscious ego parades its erroneous ideas and shuts its physical ears to whatever you may say, simple or elaborate. The late Dr. Russell Sturgis, of Boston, made careful observation of habit thought and its train of mental inertia and prostrating consequences. From his own practice he reported last year a very conservative estimate of about sixty per cent of successes by suggestive treatment under slight hypnosis. He divided his cases into two classes—those in which the mental

symptoms were especially prominent because of painful or insistent ideas and those of so-called "nervousness," its mental origin yet in the background and often ridiculed by such patients as a cause of their wretched condition. Of thirty-one cases of the first class he has a record of twenty successes, and of the second class eleven out of twenty cases. It may be surmised from both general and individual experience, that a still higher percentage might have been obtained by inducing a somewhat deeper hypnosis in some cases suitable for it. This Dr. Sturgis also admits, and he further says: "Another reason for the small number is" [his report was limited strictly to those cases subjected to slight hypnosis alone] "that, working in the field in which mental processes are concerned, one acquires a certain readiness of judgment and facility of expression that enables him to use to advantage suggestion in the waking state." It appears from collective medical experience that at least eighty per cent of our fellow-citizens suffer the mental strain and debilitating wear imposed by social and commercial exactions, and that at least seventy per cent cannot successfully hope to escape the penalty of overtaxed lives under the continuation of similar restlessness. Any one who will take the trouble of observing, as he walks along our streets, the general absence of pleasant, peaceful faces, and in their place the tired and hard expression, emphasized by eyes which stare or look disapproval at him or anything else, will easily understand that anxious, careworn minds are incessantly active behind the masks. This at any time of the day, during work or recreation, but especially striking, it seems, at those early hours when, after what ought to have been a recuperative rest, the great multitude, irrespective of age and sex, wends its way to the routine work of the day. It is the "American Disease" which is upon us. Somehow the Americans themselves do not readily perceive these wide-spread changes that are so strongly marked to the eye of the visiting stranger. Herbert Spencer thought it well worth speaking of in a New York lecture many years ago, and because what he then said had none of the insipid flat-

tery with which we are so constantly regaled by visitors to our shores while among us, it possessed a kind directness, the truth of which we might do well to contemplate. "Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens which had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men, and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavoring to recover their health." It is also true that during the last decades a reaction has set in to stem this undermining tide, and serious efforts have been made to develop healthy bodies and minds, although in a measure this has failed on account, perhaps, of the national tendency to suddenness and bigness in undertakings generally, which, however, with regard to reform ideas as well as all other conditions for healthy growth, violates evolutionary laws. So, in seeking to frame a sound, physical body, we lay out a programme as for an athlete or a prize winner, or aiming at a well-stored brain we stuff it with unassimilative pieces from many scholastic pies. Moderation permits of adaptation, and, although not bringing quick returns, the investment proves safer and more permanent in regard to usefulness and comfortable enjoyment. It is within the area of a physician's work that the effects of inordinate ambition become visible through crippled specimens of human force culture.

Side by side with those who are prevented by a morbid timidity from taking and asserting their places in life to which their abilities entitled them, and with those who cultivate the equally hampering disposition of feeling above their present station, we have also the many unfortunate ones who labor under all kinds of unreasonable anxieties and fears—habit thoughts—as to imminent ruin to position, body, or mind, approaching death, certain

diseases, cancer, consumption, heart-weaknesses, and a number of other troubles, which paralyze normal life and shut out its sunshine. Among these mentally and bodily warped states we find our neurasthenic and hysterical sufferers, the one depressed unto despair and the other vibrating under high spasmodic excitement, often amounting to ecstasy. These live in an unreal world, a world of disappointment and contradiction especially inimical to themselves and their particular view of happiness. The neurasthenic has imperative ideas, conflicting with his judgment, built upon the slightest and remotest causes, and a remarkable facility of intensifying them. At the outset he is but cognizant of an increasing unevenness of strength, energy, and mood, varying day by day. He can continue his work, but it becomes, at last, as his whole existence, more and more distasteful to him. Some are only troubled with minor annoying symptoms, as, for instance, a disposition always to smile when thinking themselves observed, or blushing on the least provocation, often because they think they are going to do so, or again, they are seized by an uncontrollable desire to laugh under the most solemn circumstances, etc. The neurasthenic's own self is always in evidence and the central point for all afferent radiation of misery. Like a sponge he absorbs readily with an unerring affinity for what is joyless and hopeless in life, and discharges it as readily upon sympathizers and indifferent ones alike, but, instead of this making the weight lighter, it seems to increase it and accelerate the absorbing process. This terrible self-consciousness makes him also a physical sufferer, with lowered vitality, lack of appetite and faulty eliminating functions, cold perspiration, sleeplessness or sudden awaking with violent heart palpitation, sexual disturbances, pain, hallucinations, and a general faint and exhausted condition. The prevalent ideas and his wretchedness force him finally to execute acts contrary to his will, and many of these sufferers, although looking to death as a liberator, have but yielded to an impelling and unconquerable "must" rather than to despair when taking steps which end their obsessed and tortured lives.

The hysterical individual is in a certain sense the optimistic counterpart of the above, and yet as keen a sufferer. Any one whose misfortune it is to belong to a family circle a member of which possesses hysterical temperament is well aware of its peculiarly distressing features. She poses in self-content, is fond of being observed and talked about, displaying considerable histrionic talent in arranging and producing the effects suiting the existing mood. Her intellect is usually bright and she proves often a very charming conversationalist, the piquancy of her ideas lending a flavor of originality. Her emotions are mercurial at all times and upon all subjects. Sudden and inconsistent changes of affection; a purring softness quickly turning to a scratching spite and hatred. Irregularly impulsive, she is easily enthusiastic and devoted, even devout and aspiring to a "higher self" without renouncing scandalous gossip on a lower plane. She intensely craves sympathy and is not discreet in her ways of gaining it. Capricious peevishness and anger alternate with rosy-colored conceit and erotic imagery. The kaleidoscopic forms of her ideation make her regardless of truth and, although it may not always be her purpose to deceive, she becomes, nevertheless, a danger to those with whom she is thrown in contact, as her assertions are maintained with much obstinacy and shrewdness. Self-concentrated and unable to control her impulses, she is suspicious and jealous and brooks no obstacle. An actress of many parts, she plays them with all the intensity of apparent genuine feeling, tragedy or comedy, but the roles are not of her choosing and never completed. She is an enigma and a dread to her friends. Varied as are the mental phases, so also the physical conditions and characteristics of nervous impairment, which in many individuals may long remain masked until some incident, as for instance, painful impressions, influenza, fevers, etc., reveals the presence of hysteria in those predisposed. In whatever degree, either as temperament, major or minor, inherited or acquired, in male or female, child or adult, this neurosis needs careful psychic surroundings, since we find it developed

by injudicious educational methods and family life. Its study has made great progress in regard to diagnosis, but as to treatment our clinical authors have but meager indications. The drug power is very limited and inadequate, if not directly injurious, as in neurotic and psychic conditions generally, while perfect hygiene, quiet, and rest assist the physician's psychological influence. The characteristics of psychic disease here portrayed are to be considered as composite features of various cases which have been successfully subjected to hypno-suggestion by educated physicians in many lands, our own country included. To detail them, or elucidate by more specific remarks, would be to write a book, instead of magazine articles.

Male, fifty-two. Witnessed a collision, and without experiencing any physical effect at the time of mental shock he found himself some hours later unable to read or write even his own name, but his speech suffered no disturbance. This condition, agraphia or word-blindness, had been treated in various ways. During slight hypnosis he first gradually regained the faculty of reading, and almost simultaneously that of writing. The normal condition was completely restored in about seven months.

Woman, thirty-six. Some indications of hysteria major, but the mental symptoms predominated to such an extent that life became insupportable to her family. Her irritability and susceptibility were such that the least contradiction from husband and friends brought about a delirious condition during which she became dangerous. Although not disposed to recognize the faults of her disposition, she consented to the psychic treatment. In her case a single visit sufficed to produce a strong, counterbalancing effect by suggestions to resist objectionable impulses and never get angry. The transformation was generally recognized by her friends and had not changed six months later, when this case was reported at the psychological congress by Dr. Berillon. Here we see one instance where a powerful impression inhibits with partial impairment of the nervous system, which is again regulated and restored normally by the same

agent, and where it inhibits for the purpose of checking untamed impulses as illustrated in the last case. These neuroses require willing consent to treatment on the part of the patient, as they exhibit mental resistance fatal to a successful result and, contrary to Charcot's opinion, especially in regard to hysteria, are not easy to affect, notwithstanding their mental mobility, but demand patient perseverance before suggestion can act as a mental regulator. The effect of suggestion upon the insane has been and is still a much discussed question among neurologists, as the cerebral automatism or unbroken ideation evolving rapidly changing images renders conscious impression difficult. The opinions of Forel and Voisin, superintendents of the Burghoelzli and Salpêtrière asylums, maintain, however, that certain insane conditions, notably dipsomania and melancholia, are both susceptible and suggestible. It requires a special *modus faciendi* and principally unwearying patience on the part of the physician. The result has been amelioration in a marked degree and cures. This view has also found corroboration in the experience of private practice: We have certainly entered the field of improvement by our ability to overcome the insomnia, the first and leading step to insanity, of which it forms a prominent feature, by the sedative and unconscious suggestive influence upon the nerves and the circulation, and beneficial sleep is not, as in Homer's figurative phrase, the brother of death, but of life. Excellent and often unexpectedly quick results have been reported in primary melancholia and where there existed no strongly grafted hallucinatory complications. As already intimated, more advanced stages are subject to a longer siege. Dr. Voisin reports from the Salpêtrière wards a case of intermittent mania at the menstrual periods. Twenty-three; married. Grandparents healthy; father drank, and committed suicide. Mother nervous and rheumatic, but no hysterical or epileptic crises. Her five brothers all well and strong. Normal birth of a child a year ago. Four months previous to treatment she took a great dislike to her mother-in-law. The condition developed and necessitated her removal to

several asylums, and finally to Salpêtrière. No physical degenerative signs. After a nervous attack, lasting two hours, her character changed and she became apathetic with suicidal ideas. Excited five months later. Morphine treatment had no effect. At menstrual period she was given suggestions in the waking state as to sleep during that and the following nights. Successful result, and she remained quietly in bed during the day. Further suggestions. Not to have any more maniacal attacks and to take regular nourishment. At the end of six months permitted to return home for thirty-six hours. A month later her mental condition was absolutely normal.

As we have insanity of intellect, so also of affections. The condition presents itself under many disguises and is unfortunately more frequent than usually supposed, both because it is not always recognized as morbid and also from being concealed, especially when occurring among the aged, and complicated with senile vice, of which Krafft-Ebing and Schrenck-Notzing have given us lucid illustrations. It is, however, a state which may exist entirely independent of physical derangement. Two examples may explain. Student, twenty-three. Degeneracy on father's side. Good but not robust health. Moderately fond of pleasure; periods of industry and indolence. Hard reading toward end of semester to pass final examinations. Followed by a collegiate spree. Made then an unfortunate acquaintance. The momentary caprice grew into sentiment and affection in spite of his reason, which judged its object his inferior in every sense and to his knowledge openly deceived and ridiculed him. The image could not be obliterated and the will was as it were paralyzed. He proposed marriage. She, hitherto indifferent and with no pretense of affection, now weighed the alluring prospect of entering a distinguished and wealthy family. At this point the mother discovered the danger. After vain remonstrances and an ineffective absence of several months, the son consented to being treated by hypno-suggestion. The woman's social ambition was at this time a persistent and dangerous factor. The case

seemed hopeless, but the mother's calm resolution encouraged perseverance. She installed herself in the city with her son, and gave prudent and harmonious assistance. Gradually the image faded, his pride revived, and the enfeebled will asserted itself. What seemed to end in a broken career emerged from a painful transition period with full grasp upon mental and emotional faculties. The suggestive treatment lasted nearly eighteen months. Only at intervals hypnosis and never deep, alternating with non-susceptible condition, yet decidedly suggestible. A case remarkable from the physician's as well as from the psychologist's point of observation. Now three years without relapse.

Professional man, thirty-five. Healthy parentage; personally well; intelligent, even brilliant. Great worker; contented and affectionate in his home circle. His only child died. A great change came almost suddenly over him, manifested especially toward a devoted wife. She, he

judged, was responsible for his loss. A relative, living with them, first object for his brooding confidences and then for his affection. Through her weakness the home and the wife were deserted, but the grief moved with them and wrecked the new surroundings. His work was neglected through indifference and drink. Consulted for intermittent tremors. Posing as an investigator of suggestive therapeutics, he wished to test its claims. He came really to confirm his own idiosyncrasies, and opposed brilliant controversial argument to all efforts connected with suggestive method. His positive self-consciousness and assurance arranged how and when everything should be done to benefit him. Needless to say that under such circumstances the suggestive treatment commenced and finished as a failure, and, moreover, satisfied his conceited opinion that it was "unsuitable for brainy people." Meanwhile he drinks more heavily and continues to slide downward.

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

### FOURTEENTH PAPER

#### "MERLIN."

Merlin, a half-legendary bard of the sixth century, to whom a number of poems—none genuine—are attributed. In the course of time popular imagination and confusion with another of the same name made him the enchanter Merlin, but more associated with fable than even Taliesin. The true history of Merlin seems to be that he was born between the years 470 and 480, during the invasion of the Saxons, and took the name of Ambrose, which preceded his surname of Merlin, from the successful leader of the Britons, Ambrosius Aurelianus, who was his first chief, and from whose service he passed, as bard, into that of King Arthur, the southern leader of the Britons. After he had been present in many battles, on one disastrous day, between the years 560 and 574, in a field of horrible slaughter on the Solway Firth, he lost his reason, broke his sword, and forsook human society, finding peace and consolation only in his minstrelsy. He was at last found dead on the bank of a river.

The enchanter Merlin of Arthurian romance also held the position of counselor

to Arthur, but his adventures and the manner of his death differ from the above. The romances state that he was of miraculous birth, was an adept in magic, and was beguiled by the enchantress Ninive, who buried him under a rock from which he could not escape; also that his mistress, Vivien, the Lady of the Lake, left him spell-bound in the tangled branches of a thorn bush, where he still sleeps, though sometimes his voice is heard. Tennyson, in his "Idyls of the King," adopts nearly the latter version. Among other famous deeds Merlin instituted the Round Table at Carduel. He first appears in Nennius as Ambrosius. Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Vita Merlini," 1139-1149, was translated by Wace into French verse, 1155, and was probably adapted by Robert de Borron about 1160 or 1170. About 1200 Helle de Borron wrote the prose romance of Merlin, which contained what are called Merlin's prophecies in the appendix. Robert de Borron's poem was translated into Italian in 1379, Spanish in 1498, and German in 1478. The English prose romance of Merlin, 1450-1460, was taken from the French original attributed to Robert de Borron. It was



printed by the Early English Text Society for the first time.

The above brief history of Merlin is taken from the "Century Cyclopedia of Names." He is one of those shadowy characters, made partly of myth and partly, perhaps, of true story, and there can never be a good demarkation between these two constituents. It is a kind of material, therefore, in which the imagination may always take great liberties. Emerson, in this poem, has taken the name of Merlin for the poet as an artist. The name is thus generic, and not a specific designation. In the poem, "Saadi," we have also a generic name for the poet, but in this last mentioned poem it is the poet as a man rather than as an artist. In both poems he describes himself, or "what he aspires to be,"—in short, his conception of the poet in his song and in his life. How well he has realized these two ideals those who knew him best in both characters will testify with loudest praise.

The poem, "Merlin," is in two parts. The first part begins with an address to the poet in these lines: •

Thy trivial harp will never please  
Or fill my craving ear;  
Its chords should ring as blows the breeze,  
Free, peremptory, clear.  
No jingling serenader's art,  
Nor tinkle of piano strings,  
Can make the wild blood start  
In its mystic springs.

In his essay on "The Poet" Emerson gives us the following, probably written about the same time as this poem, and out of the same general cognition in regard to poetry: "The sign and credentials of the poet are, that he announces that which no man foretold. He is the true and only doctor; he knows and tells; he is the only teller of news, for he was present and privy to the appearance which he describes. He is a beholder of ideas and an utterer of the necessary and causal. For we do not speak, now, of men of poetical talents, or of industry and skill in meter, but of the true poet. I took part in a conversation the other day concerning a recent writer of lyrics, a man of subtle mind, whose head appeared to be a music-box of delicate tunes and rhythms, and whose skill and command of language

we could not sufficiently praise. But when the question arose whether he was not only a lyrist, but a poet, we were obliged to confess that he is plainly a contemporary, not an eternal man. He does not stand out of our low limitations, like a Chimborazo under the line, running up from a torrid base through all the climates of the globe, with belts of the herbage of every latitude on its high and mottled sides; but this genius is the landscape-garden of a modern house, adorned with fountains and statues, with well-bred men and women standing and sitting in the walks and terraces. We hear, through all the varied music, the ground tone of conventional life. Our poets are men of talents who sing, and not the children of music. The argument is secondary, the finish of the verses is primary."

I need not call attention to the truth and beauty of this criticism, and the splendid image of a great poet given in the mountain Chimborazo, clad in zones of ever changing production, the whole world, as it were, in one advancing series from the tropics to the poles. Who but Shakspeare can stand an original to this sublime picture? We naturally ask to whom Emerson alludes as the "music-box of delicate tunes and rhythms." We think, with many good reasons, of Edgar Allan Poe. It is well known that neither of these men was willing to call the other a poet. Poe said unkind things of Emerson's verse, as was easy to do if one wanted to be critical. To read the poems of Emerson one must wish to make the best of them. He will find at last that his good-nature is richly rewarded. Poe spoke unkindly of Longfellow, also, accusing him of plagiarism. Here is a part of what Lowell says about it in his "Fable for Critics:"

There comes Poe with his raven, like  
Barnaby Rudge,  
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths  
sheer fudge,  
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters  
In a way to make people of common sense  
damn meters;  
Who has written some things quite the best  
of their kind,  
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed  
out by the mind;

Who—but hey-day! What's this, Messieurs  
Mathews and Poe,  
You mustn't fling mud-balls at Longfellow  
so.

Does it make a man worse that his character's such

As to make his friends love him, as you think, too much?

Why, there is not a bard at this moment alive

More willing than he that his fellows should thrive;

While you are abusing him thus, even now  
He would help either one of you out of a slough.

Poor Poe! When he sat down on Emerson and Longfellow he reminds us of the fly that lit on the horn of a bull. "If my weight is oppressive to you," said the fly to the bull, "I will go away." "Oh," said the bull, "I didn't know you were there." But people kind to Emerson did not see the value of his poems, notably Carlyle and Theodore Parker. How badly Keats fared at the hands of his contemporaries is given in Browning's fine allegory called "Popularity." Emerson was rather slow in his appreciation of Tennyson, and he did not care much for Browning. He didn't like Shelley or Byron. He was a little impulsive at the first appearance of Whitman, but seems to have repented of it afterward. Perhaps Whitman violated, inadvertently, some proprieties quite dear to Emerson, who asked that a poet and his poems should be homeogeneous in all things; and Emerson was always doubtful about one of his contemporaries, namely, Emerson. "I think," said he, "that I lack the metrical faculty." But we appeal from Emerson to his poems. They are metrical enough if we read them right, or as he would read them.

So Merlin would have no "trivial harp."

The kingly bard  
Must smite the chords rudely and hard,  
As with hammer or with mace,  
That they may render back  
Artful thunder, which conveys  
Secrets of the solar track,  
Sparks of the supersolar blaze.

The kingly bard  
Must smite the chords rudely and hard,  
As with hammer or with mace.

This figure begins with impact, or mechanical power. In what form do we find

a correlate, when we raise it, as we must, up into terms or equivalents in intellectual phenomena? For the chords are in thoughts and not in things. Obviously Merlin asks for such effects upon the imagination, the thinking powers, and the emotions, as would be suggested by the imagery in the lines which immediately follow:

Secrets of the solar track,  
Sparks of the supersolar blaze.

I do not know how the song of a poet could give "secrets of the solar track," which would seem an astronomical problem, unless by such general awakening and exaltation of the intellect as would give a better vision in all directions. We think we proceed step by step in science, gaining one truth after another, but Emerson would instruct us in "lyrical glasses," in what sometimes seems a doubling of the mind upon itself, and is suggested in the poem, "Bacchus," under the metaphor of wine, or a celestial intoxication.

Wine which music is,—  
Music and wine are one,—  
That I, drinking this,  
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me.

We know that the sun is moving three hundred millions of miles a year somewhere in the direction of the "Burning Lyre," but what its "secret track" we do not know.

"Sparks of the supersolar blaze" is easier of solution. These words, "supersolar blaze," occur in "Threnody." Says "the deep Heart" to the mourner:

I taught thy heart beyond the reach  
Of ritual, bible, or of speech;  
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,  
As far as the incommunicable;  
Taught thee each private sign to raise  
Lit by the supersolar blaze.

Of course, the supersolar blaze, that is, a blaze above the light of the sun, would be an intellectual or a spiritual blaze,—such a light and illumination as should show in the "private sign" its true significance under a law by which its evil was only good in disguise. The "private sign" was the death of a beautiful boy. The body was "magic made to last a sea-

son." But it was not "excellent" in the highest sense. The supersolar blaze raised the sign to the real "excellent" of which it was a symbol.

What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent.

Not the body, but the soul. Merlin would ask this "supersolar blaze," light, insight into the law, the deeper meaning of common things. Says Mrs. Browning:

Euripides the human,  
With his droppings of warm tears,  
And his touches of things common,  
Till they rose to touch the spheres.

A transcendent excellence in poetry, as also in personal beauty or in manners, has always something quite indefinable. We cannot tell another what it is. We say of a poem, "It is fine." But if anybody disputes the saying, how can we prove it? Kant says Baumgarten thought he had found out some rules by which he could prove beauty. But the pretense was vain. The lover cannot describe the loveliness he sees in his mistress. Others cannot see it. Perhaps it is well they do not. It might lead to complications. But the beauty in a poem is everybody's beauty, if they can see it. A great many readers, perhaps the majority, find pleasure in very indifferent poetry. But our time is limited. Let us find the best, if we can, and read that a good deal instead of reading a good deal that is not good. I would always have my poetry, like my eggs, above suspicion.

I hung my verses in the wind,  
Time and tide their faults may find.  
All were winnowed through and through,  
Five lines lasted sound and true;  
Have you the eyes to find the five  
Which five hundred did survive?

Sometimes a minute attention to each word required in committing a poem to memory will reveal felicities of thought or expression before unobserved. It is perhaps the best initial movement in attempting to master a poem. An apparently incoherent passage in Browning will often require this outlay at first as the shortest road to victory.

Emerson says: "The experience of each new age requires a new confession,

and the world seems always waiting for its poet." But in his case it was the poet who must wait for the world. As a poet he was fifty years before his readers were ready for him. I sometimes think of him as one of those great stars the light of which has just reached us. How he magnified the functions and the value of a poet among men! "All that we call sacred history," he says, "attests that the birth of a poet is the principal event in chronology. Man, never so often deceived, still watches for the arrival of a brother who shall hold him steady to a truth until he has made it his own. With what joy I begin to read a poem which I confide in as an inspiration?" Again, "Nature offers all her creatures to him as a picture-language. Being used as a type, a second wonderful value appears in the object, far better than its old value, as the carpenter's stretched cord, if you hold your ear close enough, is musical in the breeze. 'Things more excellent,' says Jamblicus, 'than any image are expressed through images.' Things admit of being used as symbols, because nature is a symbol in whole or in part." He had said, years before, in the little treatise on "Nature:" "Nature is the vehicle of thought, and in a simple, double, and threefold degree. Words are signs of natural facts. Particular natural facts are signs of particular spiritual facts. Nature is the symbol of spirit."

It is hard to define poetry and tell what it is. The most obvious distinction is measured lines. But that denotes only form. What is the essential character as different from prose? We cannot well discriminate a feature which is not often found in other forms of composition. Expression by tropes or figures, a raised, heroic, and somewhat inflated diction, and a style and tone generally with an eye to effect other than the plain, clear communication of the thought or meaning,—these are often qualities of verse in a greater measure than in prose. A more decisive rhythm is also expected in verse. And then the old, commonplace virtue of rhyme will always hold its own, at least in all modern languages. Another distinction is in the poet's aim at beauty rather than truth, whereas truth rather

than beauty is the aim of history, science, law, and generally all business writings.

A word raised above its first or literal meaning, and applied to a new thought, for which, in some of its elements, it seems appropriate, thus making a metaphor of it,—this familiar intellectual transaction Emerson calls metamorphosis. Literal metamorphosis is the raising of some form of life into a higher form. The raising of a word from its first use into a higher use presents a plain analogy to metamorphosis, and so he calls it metamorphosis. This metamorphosis in his second sense is a metaphor for a metaphor, a very rare and curious verbal compound. This process may be continued and words thus raised to double, quadruple, centuple, and even still more manifold meanings. Such freedom and license may be allowed the poet.

The ability to see things out in nature which are remote from each other, so as to unite them in metaphor or in generalization—for metaphor is essentially generalization—calls into action the mental power we call imagination. We need to see things that are absent as if they were present, and thus discover resemblance and similitude. It does not need that things should be brought together in space, save for kindergarten, or the instruction of children not yet trained in the use of images and concepts. As pertinent to the employment of this power of the imagination Emerson quotes the old classic saying that the eyes of Lynceus were said to see through the earth, so the imagination turns the world to glass. Everything is seen as if it were present. Lynceus is the symbol for the intellect. What is the difference between a symbol and a metaphor? Perhaps the question is too simple, but it will do us no harm, though everybody knows that a symbol is a thing, but a metaphor is only a name. Thus, in the sacrament of the Supper, the bread and wine are symbols, but the name, "bread," and the name, "wine," are metaphors. A symbol is a metaphysical reality; a metaphor is only a verbal or logical reality. Emerson does not say this. He would think it should go without saying; but he says that "thought is multi-form." "The poet, by an ulterior intel-

lectual perception, gives things a power which makes their old use forgotten, and puts eyes and a tongue into every inanimate object." "The etymologist finds the deadest word to have been once a brilliant picture. Language is fossil poetry."

A metaphor may be used wherever it furnishes a point of similitude or agreement in a correlative term or case. Like an anecdote or a story, it is good wherever it fits, and is new as often as it finds a new application. The lines of Shakespeare are carried to applications he never thought of; and if St. Paul should come to Boston his great surprise would be, not the subway or the electric cars, but a commentary on St. Paul. With new knowledge we find new apprehension for the old, and transfer it to new relations. A truth in a new place is often as much of a discovery as the truth in the first place. Emerson shows wonderful ability in this rehabilitation of well-known material. "I read all sorts of books," he says, "and take what belongs to me." "The mystic," he says again, "nails his symbol to one meaning." But a symbol may do good service in a great many affiliations, and each correlation makes it another symbol. It has always been a great obstruction in exegesis that illustrations and ornament are thought a part of the fact. Poetry prizes ornament for its own sake. Science wants it only when it tells the truth, or gives the subject a new fact. I have seen a strange vagary in criticism, which disparages investigation, not caring to know all about a metaphor and why it was chosen. An exaggerated appreciation of music, rhythm, mere sound, is a sufficient alternative. "Why be too curious as to facts?" it is said. "That is prose." But if one will analyze his metaphor, and see its rationale and why it is apt and well chosen, he will find a higher pleasure in a verse. Take these lines from Tennyson:

And was the day of my delight  
As pure and perfect as I say?  
The very source and fount of day  
Is dashed with wandering isles of night.

There is a certain rare beauty in these lines, even if one does not know what they mean. Tennyson has been talking

of past scenes lived with the friend he has lost, and colored the pictures with tints which distance in time had helped to give; and, knowing there is something of illusion in the spectacle, he pauses to ask the question in the two first lines. Then he seems to say, "No," to it. Nothing is pure and perfect in human experience. "The very source and fount of day"—the sun—"is dashed with wandering isles of night," meaning, of course, the dark spots upon the sun, some of them as large as our earth, and which are wandering or in apparent motion. One would think that the intelligent reader ought not to need a mention of this familiar astronomical fact; but if he will make the experiment of an inquiry he will find that five out of six will not think of it, and so lose a fine point in this verse.

The father says to the boy: "Make hay while the sun shines." The boy says: "I am not making hay, but digging potatoes." His answer is true and not true. The essential thing about the father's formula is the law of which it is a vehicle, namely, "Do your work when the conditions are favorable;" and one formula will do for a hundred different cases, so long as they all agree as amenable to this law. The formula in one case carries the law for many cases. "The letter killeth," if we get caught and strangled in it, and do not apprehend the spirit, that is, what is generic and universal rather than what is only particular or specific. Goethe has spoken of this law to the effect that when a specific exemplar does well, we often use it as a general type or maxim. We waive the form in such applications, and see only the common predicate in many forms. The father was justly vexed at the stupidity of the boy; but the boy was not yet a poet. The physician, the engineer, the military commander do not dare to trust metaphors, but affect a plain, literal speech. Clergymen are apt to abound in metaphors. Churches are sometimes "built on tropes or figures of speech." It is often of interest to discuss the genesis of a metaphor, as indicated in our allusion to Goethe. First we have a good single instance; then we make it a type,—make an expression of it stand for many cases in which the discriminated

principle is seen. As a private the case did well, so we promote it to the functions of a grade above,—make it, as it were, a general by brevet. In this way metaphor is always a sort of classification. A multitude of forms are subsumed under it, each having the marks which make it eligible to a logical community.

We have thought it well to spend a little time on a feature very much in evidence in all poems, and therefore pertinent to the subject of Merlin, or poetry in general.

The metaphor, "supersolar blaze," is an instance falling under most of our general observations in regard to the philosophy accounting for the form of trope in question. But it is used by Emerson for that illumination of the intellect by which the "private sign," or personal fact, is carried up into universal dimensions, and thus becomes transcendental,—that is, spiritual truth. In this status it is no longer private or personal.

"Merlin's blows are strokes of fate." Fate, as commonly understood, seems to be such determinations in things and events as the universe itself commands. In the old mythology Zeus, or Jupiter, had a good deal of power, but was powerless as against Fate. "Merlin's blows are strokes of fate." That is, Merlin's blows are not Merlin's. He was merely an instrument and belonged to the Oversoul which used him. Emerson loved to find this high origin for his poems. If you praised his poems he would tell you that he didn't write them. The little poem, "Days," is thought by many to be his most perfect poem. Yet in two or three years he had forgotten that he wrote it, and had to be assured by some contemporary notes in his journal. We find this charming hyperbole in his essay on "The Poet." "Poetry was all written before time was, and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings, and attempt to write them down, but we lose ever and anon a word, or a verse, and substitute something of our own, and thus miswrite the poem. The men of more delicate ear write down these cadences more faithfully.

and these transcripts, though imperfect, become the songs of the nations."

The great "Battle Hymn of the Republic," says the author, "wrote itself," which is only saying "Merlin's blows are strokes of fate," not Merlin's.

Great is the art,  
Great be the manners, of the bard.  
He shall not his brain encumber  
With the coil of rhythm and number;  
But, leaving rule and pale forethought,  
He shall aye climb  
For his rhyme.

"He shall not his brain encumber with the coil of rhythm and number." This is his apology, it would seem, for indifference at times to these virtues. He makes "bear" rhyme with "woodpecker." Mr. Higginson has selected the following example: "In the pretty verses about the maiden and the acorn the lines as originally published stood thus:

"Pluck it now! In vain,—thou **canst not!**  
It has shot its rootlets down'rd.  
Toy no longer, it **has** duties;  
It is anchored in the ground.

There probably is not a rougher rhyme in English verse than that between 'down'rd' and 'ground;' but after revision this softer line was substituted, 'Its roots have pierced yon shady mound,' which if less vigorous at least propitiates the ear. It is evident from Emerson's criticisms in the 'Dial,' as that on Ellery Channing's poems, that he had a horror of what he calls 'French correctness,' and could more easily pardon what was rough than what was tame."

In writing rhymes he does not hesitate to pass along now and then without a rhyme, if clearness, or force, or some other virtue seems to demand it, or the rhyme does not come. Tennyson or Longfellow would throw away a thought and take another rather than miss a rhyme. Emerson complains of poets that they make the finish of the verse primary and the argument secondary. "But leaving rule and pale forethought, he shall aye climb for his rhyme." He runs on sometimes, line after line, till you think he does not mean a rhyme, and at the end of perhaps a dozen lines he gets to a rhyme at last. Is this an instance where

he climbs for his rhyme? It would seem, at first, that he had inverted his direction. You descend as you read on the page, so far as physical direction is concerned, but in thinking the material for the verse, that is to say, intellectually, you go up, or climb for your rhyme. His expedient seems to be to run on till he comes to a rhyme, however far away it may be. But it often happens that when you have found your second word you have forgotten the first, as in the frequent disjunction in Browning between his nominative case and his verb.

The following lines must have written themselves, for in them "Merlin's blows are strokes of fate." Emerson in both his prose and verse always found a great momentum in that element of experience which he calls "surprise." It was a power, also, in his splendid elocution, about which there will soon be nobody to testify. He seems to have meant by "surprise" something new and unexpected. He thought "surprise" the best part of conversation. We go a great way to meet. It is often a disappointment; then, all unexpected, there comes, unannounced, a pleasure, a rapture, which seems gratuitous, as we haven't paid anything or done anything to win it. It is a "surprise." Emerson's "surprises" in his lectures were given to his hearers by means of a little habit, or it may have been art, in which he was always happy. He would seem to hesitate for a word, and with the appearance of an effort find it at last. The pause and the peculiar fitness of the word gave the audience something like an electric thrill. All the time there was the manuscript before him. He had in a wonderful degree the skill to give his reading the appearance of extempore discourse. He seemed at times to have lost his place in the writing, and the little rest he gave his audience brought fresh attention to his following utterances. These occasional breaks were often such a relief in the close attention his thought required as to suggest the claim that perhaps we need them. Too steady a flow in the discourse is liable to a dull and soporific effect. In the finest of talkers, in conversation, we allow such pauses. Sydney Smith said of Macaulay on one

occasion that "he surprised his hearers with a few flashes of silence." This art of "surprise" in his writings will be apparent when we remember that we never know what is coming or how it will end. This is why so many critics are always saying that he writes accretions of rhapsodies, and without logical cohesion, or as if he copies miscellaneous scraps from a notebook. But those who have read Emerson most are not the ones to complain of incoherence or want of connection. There is always a golden thread, and if the reader does not see it he would better not brag about it; the fault may be in him. In speaking, as in his writings, it was impossible to anticipate him. The thought would not come until he gave it. If his theme had stopped in the middle no man on earth could have finished it.

In some lines as a prelude to his essay on "Experience" he calls "Surprise" one of the "lords of life." From childhood to old age we are never free of it. The charm and power of this attraction in a book, and especially in a poem, is well worth the praise of Merlin. How everything loses when the "surprise" is gone. "I read for the lustres," says Emerson. "Surprise" is one of the "lustres." He prized in books what was "transcendental and extraordinary." He says in the essay on "Experience," under "Surprise:" "How easily, if fate would suffer it, we might keep forever these beautiful limits, and adjust ourselves, once for all, to the perfect calculation of the kingdom of known cause and effect. In the street, and in the newspapers, life appears so plain a business, that manly resolution and adherence to the multiplication-table through all weathers will insure success. But ah! presently comes a day, or is it only a half-hour, with its angel whispering,—which discomfits the conclusions of nations and of years! To-morrow again, everything looks real and angular, the habitual standards are reinstated, common sense is as rare as genius,—is the basis of genius, and experience is hands and feet to every enterprise,—and yet he who should do his business on this understanding would be quickly bankrupt. Power keeps quite another road than the turnpikes of choice and will, namely, the sub-

terranean and invisible tunnels and channels of life. It is ridiculous that we are diplomatists, and doctors, and considerate people; there are no dupes like these. Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future. We would look about us, but with grand politeness he draws down before us an impenetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind us of purest sky. 'You will not remember,' he seems to say, 'and you will not expect.' All good conversation, manners, and action come from a spontaneity which forgets usages, and makes the moment great. Nature hates calculators; her methods are saltatory and impulsive. Man lives by pulses; our organic movements are such; and the chemical and ethereal agents are undulatory and alternate; and the mind goes antagonizing on, and never prospers but by fits. We thrive by casualties. Our chief experiences have been casual. The most attractive class of people are those who are powerful obliquely, and not by the direct stroke; men of genius, but not yet accredited. . . . In the thought of genius there is always a surprise."

"Pass in, pass in," the angels say,  
 "In to the upper doors,  
 Nor count compartments of the floors,  
 But mount to Paradise  
 By the stairway of surprise."

Always something new, something unexpected. How charming is the story, the poem, while the "surprises" last. How dull immediately when we see the end and the surprises are gone. Stair above stair,—this is the way to Paradise, truly. It is well, perhaps, in the pursuit of an argument, a topic, a theory, a hypothesis, a scheme, a doctrine, a science, to get the general principles as soon as possible. That is passing "into the upper doors." "Nor count compartments of the floors,"—that is, we should not stay too long or for too much detail on one level. A clear vision of the upper floor will explain what is below. The slow process of induction, counting everything on each floor, was not Emerson's method. He always dared the upper doors. This is

transcendentalism. Once enter the upper doors, and the lower doors and floors will take care of themselves. The high will imply the low. Men often spend a lifetime in counting compartments of the

floors, and never reach the chambers and the broad horizons there revealed, or see the real meaning of the "compartments." The surprise of all the surprises is when we enter the "upper doors."

## CHEAPER GAS FOR THE PEOPLE: ANOTHER MUNICIPAL VICTORY

BY HON. JOHN C. CHASE, MAYOR OF HAVERHILL

Haverhill enjoys the distinction of being the first and only city in Massachusetts to secure eighty-cent gas. The decision of the Board of Gas and Electric Light Commissioners, on my petition for an investigation of the Haverhill Gas Light Company's transactions and for a reduction of the rates charged to the consumers of gas in Haverhill, has established the price of gas at eighty cents per thousand feet, and has dealt a severe blow to "stock watering and stock manipulation" in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It has undoubtedly taught the speculators who undertook to capitalize a seventy-five thousand dollar company at five hundred thousand dollars, and compel the people to pay dividends and interest on the whole amount, that the city where a socialist occupies the executive chair is no place to undertake such a scheme. This was the most flagrant case of exploitation of the people ever attempted in Massachusetts. This case aroused the keenest interest, and the decision of the commissioners has caused a decided sensation in gas circles in Massachusetts. This case involved a contest between the people and a powerful syndicate formed for the purpose of gaining control and inflating the capital of the gas companies of Massachusetts, with the end in view of extracting from the people in gas charges interest and dividends on watered stock or inflated capital.

In July, 1899, the company known as the Haverhill Gas Securities Company was chartered under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of "transacting a general brokerage business, and to purchase, hold,

sell, assign, transfer, mortgage, pledge, or otherwise dispose of the shares of capital stock of, or any bonds, securities, or evidence of indebtedness created by any other corporation or corporations of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and while owner of such shares of stock to exercise the rights, powers, and privileges of ownership."

The real purpose of this company was not revealed until the fact had been made known that negotiations had been completed for the purchase of all the outstanding stock of the Haverhill Gas Light Company, whose par value was seventy-five thousand dollars and for which they agreed to pay substantially the entire capital of the Securities Company; to use the words of the gas commissioners, "either with this stock or the cash collected for its purchase in order to complete a perfunctory compliance with our law, the entire capital of the Securities Company was paid in. It then proceeded to issue and sell five per cent debentures for the full amount of five hundred thousand dollars with the entire stock of the Gas Light Company deposited with a trustee as collateral therefor, leaving to the promoters as their profit in the transaction the entire capital stock of the Securities and the control of the Gas Light Company." The commissioners' report on the case further states that "we have been unable to learn that the Securities Company possesses or expects to acquire any other property in addition to the equity in the Haverhill Gas Light Company's stock and the returns from its business. In 1868 the legislature passed the following act, which is now a part of the public statutes: 'No railway corporation, telegraph or gas light



company, chartered under the laws of this commonwealth, shall hereafter declare any stock dividend or divide the proceeds of the sale of stock among its stockholders.' This is not merely a prohibition against stock watering, but against the division of a surplus into new capital stock. The principle announced in this statute is not to be defeated by any shrewdly contrived method of stock manipulation. The obvious purpose and tendency of the Securities Company is to evade and annul the policy which this statute declares." "It is indirectly but distinctly an effort to capitalize the company's surplus." "To pay interest upon the new bonds will annually require a sum greater by more than sixty per cent than the highest regular dividend ever paid by the gas company. The existence of this burden is a virtual declaration of a purpose in the Securities Company practically to take-out of the Gas Light Company directly or indirectly, sooner or later, that portion of the profits which the management has been accustomed to reserve within the corporation for the joint benefit of the company and its consumers. It has already taken by a single act the sum of twenty thousand dollars, which, it claims, was in anticipation of a dividend not yet earned. In view of these facts, there is no reason to believe that the former policy of the company in the treatment of profits will be continued, but there is ample reason to assume that it will turn over to the Gas Securities Company, until its needs are satisfied, whatever provision for contingencies may be allowed in the price. To such a policy consumers ought not to be asked to contribute."

A brief statement of the history of the Haverhill Gas Light Company and its earning capacity will enlighten the reader and explain why the Gas Securities Company paid five hundred thousand dollars for a plant capitalized at seventy-five thousand dollars. The Haverhill Gas Light Company was organized in 1853 with a capital of forty-five thousand dollars, which was increased in 1858 to fifty thousand dollars, and in 1871 to seventy-five thousand dollars. This capital was paid in in cash, and it is all that has ever been contributed by the stockholders in

any form to the Haverhill Gas Light Company. In 1888 the books of the Commissioners of Corporations place the assets at ninety-one thousand dollars. In the succeeding twelve years the company's assets reached the sum of four hundred and one thousand dollars. During these twelve years the company had paid one hundred and eighty-three per cent in dividends, or an average of fourteen per cent annually. As will be readily seen by the foregoing figures, the company, in addition to the dividends divided, obtained from the people who consumed gas a free gift of three hundred and ten thousand dollars in twelve years. All extensions, improvements, and repairs were made from the earnings of the company on the rates charged for gas. A seventy-five thousand dollar plant had grown to a four hundred and one thousand dollar one, without a dollar of capital being invested by the stockholders. The people did the contributing, which increased the value from seventy-five thousand to four hundred and one thousand dollars.

The Gas Securities Company made a careful investigation of the plant and decided to purchase, thinking that the same earning capacity of the plant would be maintained, and that dividends could be declared on the new capitalization. But just after the purchase was made I presented my petition, and the commissioners granted a hearing in the case, which lasted several days. Abundant evidence was presented to prove that the Haverhill Gas Light Company could manufacture and distribute gas at a fair profit for seventy-five cents per thousand feet, and the commissioners were asked to establish the price of gas at seventy-five cents per thousand.

The case, of course, was bitterly contested by the company, for it meant thousands of dollars to them one way or the other. The decision of the board finally established the price from the first of February at eighty cents per thousand feet.

This decision has a far-reaching effect, as it cannot have anything but a tremendous influence on future transactions of

this kind in Massachusetts. Not only this, but it is sufficient evidence that gas can be manufactured and distributed much cheaper than the prevailing prices charged by gas companies in this State. Other cities that are paying from one to two dollars per thousand feet for gas will be encouraged by the result of this case to work for that which has been accomplished in Haverhill. Already numerous other cities have started a movement in that direction, and the Gas Commissioners will undoubtedly find their hands full in the near future in handling the cases that will come before them.

Boston has appealed to the legislature for action toward fifty-cent gas, and Lowell has, I believe, decided to petition the

commissioners, and Lawrence city officials are about to do the same.

The annual consumption of gas in Haverhill is about ninety million feet. The reduction from one dollar to eighty cents will save to the people eighteen thousand dollars yearly. There are those who fear that the quality of gas will be reduced to correspond to the reduction in price, but should this happen it would only prove that regulation of public service corporations is a failure, and that the only way to regulate is to own them.

Altogether, the case is an interesting one, and future developments in the gas business of Massachusetts will be guided to a great extent by the results of the Haverhill case.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE MADONNA

BY ELIZABETH BOYNTON HARBERT

### PREFACE.

In order that we may have a mutual understanding of terms at the very beginning of our interpretation, this statement is lovingly submitted.

The message of the Madonna is one of interdependence rather than of independence. She symbolizes an interdependent church, rather than an independent church; she is inclusive rather than exclusive; she says "our children" rather than "my child,"—for she includes in her love not alone the Christ-child, but the beautiful little Saint John and all the cherubs which attend her; she says "our world" rather than "my country;" she is constructive rather than destructive; an evangel of "peace on earth, good will to men," whose child can do no other than transmute the ashes of grief into the oil of joy, "and replace the spirit of heaviness with the garment of praise." Her song triumphant is one of love, wisdom, beauty, and joy, with no discordant note of hatred, doubt, conflict, or gloom. She has no thought of replacing the erstwhile familiar and helpful words, "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," with the equally valuable but limited ones, "the Motherhood of God and the Sisterhood of Women;" but rather to

emphasize "the Parenthood of the Creator and the familyhood of the Created," and to image the inspiring vision of the Holy Family of the New Jerusalem.

### THE MESSAGE OF THE MADONNA.

And it came to pass in those days that a decree went forth from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be registered. And they all went to be registered, each into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to David's city, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David), to be registered, with Mary his espoused wife, who was great with child. And it happened, while they were there, the days of her delivery were accomplished. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in the manger, because there was no room for them in the guest-chamber. And there were shepherds lying in the fields in that country, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And lo, an angel of the Lord came to them, and the glory of the Lord shone round them; and they were afraid with a great fear. And the angel said to them: "Fear not; for, lo, I bring you good tidings, a great joy, which will be upon all the people. For unto you is born this day a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in David's city. And this will be the sign unto you,—ye will find a babe in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: "Glory be to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will among men."

And it came to pass as the angels went away from them, into the heavens, then the men, the shepherds, said one to another: "Let us go to Bethlehem, and let us see this saying which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us."

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it they made known about the saying which was spoken to them about the child. And all that heard wondered about the things which were told them by the shepherds. And Mary kept all these sayings, turning them over in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all that they had heard and seen, as it was told to them.

My object in assuming to ask you to yield me these precious moments of these valuable days is this, to place before you this picture to be idealized, then promptly actualized,—a day when to every child born into the universe of God there shall be secured the environments of health, beauty, opportunity, service, harmony, joy, wisdom, and love.

As there may be among my readers those who do not accept literally the record we have quoted from our own Bible, possibly they will agree with some wise students who tell us that while "one may often distrust mere theological opinions and translations, a universal myth never."

Wagner says: "Feeling is the beginning and the end of understanding, as the myth is the beginning and the end of history, and tone language the beginning and the end of word language."

Ruskin says: "We may take it for a first principle, both in science and literature, that the feeblest myth is better than the strongest theory,—myth recording a natural impression on the imagination of great men and unpretending multitudes. The myths, like all thoughts worth having, came like sunshine whether people would or not, while theories are like little lucifer matches people strike for themselves."

Let us turn to the myths. "We have," says Abulmeizer, "in the first of the sign of the Virgin, following the most ancient traditions of the Persians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, Hermes, and Esculapius, a young woman, called in the Persian language Scelenidos de Dazama, in Arabic Adrenedefa, that is to say, a chaste, pure-

born of fire, and immaculate virgin, nourishing an infant, which infant some nations call Jesus, but which we in Greek call Christ. The constellation of Virgo—this divine virgin—or Star of the Sea, bearing the sheaf, whence her zodiacal mansion was called the House of Corn,—Beth-le-hem,—rose upon the horizon at the precise hour of midnight, December 25th, at the time of the winter solstice, fixed by the church for the date of the nativity of the son of the pure virgin."

Mr. Albert Ross Parsons is authority for the statement that "it is a cardinal point of the Chinese faith that their Sun or Savior God, Yah, Yaveh, or Jehovah, enters the world at midnight of the twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month."

Turning to the most poetic and suggestive symbology of the Druids, we read the following account of their Yule-tide or "Mother-Night:" "With the falling shadows the ceremony of hauling in and placing the Yule-log began,—a mystic rite whose ancient significance is not now fully understood. We find that the word 'log' is Celtic for God, and the fact that the log upon the fire the eve preceding the nativity is peculiarly significant. Passing through the flame was a mystic rite anciently celebrated at both solstices, and typical of that conjunction of spirit and matter which ever precedes incarnation."

This ceremony of the Yule-tide was fittingly observed as announcing the advent of the Christ, whose birth the winter solstice has shadowed forth from the time when our planet started on her first round of the starry wheel. "The Vigil of Light," on the 25th of December, was called by the ancients, "Mother-Night."

Turning to one of the most ancient Russian epics, we find the following reference to their ancient prophetic symbol of the modern "ikon:"

"The red sun sank behind the lofty mountains, behind the broad sea. Stars studded the clear heavens; then Volga Vseslavich was born, in Holy Mother Russia, the son of Marfa and the Dragon; Mother Earth trembled; the wild beasts fled to the forests; the birds flew up to the clouds, and the fish in the blue sea were scattered."

From the abundant and inspiring testimony or visions of the poets we must content ourselves with gleaning a few scattered grains, where, did time permit, we might reap abundant harvests. We cannot omit the following from Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World:"

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

In such wise as I dare to deem, He came  
Of purest mother, perfect child, begot  
Divineller, surely, than we know, arrived  
In this world—of his many worlds,—by path  
Leading to birth as new, as sweet as strange  
As what his dear feet opened past the tomb.  
If we should strive to say in mortal speech  
Where he was man, and why much more  
than man,  
The earthly words would mar the heavenly  
truth.  
Love tells it best in her simplicity,  
And worships in his deepest silences.  
Thou knowest of the birth, and how there  
fell  
Lauds out of heaven to hail him;  
And high songs  
Of peace and comfortable years to come.  
How they fled—  
Mary and Joseph—to the land of Nile,  
By Hebron and by Ziph, sore-tolling south,  
Over the brook of Egypt. On their way  
'Tis told the palm trees stooped to give them  
fruit;  
That dragons of the desert slid their scales—  
Shamed to be deadly—into cleft and den;  
That robbers of the road flung spear and  
sword  
Down on the sand and laid their fierce brows  
there,  
Convinced of evil by mere majesty  
Of babe and mother. And dry roses bloomed  
Back into beauty, when their garments  
brushed  
The rose bush. And a wayside sycamore,  
Beneath whose leaves they rested, moved his  
boughs  
From noon till evening with the moving sun  
To make them shade.

Of Queen Maya, mother of Buddha, the Madonna of Asia, the poets have given us exquisite pictures. First, when the ancient dream of motherhood "awaked, bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast, and over half the earth a lovely light"

Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook;  
the waves  
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day  
came forth  
As 'twere high noon, down to the farthest  
bells  
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sun-  
shine thrills

Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps  
A tender whisper pierced. "Oh, ye," it said,  
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,  
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come."

Here, too, we have a wondrous word picture of merchantmen from far,—

Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts  
in golden trays.  
'Mongst the strangers came  
A gray-haired saint, Asita, one whose ears  
Long closed to earthly things, caught heav-  
enly sounds,  
And heard at prayer beneath his peepul tree  
The Devas singing songs at Buddha's birth.  
Queen Maya made  
To lay her babe before such holy feet;  
But when he saw the Prince the old man  
cried:  
"Ah, Queen, not so. Know, O King!  
This is that blossom on our human tree  
Which opens once in many myriad years;  
But opened, fills the world with Wisdom's  
scent  
And Love's dropped honey; from thy royal  
root  
A heavenly Lotus springs. Ah, happy House."

The omphalos of antiquity, the undying fire of Hestia. Among some of the ancients we find that they commenced the foundation of their towns by erecting the omphalion, or "mother-temple," at the center; and the earlier world held these omphalos in mystic veneration. Here we find the secret of the hearth, the domestic altar which was "the center of every household."

Prince Arthur of Britain, we are told, bore upon his shield the image of the Virgin, while the seven stars of the "Bear" were represented on his body-guard. None other than an initiate of the ancient wisdom could have originated the noble order of the Knights of the Round Table.

In Chambers' "Astronomy" we read: "The course of redemption chronology is in profound agreement in all its details and all its extent with the time order of the universe." Ralston discovers in the constellations prophecies of a future salvation.

Parsons believes that "the zodiac is really the surviving bible of the original great salvation. And the beloved St. John of Christendom 'Beheld a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.' And the earth helped the woman."

By ropes and pulleys Phidias lifted the most perfect statue of his time, the "Pallas Athene," to its position upon the Acropolis, where its crown of gold and ivory, reflecting the sun's rays, first welcomed the Athenian mariner home again.

In our own world-renowned harbor of this vast, new-old world a friendly nation has placed the thought-impelling statue of "Liberty enlightening the world." In our own beautiful Capitol we note, in the beautiful reception room of the Senate, how years ago the fathers summoned from the old world the masters, and commissioned them to portray in symbolic grouping how the mother goddesses protect the little children.

#### THE TESTIMONY OF ART.

Mrs. Jameson has left this statement as a result of her extensive studies of "The Madonna and Child" in art: "Through all the most beautiful and precious productions of human genius and human skill which the middle ages and the Renaissance have bequeathed to us we trace one prevailing idea. It is that of an impersonation in the feminine character of beneficence, purity, and power, clothed with the visible form of Mary, the mother of our Lord. At least some consideration is due to the fact that the worship of the Madonna prevailed throughout all the civilized world for nearly one thousand years; that in spite of errors and abuses this worship did contain certain great elemental truths,—truths interwoven with our human nature, and to be evolved with our future destinies. Therefore did it work itself into the soul of men; therefore has it come out in the manifestation of his genius; therefore the multiform imagery in which it has been clothed, from the rudest imitations of life to the most exquisite creations of mind."

You will also recall the fact that not only the art but the many notable specimens of architecture bore monumental tributes to this holy mother.

After referring us to the intensely interesting record of the growth of the worship of the Madonna to be found in ecclesiastical history, the author of the "Legends of the Madonna" adds:

"Everywhere it seems to have found in the human heart some deep sympathy ready to accept it; and in every land the ground prepared for it in some already dominant idea of a mother-goddess, chaste, beautiful, and benign. Eve of the Mosaic history; Astarte of the Assyrians, 'the mooned Ashtaroth, queen and mother both; Isis nursing Horus of the Egyptians; Aphrodite of the Greeks; the Scythian Freza,—have been considered by some writers as types of a divine maternity, foreshadowing the virgin mother of Christ. Other writers insist that these ideas were but as the voice of a mighty prophecy, sounding all the generations of men, even from the beginning of time, of the coming moral regeneration and complete and harmonious development of the whole human race, by the establishment on a higher basis of what has been called the feminine element in society.' Then the gifted author of the "Legends of the Madonna" writes: "Let me at least speak for myself. In the perpetual iteration of that beautiful image of the women, highly blessed there, where others saw only pictures or statues, I have seen this great hope standing like a spirit beside the visible form."

Saint Augustine, whom art and song have ever associated with his noble mother, Monica, wrote: "We are to suppose that for the exaltation of the male sex Christ appeared on earth as a man, and for the consolation of womankind, he was born of a woman only; as if it had been said: 'From henceforth no creature shall be bare before God.'"

What is the meaning, what the significance of this myth or legend or fact of the centuries, written in marvelous autograph upon the vast horizons of nature, of art, and imagination and intuition, with starry worlds for letters, with the great clock of the heavenly planisphere keeping time to the magical rhythm of the old-world story of the Mother and her Child? What other interpretation can be given than this, that a holy, elevated motherhood is ever and always the most potent and irresistible force for elevating or lifting up the divine children of the earth, hence of all humanity?

Our time limit warns us that we must not linger in these enticing, richly suggestive fields; and yet we must pause long enough for a single message, that of Keshub Chunder Sen.

That great Hindoo reformer, in describing to the Brahmo-Somaj the God-vision in the nineteenth century, concludes as follows: "You see the little children clinging to the mother's breast. Who keeps them alive? Beloved child, sweet and lovely, how helpless art thou! Yet thou livest, O child! What a mystery! Ah! I see some one behind thee. It is thy mother. Thy mother explains thee. Thou art not able to explain thyself. Thou art a babe. Thou canst do nothing of thine own power. It is thy mother to whose breast thou art so tenaciously clinging. It is she who explains thee. She is thy philosophy; the reason of thy life and of its movement and nourishment; her tender arms thy home, her breast thy food and drink. Who supplies the blood that sustains thee? Yes, the mother's breast explains the little child. This is the God-vision of the nineteenth century. The dial thrown off the clock; the root nourishing the little child. This is the science of life and force in the universe. Behold the universe held in the arm of the supreme mother, who is incessantly pouring through secondary forces the milk of life and strength into all objects and beings."

O sacred symbol of divine perfection!  
 O sinless outgrowth of divine affection!  
 The mother saith, "God gave thee life through me.  
 In bearing thee I drew divinity  
 Down through my mother bosom. He came down.  
 Who wears the universe for crown.  
 Thou art more ancient than the Pleiades  
 In spirit life; my child, my angel star;  
 The golden fruit of all God's harmonies,  
 Thy hands have plucked in angels' heavens afar."

Just here let us emphasize the valuable aid we always receive when we pause to study the suggestive symbolism and methods of Mother Nature. The first thing we bestow upon the child as it enters upon earth life is to love it, and only as all our work is founded upon love will it be true and helpful. Then we bathe it; next we

clothe it, sing to it, amuse it, talk with it in a language all its own. Then comes the time for instruction in manners and morals; although, if you please, here, as in every department of life, a pound of example is worth a ton of preach. In fact, is it not always easier to preach than to practice?

Then industry, physical culture, taught by music and motion; for here again let us study Mother Nature. When we send our debilitated or weak children into the great hospital of nature, do we not find everywhere melodious music and graceful motion, from the daffodils swaying by dancing brook to the revolving planets keeping time to the music of the spheres?

Now our child is ready for mathematics, travel, and geography, the laws of beauty, lastly, philosophy and history. For it requires a great deal of philosophy to study the history of the crude beginnings of things and yet maintain a high faith in God and man,—a philosophy that clings to the belief in the final perfect blossoming of the lily, and understands that the peach is not necessarily wicked because it is green.

What is this message of the Madonna, whether she be enthroned surrounded by angelic children and attended by angels, or the central figure in the Holy Family, or seated at the loom placing her seal upon the dignity of labor, or smiling from a distance upon the inspired, consequently truly wise men, who make haste to consecrate their gifts to the wondrous child whose loving benediction even the animals seem crowding to receive, or lost in adoration before the sleeping babe, or, best and truest scene of all, where, although surrounded by her loving family, the brave and saintly Joseph, her kindred, the beloved Saint Elizabeth, and with the first-born son in her arms, she yet turns to include in her true mother's heart the little St. John and all the cherubs which surround her,—thus proclaiming that she was ready to be the mother of a divine child because she had recognized the divinity of every child created in the image of God. As she kneels in adoring love or lifts aloft the divine infant, she proclaims to a marveling world the divinity of humanity, hence its majesty,—the sublimi-

ty of parenthood. And only as the free, brave, loving mother thus lifts up her sons and daughters can they be truly lifted up. And in order thus to elevate the children of the future must the mother recognize her own true position.

Let every mother, then, attain to the Madonna faith, love, purity, and consecration; every father attain to the charity, the chastity, the bravery, and the helpfulness of Joseph; and then, indeed, will every child become a Christ-child, and into every heart shall ministering angels bring the lilies of the new Annunciation, and over every home the star of Bethlehem shall rise, over every nation angelic hosts shall chorus, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Wise men from every nation shall come forth from mountain fastnesses, from secluded temple or hidden shrine, to pour forth for this divine child their richest, choicest gifts of truth, of beauty, and of love. And what work can be more helpfully practical than this? Poets, prophets, statesmen, scientists, philanthropists, and parents, each and all, admit that whatsoever of health, industry, harmony, beauty, science, skill, knowledge, wisdom, and love we instill or develop in the child of to-day will reappear in the vigor, prosperity, peace, art, inventions, literature, law, government, and religion of to-morrow; because they see clearly the vital relation of the homes of a people and the life, value, and perpetuity of the government. Then come forth, ye artists, and paint in living and immortal colors the divinity and sacredness of childhood; the holy mystery, beauty, and wisdom of motherhood; the creative and protecting love of fatherhood. O divine motherhood of the world, brood over this homesick, half-orphaned world with such consecrated wisdom and ministry and justice that thy sons may for this beloved mother's sake make haste to beat their swords into pruning-hooks and refuse to learn war any more.

O sister women, who like our Madonna have long been pondering these things in your hearts, arise, unfurl the wings of spirit, regain your consciousness of the dynamic power of thought, the protective power of wisdom, and the creative potency of love. Cast aside your troubles; over-

throw your love of luxury, and with strong, capable, womanly hands lift up, lift up the divine children, until the whole world shall make haste to obey the divine command, and "suffer these little ones to come unto me."

Suffer these little ones to come joyfully, rapturously, naturally, through the flower-strewn, star-lighted Appian Way of music, beauty, service, and love; rather than by our selfish indulgence and apathetic indifference to allow them to be crowded and jostled and maimed through the Via Dolorosa of war, squalor, labor, and strife.

Come forth, ye singers, and thrill an awakened world with the inspiring music of the angelic chorus, the glad, free, joyous music of the new day. Come forth, ye wise men, with the secrets of the ages and proclaim the indestructibility of the true and the good, and the divinity, freedom, and immortality of every child of God.

Come forth, ye architects, with plans for the great cathedrals of the future, the homes of future Holy Families, in which a new race will assist in transmuting heaven into earth, and the tabernacle of God shall be with men. Even now the bells are ringing; the Christ-child has been born in unnumbered souls, and an inspired womanhood rises in an ecstasy of freedom and upbears with her the destinies, the purity, and the peace of the world.

Who that was present can ever forget the thrilling scene and inspiring words of Calliope Kezhia in response to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, during one of the sessions of "The Woman's Congress," at Detroit. Mrs. Howe, in introducing the distinguished delegate from Athens, referred to the vast contributions of Greece to art and literature, and of the fact of their recognition of woman in imperishable marble, as the goddess of Wisdom, of Peace, Health, and Beauty. In response, with almost unrivaled eloquence, Miss Kezhia said: "If it thrills you, my friend, to see in my country the ideal woman typified by the painter, enshrined in marble by the architect, what think you of the inspiration to one who loves liberty, freedom, life, must it be, to

come into such a gallery of great women as I meet to-day, and to discover that here Minerva, Juno, Iesta, Ilygeia have come to life?"

And so to-day, as we read the wondrous prophecy, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars," and then ponder upon the greatest of all problems, the future of our race, I am prompted to exclaim, O fathers, brothers, sons beloved, for the sake of peace and love, wisdom and joy, I pray you learn this divine lesson sung by the greatest of singers, portrayed in heavenly coloring by the divinest artists, sung by the most exalted poets, foretold by the most inspired prophets, that never will the children of men be lifted up out of poverty, idleness, despair, competition, and war, into plenty, beauty, and industry, co-operation and love, until raised aloft by the loving, capable hands of a responsible and free motherhood, aided by and receiving the co-operation of devoted fatherhood.

Myth and legend and sacred book alike proclaim that whenever creative wisdom and love have decided to send a Christ to the world, such divine child has been intrusted to the especial care of woman.

The Christian world waits and prays and listens for the coming of the promised reign of peace and good will, and oftentimes eagerly prays for a remedy, while even now the answer is heard by those who listen, as through the love-illumined atmosphere there thrill the parting words of Jesus of Nazareth to his beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother."

From henceforth a new interpretation of the mystic message will be flashed and signaled and symbolized from tower and altar and shrine. A new interpretation of that silent figure, the Sphynx, for ages so strangely imprisoned by the shifting sands of the desert, which, like the shifting sands of opinion, assume new phases at the strong breath of truth. Let us study the secret of the interdependence of the Creator and the created, send forth strong vibrations of love to every creature, listen for a new tone in the diapason of creation, a new note in the lion's roar, a new joy in the eaglet's scream,—echoes of the Edenic chorus which shall yet become as veritable joy-bells in our universe.

"And God said: 'Let us make man in our image, male and female.'

"And God saw everything that was made, and behold it was very good."

The fulfilling of the law is love.

## IF I AM THE SOLDIER CHOSEN

BY COLETTA RYAN

Oh, I am the father of many and they gather to my side,—  
 The young and the old and the learned, the humble and those with pride;  
 But the child that I love is missing o'er valley and hill and wood,  
 He is far away in a distant land on meadows drenched with blood;  
 In the midst of a raging battle he pauses to think and pray:  
 "Dear father, the dawn will follow, and after the dawn the day.  
 My sword lies under the bushes and the wound will close my eyes.  
 But after the night there comes the dawn, and after the dawn sunrise.  
 If nations will not travel the way of the holy cross,  
 They must struggle out of accursed sin through death and bitter loss  
 And if I am the soldier chosen to lead them into the light,  
 Then banish your tears and fold your hands, the morning shall be bright!  
 For some one must be the soldier all red with needless gore  
 That shall touch the world till her heart proclaims: This hell shall be no more."



# THE HEBREW PHILOSOPHERS: THE PHILOSOPHER AS POET—JOB

BY PROFESSOR NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, PH. D.

## FIRST PAPER

Not by commerce and industry, nor by science and art, nor yet by philosophy, did ancient Israel gain a position of honor among the nations. Her claim to the gratitude of mankind she owes entirely to her prophets. These men of the spirit, with their keen sense of justice, their visions of judgment, their hatred of shams, their disregard for the cult, their dreams of social righteousness, their indomitable courage, and their ineradicable hope, worked out that ethical monotheism and developed that consciousness of human solidarity to which our western civilization owes so much.

But one work of philosophy, at least, Israel produced. The Book of Job presents no system of ontology, psychology, or ethics; but it reflects profound thought upon the greatest questions that can occupy the human mind, and it is by such thinking that philosophy is made. Even with its richness of thought it is possible the work would have failed of immortality if it had not been a master-piece of poetry as well.

Job is a work of consummate art. Men have found it difficult of classification. It is not an epic, unless it be an epic of the inner life. It is not a drama, unless it be a tragedy of intellectual conflicts. It is not a mere collection of lyric effusions, though it is rich in melody, suffused with feeling, subjective to a marked degree. For there is a story that is told, yet not by the author himself, but by his heroes; a moral situation is unfolded, a case presented, a problem set forth with all its complications, a denouement reached. It tends toward the dramatic form, it goes beyond a didactic dialogue. All this concerns but its outward form, and even in considering this, it would be unfair to forget its matchless parallelisms, its splendid strophes, its swinging rhythm, its fault-

less diction, its glowing color, its luxurious metaphors, the intense vitality of its language. What, more than anything else, however, betrays the master's hand is the poet's marvelous resourcefulness. Each character is clearly drawn, reveals his own peculiar thought, in his own peculiar language. The author's heart is clearly with his hero, Job. Yet he seems to lavish his greatest care on the arguments of the friends. They are no men of straw. The poet's hero is fighting no windmills. There is no understatement of the other side. Puny intellects with small resources cannot afford to be so generous. They unwittingly proclaim their weakness by belittling their foes, and accentuate their pettiness by crowing over easy victories. This poet knew the art as few in which Socrates was such a master.

As the legend of Faust had been made more than once the vehicle of teaching ere Germany's greatest poet used it to set forth the ripest fruits of modern thought, so the legend of Job had already been employed in a popular work to point a tale. This folk-book contained the story of an Arab sheikh who in spite of his great piety suffered many mysterious trials, but bore them all with exemplary patience, though he knew not that they were imposed to test the sincerity of his faith, and therefore was restored to a double measure of prosperity. The moral was,—a righteous man may incidentally suffer as if he were a wicked man, but ere life closes his adversity will turn into prosperity, and men may see from outward signs who is the good man that God favors and who the wicked object of his anger.

The author of the dialogues sees deeper into life. It has not been as generally observed as it deserves to be, that the first of the great problems of the book is that concerning the seat of authority. Eliphaz

appeals to revelation, to oracles that come in visions of the night. Bildad appeals to tradition, the sayings of the wise accumulating down the ages. Zophar appeals to the present authority of the old and of the many. Against this threefold authority of revelation, tradition, and majority Job rebels, and makes his appeal to the facts of life as seen and judged by himself.

The second great problem of the book is that of sin. The fundamental position maintained by the friends upholding contemporary orthodoxy was that the world is ordered in reference to human sin or righteousness, so that health, wealth, honor, and numerous progeny are tokens of inner rectitude approved by God, while sickness, poverty, disgrace, and childlessness are signs of inner corruption thus visited by God's anger. Sin is the determining factor in the government of the world. If the lightning that strikes a man's house does not bring punishment for an overt act of transgression, it may be the penalty for a cherished purpose to do wrong, or a preventive measure to check evil tendencies of the soul, or a trial testing man's loyalty to God and abhorrence of sin. In any case it is, like everything that happens to a man, closely connected with his moral condition. Against this doctrine of retribution, this theory of a perfect adjustment of moral attitude and physical condition, Job marshals the facts of experience in vehement protest. The doctrine is based on a false generalization. The theory is belied by patent observations, by undeniable facts. The forces of nature operate in heedlessness of moral qualities, overwhelming the good and the bad, preserving the unjust and the just. Pestilence and death ask not whether a man is a sinner. The forces operating in society often bring security and coveted good to the unscrupulous, self-seeking, shrewd, and overreaching, while crushing the conscientious, modest, generous, fair, and brave. Outward circumstance is not a reliable index of character. The universe is not ordered with reference to human merits or demerits.

Nor is there, according to the author of Job, any solution of this problem in the appeal to the future. Once the thought

suggests itself of a possible reversal after death. He plays with the idea, but only to reject it. Gladly would Job watch through the long vigils, could a term be set for him in Sheol, were God to look with regretful longing to the work of his hands and bring him back into life. A tree that is cut down might thus, at the scent of water, revive. But man when he is fallen rises not again, when he has given up the ghost he is no more.

The last and greatest problem of the book is that concerning God. This problem exists only to Job, not to the friends. They know just what is knowable of God. With this they are intimately acquainted. Before the mysterious residue they bow in satisfied and incurious worship. Not so Job. To him this is the source of all his mental woe. For if there is no discriminating administration of justice, no moral order in the world, what is to be thought of the divine being? This God of the friends who unfailingly deals out visible rewards for virtue and punishments for sin does not exist, is a fiction of their brains, whose reality can only be maintained by blinking the facts and lying on his behalf. But if the facts of conscience and of observation are accepted, what kind of being is this God who does not govern the world on principles of just retribution, guaranteeing to the innocent freedom from suffering? If he is not fair and equitable and kind, even as a man may have these qualities, is not such a tyrant, though he sit upon the throne of the universe, justly contemned and defied? The honestly inquiring Job walks on the brink of blasphemy, hurling defiance at the only real god his eyes can see, until his wounded heart seeks refuge against the god his love of truth has conjured up with the god in whose eternal righteousness, in spite of all appearances, he cannot but trust. External circumstance may not be sign of human sin and divine wrath, but the ever-living witness of man's innocence, the avenger of his wrongs, will grant the sufferer ere life shall end the beatific vision of his face, the vindicating discomfiture of his slandering foes. "I know that my avenger lives; and that my kinsman shall arise up on the dust. My eyes shall see him

standing up for me, my witness who shall overthrow my foes." That vision when it comes will take man out upon the larger arena of nature's life, to find, not indeed the solution of all his problems, but relief in marveling contemplation and in humble worship.

We naturally sympathize with Job. No more than he can we admit the vision that once stood before an Eliphaz's eye to settle for all time life's questions, the right of ancient oracles to fetter modern thought and action, the fiction of infallibility to give the revelation of the past a sanction not accorded to the revelation of the present. We are as unwilling to be bound by mere tradition, error becoming not a whit more plausible by age-long repetition, by unquestioning acceptance throughout many generations. That a majority holds a certain view, and that it is shared by men of mature age and intellectual power, does not concern us so much as how it comes to be held by a majority and why it is shared by men of eminence and whether it approves itself to our own judgment. For with Job we recognize no higher law than that of the facts themselves, no court of last appeals but our own reason.

Our wider observation of nature and of history has fortified his position that the mechanism of the universe is not adjusted with reference to man's moral life so as to signalize his character in his external conditions. Death did not come into the world because of sin. Microbes causing distemper do not select the bodies of bad men only for their camping grounds. All millionaires are not angelic in their self-forgetfulness. The basest instincts are not always wedded to intellects of small compass. Men starve to death at times because crops fail, or work cannot be had, or honesty seems better to them than prosperity. The bosom covered with a galaxy of sparkling jewels is not invariably a shrine of virtue. Earth's noblest life departed on a cross.

We quite agree with Job that, if the only world that has come within our ken is not arranged on the wages system or the penitentiary plan, there is no guarantee that any other world is. And we realize that, though we have drawn quite

closely to nature's breast to wring from her the secrets of her life, no whisper has as yet been caught of individual immortality.

That emancipation from external authority and a correspondingly intense personal observation of the facts, in forcing a changed estimate of the moral order of the world, should also lead to a different conception of God, is only natural. We have ourselves experienced a similar development. Our vastly expanding knowledge of nature, with its necessary inferences, has indeed rendered impossible to us what still remained a reality to Job, the idea of an extra-mundane divine individual, whose face may be seen in vision. But we, too, have had our sense of disenchantment, of dolorous bereavement, of resentment, protest, and rebellion against the stern, forbidding aspect of reality, and have, as our insight deepened, beheld the divine vindication of the way of life, perceived the harmony of the universe, turned our quarrel against the inhumanity of man, and become reconciled to God.

In fact, our sympathy with Job is so great that we are in danger of losing sight of the elements of truth embodied in the contentions of his friends. It is true that there is a gradual unfolding, a progressive revelation to man's maturing mind of life's meaning, and that there is a prophetic order drawing the veil aside, mediating between the light of universal life and the ignorant and inert mass of men. Only this is an impartial revelation ever offering itself to the human mind, and its prophets are of every age and every race and nation. There is a tradition, an accumulation of experience and observation, a stock of knowledge increasing through the ages, offering itself as a very real help in the interpretation of life. Only the material must be sifted, doubt is a necessity, infallibility is precluded, progress imperative. The truth rests most securely upon the convinced judgment of the many, and is most efficient when it has become part and parcel of a people's consciousness. Only the truth is never found without an alloy, and the absolute truth eludes our grasp. Let there be room, therefore, for the removers of this alloy, the bearers of new truths. Human-

ity through all the ages is God's prophet upon earth. Closely and reverently the individual should listen to this mighty voice, but even it can only make its appeal to the sovereign judgment of his reason. It happens every day that one man is right against a world in error. Mankind never quite makes up its mind, it has a long time to live, and never speaks its last word. Man, born of woman, is of few days; has no chance to rehearse his part on the world's stage; must take quick impressions, and get his answers to a thousand questions, form his principles of conduct and act resolutely, shoulder the responsibility and deliver his final judgment ere he passes into the silence.

After all, there may be an infinitely more accurate accounting in this universe than the friends of Job, in their assumption of a retributive justice, could have dreamed of. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." This wise word is popularly understood as implying that there is a day of final judgment. It really suggests a profounder thought. The machinery of the world is so nicely adjusted, the chain of causation so strongly forged, that each thought and sentiment, each word and deed, brings forth inevitably its proper effect. The greedy man may insure his life against want, but he robs his heart with each eager thought of the glittering gold. Overindulgence takes the bloom off

pleasure, and appetite becomes a demon craving more and getting less. A life without restraints becomes a life without satisfaction. The sun may shine on the bad man's field, and the bacilli eat up the good man's flesh, and yet this may be the best course for the sun and the bacilli to pursue, and serve the very highest ends of the universe and of the lives affected. The impartial sunlight may produce good crops, a change of character and a spirit of social impartiality of incalculable worth; the biting pain may bring out fortitude and patience, sympathy and helpfulness, and set science in search of means for the prevention and cure of disease, saving millions from suffering. As man learns how to adjust himself to nature, control and utilize its forces, and enjoy its wealth and beauty, and also how to arrange his social relations so as to give to each human being a proper education, suitable work, an equitable share in the common wealth, a reasonable freedom of personal development and security for old age, the universal life in which he lives and moves and has his being will seem to him more right and good. As the story of life on earth and in the heavens unfolds, the sense of the unity of all that is will deepen, the consciousness of mystery will increase to spur the intellect and to ennoble the heart, while the impression of arbitrary power and irrationality will vanish.

## THE MORNING SUNLIGHT

BY ELTWEED POMEROY

Sing loud, sweet birds, gay heralds of the dawn!  
 The sunrise breaks; o'er hill and vale it flows.  
 And flowers their dewy chalices unclose.  
 Thou'rt keen as Ithuriel's shining spear, O Morn!  
 At thy approach night's forces are withdrawn.  
 The air with palpitating splendor glows,  
 As clear and sparkling as the springs that rose  
 In Paradise at his spear point, new-born.

Morn brings a pure, serene delight in life;  
 For hope is born. While the bloom is on the day  
 A promise, infinite and grand, is rife.  
 Go fill thyself with her immortal ray.  
 Thou'lt have full strength to bear day's tears and strife,  
 And trust that light shall conquer night away.

# THE TANGIBLE MEDIATOR OF SPIRITUAL STRENGTH

BY WILLIAM HORATIO CLARKE

The power by which spiritual life is actuated and manifested may be expressed in three comparative degrees,—the Infinite, the Mediator, and the Finite; the Infinite only being communicated to the finite through the medium of language formed into words.

Strength is the active influence by which we think, speak, and act, the origin of which is above the finite will and understanding, those two faculties of the mind which receive the influences of the Divine Love and Wisdom, as the earth does the heat and light of the sun.

Spiritual strength is derived from that nourishing substance upon which the regenerating mind feeds, and which inclines the will and understanding to work together in harmony, or to act according to the knowledge with which the memory is stored, which knowledge is the food from which true character is formed.

This food consists of all the principles of moral and religious instruction which have been inculcated from every source, either by oral teaching or by means of writing and printing, which have for a basis the holy life taught in the summary of the Word of God, not only as found in the Scriptures of the Hebrew and Greek Testaments, but in all sacred writings which lead the motives of action above hereditary selfishness to a regenerated spirit.

In the mineral kingdom a stone or rock manifests its strength by the power of cohesion, the atoms of the concrete matter being closely held together by that force of attraction which gives firmness, hardness, and solidity, from which qualities it is often metaphorically used to represent truth. It will be noted in the historical form of the Scriptures that the Ten Commandments are written upon stone, and that the religious instruction thence derived is built upon the rock "Peter," which is the Rock of Ages on which the church is founded.

In the vegetable kingdom a plant or tree receives its vitality by means of the nourishment afforded by the earth in which its roots are imbedded, the water held within the moist soil, and from the heat and light of the sun, united with the gases of the air, receiving its life and strength in accordance with its nature and its intended use. It is often used figuratively in the Bible to represent the growth of the spiritual life in that man who is "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season."

In the animal kingdom the creature receives its life without its own volition, and acts in harmony with the laws of its own being, performing its use according to its nature and capacity in exercising its strength in accomplishing the purpose of its creation. It has its internal organs similar to the physical bodies which men inhabit, and the different species of animals have qualities which are analogous to the varied affections and thoughts which emanate from the mind of man.

The cattle, fowls, swine, and reptiles recorded in the Bible represent both good and bad qualities manifested by men, from the allegorical temptation of the serpent to the incarnate Innocence symbolized by the Lamb of God, while many horses may be seen in that spiritual world of thought of which the Scriptures emblematically treat.

The mind, or life of man, exists in a higher degree than the things of the three physical kingdoms, and is gifted with a certain amount of freedom of control which enables the will to exercise the liberty of choosing between good and evil, and the understanding, of discriminating between what is true and false, and to act according to this decision. This capacity of exercising freedom and rationality distinguishes the human from the brute creation, which latter acts from what is termed instinct. Without the

faculties of liberty and rationality man would simply remain an animal, with no capacity for spiritual development.

In the earlier years of our existence the mind dwells in a sphere of natural or material ideas, with which external things relating to self and the outside world are chiefly concerned. It is permitted to act from what it supposes to be its own self-derived intelligence until it is prepared to recognize that it does not originate what it previously called its own thought.

The mental organization is a receptacle of two opposing forces, the one from good, and the other from evil, from which good or bad thoughts proceed, and the mind has the liberty to think, speak, or act according to the reception of either of these influences, independent of external environments, but it does not act from both good and evil influences at the same time.

Since a man does not create himself, he does not originate his evil thoughts. They flow into the natural will and understanding which is filled with the love of self, derived from that hereditary nature from which without his volition he has descended, and for which inheritance he is not responsible. His responsibility begins as soon as he perceives that there is evil which he should not do and false principles which he should not entertain, and the power not to do or think these is given him from the moment he has this knowledge.

He soon learns from the conflict between good and evil which he feels within himself that what he calls his own strength is powerless to remove the evil influences which beset him, and that there must be some tangible Mediator from which his mind may be fed with nourishing food to supply the desert waste caused by the inherited diseases, for the influence of everything which is evil and false results in a diseased mental condition, from which originate many physical disorders which occasion ill-health.

From this diseased mental state men are to be made whole, and are to be healed by means of the regenerating truths of the Word of God in the form best adapted to their needs. From the instruction thence derived power is received to cast out the evil thoughts, to shun bad

books, and to avoid unprincipled companionship, and the place previously occupied with selfishness will be filled with goodness, which flows in from the Infinite Spirit in the same proportion that evil is turned away from.

When earthly food is eaten the digestive process goes on by means of the Divine Life operating within all the hidden functions of the physical body without our care or cognizance; so when we eat and live according to the spiritual food which has been imparted in our religious instruction, derived from that sentient Mediator "which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of God," given for our regeneration and sustenance, the Divine Life then operates within the innumerable vesicles of the mind without our self-intelligence or anxiety, imparting that spiritual strength which we need in the performance of our daily duties.

Thus spiritual strength is communicated through the mediatorship of that Word which has been so reverently handed down from generation to generation, when we apply its plain truths to our interior motives of action by obeying the simple laws of love to the Lord and the neighbor, which commandments show the Way, and are the Truth leading to that Life which is personified in the story written in the Gospels.

Can the finite ever approach the Infinite Spirit excepting through this Mediator whose living thoughts flow into our minds in their golden frame of words?

The highest spiritual capacity of man will always be finite and a receptacle of the Divine Life revealed within these vital truths, for he has no inherent strength, either mental or physical.

In the lower degree of our corporeal existence the earthly life constantly proceeds from the Infinite strength, and obedience to the teachings of this Mediator that is so devoutly cherished by every enlightened religious organization will tend to bring diseased conditions into order and lead to the healing of many temporal infirmities.

# THE STORY OF PRISON AND PRISONER REFORMS

BY REV. ARTHUR S. BURROWS

In 1729, early in the reign of George II., Mr. Oglethorpe, M. P., at his own request, was made chairman of a committee who should penetrate the dungeons of the Fleet and Marshalsea prisons, and also examine the condition of prisoners. He reported a system of horrible oppression and cruelty. Many prisoners were chained to the stone floors of their dungeons, without beds, and often having nothing but the filthy remains of old straw to lie upon. Many had been tortured with iron skull-caps and thumbscrews. Sometimes as many as forty men were locked up over night in a sixteen-foot square room. Food was insufficient, and donations of good food were used by the jailers. Those who could pay extortionate demands received better fare, but those who could not received only bread and water. No differences in confinement existed between felons and common debtors. Old and young were caged together. Ignorance was corrupted and vice increased in wickedness. Human beings, innocent or guilty, were subjected to the filthy contagion of their miserable fellows, and also to the temper of their keepers. Popular fiction at that period shows that this dominion of cruelty was but little diminished for fifty years.

In 1773 John Howard, high-sheriff of Bedfordshire, moved for a further investigation. In less than two years he had personally inspected nearly all of the penal institutions of England. In 1777 he published a book upon the prison system of England, and awakened public attention to these evils. Parliament legislated a few palliative measures, and added hard labor to the sentences of thieves. The labor brought fewer thieves to the hangman, but failed to reform the thief. Ten years later large numbers of English criminals were transported to New South Wales. But Sheriff Howard had sown good seed. He had revealed that Parliament needed reforming. It was not until 1835, however, that prison inspectors were

appointed for Great Britain. In the jails there was no employment, no education, no religious instruction, and no safe sanitation. England had at that time more criminal children than any other country in Europe. In 1838 Charles Dickens brought forth his "Oliver Twist," revealing to the astonished Briton the schools of crime presided over by such worthies as the Jew Fagin and his murderous accomplice, Sykes, where the children were trained to pick pockets, rob stalls, break and enter, and even commit murder if escape was impossible short of that. One result from this exposure was that Home Secretary John Russell instituted houses of detention for the rescue and instruction of criminally inclined youth before they should become condemned prisoners.

The history of prison reform in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is practically the history of general prison reform, for Massachusetts leads the world to-day in reforms both for prisons and prisoners. In 1879 the State appointed a Board of Prison Commissioners, with two women upon it, Mrs. Mary G. Ware, of Lancaster, and Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, of Boston. Mrs. Ware had been on the advisory board of women for several years in prison work, and Mrs. Johnson had had a long experience in private work in prisons. At this time a women's prison was in existence, which entered all sorts of female prisoners, under all lengths of "sentences, who received no classification and little disciplinary reform. The new board first secured such change in prison laws as would permit of classification, not only according to ages, but also in relation to adjusted sentences according to the crimes committed. Mrs. Johnson served for five years as commissioner, and then became the chief officer of the women's prison. Under her skillful management employment was increased and controlled in such way that the receipts from industries increased threefold and the net cost de-

creased one-half. Mrs. Johnson held her commission continuously since May, 1879, and brought the Massachusetts women's prison to an excellence first in the world for system, methods, and results.

Twenty years ago the county prisons of Salem, New Bedford, and Plymouth belonged to the former century, relics of the herding together of prisoners in large rooms. The buildings at Springfield and Greenfield were entirely unfit for use. Bedford owned a new neat building. Prisoners and the insane were in connected buildings at Ipswich. Better buildings have been provided, together with better food and clothing, and safe sanitation.

Massachusetts leads her sister States, and perhaps the world, in her standard of popular morality. Offenses which are considered of no consequence in many States are dealt with severely in Massachusetts. Formerly petty offenses and drunkenness were punished with thirty days' imprisonment; now many of such offenders are serving sentences of from six to twelve months. Here we arrive at the next important fact in the work of this reform, namely, the consideration of the prisoner as a criminal, not as one who is merely paying the penalty of outraged propriety and satisfying justice. The prisoner is regarded as one who is entitled to suffer, but he is also regarded as a human being for whose reform every effort should be made, both that he should cease to be a suffering criminal and that society should be freed from him as a menace to its safety and peace.

An important item of reform on behalf of the prisoner for some time has been individual treatment. Hitherto the law had asked, "What did he do?" and treated him accordingly, but in the lump of his kind. The reformer asked, "What is he?" and "Why is he?" in the course of careful study of his mental and moral defects, and of equally careful investigation of his physical and social environment before he was caught in the meshes of the law. The law still said, "He will cease to be a prisoner at such a time." The reformer determined that, if possible, the prisoner when released should have ceased to be a criminal. In this connection the reformer asked for long sentences, to obtain the

time necessary to develop such praiseworthy effort, as it is clear that a month's or a few months' sentence does not give sufficient time to accomplish anything with a prisoner.

Massachusetts uses a maximum sentence, without a minimum, allowing the court a wide discretion. The indeterminate sentence, in which the date of discharge is not fixed, gives opportunity to appeal to the moral nature of the prisoner. It is aimed to make the prisoner conscious that he will cease to be a prisoner as soon as he ceases to be a criminal. The indeterminate sentence is used in the penitentiary. In the reformatory at Concord, which ranks among the foremost institutions of its kind in the world, the probation system was born, developed, and has accomplished excellent work. Mr. Warren F. Spalding, secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association, says that "hundreds of men have been rescued from criminal lives during the years of management under Colonel Tufts and Mr. Scott." Under the probation system prisoners are released but not discharged, a probation officer being responsible for him outside of the prison. Now the released prisoner may prove by his proper conduct that he has ceased to be criminal, and when he does this to the satisfaction of the court he is discharged from probation.

Some will find it hard to believe that a criminal has any moral nature to which appeal may be made. A minister, while visiting a prison, saw a gigantic fellow crouched alone in a corner. "How long has he to serve?" he asked the keeper. "For life." "May I speak to him?" "Yes, for a minute." What could be said in a minute? He touched the man's arm, and said, "I am sorry for you; I wish that I could help you." The convict gazed at him keenly, the hard lines of his face unchanged, but he waited to hear more. "I am going away, and shall never see you again, perhaps," continued the minister; "but you have a friend who will stay here with you." The small, keen gray eyes still waited for something more. A question, "You have heard of Jesus?" The answer, "Yes." "He is your friend; if you are good and true, and pray to God to help you, I am sure that he will care for



you." "Time's up," called the keeper. Fourteen years pass. One day the minister visited some distant convict mines. A tall figure, bent with age and hardship, attracted his attention. "Who is that?" he asked. "A lifer," said the keeper,—"a steady fellow, the best in the gang." The lifer looked up. His figure quickly straightened. He recognized the visitor. He said to him, "Don't you remember me, sir?" And then, as mutual recognition shone from each other's eyes, the lifer added, "Will He come soon? I've tried to be good."

In New York State a magistrate can only commit a youthful criminal to the workhouse, where he can learn nothing good or helpful, and whence he comes forth worse than he went in. Mrs. Charles R. Lowell, chairman of the committee on vagrancy, of the State Charities Aid Association, has planned a farm colony for young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty, whom the courts will send there under indeterminate sentence. They will be taught horticulture, agriculture, and other useful industries. They may be discharged on parole, with some compensation, and will immediately be returned to the colony if the terms of parole are not kept.

Chaplain J. W. F. Barnes, of Massachusetts State Prison, says that "no bar now exists in the way of any prisoner who wishes to reform." And the prison officer, while he may sometimes have to repress, also finds opportunity to inspire confidence and hope in the heart of the unfortunate under him, aiming to extinguish the criminal and to reawaken the better part. "Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, feelings lie buried that love may restore." Mr. Warren F. Spalding, secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association, believes this, and for

eighteen years has proved his faith by his works. He has sought to enlighten public opinion concerning the prevention and treatment of crime, to secure the improvement of penal legislation, to protect society from habitual criminals, to befriend the innocent and ignorant under accusation, to promote the welfare of those placed on probation by the courts, and also of the families of prisoners, and to aid released prisoners to live honorably. Still greater results are confidently expected in connection with this work. It is hoped that the indeterminate sentence will be generally adopted, and that the probation system will be extended. The importance of the best classification of prisoners is proved, and hereafter youthful criminals will not be subjected to hardened and degraded offenders. Prisoners are being trained to self-support, and a pressing want is an outside system under which they may have a new opportunity.

Can the good citizens of our Commonwealth do anything to help this cause? Some ounces of prevention may be stirred into modern life. To preserve a youth is to save a coming man or woman. Parents may well pray for their children, and also teach them how to build up a sound body. A sound body will go far toward making a pure heart and a clean mind and a moral life. Give the boys and the girls an education for living, find out what they can be fitted for, and then fit them for it. About seventy-five per cent of prisoners have no trade. Train the youth into habits of thrift. One young man in jail said that he could not get along with sixty dollars a month. Insist on the enforcement of the excise laws. Root out the pool-room and other gambling dens. Work more to elect God-fearing men to the public service.

The consciousness of doing good to others greatly enhances the delight of our hours of relaxation and repose.

To teach men how to pursue with cheerfulness and fidelity their daily labor is to put them on the road to heaven.

Close attention to the discharge of our respective duties in all the useful departments of life will make us healthy, cheerful, and contented.

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

We are indebted to our venerable and scholarly contributor, A. V., for the answer to our question in the January issue, "Who shall tell us what a dream is?" Surely a clearer and more satisfactory answer

could not be given, and we thank him for a solution that satisfies both heart and brain. We believe that many of our readers will feel equally grateful to this great Bible scholar.

### WHAT A DREAM IS

In *The Coming Age* for January, 1900, under "Dreams and Visions," several persons give accounts of their waking and dreaming experiences, including warnings of impending dangers which after occurrences proved to be genuine. Mr. Wm. H. Wyman considers his impression of impending danger "quite a mystery," and he "cannot give or find any intelligent reason for it," and desires a suggestion. Can you afford space for the following? The spiritual world is the world of life and cause, and this world of space and time is the world of effects. We must then look to the spiritual world for the cause in each and every case, whether waking or sleeping. There is no spiritual world located in time and space, as is usually supposed, but only in the minds—spirits—of men, whether incarnate or excarnate. Excarnate spirits, whether good or evil, true or false, have their habitat in us who are still embodied. They are the mediate origin of all our thoughts and affections, many of which ultimate in action, good or bad. The spirits who had their home in the brain of the General Superintendent of the Michigan Southern Railway were acquainted with those present with the engineer, brother of Mr. Wyman, and knew, through their minds, the directions the trains were running, and hence the danger, and gave the silent alarm to the engineer, who acted upon it and avoided

the threatening disaster; and so in all similar cases.

"What is a dream?"

A series of suggestions to the mind, in sleep, by a spirit or spirits inhabiting that mind. Good spirits or angels suggest pleasant, restful, and thus helpful dreams, and so "minister to such as shall be heirs of salvation" (Heb. i, 14). On the other hand, evil spirits find supreme delight in tormenting people in their sleep, and at all times when possible, as they had done while here in the body. They now have re-embodiment in men in the flesh.

In Luke viii, 26-39, is an account of a man who was the habitat of a legion of evil spirits, six thousand at least. In this man they produced insanity. All insanity is thus produced. All suicides are thus insane. I knew a man some years ago who was the subject of domestic insanity, who was perfectly sane in business. He attempted suicide, but I relieved him in time to restore him. Upon recovering consciousness he asked what had happened to him. He had no knowledge of his attempt, to take his own life, even became horrified at the thought, and instituted means to prevent its repetition, but a year after, in the absence of his guardian, he accomplished the infernal purposes of his spirit foes.

The rapidity of dreams is inconceivable. The Rev. Edmund B. Fairfield, formerly

President of Hillsdale College, Michigan, related to me a dream of one of his neighbors. The gentleman rose early on a certain morning, started a fire in the kitchen stove, and returning to his sleeping-room said to his wife: "I need more sleep and will lie down again, and you can call me in time for breakfast." He fell asleep at once. His wife upon reaching the kitchen found she had forgotten an article of her kitchen attire, and returned to get it, saying: "Excuse me, John, I forgot something." Instantly he was wide-awake, and said, "Mary! Why did you wake me?" She replied, "Why, you cannot have been asleep, for I have not been absent two minutes." "That cannot be," he replied, "for I have been through six years of campaign life in the army, six winters and six summers; we have camped and marched; engaged in many battles; I have heard the deep roar of cannon, and the sharp rattle of rifle firing, have seen thousands of the wounded and dead upon the battle-fields, and multitudes of sick in the hospitals," etc.

Now, while we cannot certainly know, my impression is that no more of a dream is remembered than what occurs during the process of waking, and that thought then is quicker than electricity to which it corresponds, while the affections correspond to magnetism.

President Fairfield related another most interesting experience. Another neighbor and friend of his owned a saw-mill. The mill was furnished with a very long

cable chain used for drawing logs from the water up an inclined plane of plank into the mill. On a Monday morning the cable was missing—had been stolen; and without it the sawing could not be done. Monday was spent in fruitless endeavors of all hands and aids to ferret out the mischief and restore the chain. Since he must have a chain he concluded to go next day and buy one. Tuesday morning Mr. Fairfield was out for an early walk, and met his neighbor walking hurriedly toward his row-boat lying in the mill-pond. The president accosted him cheerily: "Where are you going so early, and at such a gait?" He replied: "I have found my chain and am going to get it." "Ah," said the president, "where is it?" "It is in the pond above here lying between the roots of that great stump upon which you and I sat fishing last summer." "Have you seen it there, then?" asked Mr. F. "Yes," he replied; "I saw it there in a dream from which I awoke a few moments ago." "May I accompany you in the boat?" asked Mr. F. "Yes. Come along," said he. They rowed to the neighborhood of the great stump, but had some difficulty in finding it as the water was high and covered it, but when found the chain was discovered on the west side between the roots just as he had seen it in his dream. The spirits who had prompted the thief to commit the crime had made it known to those spirits who had produced the dream in the sleeping mill-owner.

A. V.

## A LETTER TO THE COMING AGE

It is impressed upon my mind to write you the reason why I sent you the postal card of 14th. On the 12th I had received an automatic message having in it certain information and signed Joseph Buchanan. It happened that on the morning of the 14th I was looking at the pictures of the contributors in "The Coming Age Prospectus" for February, when my eyes fell upon that of Professor J. R. Buchanan, and the title of an article by him at the lower right-hand corner of the picture, "The Supreme Sphere Above Humanity and Its Domains." At once I found myself wondering whether this were the Jo-

seph Buchanan whose name was signed to the message that I had received on the 12th, and felt that I should write you, making inquiry about the matter, and so I turned to my desk and hurriedly wrote the card of February 14th. Thinking now that the matter may be of interest to you, I will transfer the short article received at that time from the original writing, and the questions I asked and the notes I made at the time. My questions were not oral but written, and I sat at least five feet from the automatic writer (a girl of about nineteen years of age and possessing only ordinary intelligence), and

holding my writing-tablet so she could not see my questions. Here it is all verbatim:

Will the intelligence controlling the hand write name at the beginning, as I think it will help me?

"To the ordinary individual the oneness of life, its purpose and its plan, is all a problem. The glorious possibilities that remain dormant year after year in the soul of man are not apparent through the shadows that hang like a curtain between the material and the deeper nature.

"What a vista of beauty greets the soul upon its awakening to the light of understanding. Life seems to glow from within illumining man's treasure vault of beatific thought and possibilities. Heaven does not seem so far away to the newly awakened soul, and glimpses of its enchanting beauty may be witnessed at such a time by the inhabitant of a material body."

(This being the end of the first page, I repeated my above question as to the name of the intelligence communicating, and the psychic's hand wrote very distinctly the name, "Joseph Buchanan.")

"The soul of man, upon awakening to its own hitherto dormant faculties, feels as though it had suddenly been transported to a new and beautiful country. Life takes on a new aspect and there is some satisfaction to be found in living. The newly awakened soul may soar to the sublime heights of poetry, art, song. He may enter the regions of his own being where are to be found creations that may some day bring the world to a higher plane of thought and action. It is like a bird's first experience upon finding that she has wings.

"O my soul, if you can find your wings, all that God has ordained for you is possible. The world is yours to conquer if you will, and those things which have hitherto proved as stumbling-blocks to your feet shall henceforth prove to be beacons of light in the darkness. The wisdom of God's plan now becomes apparent, and he appears clothed in all the matchless glory of divine love. And from now on the soul shall move forward to progression.

"Concentration of mind is the first law toward soul awakening. This law must be steadily adhered to if one would conquer all things that obstruct the pathway of life. The awakened soul will look back over his former experiences, somewhat as a child would who had acquired the mysteries of its first reading-book. I repeat, all things that God has ordained for man are possible, if he will but seek and find for himself. This is the essential law toward true understanding.

"The analysis of work is very good. Some works mean more than others. It is a good plan to dissect your thoughts and your ideas.

The hidden germ will then become apparent, and the true facts will be laid bare to the eager observer. If one would understand, he must get at the ego of his own nature; he must bring it into the light, that he may see the delicacy and beauty of its construction; he must give it the watchful care that he would bestow upon a plant that he wishes to bring to a flowering state.

"It has been a question in the minds of many as to the exact location of the soul. I say that this soul over which there has been so much discussion occupies every nerve filament in the human body. It is the essential organ of the mind, and its vibrations are the electric wires that connect with every point in the material body. The brain may be a wonderful conception, but it is nothing in itself."

After some little time elapsed I noticed that the hand did not write, and I said to the psychic, "Is he here?" She said, "I think he is gone." After a few moments more, I asked, all the questions being in writing, "Wonder if Maud is here?"

"Yes; I am here."

"How long have you been here?"

"Some little time."

"You don't write as well as usual?"

"Why, don't I? It isn't my fault; it is the fault of the pencil." (Here I read this to Miss W., and she took another pencil and the writing improved.)

"Who is the person who has been writing, my dear child?"

"The person who has been writing was a well-known spiritualist who lately passed away."

"How long since he passed over; where did he live, and tell me all you can about him?"

"He passed away, I think, about three weeks ago. He was a writer of spiritualistic literature, and lived in some eastern city. I don't know just which one, as he did not tell me; you will learn of him, though."

"What's his name?"

"Joseph Buchanan."

"You are certain of the time, are you,—of the time since he passed out,—that it was about three weeks?"

"I do not know the exact date, but it is included somewhere in the past three weeks. If he had not passed out so lately he would have written more rapidly." I had noted the slowness of the writing. The hand wrote: "Did you never hear of Joseph Buchanan?"

"No; what do you know about him?"

"I know that he has written books and spiritualistic literature."

"What good will his writings do me?"

"Well, I suppose he thought they would open the way to certain things."

It is a fact that I had no knowledge of Joseph Buchanan as a writer or in any other relation until February 14th, when I read his article on "The New Education." It is curious to me that I had never noticed his writings in the magazines, as I have learned since that he is well known as a writer. I can say truly that he was an entire stranger to me until my attention was attracted to an investigation by the psychic message received February 12th. I asked the psychic at

the time if she knew anything about Mr. Joseph Buchanan in any sense, and she said, "No." I know her to be a truthful girl, and there is no reason to suspect that she spoke otherwise than the truth. She has a very limited knowledge of literature, and has an aversion on account of education to so-called spiritualistic literature; in fact, she will not read the latter kind of literature.

CHARLES H. COOK, Ph.D.

## A TIMELY WARNING

I read with a great deal of interest your dreams and visions. I have had some experiences as a clairvoyant and also as clairaudient which have been the means of great good to myself and others.

An incident occurred at a camp-meeting in Ralls County, Missouri, which myself and wife attended fourteen years ago. We were workers in the meeting, and camped on the grounds with a large number of other people.

The meeting was largely attended by all classes, and some interest was manifested. The rough element was represented, but with no visible signs of trouble, as all seemed to pass off very quietly. The last service closed at half-past nine, Sunday evening, and a number of the campers left the camp for their homes, leaving myself and wife, with others, to look after the final disbandment on Monday. Just before I was about to retire I was asked to get fresh water from a spring to drink. All was very quiet around the camp, not a voice or sound could be heard, and I was thinking how well I could sleep that night, as I was quite weary, when a voice said to me: "Watch; you are going to have trouble." I stood still a minute, with no human being near me. I asked, What? and it was repeated twice, "Watch; you are going to have trouble." I walked back to camp, called out six men, told them what the spirit had revealed to me. Only one was willing; but finally all said they would see what it would amount to. We only waited thirty minutes, when five men came around the large tent to cut

down and set fire to it in hopes of utterly destroying not only the large tent, but as many of the smaller ones as possible.

Six years later one of the conspirators, after being converted, asked Mrs. Taft how Mr. Taft found out they were going to destroy that property at the Spaulding Spring camp-meeting. He said: "We went one-half mile away to make our plan, and not a soul saw or heard us, as we were hid in the woods, and up to this time I am the only one who has not met a horrible death."

I am now fifty-four years of age and follow as a profession nursing, and use my psychical science to good advantage. To illustrate: The doctors often tell me the patient is going to die. I have told them how long before the patient would get well, and they never miss getting well.

I enjoy going to church, for there I often see what others do not. Five years ago myself and wife were strangers in Mt. Pleasant. We attend one of the leading churches in our city, of which the pastor has had charge for fourteen years. He never had met one of his predecessors, nor had even a description of them, till about one year ago the spirit of a very beautiful character entered the church, walked down the aisle till it came to the rostrum, and stood facing the people with hands raised toward heaven in a pleading attitude. His appearance to me was that of a minister or a very godly man. My curiosity was aroused to know who this might be, so our pastor was interviewed. He, not knowing the description, asked

some of his older members, who recognized one of their former pastors who had passed away some eight years before. He visited his old congregation that morning and the minister was inspired more than usual in his discourse. This can be vouched for by the pastor and others of the church if need be.

These spirits that present themselves to me, and many of them are strangers, prove the identity of the personality in the spirit life. To me these are very pleasant experiences; often they give me their name and send a message to some friend by whom they seem pleased to be recognized.

M. P. TAFT.

## A DREAM AND A VISION OF DEATH

My aunt was living in a small western town at the time of this dream, but expected to return to her home in New York within some few days. Her house was situated on a hill which sloped gently down to a great, level stretch of land. One night she dreamed that this prairie land was on fire. The flames darted high and spread rapidly. Terrified, she looked up at their enormous height, when she saw suspended from the clouds a sheet of sail-cloth, held at each corner by huge ropes, and swaying to and fro. In time to its rhythmic motion and hovering in mid-air directly beneath it, was an angel, dancing lightly, and looking down below with eager eyes. My aunt, as if conscious, even in her dream, of some calamity, covered her face and prayed that her children would be guarded. Then, amid the silence, she heard the angel's voice saying: "Ah, but look at the coffins." He pointed downward, and my aunt saw, beneath the sheet, three coffins. Then she awoke.

A day or so later she went to New York. Her brother met her with the news of grandmother's death.

"I must go to Margaret right off," she said, speaking of a sister. Then, slowly, her brother told her that Margaret was dead also. They had been expecting my aunt every day, and so had not telegraphed. The strange thing was, he said, that not only those two, but Margaret's bridesmaid also had died at the same time, some two days before.

Another story has often been repeated to us. It happened in Ireland, my grandmother living there at the time. She was walking along the shore one afternoon and had just taken out her watch to see the time, when she heard footsteps approaching. Looking up, she saw an old sailor of the town.

"Good-day, Luke," she said. "God save you, kindly, ma'am," returned the sailor. My grandmother thought it strange that she should meet him as she knew him to be out at sea. Then she looked at her watch again. It was three o'clock. The next day a telegram was received from another port, saying that at three o'clock of the day previous the boat in which the old man had sailed went down, and he among others was drowned. ANON.

## TWO MESSAGES CONCERNING VIOLENT DEATH

I give two instances of "thought transference" recently brought to my notice. The first I present as related by a Presbyterian minister. "I was in Arkansas," he said, "at a meeting conducted by Mr. W., and after the sermon a gentleman in the congregation arose, saying: 'I wish to be allowed to relate an experience of my own; I cannot account for it, or explain, but give it as it occurred. I was traveling, and put up one night at a hotel in a

certain town. Retiring to my room I was soon fast asleep, but during the night I was most suddenly awakened by an almost audible voice, the voice of my brother, crying out, 'Get up quick, and pray for me; I am being assassinated.' I sprang out of bed, fell on my knees, and prayed with all my strength, so impressed was I. I continued my journey next day, but was followed by a telegram telling me my brother had been assassinated the

night before, and was lying at the point of death. I immediately went to his bedside, in Florida; and, friends, I have just returned from his funeral."

The second story, recently told me by a Baptist minister, bears on the same subject of thought transference or mental telepathy. "The eminent Dr. L., of Richmond, Virginia, was attending conference, and while at dinner one day became so impressed with the feeling that something terrible in which he was interested was being enacted, he mentioned the fact to a neighbor at table. Indeed, so strong

and so awful was the impression he was compelled to excuse himself to his hostess and retire from the table, unable to eat a mouthful. In less than an hour a telegram was handed him, saying his son was found dead on a railroad track, not positively known, but supposed to have been killed by the train." Who can tell, in that awful hour of death, what thoughts flew from the heart of that young man to the dear father, and how the brother, in the hands of the assassin, longed for the protecting power of a Christian brother's prayers?  
B. J. R.

## MENTAL AFFINITY

They were college classmates, and had been attracted to each other from their first meeting. Scott was the name of the youth, and Mollie that of the maiden. After graduation the former had come North, the latter remaining in the South. They had never been engaged, but, having naturally gravitated toward each other, had accepted their marriage as a natural outcome of the future. But finally they quarreled, or at any rate their correspondence ceased. About a year later Scott passed the examinations for admission to practice at the bar of the State courts. Returning to his home on Saturday, feeling happy and good-toward all, his thoughts turned to Mollie. All day she was in his mind, and Sunday afternoon he sat down and wrote her a letter, but put it away without finishing it.

Again on Monday he picked it up, and on Tuesday finished it, but put it into the drawer instead of mailing it. On Wednesday he took the letter out and, after thinking the question over as to whether he should mail it or not, decided to do so, and was starting for the mail-box when the telephone bell rang, and his brother 'phoned to him that he had a letter at his office for him. Going down he mailed his letter, and at his brother's office found a letter from Mollie, saying that she had been thinking of him constantly for a day or so, and had concluded that afternoon (Sunday) to write to him. This was accepted by my friends, Scott and Mollie, as proof sufficient of the affinity of their souls, and they were shortly after happily married.

C. C.

## IN THE MIST

BY JOHN THOMAS CODMAN

When death shall close these eyes to strife:	Fast fades all life, as day by day,
Are there soul's eyes that see better?	We seek it here with fading muscle.
Is this estate we call our Life,	
On Life's best a heavy fetter?	Ah! Who can say? Whate'er believing,
	Life's web is spun by unseen hands,
Seeking truth, and as we ponder,	Strong with threads that in their weaving
Half filled with hope, and half forlorn,	Tie us with hope to unseen lands,—
Stop we thoughtfully and wonder	
If we have lived in ages gone.	Where, if continued life there be,
	There must be morning rays, or night.
Go we to life, or from it stray?	If morn, wake, joyful soul in me;
Dazed amid Earth's whirl and bustle.	If night, I'll rest in sleep's delight.

# ORIGINAL FICTION

## A MODERN MINISTER\*

BY GEORGE SANDFORD EDDY

### PART IV

Jem clung to his frail support until the mass that formed the gorge had swept by, then slowly and carefully regained his feet. As he did so he lost his balance and only saved himself by again grasping the rope and holding on with leg and hands. In lighting the fuse he had dropped his balancing pole and he could not walk the rope without it. The task of working his way hand-over-hand to the shore was no easy one. He was almost exhausted when he reached the bank, but Grant's outstretched arms were there to receive him. Grant alone had remembered the heroic rope-walker and had remained to see him safely landed. Helping him into his clothes, McDonald once more walked arm in arm with Jem Smith, but under what different circumstances from that first time. Then a beaten and bruised bully, who had cowardly tortured a helpless dumb animal. Now a hero, who at the risk of his life had saved thousands of dollars' worth of property and probably many human lives.

"Jem, I am proud of you," Grant said, as he walked beside him.

"You've a right to be, if any one has, sir. It was you that made a man of me."

"And your mother, Jem,—how glad she will be when she hears of this and you show her a check for a thousand dollars!"

"Where does the thousand dollars come in?" asked Jem, wonderingly.

"Didn't you know Mr. Wellington had offered a thousand dollars to any one who would break that jam?"

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"No! When?" asked Jem, incredulously.

"It is true. It was when you were down on the mill-dam with me. I thought you heard of it before you went out."

"This is the first I've heard of it. But you and Mr. Arthur will take the money. I haven't earned it. I didn't do nothing but just fire the fuse. You fellers run the risk in goin' below that mess."

"No, indeed. Neither Arthur nor I would think of taking it. It shall all be yours."

"Well, I'm in luck!" cried Jem, greatly elated. "Say, ain't a thousand dollars a heap of money?"

"Quite a heap," laughed Grant. "But don't call it luck, Jem; it was heroism, not luck, which brought you this."

In the mean time a wild scene was taking place in the Bottoms below. The wall of water had arrived, sweeping everything before it. Lumber piles were carried away, houses swept down stream, and, with the houses, some four or five men who had refused to flee. As Arthur joined Tom Jones, who was helplessly watching the work of destruction just wrought by the wall of water as it had swept past, a cry reached them from a clump of trees, whose topmost branches reached above the water. Hastily manning a boat they rowed, with considerable danger to themselves, to the spot, where, frantically clinging to a limb, they found the Irishman whom Grant had tried to coax to higher ground. As they rowed



back Arthur asked him how he came to get caught in the flood.

"Bejabbers," he replied, "Oi tried to sthick to the house and see where she landed. But bedad, she didn't land at all! She sthuck in that same clump o' trees where yez found me, holdin' on loike a young crow that hadn't learned to floy! Oi clim to the ruf through the hatchway, and was a wonderin' phat Oi'd do nixt, when a big hunk o' ice hit the owld she-bang kerflumix in the middle and knocked a hole plum tro her. Oi grabbed a limb and says Oi to the owld shanty: 'Go to the divil if yez want to. Oi'll sthick to yez no longer.' And thin along comes another hunk o' ice and hits her agin, and Oi haven't seen her since. Sure, an' if she hadn't been broke up so quick she'd 'a held together longer, an' Oi'd got her ashore all right."

After the waters had subsided sufficiently to allow the inhabitants of the Bottoms to return to their homes and investigate the damage, it was found that the loss had been very great. Nearly half of the houses had been swept down stream, fences and outbuildings had been entirely destroyed, and furniture which had not been removed to higher ground before the gorge broke had either been swept away or ruined by the water. The Sociology Club was kept busy aiding the city authorities in providing temporary quarters for the flood sufferers. The majority of the dwellings carried away were the cheap shanties belonging to the poorest class, and the problem of housing these people was the task which McDonald now set himself at work to solve.

The week after the flood he called upon James Wellington at that gentleman's palatial residence on the bluffs overlooking the river. Mr. Wellington had grounds here which he had fitted out regardless of expense. Below the bluff on which his residence and main grounds were situated there was a tract of about fifty acres which he had inclosed and stocked with deer. This tract was the only vacant land suitable for building purposes within walking distance of the mills where the workmen were employed. Grant had carefully canvassed the whole

situation and resolved to make a bold move. His call on Mr. Wellington was in connection with this subject. He found that gentleman in his library and at once opened the discussion, it being one of Grant's characteristics to go frankly to the heart of his subject without any preliminary skirmishing.

"Mr. Wellington," said Grant, "I have called to discuss with you the problem of providing homes for the people on the Bottoms."

"Yes?" said Mr. Wellington, interrogatively.

"You are of course aware that there are fifty families among them who are practically homeless. In fact, but very few of the homes remaining are fit to live in at present. The condition of things down there is deplorable. Stagnant water and the refuse of the flood threaten an epidemic of sickness unless something is speedily done to get the people out of there. The majority of these people are your employees. I therefore believe that you will be interested in any scheme calculated to better their condition."

"Perhaps so, although I recognize no responsibility in relation to my employees beyond paying them their agreed wages."

"That may be your position as an employer; but as a Christian and a member of my church I appeal to you on behalf of these people who are in need and whom you are in a position to help. You are a business man and I wish to submit to you a business proposition. That the proposition has a philanthropic purpose to it I am sure will not weigh against it in your estimation."

"Not necessarily; although I have noticed that business propositions with philanthropic purposes attached to them are generally impracticable. But what is your proposition?"

"It is in the nature of a building and loan association. Lumber is at present a drug on the market. Arthur told me, just the other day, that you were greatly overstocked and unable to make sales, even at figures that would simply prevent loss. Here are a hundred idle men, many of whom are good mechanics, and nearly a hundred families are in need of homes. Why could we not put these idle workmen

at work building homes for themselves out of some of this over-stock of lumber?"

Mr. Wellington began to look interested.

Grant continued: "A part of this labor could be paid for in cash to enable the families of these workmen to live, and part of it could be credited to them in part payment on their homes. The balance of the payments on these houses could be arranged and secured on the building and loan principle, and could be paid off by the men in easy installments when they were getting good wages during the busy season. If with each home there could be provided a plat of ground large enough for a family garden that would give the men some employment during the slack season, thus enabling them to raise a large share of the family living. The good resulting from such an arrangement would be simply incalculable."

"It might be done. In fact, I have often thought of some such scheme, partly for the purpose of getting the men located nearer the mills, and partly for the purpose of getting them out of the clutches of Marks. But there is an insurmountable obstacle in the way. There is absolutely no place to put these houses within reaching distance of the mills. The Bottoms are too wet and there is not, within two miles of the mills, five acres of high ground unoccupied."

"On the contrary, I can point out to you an ideal site for these homes within less than a mile of the mills."

"You can," exclaimed Mr. Wellington, incredulously. "Well, I should like to know where it is."

"Your deer park," replied Grant, calmly.

Mr. Wellington looked at Grant as if the latter had suddenly lost his senses.

"My deer park is not on the market," Wellington said, decisively.

"For money, I know it is not. But I hope that for humanity's sake, for the sake of the comfort and happiness of these poor workmen and their families, you will be willing to sacrifice this bit of luxury."

"Why should I?"

"Why should you not? As a deer park it means the gratification of one man's luxurious whim. Pardon me, but that is what I have often heard you call it,—your 'pet hobby.' On the other hand, as a building spot for these workmen of yours, it means the comfort, health, and happiness of three or four hundred men, women, and children. Wellington, before God, I would not dare reserve this ground for a private park with all these people living in those stagnant Bottoms. Legally, you may have the right to do it, but morally you have not." Grant had risen and was pacing the floor. His voice was tense with suppressed emotion, his face was flushed and wore the look of determination. Wellington had noticed there that first Sunday when McDonald had spoken so fearlessly of the evils of modern business life.

Wellington also rose. "McDonald," he said, "you have been frank with me; now I shall be frank with you. You ministers talk a good deal about sacrifice, but it is always somebody else's sacrifice. I like you and I know you are more in earnest than most of these fellows, but, frankly, what sacrifice are you making for humanity's sake? You are preaching unselfishness and drawing a good salary for doing it. You really give up nothing. As a matter of fact, you fellows have the advantage over us business men. You preach brilliant sermons and get the credit of being wonderfully smart. You indulge in kind actions that cost nothing but a little time, and direct a few charities, carried on with other people's money, and get the credit of being wonderfully good. We business men organize and conduct a great business, which takes twice the amount of brains that your preaching does, and give work and a living to hundreds of men and get no credit for it at all. As a matter of self-defense we are obliged to indulge in a little luxurious display. It is the only way we can get any admiration."

"I admire your frankness, at least, Mr. Wellington. I cannot argue on the question of the unselfishness of my motives. If my life does not convince you my words cannot."

"Your life is all right. I simply recognize the fact that your motives are the same as the rest of men's. Selfishness is human nature. I have always found on investigating so-called unselfish actions that the motive back of them was selfish. You ask me to give up my deer park for these people on the Bottoms. Now, what would you be willing to give up for them?"

"My life, if it would confer on them the blessings your deer park would!"

"Talk is cheap. Perhaps when I see you giving up your life for them I shall give up my deer park. But I don't think I need be in a hurry to draw the deed. No, my deer park is my pet luxury. I couldn't think of giving it up, not even for you, much as I like you. Besides, what would I do with my deer?"

"Give them to the city. The park board would be glad to add your private collection to their public one, and the deer would receive equally good care. It seems to me, even from a selfish standpoint, that it would be a greater pleasure for you to see a hundred happy families enjoying that ground than to see a hundred deer enjoying it."

"I can't see it in that light. Besides, those people can't be so badly off down in the Bottoms. They have stood it for a good many years. I don't believe there is any danger of sickness there. They have always been about as healthy as the rest of us. Any way, I shall not give up my deer park. That's out of the question."

"Well, that settles the question of building new houses for them. There is no other site available."

"Just as I said. It's a big undertaking, any way. Perhaps it's just as well to leave them in Marks' hands. He seems to know pretty well how to handle them."

"Yes, as a wolf knows how to handle a sheep," said Grant, bitterly. "I am greatly disappointed. I hoped for different views from you on this question."

"Don't take this matter so to heart, McDonald," said Wellington, touched by his evident distress. "Hanged if it isn't nearly as hard to deny you anything as it is Arthur. Stay to dinner, and we'll

discuss something else to get your mind off those Bottomites. You've been thinking about them too much lately."

"No, thank you. I must keep thinking about them till I can help them out in some way. Good-bye."

As Grant walked home he felt that loneliness which comes to the great soul when bearing the burdens of others. The failure of his scheme to help the residents of the Bottoms out of the conditions which were dragging them down, and his failure to awaken the better nature of Wellington, seemed to Grant the failure of his year's work in Milltown. If his work in the People's Church could bring no richer response from its wealthiest member and leading trustee than the frankly selfish, almost brutal, ideas of James Wellington, what good was his preaching doing?"

In less than a week after McDonald's talk with Wellington diphtheria made its appearance among the residents of the Bottoms. The doctors combated the dread disease with all their skill, but owing to a lack of proper nursing, which forms so important a part of the treatment of this disease, the death rate became alarming. No trained nurses were to be had in Milltown, nor was there any large city near from whence they could be obtained. McDonald went to his trustees, and without stating for what purpose, asked for a vacation. It was readily granted him. Mr. Wellington, who was anxious to atone for the refusal of his deer park, said he was very glad to have McDonald take a vacation, particularly as there was considerable sickness about and the minister had not been looking well of late.

When Dr. Mack made his regular rounds at the Bottoms the next day he found McDonald in charge of the three worst cases of diphtheria, all in one family, and other homes near by in which the disease had made its appearance showed evidence of his skillful presence. In vain the doctor remonstrated with him against the exposure of himself to the contagious malady. McDonald resolutely declared that he would remain and do all that one person trained in the care of the sick could do to stay the ravages of the

dread disease. Dr. Mack, himself nearly worn out and discouraged, took new hope from McDonald's presence. The mission church, in which there were several rooms, was furnished with beds and an emergency hospital hastily improvised. To this were conveyed the near-by patients who needed most constant watching. McDonald took charge, aided by relatives of some of the patients. The hospital was soon filled and the disease showed no signs of abating. Every day one or more new cases broke out in the stagnant Bottoms. McDonald worked night and day, taking only such short periods of rest as were absolutely necessary. His cheerful presence and directing hand showed everywhere among the plague-smitten people. He was a trained nurse, for this had been a part of his preparation for the ministry. He had also had practical experience nursing diphtheria patients. At the hospital he soon had the anxious mothers, whose children were brought there, organized into a regular hospital corps. Besides carefully superintending this work he passed, like an angel of mercy and hope, from house to house where haunted the red flag of quarantine warning, giving help and advice and teaching the women of the stricken homes how to care for their sick. When the critical stage of the disease was reached by a patient McDonald himself took charge and fought the dread destroyer hand to hand. Bending over suffocating children, inhaling their disease-laden breaths, working night and day at the hospital and from house to house, he seemed not to know fatigue and to be beyond the reach of the dreaded germs of the disease. Among the worst of the residents of the Bottoms, as well as among the best, he came to be regarded with feelings of love and veneration akin to worship. So thorough and complete were his care and instruction, so accurate was he in carrying out the directions of the physicians, that the death rate decreased in a striking manner. Three weeks passed and the disease began to abate. The new cases became less and less frequent, and owing to the careful nursing but few of the later cases proved fatal. At last Dr. Mack was able to tell the anxious inquirers at the

church that the end was in sight. But hard upon the heels of this joyful news came the tidings that McDonald had at length succumbed to the terrible strain and great exposure and taken the disease himself.

Pauline could bear no more. During all the time when the terrible tidings of disease and death had come up from the Bottoms her pride had fought against the longing to join Grant in his heroic struggle against the ravages of the plague. Her mother had pleaded with her not to expose herself, and the closing weeks of her term at the Conservatory had demanded her presence. But now the schools had closed, and her mother, who loved Grant as a son, gave her consent that Pauline might go to the temporary hospital and take care of him. People might talk, but that should make no difference to her. Should he who had braved the worst, and fought the disease all these long weeks almost alone, now be left without proper care? Should he who had given himself so freely for others find none to give themselves for him? She went straight to Dr. Mack and offered her services as a nurse at the hospital to take McDonald's place. The doctor, whose admiration for McDonald was unbounded, and who likewise knew that the greatest danger from the disease had passed, gladly accepted her trained services. McDonald remonstrated when she appeared in nurse cap and apron at his bedside, but had to give in to the doctor's statement that it was by his orders that she was there.

Two weeks went by and the critical stage of the disease had passed, but still Grant did not rally. He had spent his vitality in the terrible strain of the previous weeks of nursing, and had no strength left with which to battle for his own life.

It was Sunday night and the People's Church was full, but no minister occupied the pulpit. A hushed expectancy pervaded the room. Heads were bowed and lips unused to public prayer were praying for the recovery of their beloved pastor. There was a noise at the door and a messenger entered and handed Mr. Wellington a note. He opened it with

trembling fingers and read aloud in a voice that quivered with suppressed emotion: "McDonald cannot recover. He is resting easy, but his vitality is exhausted. The terrible strain of the past three weeks' work is killing him. He will probably go before morning."

As Mr. Wellington read the last sentence his voice broke and a great dry sob escaped him. The sound of unrestrained weeping filled the room. In the midst of the sorrow-stricken congregation Mrs. Ellsworth arose and said:

"Shall we be selfish in our sorrow, even as we have been in other things? We left him to fight the scourge alone, and now he is dying. Let us send him a cheering message."

In one of the rooms at the hospital in the Bottoms Dr. Mack and Pauline sat at Grant's bedside. Darkness had fallen, but the early summer moon, hanging in the western sky, shed a soft light over the Bottoms.

Outside the hospital waited another congregation. Not in soft cushioned seats, nor in the bright light of electric chandeliers, nor dressed in fashionable attire, but seated or standing on the hard ground, under the starlight sky, clad in their working clothes, waited the men and women of the Bottoms. Most of them had waited since noon, without going home for supper. Some, and they were mothers, had waited all the day, from early morning; and all would wait until the end came.

Grant lay propped up in pillows. He knew the end was near. The disease was not suffocating him. Life's candle was burning out slowly and painlessly. The patient seemed sleeping. Dr. Mack left the room and Pauline knelt at the bedside, struggling to keep back the emotion which threatened to master her. She felt a light touch on her hair and looked up. Grant's eyes were open and a smile was on his lips, while one of his thin hands rested on her rich brown curls.

"Pauline," he said, in a voice of infinite tenderness, "I have something to tell you before I go. Something I could not have told you had I lived. You will let me tell you now, though, for it cannot do

you harm, and I shall die happier, knowing that you know. I love you! Not as I love other friends, but as a man loves only one woman in all the world."

Her face became transfigured with joy.

"Oh, Grant, I am glad. So glad you told me. Ever since that day of the blizzard I have known that I love you as I love no other. I shall always love you thus, and there can never be room in my heart for another. We must have lived apart in this life, Grant. We shall not be far apart while you wait for me on the borders of that other life which joins so closely upon this. The joy of knowing that you love me kills the pain of parting!"

She stooped and pressed her warm lips to his damp forehead, while he clasped his weak arms about her neck, and in that brief moment of bliss these two pure souls drank more joy from the cup of their love than many men and women gain in a lifetime, though they drain love's cup to the dregs.

The doctor entered, but Pauline did not move. Both felt the kind old doctor to be like a father to them.

"I have a message for Grant from the church," he said, "or, rather, three messages. Mr. Wellington sends a deed of his deer park to the People's Church to be used as building sites for model tenements for the people now residing on the Bottoms. With it is a check for fifty thousand dollars to be used in erecting and furnishing kindergarten and manual training schools in the center of this park for the children. And best of all, this message, which Pauline will read you."

Pauline took the letter and with one hand clasped in Grant's read:

"Your beautiful life is crowned by the heroism of the past three weeks of Christ-like service. If this should be its earthly close we want you to know, before you go to higher fields of service, the good you have done us. In this our time of sorrow and your time of approaching joy we pledge you that the work you have so grandly begun we shall carry on. The people for whom you have given your life will hereafter be the special care and charge of the People's Church. As our

brothers, will we serve and help them. We send you greetings of tenderest love, and pray that your love of righteousness and your devotion to duty may be our portion as a church forever."

As Pauline ceased reading and looked at Grant his face was shining with an added light of joy. He pressed her hand and murmured: "Nothing more is needed. I am ready to go."

When the doctor came out of the hospital and told the waiting people that the end had come and they need wait no longer, he also told them, to soften their grief, of the gifts which had just been made for their benefit. But a mother, whose two children Grant had saved by his careful nursing, said tearfully: "I had sooner live in the Bottoms with him among us than to live anywhere else without him."

The People's Church has a new pastor, a classmate of Grant's, who is carrying out in Milltown the work so well begun by his friend. The Bottoms are deserted, but happy homes dot the former deer park of James Wellington. In the midst of these homes are set apart five acres, in the center of which stands a beautiful structure known as the "McDonald Manual Training School."

Five years after Grant's death a famous singer visited this school and sang for the children her sweetest songs. As she left the grounds she paused long at the foot of a lifelike statue of Grant McDonald, which bore the inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Placing a beautiful wreath of flowers at the foot of the statue, she murmured: "Yes. Grant, my love is stronger than Death."

[THE END.]

## A LAUREL FOR A LIVING BROW TO MR. CHARLES MALLOY, BY C. A. L.

Nature's loved child, thy soul's rich glow  
Bathes my disturbed heart in peaceful calm;  
I ope the windows of my soul,  
And ask thee in in friendship's simple charm.

The stars are dimmed by the pure light  
That pours itself from out thy kindly eyes;  
My soul wakes from its dreamful night,  
And stands entranced before thy love's supplies.

Thou showest me my true estate,  
Powers unfold that from thy mind distill.  
Servants they stand before thy gate,  
To speed upon the mandates of thy will.

Out from the depths where friendship's glow  
Lies ever nestling in a sweet repose,  
Comes that regard you now bestow  
On one unlanguage'd, but who feels he knows,—

Knows the fair meaning of thy birth,  
Feels the sweet peace thy graceful language gives.  
If he appreciate thy worth,  
Unworthy he, yet not in vain he lives.

Ennobling is his love for thee,—  
Thy converse sweet doth all things great disburse.  
To thy sweet soul I bend the knee,  
Thou parable of the vast Universe.

# TWO HEARTS FOR ONE\*

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## CHAPTER IX.

But where was Mr. Van Horn? Would he never, never come again?

Such tortures as Minnie endured only her own heart and the All-Father knew. Naturally religiously inclined, and having been taught from babyhood to avoid the great sin of lying, whether acted or spoken, that a lie was the first step to theft, murder, and all the train of evils in the Decalogue, she shrank now from herself, for she acknowledged herself a liar and a thief. Night after night she spent in prayer, wording the prayers to suit her present needs and wishes. She asked the Lord to show her how to get five hundred dollars in gold, that she might repay her father; and then her mind would wander to Mr. Van Horn, and wonder what he had done with the two hundred dollars left over, if he only paid three hundred, as her father had said, for Amy.

And in her sorrow she did not seem to care so much for Amy as before she had committed a great sin for her sake; but that was because the danger was all past. Amy would never be sold now; when she was of age or could earn a living she would set her free. She did not doubt she would do the same thing all over again under the same circumstances, but she was sad and growing weary of what she felt was only a wicked world.

It was during this time when the child's health was breaking rapidly under the mental strain that the suggestion came to her: "Don't care; other people lie or steal, and if it is not found out it is all right. Just don't care."

But how could she help caring?

"Don't think of it. When the thought comes don't entertain it; drive it away."

She tried this plan and she grew more comfortable, but she found that she could

not pray, or did not care to, and even tried not to think about that either; and then she began to feel so lonely, as though the angels which her fancy had ever held quite near to her seemed to have deserted her, and she felt the "don't care" plan a very dangerous one.

Oh, she was so wretched; she could tell no one her pain and sorrow, not even her mother. She had an idea that something dreadful would occur; that she might be disgracefully punished, or else that such an awful shock might kill her dearmother, and then again—she would be so ashamed of her little daughter, and to Minnie the thought of making any one ashamed was dreadful. She was ashamed of herself, and she knew the bitterness and degradation of the feeling, but to make any one else ashamed—that could not be for a moment.

In her babyhood a word of praise from her father and mother, or the expression, "I am proud of my little one," would draw out all the latent energies of her character. She would bravely face any task for the words, "There, I am proud of you."

There had always been a holy reverence in her soul for truth, honor, and the higher virtues, and yet her dread of censure, of being misunderstood, her sympathy for others, had made her battle hard. For instance, she hated lies, but she would rather lie than be censured or scolded, or see Amy punished. All of her feelings and sensibilities were so acute that suffering or joy was keen and intense. She could not bear the suffering and shame that censure brought, nor could she bear the pain of knowing Amy was punished, for it was physical pain to her. She hid all these feelings, and did not know, poor child, that she was nursing a dangerous selfishness as well as a high and holy prompting.

If she could always have Mr. Van Horn near her, to read her thoughts, or else to have her openly confess her sins, all would have been well, but, alas, even he was gone. Where? He would come again and then she would ask him to tell her how to replace the five hundred dollars.

She studied with untiring energy. She would teach just as soon as she was older. She practiced on the piano and guitar, but she was too nervous ever to become proficient on the latter instrument; the strings hurt her fingers, they would never become hardened, and after one day's practice her left hand was disabled, and blisters on every finger tip unfitted her for practice on the piano; so finally she gave it up.

## CHAPTER X.

It was during this time that her parents, frightened at her steadily failing health, devised a plan of amusing her and at the same time befriending a cousin of whom Minnie was very fond. Nellie Morgan, her father's brother's daughter, was now an orphan, her father having died a year before. Her mother had died while she was an infant and the father had taken the place of both parents; until the last three years Nellie had lived at her home in New Orleans with her father and nurse, and Enrique Brunetti—whom Minnie called "Hal,"—since which time her father had placed her in a Catholic convent.

Major Morgan, by his brother's will, became Nellie's guardian and executor, while Enrique had chosen a Jesuit, who sent him to a Catholic college.

So when her father announced the fact to Minnie that Nellie was to come and live in their home, and that Hal (who was nineteen years old, and the "handsomest boy in the world") was to be domiciled on the adjoining farm during vacation, her delight knew no bounds; and to crown her joy her father handed her a letter from Mr. Van Horn—sixteen pages!—which closed by saying "when summer sweet shall bloom again" he would visit her on the farm. This was the name of a song he loved to hear her sing. He told her that he would forward by the same mail some books and music, and, indeed, he

said many things that made her so gay that she ran and sang and skipped about until her parents were as much delighted as she.

Nellie and Hal came together. They were like brother and sister. Nellie was a very handsome girl,—tall and slender for her age, seventeen, with regular features, a pure, healthy complexion, fine gray eyes, with straight black eyebrows and long black lashes, so heavy as to give a peculiar childish expression of innocence to her whole face, light brown hair, and white, even teeth. There was nothing of the sad, serious, earnest, longing expression that marked Minnie's face noticeable in hers, and indeed she wore the expression which would have been far more suited to a child of Minnie's age.

She did not take life, or anything indeed, very seriously, and the death of her father was the only dark cloud upon her young life. He had left her ample means, so that her future in that respect was secure.

Minnie looked at her as a creature to be admired. She knew Nellie had never told lies, had never stolen, but when she turned her thoughts inward she knew that she was not fit to be trusted and loved and confided in by one so pure and good. And then she would shrink within herself again, and her parents wondered if indeed their plan would prove a failure when they saw that after the first few days Minnie remained much in her room, or took Amy and went off to the old school-house or to visit old Grandma Nichols, or wrote letters to Mr. Van Horn.

"No," said Minnie, thinking it over alone; "I can't do it. If Nellie knew what I have done she would not associate with me as an equal; she might even want to hide her purse from me; she would be ashamed to be kin to me,—so I am not going to deceive her; therefore I will let her alone as much as possible."

Nellie, having been associated with grown young ladies, did not mind this arrangement, and though she loved Minnie dearly did not feel hurt at her conduct, which, while kind, polite, and loving, was not so demonstrative as formerly; so she became more a companion to her aunt.



With Hal it was different, and Minnie learned that Hal was no saint. He would smoke sometimes, chew if he pleased, swear when he got mad, fight at the least provocation, but was loyal to his friends and frank with his enemies.

Although she could never confide any secrets to Hal, as she could to Mr. Van Horn, she liked him; they became sworn friends, and he pronounced her the jolliest fellow he knew.

Hal owned negroes, men and women, who were hired out, and whose freedom would reduce the young man's income to the rent of a plantation, some rents in New Orleans, and interest on fifty thousand dollars.

Hal was a rebel, of course; so was Minnie. He taught her all the politics he knew, told her he was going into the army the first chance, had himself a gray suit made, which made him look quite soldierly, for he was well built and straight, with a fine carriage. He loved to fish, hunt, read, study, ride, race,—anything but sleep, as he said.

He generally rode at full gallop a fine horse that he started with a whoop like an Indian, and never tied, but told him he was tied and left him loose near the fence under a tree, where he would wait patiently any length of time, until Major Morgan told him always to send him to the stables. Then Hal spent some time teaching him to go to the stable alone, which the horse finally learned to do as soon as the saddle and bridle were removed.

Hal always went first into the house, kissed Mrs. Morgan and Nellie, shook hands with the major, and then said, "Come on, Missy," and started for a day's sport or reading. He would as soon have thought of kissing a boy as her, he said, and he had an idea that she would have slapped his face if he had attempted it.

But Hal was inconsistent and somewhat selfish in some things; he scarcely knew it, and few people found it out, for he was generous to a fault in many respects; but he grew jealous of Mr. Van Horn before he ever saw him because Minnie spent too much time writing to

him; he cut his name down to Horn, and would say:

"D—n Horn; let him go!"

"If you liked me you would like my friends," said Minnie, one day.

"No; that is not human nature."

"You like my enemies, then, I suppose?"

"No; I would fight them. I don't have any Miss Horns to be writing to when you want to go fishing, or to read, or to ride. I don't sing any Miss Horn's songs whether you like them or not; and I say, Minnie, you are a mean fellow in this respect; I don't go with any fellow you don't like."

"That is because I like all your friends because they are your friends."

"And I'll swear if you go to liking my friends they shan't be my friends, do you hear that? You just let my friends alone, will you? You needn't like them nor dislike them; let 'em alone!"

This was so ridiculous to Minnie that she would laugh till the tears stood in her eyes. She understood him. Poor, poor boy! no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, no real companion but herself, whom he had taken full possession of as his own special inheritance because of some inexplicable law of affinity. Not that he loved her as boys love girls usually; there was no sentimentality in it, no romance, no sweetheart love about it. He would have been just as jealous of Nellie as of Mr. Van Horn, he said, if Minnie "made a fool of herself" over her; but Minnie was his own,—sister, brother, father, mother, friend, companion, counselor, confidant; and day by day she grew more necessary to his existence. He shared everything he had with her, and if the dessert was particularly nice Minnie reserved hers till Hal came, and they ate it from the same plate out on the porch or in the yard under the trees.

The grass was springing up and the earth was getting quite green. Minnie examined the rose-buds and sweet honeysuckle carelessly, but were she never so indifferent Hal swore at the buds and the leaves and kicked the tufts of grass; she was thinking of Van Horn, he said, and would not have her mind on the book he had brought to read.

Hal was a light blonde, with big blue eyes, frank, honest expression, but the rose tint of complexion that quickly turned scarlet, or receded and left him white, told of a passionate nature; and he was passionate in every sense of the word; but a keen sense of honor, a deep reverence for nobility of character, a lofty regard for the confidence reposed in him by others, held him always in check.

Intuitively Minnie read him thoroughly. She knew that she was and always might be a blessing to him, and she resolved she would be. She had no wish to rouse his jealousy, and she knew that by wisdom on her part she could even bring him to like Mr. Van Horn, but that a mistake might cause great trouble or sorrow to them all.

These were glorious days for Amy. She sat in Minnie's room after she had arranged it and imagined herself mistress of the apartment. She viewed her pretty face and figure in the mirror, and not infrequently tried on Minnie's newest dress or hat; for Minnie never wanted her when Hal was about. Amy was pretty, and Nellie remarked it to her aunt, and Mrs. Morgan said sadly:

"Yes, too pretty for the poor child's own good."

"If the slaves are freed do you think Amy would leave Minnie?"

"Yes. Amy has not her mother's gratitude; she is as vain and ambitious as—as if she were white."

"She is an octoroon, isn't she, auntie? She is so very light."

"Hardly. Her parents are both mulattoes, but her perfect health and her care not to be sunburnt make her fairer than most of her breed. I only wish that Minnie had as much regard for her appearance; really at times Amy is the fairer. Amy will make a very beautiful woman, and worst of all, she, I fear, has not the highest regard for virtue; for beautiful clothing, jewels, Amy would sell her soul."

"Do you really think so, aunt?"

"I feel confident of it. She has all the worst characteristics of both races, while her mother has the best of the black race, piety, gratitude, and love; and besides Minnie has spoiled Amy by teaching her to read. Yes, Amy would take

early advantage of her freedom." This was Mrs. Morgan's conviction—the reading she knew might lead Amy into that literature which does not always guide aright, and which she had found possessed a great fascination for Amy; so she was conscientious in her belief that ignorance is better than misdirected education.

## CHAPTER XI.

Minnie was again confirmed in Mamma's theory that one must do wrong sometimes to bring the right. Looking forward to Mr. Van Horn's visit with the greatest possible pleasure, and earnestly desiring to make Hal his friend, while turning the matter over in her mind as she and Hal sat under the spreading trees reading letters, she said:

"Hal, do you know you are the very kind of a person to teach any one to lie, to force him to lie?"

He looked up from his letter from a school-fellow with dilated nostrils and flushing face.

"What do you mean by insulting a fellow like that?"

"I say, for instance, you like a person,—a fellow, as you say,—and the fellow likes you, you are so fiery, so unreasonable, that a fellow has to hide some things from you to keep you from getting hurt or angry, when that very fellow would like to tell you all she knows."

He gazed at her, the blood rising and receding,—that hot southern blood,—his breath coming quicker and faster, his eyes burning like blue flames bursting from an inward fire, his white hand closed over the letter in his grasp until it clinched; Minnie returned his gaze steadily, but inwardly trembling at the passion she saw he could not control, strive he ever so hard.

"Am I a liar? Am I a deceiver?" he panted.

"No, Hal, no; so far from it your soul writes itself too plainly on your face. You are angry now, insulted as you say, about nothing. Yes, something to you, but really nothing, for I did not mean to wound or insult you."

"Well, what did you mean by me making a liar of you? What," he said, be-

tween his teeth,—“what in the devil are you hiding from me?”

She saw her mistake. She sat silently looking down at the letter in her hand, but not reading it, and she knew his eyes were fixed upon her.

“Out with it,” he said, trying to laugh. “Tell me, old fellow, what you are hiding.”

“Hal, I love Mr. Van Horn like I never loved any one else—”

“D—n the fellow,” said Hal, jumping to his feet. “I wish he were in h—.”

“Oh, Hal, don’t, don’t! Don’t make me hate you! Sit down now; come, I will tell you all about it.”

“I don’t want to hear it,” he said, walking to and fro. “I’ll go into the army, and when I come back I will be of age, and then—”

Minnie heard, but did not answer. She was thinking of that patient face and those sad dark eyes that always lit up with a beautiful, loving light when she wanted to tell anything, and how plain he could always make the obscure way, how quickly clear away doubt or fear and make her sure of what was right, and how peaceful her heart grew under his bidding. She had changed places now; she wanted to guide Hal as Mr. Van Horn guided her, for she knew Hal needed some one to untangle knotted skeins just as she did, but she felt the need and wanted help and Hal did not want help; he was a law unto himself. Surely Mr. Van Horn was the only person on earth who could solve her troubles and she needed him sorely every day, but to spend a summer such as she anticipated with Hal unless they could understand each other, was dreadful to contemplate. She never thought of casting Hal adrift; oh, no, Hal needed her just as she needed Mr. Van Horn.

“Hal, you told me that you had chosen the law as your profession, if you ever have one, and would some day be a judge, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Are you going to try cases without hearing them, and decide without seeing the accused?”

He walked on, occasionally casting a furtive glance at her. Presently she went

to a hammock and sat down, swinging herself gently by a string fastened to a tree. Then her eyes turned up to the clouds, and the old sad, longing look that Mr. Van Horn remembered so well, came back, and as Hal looked at it his anger all melted away; he came and knelt down beside the hammock to beg her pardon, but seeing Mr. Van Horn’s picture in her hand he swore an oath and was off again; but the face haunted him, and besides he did want to know what she would tell him about loving Mr. Van Horn. He had thought her above such nonsense; he was disgusted at the thought, but he would have it out before he went to the war; this jolly fellow, after all, was a sentimental, lovesick child-woman, and he would have no more use for her.

So he came back, begged her pardon, and stood stiff and straight before her to hear the confession of love; and Minnie began at the beginning and told him everything except about the money and sale of Amy, and when she was done Hal swore again, but not at Minnie or Mr. Van Horn, but at himself. He swore loyalty to Van Horn on the spot, and assured Minnie that she was a really better fellow than he had ever thought. He even agreed to read all of Mr. Van Horn’s letters, which he had always refused to do, and Minnie ran to bring them. As she entered her room she surprised Amy walking up and down the floor dressed in her best, carrying Minnie’s new sunshade over her, and pausing before the mirror ever and anon. Minnie was so gay, though, that she pretended not to see her, but ran back with the letters and made Hal shout when she told him about it.

And when Hal had read all of those letters, penned by that great heart, he told Minnie he was glad she had such a friend, and Minnie was so delighted with Hal that she assured him her opinion of him was as tall as the cottonwood tree which stood at the gate, and which she once supposed touched the sky; and Major Morgan, observing them from the window of the library, laughed and said it was evident they had fought and made friends.

And now to Minnie’s delight Hal often broached the subject of Mr. Van Horn’s visit, proposed taking her to the station

to meet him, and altogether behaved so nobly that Minnie saw for the first time that Hal was more like herself than she had ever guessed, and that if a matter were put plainly and squarely before him he was a sensible and reasonable fellow, and that he despised meanness and subterfuge as much as she did.

She told him that she always wanted to share her pleasures with him,—how she often wanted to ask him to read over her letters to Mr. Van Horn and suggest improvements or things of interest, but he had cut her off with his temper, and she had turned to her mother or father instead, and that now he could see how kindly Mr. Van Horn wrote of him, how glad he was that she was not all alone as she used to be, etc.

"I see," said Hal, "fools make most of the trouble that is made in the whole world, much more than the knaves. I acted the fool and got paid for it."

## CHAPTER XII.

They did not go to the station to meet Mr. Van Horn as they had planned, for he stepped in upon them a week earlier than he had expected to be able to come.

The sun had just gone down one evening in early June; Nellie and Major and Mrs. Morgan sat on the porch; Hal and Minnie were in the yard. Hal had just cleaned his gun for an early squirrel hunt next morning, and stood under a cherry tree talking to Minnie, who sat on a low chair opposite him. She was prettily dressed in an airy mull, her hair falling all about her like a very glory indeed; the bandage was off her arm and Hal was admiring the bracelet; her pretty foot and ankle were incased in the daintiest of shoes and stockings. She was listening to what he said of the bracelet when she saw his face change expression suddenly, and she felt a light touch upon her shoulder. She sprang to her feet, threw up both arms around the neck of a tall man who leaned over her, and who took her gently, reverently in his strong arms, as she kissed him, and then turning back the curls on her forehead, pressed his lips upon the red ridge scar so long that both seemed to forget there was any one else in the world.

Major and Mrs. Morgan came forward with glad welcome, and Nellie followed, because she had heard so much of him, and then Minnie turned to present Hal; but she started back aghast. Hal's white fingers clutched the barrel of his gun so tightly that the nails were purple; his nostrils were so distended, his eyes so glaring, his breath so hard and deep, that she could not speak. No one else seemed to see him, but as Minnie glanced up at Mr. Van Horn a shade upon his face told that he had seen all, and he turned toward the porch still holding her father's hand, and they walked in.

Minnie and Hal were left alone. He could not speak, and she did not know what to say. Had he suddenly hurt himself with the gun? Was he wounded at not being introduced? What was it?

"Are you ill, Hal?" she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder, a thing she had never done before; in all their association they never touched each other.

He quivered from head to foot; Minnie felt it and said:

"Oh, Hal, what is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?"

"No, I have not."

"Are you ill?"

"Yes, as I always am when such feelings come. No,—I never felt like this before. Minnie, I can't keep my word: I hate Van Horn!"

"Oh, Hal, tell me why." Her hand was upon his shoulder still, and she looked into his face with searching eyes.

"He has no right to take you in his arms like that, and to—kiss you as he did; and you, Minnie,—you—fellows don't treat each other like that."

If his voice had not been so bitter, so earnest, Minnie would have laughed. She seemed to remember her hand and took it from his shoulder.

"Hal, I am not a 'fellow.' I am a girl, to Mr. Van Horn a little child, who fills his little sister's place,—the little dying child from whose arm he took this." She pointed to the bracelet.

"Minnie, that is a lie. Pardon me, but that is not true."

"About the bracelet?"

"Oh, that is all true enough, perhaps,—but the other is not, and there is no

use to say anything more about it. It's a damned shame for a fellow to treat a man as you did him when he came; lost all the sense you had."

"If there was anything wrong in my conduct I think my parents would inform me. Hal, they have seen my arms about his neck before and have seen me kiss his scarred cheek, but to-day is the first time he ever kissed me, and, if you noticed, he kissed the scar upon my forehead,—perhaps in memory of how I had pressed my lips upon his poor scarred, disfigured face. Oh, Hal! Can you begrudge his blighted life the joy that my love and confidence can bring it? If so, I have been mistaken in you always."

The good was battling for the ascendancy. Hal did not understand himself; passion of one kind or another was always getting him into trouble, but he knew just now that Mr. Van Horn had raised a new feeling in his breast that he had never experienced before. He felt he must ever hate him from the moment Minnie had put her arms about his neck; and when he thought of how he folded her in his great strong arms, and pressed his lips upon her forehead, he wondered why he had not shot him, and he believed now that but for fear of harming her he would have done so.

Not that he had ever wanted, or expected, or would have her treat him like that! No, but d—n any other man whose neck her arms should clasp and whose cheek her lips should touch, and the more he thought of the electric thrill her hand upon his shoulder had sent through him, the more angry that picture made him,

and he actually left without bidding his host and hostess good-by, and he swore and stamped when Minnie refused to promise him never to do such a thing again.

"I tell you, Hal, it seems to me I would greatly lower myself in Mr. Van Horn's estimation to be so silly; he knows I love him and he loves me; he told papa and mamma so, and by the right of love he gave me this. He is an old man in sorrow and suffering. I am the dearest thing on earth to him, Hal."

"I don't doubt that for a moment, and I say d—n him! I don't want to see him again, and I won't. I would shoot him if he ever kisses you or takes you in his arms again in my presence."

"Hal, Hal, you are insane! Promise me that you will think calmly over all the dear, good letters he wrote, and how you honored him when you read them and promised to like him. Think of his sorrow, his misfortune, and his poverty, too, Hal. It is not like you to curse misfortune."

"No, it is not. He is not unfortunate; he has all he wants in this world,—or had when he held you in his arms, d—n him!"

"There is no use prolonging such a conversation as this; it is wrong, it is wicked. You will come, though, and learn to know him and like him?"

"I am coming, yes, if you say so. I am not going to leave you here all alone with him; that would please him too well. If you say come, I will come."

"Yes, I say come."

*(To be continued.)*

Industry is a duty from which none of the sons and daughters of Adam can be exempted.

Contributing to the interests and welfare of the poor is true patriotism and love of our country.

To put a man upon the best methods of honest subsistence is the greatest charity you can give him.

Bad propensities must be repressed by substituting something better, or taking away the opportunity for their exercise.

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN, CÔSMIC AND DOMESTIC

BY PROFESSOR JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

In contributing, as desired, to Mrs. Reifsnider's department, I turn aside from fascinating psychic marvels and psychic explorations which reveal the bright futurity that is still far off to immediate practical duties, remembering that, as happiness is the highest aim of humanity, whatever promotes that happiness should command our allegiance and untiring service, though it may seem as humble a duty as the mother's care of her infant or the cook's care of our food, for I cannot separate happiness from the love which is its fountain, or the love from its companion, humility.

Nor can we approach the Divine in any other way, for the first upward glance toward the Divine kindly reveals the infinitesimal personality of man, and if we do not then realize a sentiment of reverent humility, it is because we have not fully realized the inexpressible grandeur and excellence of the spiritual infinite toward which we are looking, which justly claims our highest reverence, and, if we are not fairly endowed with that sentiment, we are not qualified to approach or comprehend that which is the highest and greatest that is conceivable.

In the absence of that reverence the soul is impoverished in one of its noblest faculties, and we see the effect in human egotism, illustrated in the skeptic materialist, who can imagine nothing higher and

greater than man, or in the haughty and sanctimonious Pharisee, who speaks of the Deity as his familiar companion and equal in holiness and wisdom, or in the ambitious psychic, who is so conscious of his own divinity that he recognizes nothing higher than the intelligence of man, or, to be more candid, distinctly says, "I am God," and even speaks of his "apotheosis" and proposes to elevate his pupils also to a similar "apotheosis,"—by which it would seem the world may be supplied abundantly, not with common demigods, but with fully developed gods from a divine incubator.

Lest the reader should suspect that the writer is simply drawing a caricature of modern egotism of an American type, he must say that these expressions are quoted from books and from monthly and weekly publications animated by spiritistic zeal and ambition, which have many readers and believers.

The Progressive American is not much embarrassed by reverence, and reminds us sometimes of an English description of the Yankee, as one who would

Approach the king with his hat on,  
And ask him the price of the throne that  
he sat on.

The similarity of the faculties in man which make him so often aware of the distant, the remote past and the future, when

his interior nature is well developed, to the omniscience and omnipresence of the Divine, was modestly expressed by the writer half a century ago in introducing the science of psychometry, when such thoughts were very unfamiliar in the atmosphere of literature. But this modest truth is not improved by any exaggeration. A dewdrop may contain the same watery element as the ocean, but its greatest admirers would not call it an ocean, nor can we imagine a dewdrop calling itself the ocean, or speaking of the ocean as a familiar companion—another dewdrop. The attachment of such ideas to the word psychometry is a perversion of science.

The true humility against which egoism rebels does not debase man before an angry God, but elevates him into sympathy with the divine nature, the divine life, which has evolved and is evolving all life on earth. It is a sympathy with all nature, and especially all life.

As the sun warms and beautifies all life, so does the divine influence in the spirit sphere, and when the soul turns in sympathy to the Divine, all nature is made charming, and is seen with clearer, brighter eyes. The clouds, the mountains, the forest, and the ocean seem one vast majestic temple of love and worship, which is the highest and broadest experience of love. "The groves were God's first temples," and the inhabitants of the groves and forests, with their life, strength, courage, and melody, receive our love and our companionship.

When earth life is seen with such eyes we are interested in the humblest things, the blades of grass, the tiny flowerets, and the lively little tenants of the forest—for it is the nature of the twin sisters, humility and love, to seek the humble things and to cherish and elevate them; and Christ, the model of humility and love (who washed the feet of his disciples,—the best illustration of his divine inspiration), presented himself thereby far above the sphere of templed priests and rulers, and walked throughout his life along the pathways of the humble, the suffering, and uneducated, to whom he sent his disciples, while he bravely faced his enemies and taught his apostles in per-

forming their humble duties to face danger and death in following his example.

Such was the life of the One of whom history knows no parallel, and who left in one brief sentence the power to lift earth to heaven,—an inspiration for centuries, a life that will blossom forth in coming ages, a life that has especially been the inspiration of woman, who in following him has been the creator and savior of the human race.

To humility and love we are indebted for our existence. What more humble, helpless, and pitiable object is there than a new-born infant? Such was our entrance in life, when the infinite humility and patient love of mothers shielded us from death and made us what we became.

That love goes with us through life, patient and uncomplaining, ever a savior, ever assisting the ill, the suffering, the wounded, the endangered, the dying,—forgetful of wrong and injustice, though robbed through long ages of inalienable rights and half paralyzed in their benevolence,—excluded from every sphere in which the best work could be done for humanity, especially in the responsible management and healing of the sick, for which woman was as specially qualified as man for war, and in their administration uncounted millions of lives would have been saved, and worlds of agony.

It is not too much to say that if the Christianity of Palestine had not been crushed, and had given to women as complete control of the sick-chamber as of the kitchen, the therapeutic success of the second and third centuries (ignorant and superstitious as they were, and corrupt as they were, except among the humble) would have equaled the best results attained in the nineteenth century, not in scientific complexity, but in life preserved and pestilence defeated.

And this is a thesis which I am prepared to defend with multiform reasons and facts (which are entirely unfamiliar or unknown to the educated people of the nineteenth century), for I am an absolutely independent veteran in the medical profession and in collegiate teaching, in which my first incessant campaign of ten years began fifty-three years ago.

How fully I know the truth of this thesis, and considerably more than I have asserted, cannot be discussed in this brief essay, and I am not sure that I shall ever have time and opportunity to do justice to this theme, for I have more themes than years before me.

But I think few intelligent readers will doubt that if the management of hospitals, insane asylums, almshouses, and prisons had been exclusively given to women, there would have been little, if any, of the unnecessary sufferings and horrors which belong to their history.

These remarks lead us into an inexhaustible field of reformation, but under the stifling pressure of conservatism I have gone through life with treasured thoughts unexpressed, and a knowledge of wrongs which I could not redress.

Having in 1847, at Cincinnati, while confined to my college duties, made a declaration and an ample demonstration of the supreme right of a nation to its land, and of the magnificent and just results that would follow its enforcement, it produced no response, until thirty years later Henry George devoted his life to the propagation of those principles, and with consecrated energy started a discussion which is shaking the world to-day.

But naked, unarmed truth without its propaganda is only a cradled babe. Now, unable to take the field, I know that women can be relied upon for the ultimate propaganda of many rights and reforms which I have expressed, and having been the first to introduce them into a medical college in Cincinnati, in 1847, I have the satisfaction of hailing their successful progress, as nearly five thousand are now successfully engaged in the scientific art of healing, and even carrying, their new ideas into Asia.

Can the wildest imagination fancy what would have been the world's history if women had been allowed to participate in advancing civilization and saving nations from the calamities to which they are exposed by ignorance and the fierce, cruel, warlike passions of men.

Is it not probable that war would have been abolished and we would have had allied republics all over the world, in which something like Utopia would have

been realized? If you doubt it, call together a group of the best women, and ask them to plan a social condition they would approve and would be willing to labor for.

There is not much doubt that if they have any encouragement to offer their full plans they will offer something which none but philanthropists have dreamed of.

The best reformer is the one who charms and never antagonizes the audience. The charm of woman has been her innocent, yielding youth (to those who would rule and enslave her), but her charm to all has been her entire beauty, which when rightly trained goes with her for fifty years, greatly enhanced by and, indeed, depending chiefly on the beauty of the soul, which is her permanent possession—the two combined being potent for half a century.

In the ancient, beautiful, and learned Italian city of Bologna, which seems to have inherited and retained some of the refined, spirituelle character of its antehistoric Etruscan founders (by whom it was called Felsina), the University, founded in the fifth century, became in the twelfth century under Irnerius so famous and pre-eminent in the world as to attract fully ten thousand students. We may be sure the school deserved this success, as they had the enlightened wisdom to avail themselves of the genius and charm of woman, and the courage to take the lead in establishing the practical study of anatomy and in reforming the legal codes of Europe.

In this grand institution "Portias well learned in law," and in anatomy and medicine, some of whose portraits still attest their beauty, gave instruction to crowds of students as Hypatia once did in Alexandria. We have the names of these fair professors of anatomy, obstetrics, law, mathematics, philosophy, and Greek, whose abilities added much to the reputation of the university, and of some who gained reputation in sculpture and painting. But one object in recalling this history is to note the womanly charm, that all who record their history record also "their domestic virtues, their unsullied modesty, their gentle social graces." Still more re-



markable is the story of the fair Novella d'Andrea, associated in teaching law with her father, Giovanni d'Andrea, who was called "the most famous jurisconsult of the fourteenth century." The modern collegian can hardly realize the story told of her by Christine de Pisan, that "so fair was she that a little curtain had to be drawn in front of her, lest her beauty should cause the thoughts of her listeners to wander, and her instruction be of no avail to them."

The great aim of woman's life has ever been the elevation of humanity. A few men have been stimulated and ruled by philanthropic ideas, and such ideas have often been cramped or perverted by their social surroundings, but philanthropy, which means the love of mankind, has been the staple element of woman's nature, though cramped and walled by institutions established and managed by men which assign her a position in which her nature is subordinated to custom and to the false principles which sustain stern aristocracy, feudalism, despotism, and war, and compel her to live a feeble life and limit the exercise of her faculties.

The miniature tree which Japanese gardeners grow in a pot typifies the condition into which many a noble woman's nature has been compressed by teaching her that her noblest aspirations were unbecoming or dishonorable, and sternly repressing them.

True love, which is true religion as Christ presented it, ever displays its greatest power in its humblest sphere of beneficent action, as when the pious girl becomes one of the Sisters of Mercy, or when the nursing mother becomes the careful cook, she is fulfilling the highest duty of loving service that is permitted, occupying in her sphere the ministerial position of kindness to which Jesus called his disciples, while forbidding ostentation and assumption of authority.

The civilized man, whose outer garments have often been said to conceal the inner barbarian, can see nothing great or noble where power and ostentation are absent, as they were absent from the disciples and are absent from the mother. But to prepare a human body by wholesome food and a human soul by control-

ling love for a happy destiny is a nobler thing than the lives that have been honored by the epaulet and the crown. In the angel world these false honors disappear, but the honors of love are eternal.

Allow me, therefore, to express the esteem that is due to the patient and often exhausting service that shows its immediate result at the table where health and happiness are created and the bond of affection strengthened.

It has ever been the desire of women to rear their children for honorable and successful lives, reaching an honored old age; but for countless centuries reaching beyond the dawn of authentic history women have been compelled to surrender their nature and rear their children to be butchered by the sword and finally be recognized as mere "food for gunpowder" and victims for tyrants.

But the innate virtue they gave their off-spring has saved many nations from total destruction by preserving their spiritual life, and if woman has been too entirely crushed for this in any nation, that nation has sunk to imbecility, to slavery, and to famine, by which more than a hundred million have perished in India and China; and that dark calamity will continue impending over such nations, until they emancipate and elevate their women, by which alone can they emancipate and elevate themselves.

Those debased nations, wedded to social barbarism, would not profit by the example of Egypt, the mistress of ancient civilization, because Egyptian women were loved, honored, and sustained as women never have been in any great nation. That great object lesson has been before the world more than a thousand years, but as little heeded as the greater object lesson in Palestine.

Even in the fourth century, when Egypt had been debased by many conquests, her unrivaled libraries, schools, and temples remained, and Hypatia was the teacher of her philosophers and magistrates, until torn in pieces by the savage monks from the Nitrian deserts. In the glorious march of modern evolution, woman will be educated and assisted to lead the march of humanity, if not onward at least upward (for her soul is aglow with

the purer and subtler light of heaven), while stronger and more impetuous man in the sunlight of science, which primarily is physical but ultimately becomes psychic, will lead in the march of power and conquest of nature, which heretofore has been the chief display of civilization—to conquer but not to elevate.

Every generous sentiment in man pays tribute to woman and receives a rich response. Every deep and noble nature holds the mother sacred, and therefore we need no science, nothing but the intuitions of the soul, to give woman her proper rank as the mother of the nation.

Biologists have speculated, examined, and measured to reveal the psychic organization of woman with very little success, having no proper basis—for with all their physical science their philosophy was of the silurian type, or, in fact, a chaos. The human soul was as far as the stars from soulless and godless science. But, dropping this question, it is enough to say that woman was divinely adapted to co-operate with man, and was prevented only by profligate barbarism.

The age is dawning in which men and women, united as faithful servants of divine law, will consequently unite as faithful devotees of Hygeia in the work of sustaining and elevating mankind by perfecting the source from which health has heretofore been received—the food which makes the blood, which is potentially the man.

The writer does not hesitate to assert that the health supplied by women, even from the table and kitchen alone, has been infinitely greater in amount than the health supplied by colleges and doctors in all recorded centuries before the present.

As to the service of Hygeia, the man has been an outside sentinel or occasional assistant of no great practical value (from the time of Galen to that of Jenner), and he will find in posterity no tribute of gratitude for services.

And although the present century has been politely excepted, it is well known that during the first half of this century not only Dr. James Johnson, the professional leader in England, but over thirty most eminent physicians, have been accustomed to confess that their pro-

fession was a failure, and even the brilliant author and medical professor, O. W. Holmes, in the latter half of the century still made the same assertion, suggesting that medicines should be cast into the sea.

But his confession was unjust, because he knew little or nothing of the great revolution effected in this century,—a greater revolution than that of Luther in theology, and in which the writer was an active participant, and still admires the active progress now going on, in the profession and the social or educational revolution which will bring the mother, the cook, and the teacher into harmonious co-operation to sustain and civilize a society that can enjoy life as a scientific Eden.

Though long accustomed to advancing unfamiliar ideas without much concern as to their immediate acceptance, the writer cannot avoid perceiving that in mentioning the cook on the same plane as the teacher and the mother, though in a more limited sphere, he may have disturbed the equilibrium of Mother Grundy and her friends, who consider old forms very sacred, and insist that the cook shall be confined to the kitchen without any such education as would qualify her or him to associate with good society.

Considering the matter ethically, is not this antagonism or scorn toward the duties and the person of the cook a violation of the essential principles both of Christianity and of democracy, imported from regions where neither existed.

If the portionless daughter prefers cooking to a lingering death, needle in hand, or keeping school, or teaching music, or finds such places filled, why should she not, if endowed with education and good manners, be as courteously treated as the other girl whose little income enables her to live idly?

Necessarily, if qualified as she should be, she will resent any appearance of scorn or proscription, and shun a healthy occupation when surrounded by a depressing atmosphere of selfishness and isolation. The consequence must be discord, ignorance, and discomfort in homes from which such women are excluded; and the emigration of families to hotels and boarding houses to get rid of domestic vexation.

This evil is diminishing by the education of young women for cooking and household economy, and will disappear when the Christian ethics of home life are adopted.

In the present progress of education, dietetic hygiene is surely and speedily coming to the front, as a portion of the comprehensive department of which is included in the studies appertaining to the degree of Bachelor of Science conferred by the Ohio State University.

Domestic economy is also a part of the course of the University of Nebraska, of the Teachers' College of Columbia University, of the University of Chicago, of the Lake Erie College for Women, and several other progressive institutions.

This department includes all that belongs to making a home—choice, preparation, and care of food, nursing, clothing, dress, and household equipment for health, comfort, and beauty; and the state is competent to give such an education to every young woman, and should allow none to approach womanhood without it.

This reform will advance to a higher rank when dietetic science advances toward its ultimate goal, when foods shall gradually supersede medicines among the intelligent, and the cook shall encroach upon the sphere of the doctor by regulating the diet of a family. This is a mother's duty, but the mother has so many other duties and anxieties that she needs the assistance of the educated cook, specially trained for this service—a consummation that cannot be very far off.

It simplifies our understanding of this subject to know that what is beneficial when applied internally (as to the stomach) is generally beneficial when applied externally, and hence our articles of food are available for external use without taxing the stomach for their digestion when the digestive organs are disordered and the food might be absolutely poisonous to them.

The external nervous system is in many persons so sensitive that they can realize the effect of any remedy by the external application or even holding it in the hands,—a fact which has been entirely ignored by medical colleges.

Water, blood, and milk are as valuable externally as internally. Water has established its reputation all over the world through hydropathy. Blood is now establishing a very high reputation externally and internally, under the title bovine, in the hands of eminent physicians, and in hospital practice. In South Africa among the Afrikanders milk has proved superior to everything now known in the treatment of small-pox.

The blood treatment and milk treatment, rightly applied, are far superior to hydropathy in many diseases, and the intelligence of the people will ere long compel the abandonment of vaccination (a dangerous practice) which has already been condemned by the highest medical authority,—the governmental commission in England, after a very thorough and impartial investigation of both sides of the question, for several years, in consequence of which compulsory vaccination has been discarded by law.

What greater contrast can we imagine than between the masculine collegiate methods of inoculation and vaccination with poisonous matter, enforced by health boards and legislative decrees, aided by policemen's clubs, fine, and imprisonment, and the use of the best and simplest food in the world, pure milk, externally. Yet it was practically demonstrated in the Transvaal by a skillful physician that milk was the master remedy in small-pox, and that all fears may be dismissed as to that disease, for rightly managed it is the least dangerous of all serious eruptive diseases and should never be fatal.

Without disparaging the great and real merits of medical colleges, I feel authorized by science to say that the amount of therapeutic knowledge which is still neglected and ignored by medical colleges is sufficient to sustain a practice that would yield results in improved health and diminished mortality which have never been equaled in the past.

The creative process of our hygienic universe has been very slow, and has not yet organized one good solar system out of the nebulous material of infinity which the divine power has prepared for our use,

It began with Esculapius and Hippocrates in some bright formations, but a malign influence came with Galen, ruling from Galen to Jenner in the last century, during which Hygeia lay in a comatose condition, dreaming and half dead, while her benighted servants armed with lancets were pouring out the life blood of humanity for over sixteen hundred years, and even after Jenner the world's ablest, or rather most distinguished and learned, physicians asserted emphatically with various illustrations that their profession had upon the whole been of no material benefit to mankind, with such severity of censure as to make me reluctant to quote them.

Then came a Hippocratic renaissance in the nineteenth century, when Hygeia awoke, and the creation of a new world of vigorous life and beauty began, which is now in progress.

But the nebulous material is still there, sufficient for many worlds. It surrounds us in vast abundance, but the old Galenic

spirit (still extant) hesitates in receiving it, for Hygeia has not entirely recovered.

But from the arcana of the Divine new life, now coming into humanity, will thrill with a new creative power, which will evolve new orbs in the twentieth century, when the star of woman shall rise above the horizon.

The writer firmly believes that when woman, uncontrolled by masculine dogmas and fictions, is permitted to participate equally in the management of government, in the suppression of war, in the harmonization of our industrial system, in the control of benevolence, in the higher walks of education, with the exclusive management of children, in the reformation of medicine, in building health by wholesome foods, and the social civilization of society, the kingdom of heaven on earth will come within telescopic range, and a forward march will begin, soon becoming as swift and soothing as a sea-breeze from the south.

## COFFEE VS. PREACHER.

"I have been a great coffee drinker for years and it has kept me in a bilious condition, with more or less neuralgia, as the result of general ill-health produced by coffee drinking. I have discovered that coffee is a rank poison to my system. Since we have been using Postum Cereal Food Coffee, we not only find it a delightful beverage, with all the good qualities of coffee, but it has none of the injurious effects.

"Any person suffering from nervous troubles, caused by the poison of coffee, should be able to get rid of the sickness in short order if such a one will leave

off the cause and take up Postum Food Coffee. There has been no coffee used in our home for a considerable time.

"People who are poisoned by coffee should leave it off, because when one sins against his body, he dishonors God, 'for our bodies are the temples of the holy Ghost.' It would seem that any one conscious of the bodily distress that coffee brings, would have no trouble in leaving it off when Postum Food Coffee can be secured." Rev. John. M. Linn, Pastor M. E. Church, South Corpus Christi, Texas.

Sensations penetrate from the outmost to inmost, but our actions spring from the inmost to the outmost.

The man who is disposed to domineer over his inferiors should be placed among stronger men than himself.

If we are bold, we shall gain one of two advantages, either we shall find that which we seek, or we shall be less likely to think we know what we do not know.

# EDITORIALS

## THE TWO WORLDS IN WHICH WE LIVE\*

### II.—ENVIRONMENT.

A wholesome environment is a fundamental requirement for the development of the nobler and larger self in an individual or a society. Environment is to the soul what the atmosphere is to the physical body. If you have spent much time at the seaside you will doubtless recall many days when the sky was overcast and the heavy fogs hemmed you in on every side. You have felt oppressed and weighed down. Sometimes it has seemed as though the pressure of the atmosphere was so palpable that you have longed to be away where the lungs might be expanded and drink in the rare, fine air of the mountains. Or if you have lived in the low river bottoms of the Mississippi River system, you may have come under the influence of malaria. Or, on the other hand, if you have climbed the Rockies or the Sierras, you will remember how light and invigorating the atmosphere seemed. You felt a peculiar exaltation or buoyancy of spirit; your lungs expanded and the action of the heart quickened, and you were not surprised to hear that the lungs of horses in those regions were much larger than those on the lower altitude. It is the belief of the race that the atmosphere that surrounds us is a prime factor in the health and comfort of the physical body, yet how few stop to consider the similar needs for the spiritual nature, or the soul.

When the environment is not pronounced, either for good or bad, the life of the individual is as a rule governed by the sphere of subjective influence,—the dream or ideal world of which we have previously written.

When, however, there is a powerful environment pressing on all sides, as do the fogs on the ocean shore, or the more subtle but no less potent malarial poison of the lowlands in the interior, it requires a strong will and a well directed imagination to rise superior to the influences which surround life. The better the subjective or ideal world has been educated and developed, the easier and more certain will be the rise above adverse environment, but for the majority as life now drifts this sphere of outer influence proves a current too strong to be stemmed. Take, for example, the young men and young women among the rich of our great cities, who are wedded to social life, with its round of shallow pleasures and its profound self-absorption; occasionally we see some member rise superior to such environment, break the bonds, as it were, and let life express that larger, truer, and diviner self which marks the true soul the world over. But these are the exception. The sphere of influence in which the outer life is cast is so positive in character that the vast majority float with the tide. So in the other extreme of life,—in the Dead Sea of our modern civilization known as the city's slums. Here we find diamonds in the rough, and lilies and violets growing among the weeds; but for the most part life yields to the terrible pressure of environment, and becomes callous even where it fails to become coarse, vulgar, and impure. Of course, it is impossible to know to what degree the two worlds in which we live, or spheres of influence, act and react on each other. It is impossible even to approximate the proportion of life which would rise su-

\*See January, 1900, number for companion editorial.

perior even to the most adverse environment, were it possible from infancy to quicken and stimulate the mind chiefly on the higher plane of being. But under present-day conditions environment plays a part so far reaching and destiny shaping that it seems incredible that so little attention is given to it. Especially when its influence is so palpable as to be noticeable to the most casual observer. I know a street in a certain New England village, where the houses are neither better nor worse than the average, but one day a gentleman purchased one of these homes, and at once set to work to improve it. The house was tastefully painted, the grounds were leveled and rolled, and inclosed with a hedge. Beds of beautiful flowers were massed near the house; on the window sills boxes were placed filled with many common but beautiful flowering plants. This done, the place was kept like a garden spot at all times, and it never looked dingy or ragged. The effect of this on the neighbors was most surprising. I think half of the persons on the street have to a greater or less degree imitated the new-comer, and one gentleman whose home was rather unattractive has so improved it that it rivals now in beauty that of his innovating neighbor.

Many of my boyhood years were spent near the town of Albion, in southern Illinois, in which place during that period and for long afterward,—indeed, I think ever since then,—there has never been a saloon. The effect upon the young was most noticeable, especially when comparisons were made with the youths of the neighboring villages where saloons flourished. I remember, when visiting my old home a few years since, a friend pointed out the fact that of all the young men who were growing up when I left Illinois but two had become addicted to drink, and they were accustomed to visit friends in neighboring towns much of their time when young. I have seldom seen a more striking illustration of the effect of environment than this village afforded. Not only were there no drunkards, but all those corollary influences which accompany the drinking of liquor were completely absent. Similar illustrations have doubtless come within the notice of every

life, and yet how slow are we to demand that the thought world and the outer sphere of influence for each young life shall be favorable. A sensible recognition of the part environment plays in life will not only lead to a better condition, but it will greatly further the demands of true or full-orbed justice.

The power of environment is strongly brought out in the following story, which is given for the purpose of explaining this gravely important lesson. I feel that our civilization has slept overlong. It is menaced to-day by grave perils, because of a fatal indifference to the supreme and august demands of life.

A gentleman of power and influence had become entangled in a bitter feud. One party felt that he had been greatly wronged, and from the bitterness of his hate made a terrible oath to strike his enemy where the blow would hurt the most. The blow was struck when, a short time later, the little twin sons of the influential citizen mysteriously disappeared. Whether it was through the connivance of servants was not clear, but investigation revealed the fact that two strangers, brutal and ill-favored men, were seen in the vicinity shortly before the children disappeared. No further evidence was forthcoming, however, which connected any one with the abduction, though search was made far and near and a fortune was paid to officers and detectives. The father remained childless. But it is the fate of the children that concerns us. One was taken into the slums and given to a woman old in crime, a teacher in the school of wrong-doing. The other would doubtless have met a similar fate, had not one of the abductors, imagining that he was being followed, fled to the suburbs. At length an idea crossed his mind,—he would take the child to an old man and woman who lived near a mountain hamlet, and who were under obligations to him. There the child could be safely concealed while he might make a double fortune by giving him up at the proper time. After no small danger and much trouble he brought the boy to the destination he had in view. Here he impressed strict silence, and promised to call some time for the child, who was to be well cared

for out of money he left. He vouchsafed no explanation, and soon departed never to return, for shortly after arriving in the city he disappeared. The child thus guarded and cared for grew up on the farm, supposed to be the son of a relative, the mother of whom had died; such was the story which the abductor bade them give out. As the months lengthened into years the boy grew to be a wonderfully bright, ambitious, and promising child, the pride and joy of the foster parents. An aged lawyer in the neighboring hamlet also took a great interest in the little fellow; through his aid and influence the boy received an excellent education, read law, and was admitted to the bar. His rise was phenomenal. He entered the legislature, and was appointed on some important committee, where he distinguished himself. Later he served as State attorney, and subsequently returned to the city where his ability had already been recognized. He again represented the State as prosecuting attorney, and later ascended the bench, while still comparatively a young man. One day a crime was committed in a drunken brawl over the part certain criminals were to play in a contemplated robbery,—a man was killed, and the offender was taken red-handed. The trial attracted considerable attention, owing to the belief that revelations might be made implicating a number of persons in a powerful criminal band, which the police believed had long operated in the city. In this respect the public were disappointed. The evidence showed that the prisoner had been a criminal living in one of the worst parts of the city, that he had confederates, that he had committed the crime charged. There was little question about the verdict, but the court-room was thronged with that curious crowd who are ever eager to witness the spectacle of a doomed man being sentenced. The verdict was promptly rendered, and in reply to the judge's question as to whether he had anything to say "why sentence should not be passed," the accused rose, and in a faltering voice asked if he might briefly tell the story of his life. The judge assented, and the prisoner began. "Your honor, I ask this favor which you have so

kindly granted to me, not with the hope of influencing your sentence, but that the world may know and feel the force of what to me has been a very terrible thing in this life. I mean the condition of life which lifts one and pulls another down. Do not, I beg of you, interrupt me while I tell the story of my life, because I think it may have some effect on other unfortunates, who fall through the almost relentless influence of forces working around them. I never knew my parents." The judge was touched, and leaned over his desk to catch each word; he too had never known his parents. The prisoner continued: "All I know of my early life is what was told me by the woman who reared me in a life of crime. When she was dying she said: 'You were the son of a rich and powerful man, who had done a wrong to some other man, and in revenge you and your brother were stolen from your home. What became of your brother none of us know; the man who had charge of him was killed, and the child was never heard of. He was probably killed and then thrown into the river. You were brought to me, and I received a sum of money to hide you for a time; afterward to adopt you. I taught you to lie and steal as I taught others, but you were a hard child to teach; I had to beat you for two or three years, and in many other ways punish you.' I well remember the terrible story of my childhood, and she need not have told me that. 'At last you fell into line, and did as the rest did, only you were smarter and more successful than they, that is why you have been better treated. I love no one,' continued the woman; 'my life was blasted, ruined, when life was young, and all my love and goodness turned to hate, and from a world that spat upon me I turned to become an Ishmaelite. Now you know all I knew of your parents,' and with this and some few more words, she died. I then resolved to change my ways, and live a better life. I got some respectable clothes, because I knew a ragged man had no show in the world, and I went out to get work, any kind of work which was honest, but almost every place was full. Some persons wanted recommendations, which of course I could not give. At some places I was

treated as a beggar and a tramp; one man gave me an hour's work filling a cellar with coal, but that was all I got in five days' earnest seeking for work. Then a great and terrible bitterness filled my heart, I hated the cruel world. I knew how the old woman felt, and I went back to a life of crime. But never have I been content. I have never ceased to curse my lot, and so many times I have thought of my absent brother, and wondered if he had been so blessed as to die before he became a curse to himself and the world, or if he had had a happier fate,—if he had by chance been returned to his father, where love, food, and books, and the advantages of life were his. If so, perhaps, he might be to-day a great man, loved and honored by the world, and, your honor will pardon me, but during this trial I have often wondered how I should have felt if my life had been different; if I had become a great judge, if before me unfortunates were brought, who were the product of conditions over which they had little control. I have wondered how I should feel and act if I were a judge, and my brother were before me to be sentenced." The court was silent as the grave. The words of the prisoner had been so simply yet so earnestly uttered that they held the audience spell-bound.

Lost in his recital, the hang-dog appearance had disappeared; he was closely shaven, and by no means an ill-looking man, and, clothed with an earnestness that obliterated self-consciousness, there seemed something noble about him. But now all eyes were turned to the judge,—the personal reference would doubtless be an offense to his honor; but the judge was as pale as death. Twice he attempted to rise and speak; then he fell back unconscious. The court adjourned. The pris-

oner was remanded to jail. The judge during the recital had detected what many others saw during the prisoner's story, a startling resemblance between the two. He knew enough of his life to know that the prisoner might be that brother, but, whether he was or not, the awful tragedy of the life before him—the product of environment—overcame him, and the excitement which his physician had warned him against had stolen upon him unawares, he had fainted, and for some days his condition was critical. The sequel concerns us little, and may be dismissed with the statement that the sensational denouement was heralded far and wide, and among those who read the headlines of the next morning's dailies was an old, broken man, who was accounted one of the rich men of the city, but whose life had been saddened by the tragedy of years before, and who had never ceased to search for his sons. This search was revived. The facts obtained and the striking resemblance of the three left no doubt of the identity of the abducted boys. The governor was petitioned for a pardon, which was granted, largely because the father and the jurist pledged themselves to guard and protect the son and brother from falling and being a menace to society.

The value of the narrative lies in its illustration of the power of environment. It is a lesson for law-makers and the enforcers of law,—for those engaged in a rational attempt to elevate society by reaching the fundamental or basic causes of civilization's slow ascent. But perhaps to none is its lesson so important as to parents and those to whom have been intrusted the august duty and holy privilege of molding and directing the plastic mind of childhood.

Suspicious people are always unjust people, and generally do the thing of which they suspect others guilty.

Hatred grieves the sensories, disturbs the blood and animal spirits, and deprives them of their better life and destroys the body.

Those persons who are not earnest and useful in their station of life become snares, temptations, and stumbling-blocks in the way of others.



# OUR MONTHLY CHAT

This month we continue our art studies in an exceedingly valuable contribution by William Ordway Partridge, on "The Relation of Sculpture to Architecture," which is preceded by a study of Mr. Partridge's recent work in sculpture and literature. The illustrations accompanying these papers, we believe, will prove as instructive as they are interesting to our readers. It is not the purpose of The Coming Age to introduce pictures, except when they have a special educational value, or where they illustrate or add materially to the interest of the text; but, in carrying forward our purpose of cultivating an appreciation for true art, and above all a robust American art, we believe the employment of the pictures will prove as helpful as the text.

Seldom, if ever, has a magazine presented so able and judicious a contribution to the growing literature which relates to the governmental control of public utilities as will be found in this issue in the masterly paper of Justice Walter Clarke, LL.D., of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina. This paper merits the careful consideration of our State and national legislators, and should also be read by every intelligent voter. In the present issue will also be found a short contribution which will prove of special interest to those who are making a study of the larger and more vital problems confronting our political life, from the pen of Mayor John C. Chase, of Haverhill, in which the efficient mayor describes the recent triumph of the people in the conflict for cheaper gas.

In keeping with the spirit of Easter will be found a notable contribution by Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, on "The Message of the Madonna."

In the brilliant contribution on "The Hebrew Philosopher as a Poet," the eminent biblical scholar, Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, Ph.D., of Cornell University, opens a series

of papers dealing with the Hebrew philosophers. Following this discussion of Job will be "The Philosopher as a Critic: Ecclesiastes," "The Philosopher as an Allegorist: Philo," and "The Philosopher as a Mystic: John." Students of literature, no less than all persons interested in biblical criticism, will find these papers of special interest and value.

This month Mr. Malloy discusses Emerson's poem, "Merlin." It is interesting to know that these remarkable philosophical interpretations of the poetry of Emerson, by the scholarly president of the Emerson Society, of Boston, are attracting the attention of educators in our colleges, no less than that of students of literature and lovers of the shades of Concord throughout the land. They are without question by far the most masterly expositions of the poetry of Emerson which have yet appeared.

One of the very best and most interesting papers in this issue is the consideration of "Macbeth" as a religious poem, by the Rev. Watson Weed. The general reader doubtless will be impressed with the strangeness of the title, as people are not accustomed to regard Shakspeare as being religious, and though from a narrow theological viewpoint this impression is undoubtedly correct, yet in the range of literature we find few great writers who are more profoundly ethical in the spirit of their work than the Bard of Avon.

Our papers on art, poetry, and the American drama are to be supplemented by a series of contributions on music, the opening paper of which will appear in May, by Emma Griffith Lumm, of the American Conservatory of Music, whose thoroughly delightful treatment of "The Music of the Speaking Voice" will be enjoyed by all who peruse it. This is to be followed by two contributions by Henry W. Stratton, on "The Key-

Note as a Basis of Musical Therapeutics" and "The Healing Power of Rhythm."

The contributions by the scholarly and scientific investigator and physician, Dr. Henrik G. Petersen, now appearing in *The Coming Age*, form a valuable addition to the rapidly growing literature dealing with the new psychology, which is resulting from the patient labors of master minds in Europe and America. Dr. Petersen has long been one of the most successful of the leading physicians of New England in the intelligent employment of hypnotism in the treatment of disease. His long study of this subject in Europe, his familiarity with the entire literature dealing with suggestion, supplemented by several years of successful practice, make his papers extremely valuable.

This month we close the remarkably brilliant and helpful novelette opened in our January issue, entitled "A Modern Minister." No one who has followed this altogether delightful story can have failed to derive benefit from it. We need just such romances at the present time,—stories which appeal to the better nature, and which touch the higher chords of being.

There is much food for thought in William Horatio Clarke's short paper, entitled "A Tangible Mediator of Spiritual Strength."

In "The Story of Prison and Prisoner Reform" we give another chapter in our social studies which will appeal to thinking men and women.

#### CONVERSATIONS FOR EARLY ISSUES OF THE COMING AGE.

The *Coming Age* for May will be opened by an intensely interesting conversation by the famous and popular platform orator, Dr. James Hedley, entitled "The Lyceum Platform and Some Great American Lecturers." This conversation will be preceded by a biographical sketch of Dr. Hedley, and also will be handsomely illustrated with portraits of numerous great platform lights, among whom we may mention Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. George C. Lorimer, Robert J. Burdette, Bayard Taylor, Edward Everett, Bishop Fowler, Senator Dilliver, and many others. Our readers will remember Dr. Hedley's admirably written article in *The Coming Age* for July last, on "How Shall the Church Triumph?" Among

other conversations which have been prepared for *The Coming Age*, and which will appear in early numbers, are "The Higher Education and Its Demands," by Professor Thomas E. Will, A.M., preceded by a biographical sketch; "The Relation of the Land Question to Fundamental Economic Progress," by Bolton Hall; "The Present Status of the Christian Religion," by Rev. George Frederick Pentecost, D.D., preceded by a biographical sketch of Dr. Pentecost; "The Progress of Scenic Art in Relation to Dramatic Representations," by Walter Wilcox Burridge, illustrated by the author and preceded by a biographical sketch; "Reminiscences of William Warren," by Rev. James Henry Wiggin, preceded by a biographical sketch of Mr. Wiggin.

#### AN EARNEST WORD TO ALL ADMIRERS OF THE LATE PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN.

The life of the late Professor Buchanan was given for the happiness, advancement, and uplifting of others. He never thought of self; his aim was to aid those who needed help. He was reduced to poverty more pinching than his friends at a distance dreamed of, and but for the wonderful self-sacrificing aid of his wife, he would have fallen by the wayside long ere he did. In a letter to me a short time before his transition he said: "I have passed through some very black and trying hours since I last saw you, and had it not been for the heroic and loving devotion of my wife, El. S. Buchanan, I would have died some time ago. As it is, she has strengthened and sustained me, and from the love, care, and help I have derived from the spiritual world my life has been prolonged longer than I expected to further carry on my work." This brave and heroic little wife, who has trodden the winepress with a brave and sunny smile in order that she might lighten the closing years of his life, deserves much from the friends and admirers of the great philosopher, seer, and man who throughout his long career did so much for a truer, brighter, and nobler life. The long vigil and months of anxious care and thought finally overcame Mrs. Buchanan's frail constitution, and now that the great man has gone she is left alone to battle with the world without money or health.

She, however, has a number of Professor Buchanan's books, and with the prompt disposal of them she can meet her obligations and have something to live upon for a time. She does not ask or desire charity; but she has a right to ask that all those who loved the great and good man now show their appreciation in a small way by promptly purchasing some of his books. It is a high privilege no less than a sacred duty thus to express our appreciation for a noble, spotless, and loving life. No charity is asked; he who buys these books will get his money's worth, and at the same time he will be doing one of those little deeds of right, justice, and kindness, the doing of which is a rare privilege and one which can not fail to enrich the soul life. Friends and readers of The Coming Age, let there be a prompt and liberal response to this request; and I also suggest that when ordering these books which are still in print, you also place one or more orders for Professor Buchanan's "New Education," at two dollars, not to be paid for until enough subscriptions have been received to guarantee the cost of republishing this great work, which has long been out of print, but which should be circulated by the tens of thousands of copies. The books of Professor Buchanan now in print are as follows: "Periodicity," a little work in which Dr. Buchanan demonstrates that the laws which govern the universe of matter also govern the lives of individuals, and gives every man a key to his own life and a revelation of other lives, giving Bonaparte as the example; the price of this book in cloth is seventy-five cents; "The Perfect Guide," for the treatment of disease by magnetic healers, electric practitioners, families, and progressive physicians, embodying the new principles and practice presented in "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," price in cloth, seventy-five cents; paper, fifty cents; "Manual of Psychometry," showing the wonderful power of the human soul, two dollars; three bound volumes of "The Journal of Man," very few left, seven dollars for the three. The last photographs of Professor Buchanan, fifty cents each.

Friends, do not lay this down without a response. Send for at least one book and a photograph; let the great serene soul who looks down on us from the spiritual Alps smile as he was wont to smile in the old days when he knew one to love him here—smile to see the prompt and loving response which will in a real way aid the noble and heroic little woman who long held up the hands and sustained the spirits of the great man throughout his closing years.

Address all orders and all inquiries concerning Professor Buchanan's works to E. S. Buchanan, San Jose, California.

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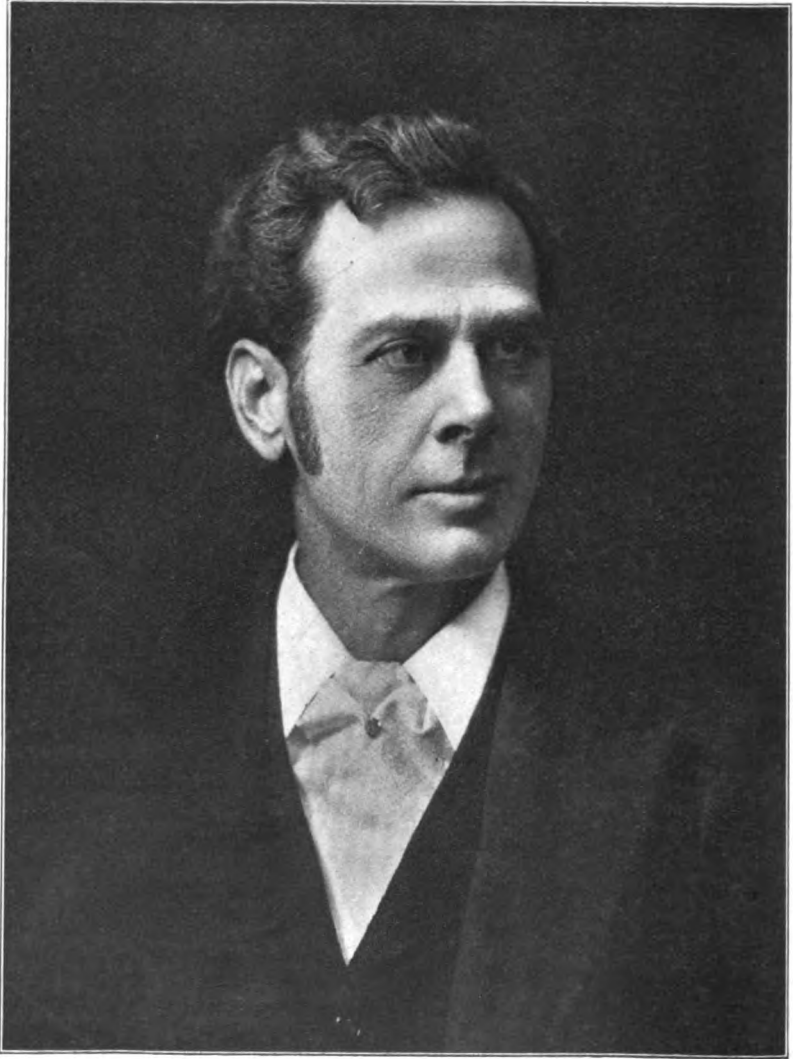
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*Sincerely Yours,  
James Hedley.*

# THE COMING AGE

VOL. III

MAY, 1900

No. 5



## CONVERSATIONS

THE LYCEUM PLATFORM, BY DR. JAMES HEDLEY.

### THE LYCEUM PLATFORM

DR. JAMES HEDLEY, THE DISTINGUISHED LECTURER.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

James Hedley, whose conversation concerning the Lyceum Platform appears in this issue of *The Coming Age*, is one of the most widely known lecturers of the present day. In a recent editorial the Minneapolis Tribune said: "All in all, Dr. Hedley is perhaps the most versatile and entertaining orator of his time. He is one of the stand-bys of the lecture field. It is greatly to his credit, as well as to the good sense of the general public, that his lectures and the man never grow old. Men and women who heard him last evening for the first time would gladly avail themselves of the privilege next week or a year from now. He is a big-hearted, whole-souled, genial, kindly man, who has at his tongue's end

all the vocabulary of the poets and sages and all the beautiful thoughts of the saints. Such a lecture as his must of necessity be one of the treats of a life-time."

James Hedley was born in Sheffield, England, in 1848. On the side of his father he is a thoroughbred Saxon. His mother was of the Huguenot family of Savilles, and a woman of rare cheerfulness, refinement, and spiritual fervor. When five years of age the subject of this sketch came to America. For two years he lived in Boston, where his father was stock manager for the old firm of Butler, Keith & Hill, on Milk street. In 1856 the family removed to St. Louis. In that city James Hedley received his school education. In June, 1865, he was graduated from the Public High School, and on Commencement Day carried off the oratorical honors of his class in an address entitled "American Footprints

on the Sands of Time." He also appeared in a recital in the German language from Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," and in one in French from Moliere's comedy of "La Tartuffe," and received honorable mention for proficiency in composition, rhetoric, literature, and the natural sciences. Shortly before his graduation his mother died and his father failed in business. A college career, for which he had hoped, had to be abandoned from stress of circumstances. He obtained a situation as shipping clerk in a large commission house, where he remained for fifteen months. He managed to keep his mind with a reasonable show of interest upon his business duties, but his heart beat no time to the uncongenial music of his work. The writings of the poets, saints, and sages were his loadstone, and to these he turned at every possible moment. Often his employer caught him "reciting" the classic speeches of history or writing poems upon the backs of his bills of lading. One day, while in a mood of dreamy abstraction, he consigned two thousand sacks of corn, which had been intended for Vicksburg, to New Orleans. Business did not fit him; he was a round peg in a square hole. He was discharged. Buchanan Forden, M. D., a leading physician and surgeon of St. Louis, urged him to adopt the profession of medicine. Having saved a little money out of his salary as shipping clerk, he became a student in a small medical college of his adopted State, a humble but earnest school which has since joined the silent caravans of the forgotten. Financial circumstances compelled him to leave the college within a year. Dr. Forden took him into his office, directed his studies, gave him the benefit of clinics and general hospital experience, and in two years our future lecturer was in the midst of a reasonably busy practice. The doctor is frank to say that he was never happy as a physician, and in his judgment was never a great success. Within him there always rose the cry, "Woe is me if I do not lecture!" Many a time he would run away from the city to the grand old woods which skirted the western side of the town, and there alone, fancying the

trees a listening audience, would address them in a very rapture of delight. He could not escape the voice within him. He knew that he must do the nearest thing to his hand even as a lecturer. So, availing himself of his knowledge of physiology, anatomy, and kindred sciences, he began to travel and deliver medical and hygienic lectures, which in that early day were very popular. He was now in his twenty-fifth year. He made a thorough study of physiognomy and phrenology, and varied his work with addresses upon these subjects. Poor and unaided, he pursued this work, often in the face of difficulty. He was his own bill distributor, ticket seller, and advance agent. Frequently he had little or no money; his shoes were patched, and his clothes mended as best they might be in his own untutored bachelor fashion. One day, in a village of western New York, a distinguished lawyer, the Hon. Martin Grover, called at the hotel of the place, where the doctor was a guest, and in his blunt but honest fashion said: "Young man, you're a fool! I have listened to you every night for a week, and I have figured you out. You will never succeed to any colossal extent as long as you keep to scientific subjects. You are a poet, an orator, and an actor. I heard you last night at the M. E. Church on temperance, and you swayed the people as the wind sweeps the long grass of a meadow. You don't seem to know just how to turn to best advantage the gifts your Creator has blessed you with. Young man, hit upon some subjects that will appeal to the hearts of your listeners, rather than their heads. Your soul is bigger than your brain, my boy. Get the people in touch with your soul; I'm a tough, hard-headed old lawyer, but there's something about you that has done me good. I believe I am sweeter and have more faith in men since having heard you. Let me quote the poet, 'Throw physic to the dogs,'—toss your physiology, physiognomy, and hygiene out of the window, and use your skill in healing the scarred hearts, and binding up the wounds of the souls of men and women; give the young the benefit of your courage and hope and faith, and you will find



your place. Don't be a fool any longer!" The rough lawyer with the keen eye and the great heart went away as abruptly as he came. The young doctor looked after him as one looks upon the vision of a man transfigured. For an hour he sat with a thumping heart and tear-wet eyes, and yet in ecstasy. The old lawyer had left behind him the philosopher's stone. He had solved the riddle of life for a misplaced brother. From that hour James Hedley turned his face toward the work of his life as to-day the world knows it.

In the winter of 1880 he composed in the city of Rochester, New York, his now nationally famous lecture, "The Sunny Side of Life." He spent over seven months in its preparation. More than half the time he was ill, his travels and arduous labors, often unrequited financially, having brought about a condition of nervous prostration. With the early summer of 1881 his health returned, and every day for weeks he wended his way to a sweet, quiet spot in Mount Hope, that beautiful "God's Acre," and there in the midst of cypress and willows and tombs, and with the dust of the dead about and beneath him, he hammered "The Sunny Side of Life" into shape for public delivery. A strange place, you think, in which to live over the thoughts of such a theme! A fit place, we say. The world is full of living dead, who need the touch and the voice of the sort of man who could find inspiration there, and out of the spirit of the fellowship and the lessons of the "sacred city" could bring hope and resurrection.

This lecture has been delivered nearly a thousand times, in all parts of this land; more than half a million of people have heard it, and been strengthened and blessed by its message of contentment, courage, and faith. The remarkable range of the subject may be appreciated from the words of Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Instruction of Pennsylvania, who after hearing it said: "It is the only lecture in the world composed and delivered in twenty octaves."

Other lectures, no less successful, followed: "Wisdom's Jeweled Ring," considered by many to be the doctor's masterpiece; "What is a Man Worth?" an

inspiring and uplifting theme; "Heroes and Heroism," the unwritten heroism of the common people; "The Kingly 'No,'" and "Failure and Success,"—all delivered from two hundred to five hundred times. Dr. Hedley has no superior on the Lyceum Platform in the varied range of his gifts. He is a thinker, a prose poet of the sweetest fancy, a consummate actor, and a character impersonator unsurpassed, while in humor and pathos he moves his listeners to laughter and tears as with the wand of an enchanter. His original creations of "Lillian Addlepate Tattlewit at the Piano," "Patsy and Mike," "The Morning-glory," "Texas Courtship," "Mrs. Blunderbuss Bang's Pink and White Tea," "Ruby and Sandy," "Fortunatus Baggs' Musicales," "Dicky Weaver to the Miners," "Professional Church Choir," "Slumber Song," and other productions of his fertile imagination are in their way unequalled in the history of the platform.

As a writer Dr. Hedley has won a prominent place. His contributions to many of the journals and magazines of the country have met with marked favor. His article, "How Shall the Church Triumph?" which appeared in *The Coming Age* in August, 1899, was a most thoughtful paper. His poem, "The Coming of the Prince," in our last Christmas issue, was exceedingly beautiful. Our readers have the promise of contributions from his pen from time to time. In the city of Cleveland, his home, his services are always in demand for great public gatherings. His address, "Patriotic Citizenship," delivered on Memorial Day five years ago to five thousand people, in Music Hall, was considered by many to be the finest effort ever heard on a similar occasion. At the annual banquet of the Royal Arcanum, given in honor of the Supreme Council, his speech carried off the honors, and he was made the recipient of Macaulay's complete works in recognition of his services. Dr. Hedley is an honorary member of the Philosophian Society of Wittenberg College, of the Phreno-Cosmian Society of Baldwin University, and of the Excelsior Society of Heidelberg College of the State of Ohio.

The demand for his services as a popular lecturer long since reached a point where even a private secretary could not attend to the correspondence which this demand entailed. His lecture tours, which cover thousands of miles of travel and often necessitate more than a hundred appearances, are under the exclusive control of the Central Lyceum Bureau.

The lessons of Dr. Hedley's life teach that success comes not in an hour; it is no will-o'-the-wisp dancing over the bogs of chance, no cheap shout of acclaim such as that with which credulous rustics hail the toss of a mountebank's cap.

The effort and the sacrifice of his work prove that there is no short-cut road to that fortune which endures. We may not hope to be masters equipped to lead and guide, unless first we are willing to follow and serve. No man can worthily sit in the king's chair simply because the crown of the king will stay on his head; there must be something of the king's divinity within him. Brave in the face of adversity, strong in courage and hope, sweet and sunny in spite of much bitterness and shadow, and fortunate in finding a friend honest enough to point him the way he should go, he has forged out upon the anvil of effort elements of character which enable him to help and inspire many who falter by the way; and that he has done this no insignificant number can testify.

Dr. Hedley's home is at 42 Afton Place, Cleveland, Ohio, where, with his delightful family, he spends his summers in the midst of the maples and the lilies and the roses he loves so well.

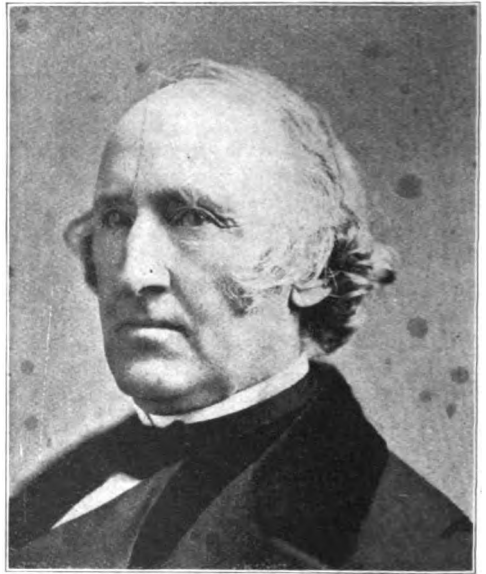
## THE LYCEUM PLATFORM.

### CONVERSATION WITH DR. JAMES HEDLEY.

Q. As one of the best known lecturers now before the public, I feel that you are in an excellent position to give our readers some interesting facts in regard to the Lyceum Platform. In the first place, will you tell us what you conceive to be some of the chief benefits of the Lyceum Platform as an institution? Has it a mission?

A. Whatever tends toward the intellectual and moral enrichment of a com-

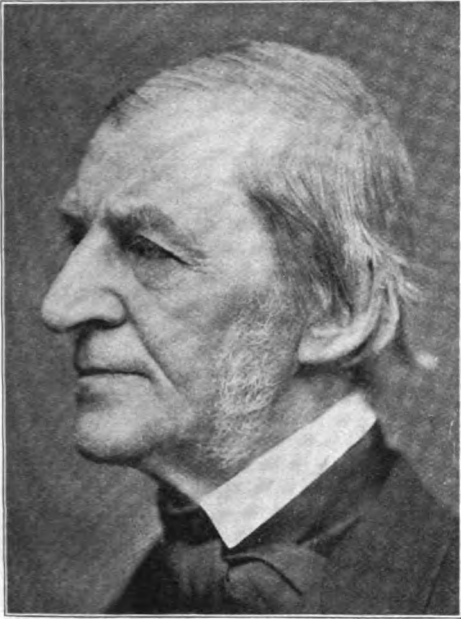
munity is a power for good. Give this power a permanent form by organization, and the result is an institution. With the high needs of the common people in mind, with an unvarying purpose to reach the minds, hearts, and above all the consciences of men and women, and to turn them toward the contemplation of right things, particularly with a view toward heeding and living such right things, a force is established the value of which is inestimable. Among the permanent institutions for the advancement of humanity the Lyceum Platform holds a first place. It stands side by side with the church, the moral club, and the Christian



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

associations of the time as a magnet to draw the people from the low levels of the commonplace, the mean, and the degrading to the heights where pure thoughts, sweet emotions, and spiritual convictions dwell, and where human possibilities for the best in life are at once evident and helpful.

The Lyceum Platform from its infancy has been one of the world's evangels. It has had its teachers, heroes, apostles, and prophets,—as much so as the church. The words of Garrison, Greeley, Thomas Starr King, and Beecher were as potent in the



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

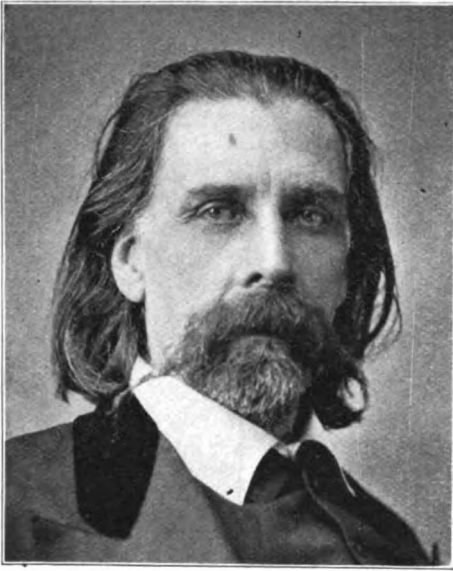
liberation of the black man from the chains of slavery as any other power that can be named, and these words were spoken in the lecture courses of the land. John B. Gough, whose sublime gifts were as a divine revelation, consecrated a work of forty years to the redemption of humanity from the bondage of intemperance, and the Lyceum Platform was the medium through which he labored. All great questions of social as well as political and moral reform have found opportunity for utterance through the lecture course as an institution, and by means of it mankind have been drawn nearer the hope and will of the Master.

To-day the Lyceum Platform is doing marvelous work, throughout the length and breadth of our country, in molding the minds and hearts of the people, and fixing them upon the heights of the "delectable mountains" where all that is best and brightest of moral human beauty shines as shines the sun. Countless thousands have been profited by the lyceum of old Salem, Massachusetts, during the seventy years of its existence. With the coming season the lyceum of Poughkeepsie, New York, will enter upon the fiftieth year of its grand work. For more than

twenty-five years Sing Sing, New York, under the shadow of penitentiary walls, has thundered the diapason of truth and wisdom through its lecture course. Camden, New Jersey, for ten years has so shaped the finer convictions of men that the nights of the lyceum draw out a thousand hearers, in spite of theaters and dances and "dime museums" in the city over the Delaware River. Elkhart, Indiana, began a lecture course seventeen years ago, in the face of prejudice and adverse popular opinion. The city was known as a "show town," and the people were flooded with an avalanche of coarse, unprofitable, and even immoral entertainments. Hard-working men and women spent their money for that which gave them nothing beneficial, and which filled the minds of their children with morbid thoughts and degraded tastes. At first the new force struggled for life, but it kept on and on, until the cheap "showman" began to omit Elkhart, as it "did not pay," and the people at last said, "Our money and our time shall be given to better things." Hundreds of people crowded the largest auditorium to get the results of the ripe scholarship, the wise suggestion, and the moral uplift, as well as the entertainment, of the lecturers who gave of their best to benefit and delight.



BAYARD TAYLOR.



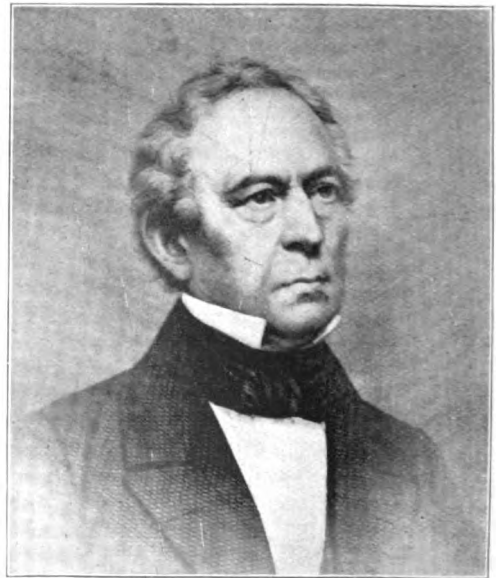
JOSH BILLINGS.

Many who do not go to church will attend a lecture, and that attendance is frequently the open door for them into God's house thereafter. Many whose financial means are inadequate to the purchase of books are given a liberal education by means of the lyceum. Horace Mann, that prince of teachers, said: "The lyceum is the people's college, the larger pulpit, and the noblest platform reform has ever had." Many toiling, struggling young men and women in the schools and colleges of our land are lifted out of the "slough of despond" and inspired to renewed effort by the messages of sweet cheer heard from the platform.

There can be no question as to the power, or if you will, the mission of the Lyceum Platform. The platform is a haven of good in every community wherever introduced, and upon that fact rests its paramount claim to the support of the people. It meets a want and fills a place that nothing else can do. All that is best in literature, art, science, ethics, and practical religion is within its domain. By virtue of its magnificent past, its strong and healthful present, and the wider possibilities of its future, it has a hold upon the affections of humanity which is as the hold of a giant, and in the grasp of its power, which, however firm, is always

kindly, always loving, the intellectually weak and the morally lame are made strong and enabled to walk with uprightness.

There is an entertainment side to the lyceum. Whatever else may be said of it, it is always clean in character. There is much of charm in the concerts and readings which come before the people. These, however, are not vital to the life of the platform. It is pleasant to hear music at a dinner, but the music neither adds to nor takes from the dinner; the bread and beef remain the same. Pictures are acceptable in a book, especially to children, but the argument of the book, after all, is the soul of it, and only souls are immortal. The producing managers, who provide the entertainment side of the lyceum, on the whole are wise men, and will not misinterpret the wants of the people to the hurt of the lyceum idea. In the theater world managers frequently attempt to justify the production of certain performances by the plea: "We must give the people what they want." This plea is both weak and false. The great majority of men and women want what they need. Whatever tends to elevate, instruct, inspire, and delight is the need and want of the time. Only that can delight which



EDWARD EVERETT.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

is beautiful, and that alone is beautiful which is pure, refined, and true; herein is the only good.

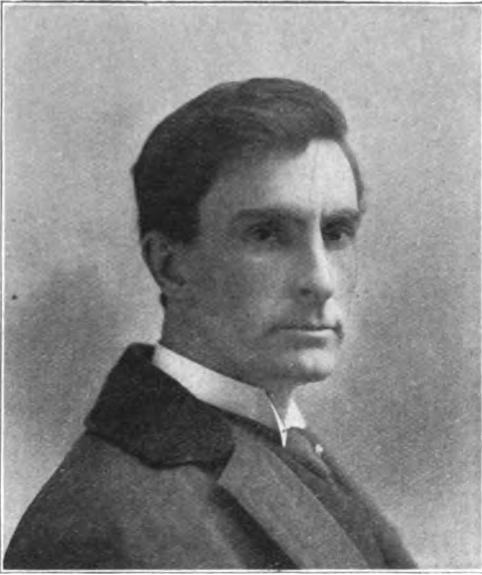
Q. How does the Lyceum Platform of to-day compare with that of thirty or forty years ago? It is sometimes asserted that it has fallen from its former high intellectual and moral estate. What can you say concerning this charge?

A. I have not been able to discover any lessening of the former high standards and prestige of the Lyceum Platform in the intellectual, social, or moral life of America. To concede that would be to impeach the intelligence and the conscience of not only those who speak from it, but of those who make up its audiences. He must be very much of a pessimist, or a mental dyspeptic, who cannot discern the hopeful strength of the messages which emanate from the present-day platform, and the healthful quality of the food provided for sound intellectual digestion. The character of an institution depends upon the quality of its component parts. The character of the platform, whether high or low, is necessarily a reflex of the character of its lecturers. Lecturer and lyceum are synonymous. The intellectual and moral strength of the one implies the intellectual and moral strength of the other. What appreciable difference can

any fair-minded critic point out, and conclusively establish, between the "giants of those days" and the giants of these days? Many of the strong thinkers of the time, the representative men of our country, are on the platform. Are they intellectual weaklings or moral degenerates? If so, why do thoughtful and refined people crowd to hear them? Why is it that lecture courses have increased to an extent that is approximately phenomenal? Between thirty and forty years ago each winter provided about one hundred lecture courses throughout the country. Last season the lyceum courses numbered nearly one thousand. The patrons approached in round numbers three-quarters of a million. Surely they were not drawn together to give ear and mind and heart to themes of a light and frivolous character. The chief supporters of the lyceum of to-day come from the colleges and schools of the country, from the literary and social clubs, the Young Men's Christian Associations, the Christian Endeavor Societies, and from the thoughtful, earnest hosts of the common people. There never was a time when the masses were so eager to hear and know as now. Was it to provide the thin arrow-root tea of mental nurslings that the White Fund of Lawrence, Massachusetts, the Ames



RUSSELL H. CONWELL.



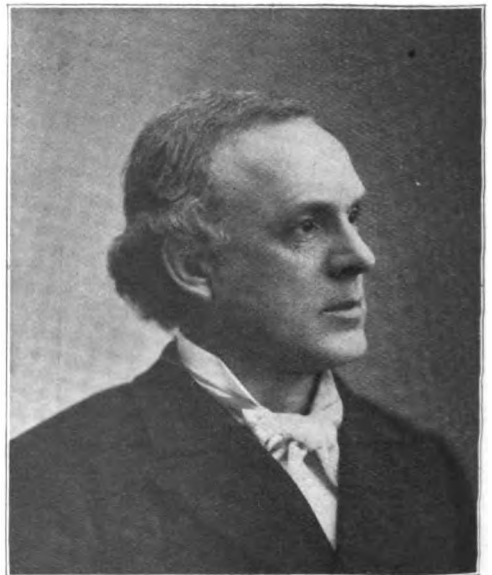
THOMAS DIXON.

Fund of North Easton, Massachusetts, the Peabody Fund of Danvers, Massachusetts, the Merrill Fund of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and the Jordan Fund of Columbus, Georgia, and a score of others I might name, were established? Did these philanthropists discover that the Lyceum Platform had degenerated, and because of that degeneracy decide to devote countless thousands of dollars to its maintenance? It may be admitted that in one particular the vital thought of the platform has changed, and that change exists because the condition which made that particular vital thought possible has disappeared. It has been swept away by the besom of carnage upon blood-stained battle-fields. That one vital thought grew out of the existence of slavery. Do those who extol the fire of the platform utterances of former times desire a renewal of the same sort of fire? Then must slavery come again. May the peace of earth and the love of heaven forbid!

Did it ever occur to the complainers that the themes of the Lyceum Platform of thirty and forty years ago, which are preserved as oratorical classics, are along other lines than that of Mr. Seward's "Irrepressible Conflict?" When we call to mind the greatest platform achievement of Wendell Phillips, the prince of

the antislavery agitators, it is not some utterance for liberty; it is his lecture entitled "The Lost Arts," and that was very largely a dose of medicine for our somewhat common disease, egotism. Mayhap it might profit the railer at the present-day platform to read it in the secrecy of his closet. The fame of Henry Ward Beecher was established by his lectures on "The Beautiful" and "The Ministry of Wealth;" Thomas Starr King's greatest lyceum effort was his lecture entitled "Substance and Show;" Emerson was at his best in his series of talks on "Representative Men." The list could be stretched out on this wise at no inconsiderable length. These subjects were all delivered from the old Essex Lyceum platform, and were the gems of its earlier history.

What of the men and the subjects of to-day? Beecher and Chapin and Starr King are gone, but magnificent Conwell and Talmage, and splendid Dixon, and the prose-poet Robert McIntyre, and William H. Crawford who has followed in the footsteps of Huss and Wycliff, that he might speak with authority of them; Gunsaulus and Hillis and delightful Willets, and the almost omniscient DeWitt Miller, strong, factful, and tactful, remain, and so long as intelligence endures, and



ROBERT M'INTYRE.



THOMAS H. DINSMORE.

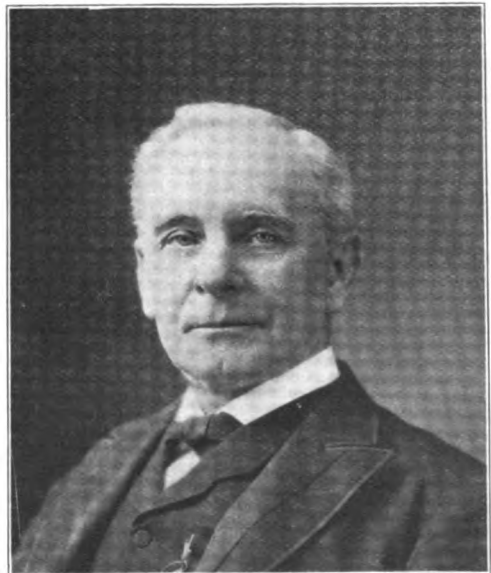
the ability to receive, understand, and profit by noble utterances abides, will the themes of these men,—such themes as “Acres of Diamonds,” “Backbone,” “But-toned-up People,” “A Chapter in the History of Liberty,” “The Stranger at Our Gates,” and “Sunshine,”—impress, uplift, strengthen, and bless the multitudes who gather to hear them to-day, and in as great measure as any utterances of the earlier time.

The studied art and finished grace of Edward Everett may have charmed, but these same qualities are no less apparent in the work of Mr. Wendling, while the moral value of the utterances of the later lecturer go far beyond anything of Mr. Everett’s best. Dr. Holland and James T. Fields did good work in the old days, but Bain and Lorimer do better work in these days. John G. Saxe used to succeed, in spite of a somewhat faulty delivery, in finding the humorous part of the gray matter of the brains of those who heard him, but neither his matter nor his manner would be acceptable to the multitudes whose lips have smiled, eyes moistened, and hearts kept time to the mirth, the pathos, and the love-laden music of James Whitcomb Riley. Josh Billings managed to voice, though somewhat hoarsely, a sort of semi-Solomonic wisdom, through the

medium of his mangled English,—lo, these many years ago,—but there is a little man on the platform to-day, whose philosophy of life is as sweet and as full of benediction as the gentle words of Abou Ben Adhem; at the tap of his merry finger every heart opens to let him in; what he has to say is couched in upright English, his words have no bad spells; this little man is the prince of the philosophic jesters of the platform of any time; he is Robert J. Burdette.

Through the medium of the platform to-day the people are afforded glimpses of the great literary authors of the English-speaking world, and while with here and there an exception, as in the instance of Charles Dickens, they are neither orators nor elocutionists, and not often entertaining in the popular sense, they serve to fix the minds of the masses upon that order of books which not only delight but do them good. There are too many books which work the intellectual and moral undoing of those who read them, but the Lyceum Platform has never been accessible to the writers of them. To all such the platform has ever remained a closed door.

We may be told by some dear soul who is living among the tombs of the past, with a sigh of regret, of Bayard Taylor, and his



A. A. WILLETTTS.

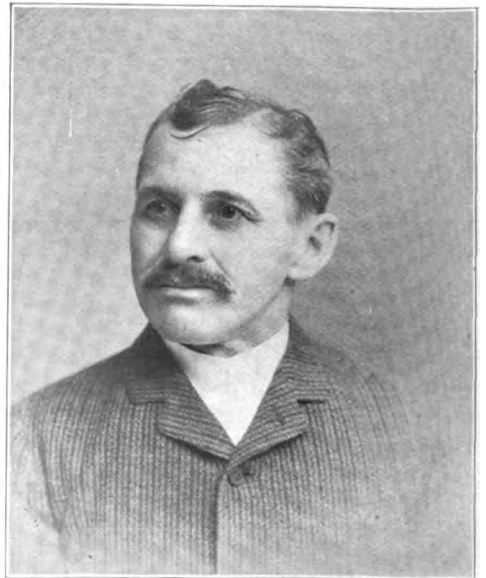




WILLIAM W. CRAWFORD.

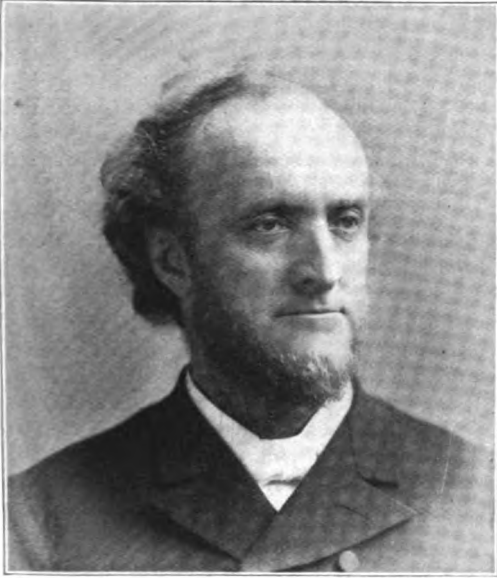
"Ancient Egypt;" but some of us who remember to have heard him used to wonder why he ever brought that ponderous and somewhat musty theme away from the banks of the Nile and the chill shadows of the Pyramids. The Lyceum Platform thirty and forty years ago could boast of perhaps a score of thinkers, some of whom were orators; they served well their day and generation; products of the "form and pressure of the time," they met its requirements, and left behind them evidences of work nobly done, and no man can say the memory of them shall perish. In the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless them, every one!" When forty years again shall have passed, and the fingers of Time shall have strung them like beads upon the necklace of eternity, there will be upon the earth, I doubt not, some who will call to mind the platform of to-day, and they will tell of its greatness, its charm, its sincerity of purpose, its consummate art, and its infinite variety. They will say, with a sigh: "You should have lived forty years ago, and heard strong De Motte, and accomplished Dinsmore, on 'The Harp of the Senses' and 'A Wonderful Structure;' brilliant Copeland on 'Seeing the Elephant;' winsome McClary, that delightful man, on 'The Mission of Mirth;' Henson, that inimi-

table Baptist jester, on 'Fools;' magnificent Gordon, who brought the warm kisses of the Southland to the lips of the Northern soldier, while he told us in eloquent phrase of 'The Last Days of the Confederacy.' You should have sat entranced, as we did, when Dolliver of Iowa told us of the magnificence of our country, and of its possibilities and perils; you should have listened to Fowler and Watterson speak in eloquent and honest measure of Abraham Lincoln, each man, though of once opposing sections, twining for the pale brow of that friend of white and black alike wreaths of the forget-me-nots of love! You should have seen Alexander Black's picture plays, and heard Powers and Frye and Katherine Ridgeway and Ida Benfey read; you should have reveled with George Riddle among the flowers and fairies of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream;' you should have heard the singing and the music—for we had orchestras on the Lyceum Platform in those days—why, there were twenty-five performers on all sorts of instruments in one company alone, and they were all handsome young women right out of old Boston town. Gracious, how they could play!" You see, dear Mr. Flower, all this talk about a decadent Lyceum Platform will not do.



ROBERT J. BURDETTE.





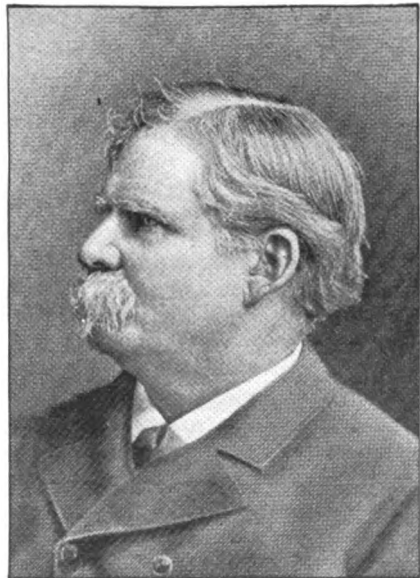
BISHOP FOWLER.

Some one has beautifully said, "An angel never goes but an archangel comes to take its place." I am sure this may be said with all truthfulness of the Lyceum Platform.

**Q.** You have, without doubt, come into close relation with some of the great platform lecturers of the last twenty years. Will you give us characterizations of some of these men?

**A.** It would be a delightful task to paint for the readers of *The Coming Age* word pictures of all the worthy men of the platform I have known. There are many whose characterizations would be instructive and inspiring. It is difficult to choose. It is more difficult to reject. The astronomer looks on all the stars with rapt reverence, and no shining world of all the procession of the night sky would he wish to spare. So in choosing here. But I must choose. There is a man of Philadelphia whose place and influence upon the platform are of uncommon strength. His figure, his words, his thought and delivery are incarnate with power. Physically, he is tall, spare, but compactly knit. His face is one of great earnestness, yet kindly withal. He speaks forcibly, yet at first with something of indifference. For ten or fifteen minutes the listener experiences a feeling of disappointment. He

labors under the mistaken impression that he is not going to hear much. He is sure the lecturer has been overrated. Some years ago I heard Matthew Simpson, perhaps the greatest Methodist orator since Whitefield. He began in a slovenly fashion. A man in front of me said to his neighbor: "He can't lecture; let's go." "Wait awhile," replied the other. In a half-hour the "doubting Thomas" was on his feet, and when Simpson concluded the man almost ran toward the platform, leaped upon it, seized the hand of the great speaker, and held it for some time, unable to say a word. There have been times when men have been moved like that by this man of Philadelphia. His lectures are replete with strong statements. The adamant of truth, however, lies under them. He bristles with facts. He compels his hearers to feel within themselves the masterfulness which he possesses. When he speaks we know that life is pregnant with opportunities, that even the poorest and humblest may be kings on the earth, if they will, and that the common folk of the world are often its grandest heroes. We ask about this man who has thus moved and filled us with hope and courage, and we learn that he was born in a humble cottage; that he has fought his way to the front of the



HENRY WATTERSON.

armies of mankind with weapons in the main of his own forging; when his country called to freedom's battle-field he responded; when the news came that Spurgeon, the great Commoner of the Master, was dead, he wrote a life of him for the inspiration of the masses; knowing the power of education to the poor, he built a great college, which he has equipped with masterly teachers and trainers, and for a beggar's pence of a price has opened its doors to the humblest, if he be but pure and in earnest; he wished to draw the multitudes into the sweet and safe paths of righteousness, and he established



SENATOR DOLLIVER.

a great church, where six thousand of the common people gather to listen and be made glad; when one learns all this, and more, the secret is out. We know that here is a man for his "work's sake." He is Russell H. Conwell.

I know another man of the Lyceum Platform as unique and strong in his own way as Conwell is in his. Whenever I see him I think of the corn of Kansas, the tasseled tops of which are sixteen feet above the soil in which it grows. This man is fully six feet and one-half in height, straight as an Indian, thin as a

lightning-rod, with hair of the hue of the raven, and eyes with the glint of midnight stars. He is a miracle of nervous energy. He is unharnessed speed personified. When he speaks, you think of a limited train going a mile a minute,—only this human train is limited to two stops,—the start and the finish. One wonders if he breathes at all during the two hours of his effort, or if it is all done on the one long breath he drew before he began. His words fall like snow-flakes in a high wind. He sweeps on like the Bedouin lover on his "stallion shod with fire." He tells us about the iron-willed men of the world, whose backbones were of steel. He tells you that the thing needed to-day is courage of conviction and courage of action. He is on the hunt for strong men, and he rides fast and far. To this man sin is a mad dog loose in the streets, and he fears not to take him by the throat. He is Thomas Dixon.

In contrast to this storm, this thunderbolt, there comes to my mental vision the picture of a calm, sunny soul, with the odor of the May time and the beneficent warmth of June about him. He is not quite up to the middle height of men. His eyes are full of laughter. His mouth is like a child's, so sweet is it, and so frank. The glory of white hairs is his, and they are thick upon him. He has turned the seventieth milestone of life, and yet he is a youth still. If I were not afraid of being considered irreverent, I should call him by that sweetest name ever given to the Carpenter of Nazareth. I should call him "The Comforter." He has filled the pulpits of some of the great churches of the land, and he always preached the same gospel, the gospel of comfort. That is his creed. He has brought that creed to the platform, and whether he talks on "Sunshine" or on "The Model Wife" his message is always the same. It is to make the rough paths of life smooth, to bring roses back to white cheeks, and to attune the broken voices of the suffering to laughter's key. This man was in his prime when Phillips and Beecher and Gough were comparatively young; he is still in his prime. I do not believe the fountain of immortal youth is down in Florida, it is in the

heart of A. A. Willitts. There, I've done it; that's the man I'm talking about.

Q. Did you ever know John B. Gough, and how did his lectures impress you?

A. I am glad you have asked me that question. I have both heard and known him. Thirty-five years ago, when I was seventeen years old, he came to St. Louis, my old home, and lectured five consecutive nights in Mercantile Library Hall. His subjects were "Habit," "Lights and Shadows of London Life," "Peculiar People," "Circumstances," and "Temperance." His fame had reached even me, young as I was, and for weeks I anticipated his coming with an ecstasy of expectant delight. I was poor, but by doing odd jobs managed to earn the money needed to hear him. I walked five miles to and from every lecture; I heard them all. For me it was a week of heaven. I do not recall another time in my life when I seemed to be so inspired to do brave things, to live purely and unselfishly for others, to make the years remaining to me chapters of beauty and courage and faith. I walked as in the upper air slowly home after each lecture, and dreamed that perhaps the time might come when I could do such work as his for mankind, and I have tried. But for John B. Gough I do not think I ever should have tried. I remember that on the night he delivered his wonderful lecture on "Circumstances" there was a delay of nearly a half-hour beyond the time announced for the orator to begin. When at last he appeared his face was very pale, and he looked as if he had been struggling with conflicting emotions. His lips were firmly set, and yet his limbs were trembling perceptibly. I did not understand it. His work that night was the grandest of the week in its emotional power. The next day the papers of the city stated that "John B. Gough had an attack of nervous timidity last night in the room in the rear of the platform, and it was fully a half-hour before he could sufficiently control himself to proceed." What a harp of the senses was his! How tightly yet delicately strung! All his nerves were on the surface. What wonder he dropped as a dead man that night in Philadelphia! The strings had been swept once too often.

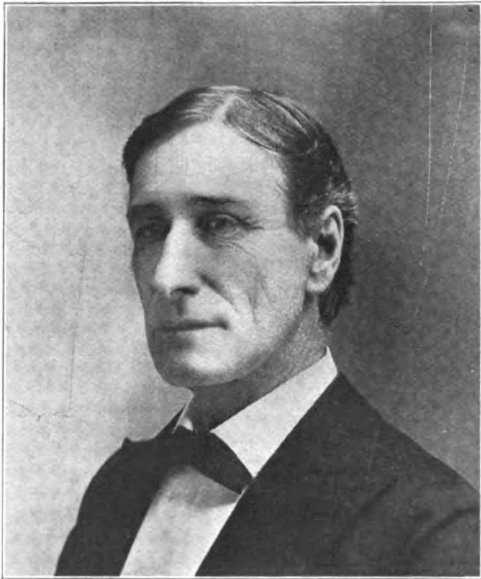
They snapped, and the wizard music of his emotional soul was hushed forever. I did not come near him again for many years. Twenty-two years ago he was announced to lecture upon "Temperance" one Sabbath afternoon in Black's Opera House, in Springfield, Ohio. He had spoken the night before in the same place upon "Personal and Platform Experiences." I heard that lecture. It did not reach the heights as did the subjects I had heard in my boyhood. He was evidently failing. After that lecture he was ill at the home of Mr. Nichols, the editor of the Republic. I had been delivering some scientific lectures



JOHN B. DE MOTTE.

during the previous week in the city. The hour for Mr. Gough's appearance drew nigh. I was on the point of starting for the opera house to hear him, when a message was brought asking if I would address Mr. Gough's audience that afternoon. If I would Mr. Gough would be very grateful. The thought of "Circumstances" came to me. Here was an opportunity. I availed myself of it, and I am proud to be able to say that Mr. Gough's audience remained to hear me through. A week later the great lecturer had recovered, and was at Urbana, Ohio. I called at his room in the hotel, and gave him my name. He was making his toilet

for the evening. Putting out his hand, he shook mine warmly, and said, "This is the young man who talked on temperance for me last Sabbath at Springfield. They told me of the good you did that day. I hope you may be spared to repeat it many times. I must be at the hall soon, and will ask you to excuse me." My heart was full, and my lips silent. I could not say anything. The joy of that moment will never be forgotten. I never saw Mr. Gough again. During the last lecture season in which he ever appeared he had been engaged to speak at Delaware, Ohio. I preceded the date of his announcement,



THOMAS M'CLARY.

and indeed was on the platform waiting to begin, when the chairman of the evening announced to my audience that John B. Gough, who was to have delivered the next lecture, had died the night before in Philadelphia. My heart almost stood still. The tears came to my eyes. It was some time before I could arise to my feet after being introduced. I told the company assembled what John B. Gough had been to me. Yes; I knew him. His was a great soul.

Q. You speak, doctor, of the great number of lecture courses in all parts of the country. How is such a vast work

handled? Do the lecturers make their own engagements?

A. Not to any extent. That would be practically impossible. In the earliest years of the Lyceum Platform such was frequently the case. The courses were fewer, and the number of lectures delivered far below that of to-day. Practically the whole of the business of arranging for the appearances of speakers and concerts is in the hands of agencies or bureaus, as they are termed. Your readers can form some idea of the amount of correspondence required to conclude an arrangement for one appearance when I recall a case of my own. Some years since I was engaged to lecture in a town of New York. Illness prevented me from reporting at the time first announced as the date of my appearance. Snowstorms blocked a second attempt to reach the town. After a third trial I managed to keep the engagement. The secretary of the local committee stepped upon the platform, and unrolling a stretch of manuscript, which he stated was eleven feet in length, informed the people present that the material of that roll was composed of the letters which had been written concerning the appearance of the speaker of the evening.

By dint of endless correspondence, from the various offices of the bureaus, and as a result of unwearying toil and travel in the field, the vast details of the present-day lecture system are with rare exceptions faithfully and satisfactorily carried out. The oldest lecture agency of the country is the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, of Boston and Chicago. It is a safely conducted, conservative, and reliable institution, whose proprietors and managers, G. H. and F. W. Hathaway, are refined and cultivated gentlemen. Next in point of age comes perhaps the Slayton Lyceum Bureau, of Chicago, whose directing spirit is Henry L. Slayton, a most genial and efficient manager. J. B. Pond, of New York, is the importer of the literary celebrities of England, who from time to time come to our shores. The Southern Lyceum Bureau, of Louisville, Kentucky, is the principal agency for the southern field. Its proprietors, R. C. and J. M. Coldwell, are efficient managers, and typical gentlemen of the hospitable Southland. The

Central Lyceum Bureau, with main offices in Rochester, New York, Cleveland, Ohio, Chicago, Illinois, and Kansas City, Missouri, is perhaps the largest agency of the country. It operates extensively, covering every northern State in the Union. It has branch offices in New York City, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Wheeling, West Virginia, Cincinnati, Ohio, Indianapolis, Indiana, Flint, Michigan, and one or two on the Pacific Coast and in Canada. Its proprietors are H. H. Rich and S. B. Hershey, men of thorough and honorable business qualities, tireless energy, and progressive ideas. In their work they are ably seconded by Mr. F. Pelham, of Chicago, and Mr. A. E. Palmer, of Kansas City, the efficient managers of those sections. There are some twelve other agencies, prominent among which are the Star Lyceum Bureau, of New York, and the Brockway Bureau, of Pittsburg. This organized bureau system will afford some conception of the labor required to carry on the business side of the platform work of to-day. You see, Mr. Flower, the lecturers themselves could not attend to this, and be either physically or mentally fit to tour the country, and meet the exacting demands of the audiences who gather to hear them, and who insist upon having the best which can be given.

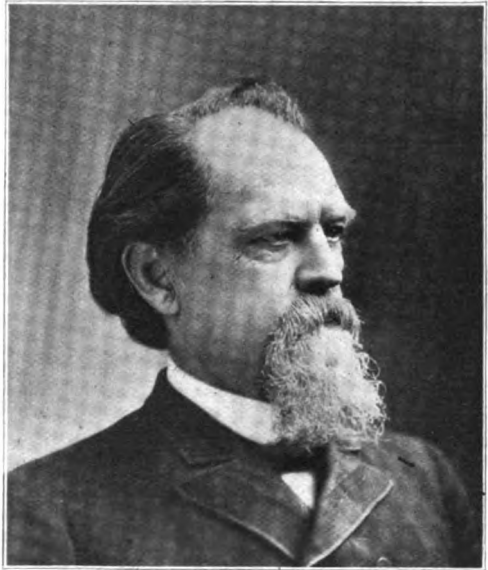
Q. Doubtless you have had many interesting and not a few amusing experiences during your long and successful career before the public. Do you call any of these to mind at the present time?

A. Yes; touring the country for many years and coming into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, one could hardly fail to have had experiences of an amusing character. One such occurred on the occasion of my first visit to the South. I was to lecture at Russellville, Kentucky, under the auspices of a Young Ladies' Seminary. I alighted from the train in the dusk of an October evening, in company with a hunter and his dogs, and an old woman with a basket of eggs. A gray-haired negro, attired in a long linen duster (which had evidently not known any intimacy with soap and water for some time), patched linen pantaloons, a wide-brimmed straw hat, and a red woolen muffler, stepped up and said to me: "Is you de lecture man?"

"I am," I replied.

"Well, boss, de presurdint of de siminary sont me down to tote yer up to de college. I'se got a hack out hyar."

I followed my dusky Jehu to the "hack." It proved to be a canvas-covered democrat wagon, to which were harnessed a pair of gray mules. I bestowed myself in a rear corner of the conveyance, and we started for the college. Not one word did my driver say during the journey, which was a disappointment to me. The same Jehu conveyed me back to the train on the morning after the lecture. When we reached the station, and I had alighted, he



GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

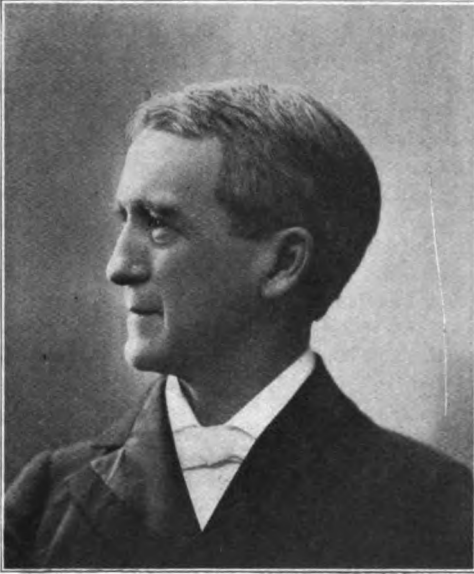
took off his old torn straw hat, bowed, and said: "Boss, did yer have a right good ordinance last night?"

"A very excellent one," I answered.

"I knowed yer would. We is all a right intellectual folk round hyar."

That is true enough. There are very many intellectual, refined, and kindly people in the Blue Grass State.

At another time I was engaged to deliver "The Sunny Side of Life" in Mayfield, Kentucky, a town in the western part of the State. While waiting in my room at the hotel for the call of the committee, I was attracted by the sound of a ringing bell, such a bell as is used to call



REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER.

attention to an auction sale. Presently I caught the tones of a negro's voice, crying: "Laketure! Laketure! Laketure ter-night at de cote-house! De sunshine side o' life! Eight er-clock! James Hadeley fer fifty cents! Ding-a-ling-a-ling! Dong-long-a-long! Cum-a-long-a-long!"

I have been before the public for more than twenty years, but I have no memory of any other announcement of my presence in a community quite so unique as that.

Most lecturers are pleased to receive some manifestation of the delight an audience feels, or is supposed to feel, on the occasion of a platform effort. Without it one is apt to be a little discouraged, or in doubt as to the hoped-for success of the lecture. It was my fortune some ten years since to address quite a large gathering in a town of Maine. The lecture was of a character which usually elicited considerable applause and laughter. Its delivery consumed an hour and a half, and from beginning to end my listeners made no sign. They listened and looked, but maintained a most painful silence. I was quite "blue" as a result of my reception, and my chagrin accompanied me to bed and haunted me like a ghost in my dreams. The chairman of the committee accom-

panied me to the train the morning after the lecture. Just before the whistle of the engine was heard, he put out his hand, and said quite gravely, "You pleased our people very much last night; we shall hope to have you here again."

I wanted to shout, "Hallelujah!" but I refrained, and said, "I am very, very glad to hear you say that; I have been under the impression that my effort was not well received."

"I cannot understand why you should entertain such an impression," he continued, with the same gravity of tone and manner. "I am sure our people were very quiet!" Had I not pleased them perhaps they would have created a disturbance. All the audiences in Maine are not like that one.

The introductions accorded a lecturer by the president of the association or club under whose auspices he appears are frequently intensely amusing, especially to the lecturer. Some are well-nigh as long as the lecture itself. The "brevity" of some affrights the "soul" of the speaker and knocks the "wit" all out of him, while others are so extravagantly laudatory that the lecturer wishes he could hide behind a screen.



L. F. COPELAND.

A young man in a village of Nebraska, in presenting me to my hearers, shouted at the top of his voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is my unbounded honor and extraordinary privilege to introduce you to Dr. James Hedley, from Ohio, to you! He is a writer, a poet, and an orator, and he is world-wide in *both* particulars!"

I have lectured in all sorts of auditoriums, from Tremont Temple, Boston, to a room over a cow-stable in North Dakota. I once had a most delightful and appreciative audience in the dining-room of the Park Hotel, in Hannibal, Missouri; at another time, in a tobacco warehouse in southern Ohio; hundreds and even thousands have gathered in abandoned roller skating rinks, and I once had a hearing in a gambling-room over a saloon. My journeyings in a season of six months frequently cover more miles than those of the earth's circumference, and every sort of conveyance has been pressed into service to enable me to "get there,"—limited express trains, local passengers, palace cars, and freight cars; trains by day and by night; steamboats, hand-ferries, row-boats, and rafts; omnibuses, carriages, wagons, sleighs, buck-boards, and drays. I have walked two miles in mud and water above my shoe-tops, and once poled through floating ice in the Illinois River. When trains have been behind time I have made my toilet for the evening in the smoking compartments of sleeping cars and behind piles of trunks in baggage cars. I have lectured before white people, black people, and red people; for the "upper ten" and

the lower "ten thousand;" for collegians and cowboys; for ministers and miners, litterateurs and lunatics; for saints in the house of God and sinners in penitentiaries. I remember I was in doubt about my penitentiary audience, and said to the warden, "Do you suppose your people will appreciate what I may have to say?"

"Certainly," he replied; "you will find plenty of brains here; it takes brains to get into the penitentiary; if men would use half the brains to keep out of the penitentiary that they do to get in it would be a very lonesome place!"

I was somewhat reassured. I should at least have the kind of appreciation that brains can give. Had the warden told me that I should find hearts there love inspired, and consciences there on guard at the gate of the soul, I should have felt still better, but of course he could not tell me that. This incident forced in upon me the conviction that after all we need something more than brains to be men, something more than intellect, and I remembered that a certain Cardinal Angelo had intellect, but it did not keep him from stealing corn. I remembered that the most magnificently intellectual age in Italian history was that under the reign of the great Lorenzo, and yet there never was a time in the life of Italy when men and women, and even boys and girls, were quite so low and vile and morally lost as then, and it was the sin and the shame of that time which called forth the thunders of the righteous wrath of brave Savonarola.

Silence is eloquence.

The path of duty is the way to glory.

Moral energy furnishes the capital which may be expended by intellectual effort.

Have courage to do without anything you do not need unless you can spare the money to buy it.

Naturalness is the gift of unconsciousness—of doing things without knowing or thinking of how we do them.

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## NOTABLE DRAMATIC TRIUMPHS OF THE PRESENT

BY B. O. FLOWER

### I.—MRS. FISKE AS BECKY SHARP.

"The theater is a crucible of civilization. It is a place of human communion. All its phases need to be studied. It is in the theater that the public soul is formed."—Victor Hugo, in "William Shakspeare."

The drama, when it is legitimate, affords pleasure and wholesome and necessary recreation to the tired brain, as do the glory of nature, the witchery of music, and the beauty of art. It is something very much needed in our busy work-a-day life, which at best is too strenuous in a narrow way, too prosaic and soddening in its general influence. If the stage did nothing more than rest the mind and afford wholesome food for the imagination, it would be an important factor in modern life; but it is capable of being made a positive power for good, just as in the hands of coarse, low, and mercenary managers, playwrights, and actors it may be made a powerful engine for debauching a nation, race, or civilization. Plays of the character of "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Shore Acres," and "The Greatest Thing in the World" have a distinct educational and ethical value. They not only present scenes from life which are true, wholesome, and normal, but they also carry with them in a subtle way great and much needed lessons, without tiring the audience or defeating their purpose by dilating on a moral that has already been impressed. Other classes of helpful plays are the great historical dramas, which stimulate a general interest in the events, the times, and the literature of an epoch, and plays which seize

the salient points of literary masterpieces and present them so vividly as to awaken a general interest in immortal creations. At present the dramatization of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," and its remarkably successful enactment in Paris, is reawakening public interest throughout France in the noblest and most helpfully suggestive as well as humane masterpiece of fiction which our century has produced.

In our own country the greatest artistic triumph of recent years, in presenting the heart of a literary masterpiece, has been achieved by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in her creation of Becky Sharp.

"Vanity Fair" exposes, as does no other immortal work in the English language, the shams, shallowness, vices, and weakness which pervade and not infrequently dominate the frivolous, self-absorbed, conventional society life. It was a revelation, when it appeared, to more than one English nobleman and officer, who was startled by seeing himself unmasked. Few of us are at all times honest with ourselves, and perhaps most individuals go through life the victims of unintentional self-deception, until a character delinicator, who is also a genius of the first rank—such as Thackeray, for instance—comes along and, touching us on the shoulder, says: "Friend, I have some drawings, which thoughtless people call caricatures, that I wish you to see." At first we are moved to laughter, for we see our friends, not as they imagine the world views them, but as we know them to be. The longer





MRS. FISKE AS BECKY SHARP.

we look the more serious we become, for we see that the vices and faults, as well as the foibles and follies of our companions are here emphasized by the genius. And at length, perhaps, with burning cheeks and a feeling of indignation, we see ourselves upon the canvas. In this manner, indeed, "Vanity Fair" was received. The elite of England at first received it with acclaim, but a little later the nobility were somewhat less jocular when discussing it.

Now through "Vanity Fair" there stalks the colossal, typical creation of Becky Sharp, as much a type as Jean Valjean or Uriah Heap, as Othello or Hamlet. Becky Sharp represents the brilliant intellect so absorbed in self, and unmindful of and untouched by conscience, as to suggest a body without a soul.

The dramatization of large books, like "Les Miserables" or "Vanity Fair," must necessarily tax the skill of a playwright, if he desires to present the work so faithfully as to be said fairly to represent the scope and spirit of the story in the few acts which make up the evening's performance. And never, I think, has this work been more admirably achieved than by Mr. Langdon Mitchell in Mrs. Fiske's play. Here in the compass of four acts he has succeeded in seizing and putting together in a thoroughly artistic manner enough of "Vanity Fair" to represent and faithfully reflect Thackeray's masterpiece. The play is no paraphrase, the dramatist seeking at all times to be thoroughly true to the original. Hence the lovers of Thackeray are not disappointed in finding a production in which undue liberties have been taken with the author's text. The admirable cast and the elaborate and accurate mounting contribute in no small degree to the satisfaction of the production. But the great center of attraction in the play, as we would naturally expect, is Becky Sharp; and in the creation of this role by Mrs. Fiske we have one of those rare artistic triumphs which live in the memory. The part of Becky Sharp makes severe demands upon the intelligence, judgment, and I may say genius of the actress. A little exaggeration or overacting would offend good taste, and to lack aught in lightness and deftness in handling phrases, and acting the various exacting roles of the intriguing but conscienceless little creature, would render the play heavy and dull; and yet to steer between these extremes with consummate skill requires no small degree of artistic discernment. Becky Sharp is from first to last, barring a brief interval in the third act, an actress,—a consummate actress. She glides in and out of the scenes, captivating men and infuriating women, but always wearing a mask. We come to say, Here is a body without a soul; here is one devoid of those deeper sensibilities which make life something indescribably august and linked with the divine. We see in her a type of a thousand parasites of society, who flit through the brief span allotted to us, so sunk in self that the bell of conscience, pealing in the citadel of

the soul, is no longer heard. She is the type of those who are dead while alive,—dead to the higher estate of man, dead to the eternal demands of duty, justice, and right. And, sad to say, the Becky Sharps are to be seen on every side. They are in

ball. They have made self the real god of their idolatry, and to gratify that self they put aside the higher law of being. Becky Sharp is not, however, a body without a soul save in the seeming. There comes a time in her career, as it comes to



MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

the great marts of life as well as at Monte Carlo. They are in the high social circles no less than the cellars in the slums. They jostle us on the streets and bargain with us in the stores. We meet them in the legislative halls no less than at the

all, when the awful ifs of life's to-day and to-morrow rise before her. It is a solemn moment, and, with rare dramatic judgment, the playwright has introduced it into a part of the play in which all the hollowness and shallow emptiness of a sur-

face existence have been vividly revealed. Dropping into her seat, the mask falls for a moment and the real self is seen. The soul plies question after question. The past, present, and future float before her as a troubled dream. Ah, she is going

the time the shadow lengthens and the great black pall of night approaches? In no part of the play is Mrs. Fiske more essentially great than during this brief passage, when we are made to see it all, to feel it all, for a few solemn moments while



MRS. FISKE AS BECKY SHARP.

“the pace that kills!” What are all her petty triumphs but Dead Sea fruit of ashes, which falls away even as it is plucked? What does it leave save bitterness,—a scar on the soul, a wound in the heart, and a weakening of the physical being, while all

the mask has fallen and the bell tolls its warning. This is perhaps the only moment when we see the true Becky, who under different environment might have blossomed into divine beauty; but with a sigh the mask is lifted again, and the

actress moves as before through the devils' paths which lead away from peace.

From first to last the assumption of this difficult role by Mrs. Fiske impressed me as a piece of consummate art. During the past twenty years I have seen no more

uniformly excellent work. I believe it is bound to live in the history and traditions of the American stage as one of the few really great creations achieved by American actresses during the closing quarter of the nineteenth century.

## THE CITIZEN'S INTEREST IN THE KINDERGARTEN

BY DR. SMITH BAKER

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, the kindergarten first opened its unique circle to my curious yet half-reluctant inspection. I was greeted with pleasant words and kindly hands, and made to feel that the spirit of welcome was generously present.

The room itself was as attractive as the ideal fairyland of dreams and folk-lore. The children, fresh from the warm embrace of home, seemed to be gathered into just a little larger family group, where parental love, if itself not present, was surely represented by affectionate genuineness and intelligent warmth. There were manifest the same freedom, the same questioning curiosity, the same impulsive childlikeness and confidences, the same guidance and unconscious following that make well-providenced households the highest revelation of heaven in all the earth. Just then this garden of the "Kingdom-of-Heavenites," as Coleridge called children, was most radiant with intensest interest, babbling and smiling in every quarter. Evidently some magic wand had touched them all; and the hour seemed full of cheeriest hope and strong assurance.

As the exercises proceeded I saw the energetic interest of the director and her assistants awaken a general and ready response, and I soon became impressed with the simplicity, naturalness, and comprehensive purpose which mainly characterized everything. On the part of all there seemed to be pervasive and active a sympathy which, while uniting them in hearty co-operation, was evidently the source of individual help, and the promise of competent insight and attainment.

True, there were absent many of the features noticeable in the schools of my own young days. Where, indeed, were the tones of irritable command, the birchen or beechen insignia of pedagogic authority? Where the books and recitations, and the most impressive evidences of study, or mayhap of mischief? Surely we were never told a story, allowed to skip and dance, or prattlingly to ask questions, in the school hours of those olden times. Weren't we, instead, admonished most faithfully with "Stop that," "Less noise there," "Come here, sir," "Take that, and behave yourself," and by many another forceful explosion of mastership made to feel that the main thing in life must be to obey people whom we very naturally dislike, if not detest, even though this might be entirely without conscious fault of our own; and likewise to do those things only which we neither choose for ourselves nor can see any sort of use of? Indeed, what business had we, mere blank-brained children, to have any sort of feelings, thoughts, or activities wholly our very own, or not respectfully echoed from our elders and, as a matter of course, our betters. Did not the great Milton affirm that the end of all learning was to repair the sins of our first parents? So the child nature in those good old schools was nothing if not perverse or fallen, or *tabula rasa* at least; and why shouldn't it have commanded into it, or flogged into it, such things as, in the sight of a pleased Providence, were supposed to constitute the "stuff" that the adult mind is made of, and so be prepared most assuredly for fellowship in all the highways of subse-

quent life? Of course, the child mind was likewise considered as being quite ready to receive and incorporate all such abstractions and dissociated facts, and, if not, then let the wonderful Ichabod Cranes cram them in to the full; for, like eating, the more put in the more digested, undoubtedly. And who wants ever to risk what Dr. Holmes called "intellectual green fruit" any more than unripeness of any other kind?

No wonder the kindergarten presented itself as a stranger; for it seemed very different, indeed, both in its methods and the purpose underlying them. One thing so very conspicuous, the companionship between elder and younger, which seemed to be accepted and cultivated at every step,—made whatever of the boy heart still remained in me to yearn for a chance to go back and try young life again. The reverence, too, manifested toward all things small as well as great, as belonging in a vital way to a good Father, stood out in striking contrast with the too vividly remembered teachings about an angry, condemnatory God, and the isolating degradation of all of material earth, and most of its human souls besides. Then, gradually, as I peered forth from the mist-lands of my not overpleasant reverie, there came into view certain other purposeful trainings, not only of the immaterial minds of the children, but of their very material little legs and arms and fingers, and sense organs of touch, and sight, and hearing, in ways calculated to develop and make them altogether useful, all of which were not remembered to have been, and did not seem really to have been, included in the older scheme of education at all. In so far as education proper was concerned, the older systems ignored these matters, and gave attention almost exclusively to the simple memorizing of facts and the working out of various series of pure abstractions in order alone that the so-called mind might be furnished and disciplined. Had not the great Erasmus said "words must come before things?"

I recalled also that from my fourth until my fourteenth year I had spent an annual average of six or seven months in

such a school, and had been kept plodding over a certain limited but same field until I had actually succeeded in getting through or around the same abstract alphabet, which you recall the skillful tutor succeeded in teaching Gargantua to say even backward in no more than five years and three months; a certainly abstract if not utterly desiccated and arid geography, which left me stranded a few years later on when I wanted to know where Corea was; many pages of arithmetic, which President Elliot now says is mostly useless, and finally grammar which tore beautiful literature into many pieces truly enough, but which did not leave much assurance of either literary accuracy or productiveness, that I had in fact studied as much of these as it had pleased my teachers to prescribe for me, albeit the question of actual education was thereby rather doubtfully settled at best, in fact that I had been made to spend the altogether most plastic and most teachable period of my childhood in dawdling through and through, over and over again, the abstract results of educational achievement exclusively shaped into intellectual propositions, with seldom if ever a word as to the fact, the meaning, the scope, or the promise of my real life and its relationships to the rest of the world or to the varied and mystifying experiences incident to all human nature. So far as I could make out, the older educational system seemed to have been actuated exclusively by that spirit which prompted Plotinus so long ago to write, "On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind," and likewise Sir William Hamilton in our own century to repeat in the legend over his study door,—a sentiment which undoubtedly could have been deductively proven true upon any occasion, but which nevertheless would have been just as misleading and dangerous. It needed the advance of inductive study, the study of conditions and approximate causes, to show how truly weak and fallacious any philosophy or method of education is which slights or ignores the all of human nature, and attends exclusively to its so-called highest characteristic, the mind; moreover, to show how vast the wastage of

time and strength in attempting to inculcate purely intellectual lessons, before the lowlier functions of sensation, and motion, and memory have been sufficiently developed within the growing material body in which they so absolutely inhere.

But the kindergarten seemed, upon this my very first visit, to have been founded upon an altogether different idea, namely, that the human being is more than mind, that it is a unified multiplex, in which physical and spiritual as well as mental elements have need to be equally recognized and cared for. To me this seemed a most happy and efficient application to educational needs, of a certain genuine practical sense, as well as of the latest scientific revelation. I left the room impressed with the feeling that at the very least here was something worth looking into.

As time went on, the additional glimpses that I got of its theory and practice rather forced upon attention sundry details of the kindergarten life which encouraged me to investigate further. Among the most prominent of these was the seeming thoroughness and comprehensiveness of the preparation insisted upon for those who would essay to take kindergartens in charge. What with the required perforating and sewing and folding and weaving, and interlacing and modeling and sequence-building, all with attractive material, and what with games and songs, and story-tellings and abstracting and philosophizing, in which everything from Homer to Browning, from Cinderella to Plato or Hegel, was made to do service, one could not avoid noticing that something at least potent, promising, pushing was in the land to make itself heeded, and possibly in time to convince and command us all as well. I recall that at times I was somewhat overpowered by what seemed scarcely more than luxurious nonsense. I did not always remember that, in kindergarten circles as elsewhere, the mills of the gods must grind slowly and finely if they would grind exceedingly well, and that, if we would lead or teach or command others satisfactorily, we must ourselves grow to be that in every comprehensive way which we would in turn emit or execute. But, in time further, I

came voluntarily, as Margaret Fuller said of the universe, to accept more or less fully the whole scheme of multitudinous finger and eye and heart drill, as being after all that which is most needed for those who are to train the untold varieties of human scions into possibilities of genuine and full fruitage. I now wish most earnestly, as my maturest reflection, that from bottom to top, throughout the entire range of educational preparation for personal realization, professional or other activity, and for all and everything that educated people are expected to be and do, there might be such patient, comprehensive thoroughness, philosophic sequence, and scientific progression as the kindergarten training-schools that I have known have seriously tried to afford their students. More recently one feature has particularly commended itself, namely, that the student of the kindergarten system herself, to the extent to which she grows at all, does so, must do so, symmetrically, and so must consequently become a force in the community for inspiration and character building, which as a rule must be wondrously serviceable in every direction. I do not see how one possessed of the true kindergarten spirit and training can be very much of a sham, either as an individual, a citizen, or as an aspirant for life eternal.

Such observations and reflections continuing led me in time to entertain a deepening interest in the question: Where did the kindergarten really come from, in what way does it aim to be an improvement upon the usual management of young children, and likewise how comes it to knock at our educational portals with such insistence and force?

To those who are acquainted with the antecedents of the kindergarten any distinct reference to these, or to its founder and his life work, must seem indeed to be superfluous. But to those who, like myself, have not been so fortunate it is essential that these foundations and origins be made to stand out as clearly and convincingly as possible; for one learns in time, possibly after some pretty severe discipline, that only that which emanates from the deeper, veritable insight and musings of humanity, and only that philosophy

and method which come from the resolving heart that is in sympathetic touch with the all-human heart and mind, as manifest in the spirit and movement of all, that this alone may be accepted as promising results that will be either permanent or satisfactory. In this way one also learns accurately to separate out the true revelator from the great class of eccentrics and surface-troublers who would ostentatiously pose as such. Moreover, one comes to see that the true revelator always expresses, not the superficial aspects of his own times alone, but the profounder, ever more comprehensive, further developed ones of the time universal. Possibly such an one works most truly not of himself, but, as Morse said of his own great electric invention, "It does not seem to have been done so much by me as through me."

As I proceeded with my investigations I was led to recognize the fact that by no means out of nothingness did the original ideas of the kindergarten first spring themselves upon an unprepared world. Like the origin of everything which truly expresses the deeper truth, so did this come as a revelation, in the midst of a plastic, growing consciousness of the world's more actual need; and likewise as a resultant of the fact that Froebel, its immediate founder, had been in sympathetic touch with the all-human heart and mind of not only his own age, but of those immediately preceding it.

The time of Froebel's thoughtful, most active life was certainly rich with its own possessions and developments. Twenty years younger than Fichte (1762), from seven to twelve years younger than Schelling (1775), Novalis (1772), and Hegel (1770), Froebel came just in time to develop himself and his work most thoroughly in the atmosphere of the rich, well stirred-up thought of Germany's most important literary and philosophical period. During the years between the publishing of his chief work, "Education of Man," in 1826, and the opening of his first kindergarten ten years later, there is, as all know, much evidence of a deep pondering and wise publishing on the part of many another thinker, not only in Germany but in England and elsewhere; for it was about this time that Carlyle gave forth his transla-

tion of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" (1823), to be succeeded in rapid succession by his best essays, and to come almost immediately before the American public under the editorship of Emerson, who himself left the pulpit in 1833, simply that he might utter the things of a high faith and an all-comprehensive truth after his own fashion. In fact, everything the thinking world over seemed to have been put into solution to await the inspired alchemist who would precipitate something new and better. Indeed, in the Providence that trod the disturbed waters there seemed to have ever been this thought present: The world in all its phases, philosophical, educational, theological, sociological, shall ere long conspire to bring forth from this stress and commotion something radically new, something which shall give evidence of improvement upon all the spirit children of the past.

Further reading revealed the fact that, not only were the times of Froebel rich in their own ideas and movements, but that they were opulent with inheritances from that past which they were about to supersede. Educationally speaking, there had been for generations manifesting both truer and broader conceptions of educational needs, in certain sundry more or less successful attempts to practicalize a number of progressive aims and methods. Thus, as early as the fourteenth century, one of the mendicant orders known as the "Brethren of the Common Life," whose general traits and disposition may be learned from the familiar "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas a Kempis who was one of their number, had actually engaged in the then unique work of teaching the young of the so-called lower classes; and it is worthy of note that it was another member of this same order, the celebrated Erasmus, who two centuries later had so much to do with infusing all England (where, however, a legal reservation in favor of education had been made in the fourteenth century) with an enthusiasm for a more general culture than had ever before been known. It is said, however, to have been Luther himself who in modern times first conceived the idea of a really universal education, and to have expressed it in a communication addressed

to the German States in the year 1554. But as it had been with the Brethren, so was it none the less with Luther as well as with every one else; for more than a hundred of these years education was held to consist merely in acquiring the Latin and later the Greek language, and these only by boys above ten years of age; while the chief or only purpose of all education was held to be simply that of instructing and developing the mind, which was considered everywhere to be a distinct entity. Just where the great educator, Comenius, born in 1571, got his broader views I know not; but certain it is that, while he with the rest exalted the education of the intellectual faculties, he also urged that instruction be given by means of the native tongue and likewise to both sexes equally; moreover, it appears that he so far anticipated modern pedagogics as to prepare a book for mothers, and also a picture-book for the instruction of children. After this he took another step which the modern curriculum has so recently come to make adequate use of, namely, he demanded that everybody be instructed in the sciences and the various handicrafts of the day. Wise as these ideas were, it is evident that they were so far advanced that they did not widely prevail; for, when Montaigne came afterward to consider those actually in vogue, he sharply criticised the educational customs of that same period by saying that "too much learning by rote and memorizing but stifles the soul and makes pedants only, where men and women as such are much more needed." "Before education," said he, "there must be the man." Once more, "The tutor who best studies the disposition of his pupil and puts his capacity to the test, instead of forcing knowledge into his ears as into a funnel, is the one who understands the real science of education and its practical application." Montaigne and his contemporary, Rabelais, were followed somewhat closely by John Locke, who is of greatest interest because through him it was that Rousseau got the hint and inspiration through which his own works, especially "Emile," came to have later on such a wonderful influence, primarily over Europe, and then over America as well. Holding with others of the so-called natu-

ralistic order of educators, it became Locke to say: "Books are not the most important instruments of learning; we must educate the senses, and through them the intellect." For learning to read he recommended an ivory block with twenty-four or twenty-five sides, having the different letters pasted on them. Basedow, a disciple of Locke, went a step farther toward enlivening the path of acquisition, by having biscuits baked in the form of letters and allowing the children to eat any of those whose letter they could tell the name of. That this, the method of teaching through the awakening of curiosity and interest, is the very heart and nib of a true educational system, every thorough consideration such as a modern psychologist gives the subject amply attests. No wonder that Rousseau caught at this idea, so harmonious with the newly perceived gospel of humanity then rapidly rising into view; and no wonder that in thus incarnating and fixing such an idea and practice he became the progenitor of subsequent educational philosophy, even as found, if indirectly in Kant, then more directly in Pestalozzi and Froebel himself. In "Emile" we see the process of education beginning at birth, and tending ever afterward to the production of a full-grown individual. We see it making use, not only of personal influences, but of those which are material as well. We see the child taught how to find out things and their meaning for himself; how to grow strong in body and to be industrious; how to develop the requisite insight; how to despise idleness and evil, and to do right; how to be observing, self-directing, creative; how to learn the deepest truths from the world at first hand; how to be independent; all told, how to be "a man in spite of fortune."

About a century and a half ago (1746) there came to earth the one who, when an old man, was to be the personal instructor of Froebel. This was Pestalozzi, who, after having lost his father when but five years old, spent his childhood, as he himself said, "by the side of the best of mothers, as a mother's child," but hindered all unwittingly by the same affectionate hand from receiving the necessary stimulus for the developing of manly



strength, manly experience, manly ways of thinking, and manly practice. "The real life of man," he continues, "was as strange to me as if I did not live in the world in which I dwelt." As one reads this one almost wonders if it were not a veritable anticipating spirit prede-lin-eating some things that are to be seen in this our own much vaunted educational day. In time Pestalozzi came to compare unfavorably his own narrow training with the fuller one schematized by Rousseau. This had the effect greatly to depress him, but at the same time it prompted him to exercise the truest manliness in the pursuit of a course of self-culture which promised to lead him, as he said, to "a sphere of greater usefulness to his country;" which sphere he soon found to consist, for the time being and place, in teaching children, sharing his last crust with them if they chanced to need it, and whenever he thought it necessary, in even living like a beggar in order, as he says, "to teach beggars how men live." Now, all this rich experience served not only to develop Pestalozzi's own character, but also to furnish valuable material for his first book, called "Leonard and Gertrude" (1780?), in which he inculcated family education under the inspiration of affectionate interest, held clearly that knowledge should be as general as possible and made to serve in all the affairs of life, and that all education should point toward a childlike innocence and belief in God. "This book," said he, "was my first word to the heart of the poor and the forsaken in the land. It was my first word to the mothers of the country, and to the heart that God gave them to be to their families what no man on earth can be in their place." Later on he wrote another book, "How Gertrude Teaches Her Children," in order that the education of the people, which he would put into the hands of mothers, might be properly directed. All his subsequent life was a practical encouragement and application of the theory that children should be definitely taught from a very early age, should be taught to observe by means of the senses instead of being made to learn mere words and ideas, and to achieve the true end of education, which he believed

to be the harmonious development of the natural powers.

One of the most important educational notes ever sounded was that earnest one of awakening uttered from a German lecture-room in the winter of 1807-'8. With the trumpets of the invading and conquering Frenchmen sounding war commands outside, with spies in his audience, and threats of arrest at any time, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, the philosopher and patriot, and great educator as well because he was so truly both these, spoke out distinctly and forcibly his conviction that, after the invader Napoleon should be finally driven from her borders, Prussia should awaken to her future possibilities, and also recognize the fact that her future prosperity and safety would be rendered absolute only by a universal educational advance. Not long after the actual retreat of the French Fichte was invited to take the lead in educational reform, and in this position he ever after labored unceasingly for the spread of the spirit of universal culture and the practical nationalization of education. It was fitting that this very great, manly man should be considered at once "the priest of knowledge, the apostle of freedom, the martyr of humanity," for, as history reveals, he died of a fever brought to him by his devoted wife from the hospitals where she had nursed the soldiery. Undoubtedly one of Fichte's greatest services was to make it possible for succeeding generations to work out more and more accurately perplexing educational problems in increasing freedom and with wider acceptance. By nationalizing education he made a favoring or at least tolerating public sentiment possible, and thus secured eventually its most useful as well as necessary support.

We have now, in this cursory glance at the preparation for Froebel's mission, seen certain ideas and principles coming more and more clearly into view. Recapitulated we find them to be, that the child should be trained from the very first by competent instructors, preferably by mothers when practicable; that instructors should be skilled not only in technical work, but in the art of accurately estimating and providing for each of their

charges; that the way of all real education is first through properly developed senses and the activities associated with them; and then through the various ideational avenues which open up as age advances; and that the ultimate purpose of education should always be the rounding out, the completion, of the entire being, physical as well as mental and moral, and this, as a meet preparation not only for a successful personal life, but for citizenship. This sums up more or less comprehensively what may be called the educational inheritance of Froebel's age, so far as he was to make use of any inheritance whatever in his own system. As finally developed, what did Froebel himself especially add to what was already in the field?

About a year before Froebel was born Immanuel Kant had published his "Critique of Pure Reason," in which, if there was nothing so very new, there was certainly one thing very needful, namely, the impetus given to all manner of advanced, comprehensive thinking, not alone in philosophical, but in educational and other directions. For the central idea of Kant's psychology we may note this, that, instead of there being nothing whatever in the mind except what has been some time or other in the senses, there always is, and there has ever been, the real mind itself, given from all eternity probably, and acting in such a way as to add to and otherwise modify every one of the impressions which the senses may possibly bring to it; and that knowing anything whatever must always result from a simultaneous and accurate activity of both the sensational faculties and those of the apperceiving mind. Pestalozzi and others, following hard after Locke and the sensational school, had relied on sense development very chiefly for educational results. It was just here that Froebel came into view with the Kantian notions, namely, that, instead of filling the child's mind even with observed facts rather than memorized words, and instead of educating individuals for their own good chiefly, the instructor should so lead the budding faculties of mind and body on and out and up that "the imprisoned splendor," the within spiritual but dormant nature, the to his mind, as I understand it, veritable

spark of divine creativeness, will be enabled to manifest itself, in every form and conception and activity designed for it from the very first, and this in accordance with the idea of humanity and its destination as a whole. Froebel said, in effect, education is not putting in but drawing out, not adding to from without but developing from within, not loading down disastrously with facts and principles and exercises, if never so good, but teaching how to develop and to use these in the building of new results; that it is a developmental process, not by accretion, but chiefly by creation; not by furnishing and gilding a ready-at-hand and mostly artificial self, but by constructing an ever-growing, actual selfhood, and so aiming at a completely realized unity in the end. This was evidently a needed and legitimate addition to educational philosophy, and, inasmuch as Froebel embraced in his system the leading ideas of his predecessors, it must be said that altogether he conceived a noticeable broadening of pedagogics in a practical way. And what with his "Mother Play" and his "Nursery Songs," his gifts and occupations and stories and games; and, more than all, his clear insight respecting the ultimate association of spirit and nature; and then, what with his own accounts of the origin as well as content of his ideas, and then of a life utterly spent in demonstrating their truthfulness, no wonder that the expanding consciousness of mankind has already been impressed by him, and has actually been made to accept more or less fully what Froebel himself feared would require a very long time indeed for recognition. It would be nothing less than most profitable could we proceed to analyze adequately his life and work and writings, and touch fully upon his philosophy and method, if possible, to put ourselves alongside this prophet of the better times, inbreathe his clear spirit, and acquaint ourselves fully with his plans and hopes; in fact, to place ourselves where we could get a right perspective of his pedagogic setting, and so be able eventually to think upon his life and work, until we could realize clearly just wherein he is to be correlated with our present-day needs and prospects. Personally, I confess

to having become more and more certain, as I learn and think of him, that my first impressions were nearly correct in the main, and that in reality he and his prophetic work are worthy of more and closer attention than the American public has yet given. Born before our day and in Germany, yet Froebel does not seem to have been of any one land exclusively, nor of any one age. Neither was he exclusively of any particular school of philosophy or pedagogics, nor a partisan in the sociological arena; but, on the contrary, he was a veritable revelator of the true and universal spirit, sympathetic of the greater good, the promise of a comprehensive ethics and religion, and the forerunner of a completer manliness and womanliness. His song, like Walt Whitman's, was of the self, but of the self in closest sympathy and association with the high self common to all mankind.

Assuming, then, that so far things seem clear enough, let us at least surmise that there are still other aspects of the kindergarten interest which need to be appropriately inquired into. Certain of these may have reference to whether its aims and practices are really in accord with the more recent and presumably more accurate showings of modern psychological science or not. This we must remember is the age of inductive investigation and experimental proof. Consequently, the given conclusion, the plausible say-so of any one, no matter how sage or authoritative, is not accepted finally, save as it is found to be explicitly true in a scientific sense. And so the kindergarten, although crystal clear and like the snow, if it be "announced by all the trumpets of the sky," even by the great Froebel, who was a disciple of the great father of inductive science, Bacon himself, it must answer successfully all manner of rational doubt and argument, and likewise must be judged eventually by the fulfillment of the strictest psychologic demands. If it comports in the main with the general results of such investigators as Wundt and Binet and Ziehen, as James and Munsterburg, as Royce and Baldwin and Dewey and Hale, and the rest of our indefatigable, painstaking contemporaries, then shall it be exalted indeed. If not, then must it

await such time as experience shall, if possible, prove it to be the most nearly true. Well, so far as I can again judge, the merest glance at brain physiology in connection with thought processes and bodily activities actually does result in the assurance that these in most intimate association are necessarily, though perhaps never so unceasingly, considered all along by the kindergartner who really undertakes to comprehend the principles and methods inculcated by Froebel and his expositors. Beginning with the very most plastic stage of the child life, she is taught so to guide and exercise and develop every muscle, joint, and sense organ; every budding emotional, ideational, and volitional faculty; all the imaginative, imitative, and creative activities; and likewise every spiritual aspiration and faith, in truth, every organ and faculty, as they successively show themselves forth, in such a way that the little ones of her fold are unconsciously helped and even made to grow as they should grow, to be both symmetrical and capable, and this, so far as possible, without cloud or discouragement, or other source of warping self-consciousness and detrimental influence. Correct notions of self and of its relations to other selves, of aspiration and hope, of pleasure and pain, of freedom and responsibility, of play and work, are also sought to be developed, not by abstract and ideational infusions and cramming beyond the but as yet partially developed capacity of the child, but by habitual exercise in accordance with the fact that the necessary growth of brain and nerve cells, which of late has been so thoroughly demonstrated by Flechsig and others, and of all the other physical characteristics as well, should not be outstripped or choked or perverted. In other words, it appears that ideas and doctrines of every nature, no matter how desirable, are first suggested through natural steps, and then taught by actual practice; that is, the kindergartner is to use her skill in helping the child to learn by doing, as they say, and thus to exemplify most trustworthily the doctrine and method of modern psychology.

Again, as the psychologist observes the growing child, he discovers that, before

the older order of educators thought it necessary even to begin a regular course of instruction, the most valuable period of life for making long-lasting and deterministic impressions has closed. Indeed, even now most educators as well as those who employ them little think of the significance of this startling fact. And do any of us, scientists, citizens, Christians, parents, at all rightly understand the momentous importance of the educational possibilities of the first few years, and even months, of human existence, during which time the so-called motor brain cells, the sensational brain centers, and the more purely intellectual and volitional mechanisms and associations are all serially developed and combined, and must necessarily be so developed and harmonized before any sort of satisfactory thinking or doing can be expected of them? Modern psychology says unmistakably that there is time and order and system and individuality in the growth of the educable being; and it requires that due heed be given to these, especially in all the earlier educational efforts. Froebel seems to have clearly anticipated this, in that before the child is at all old enough to enter the kindergarten he would have the mother lap a veritable school instead of an aimless play-place, or scene of refined indulgence, as is so frequently the case. Not only he, but modern science affirms that in these very earliest months and years are all the foundations and lines of not only physical, but of mental and moral growth to be laid. The significance of this should become a potent factor in our present-day considerations of the scope and the aim of every educational measure, no matter for what grade or purpose, even until the university itself is reached.

But after all is said we must still ask: How does the kindergarten appear when tested from the in many respects most important standpoint of all, namely, the standpoint of every-day citizenship, as found in our homes, our neighborhoods, the state, and nation? Studying the times and country in which we live, with as little bias as the true scientist shows in his considerations of the problems of the laboratory, we think we discover certain

characteristics which ought to be allowed their full weight in finally deciding upon the course best calculated to prepare children to become real citizens, such as shall have the best interests of all as well as themselves predominantly at heart.

Undoubtedly the first of these is that each child should be taught to see for itself, think for itself, and then to take the responsibility of acting in accordance with its own final vision and judgment. In this way only can he be sure of learning the lessons that experience may bring to him. Human beings are not class beings as such. Each one is human simply because of his innate possibilities of differentiating individuality with all in the years from infancy to adulthood. From first to last education should see to it that this process is conserved and promoted as advantageously as possible.

And secondly, there is no question that modern life requires intellectual and moral courage, as the life of earlier ages required physical courage in unmeasured degree. Grave problems confront society and its individual elements at every step. Only he who has the courage of conviction and the strength that comes from accurate insight and thorough drill will be the leader, or even the follower, that the new world is to need. But how can the mere mimic, the tremulous absorber of other people's opinions, do that which only the distinctive brave personality is fitted for, or achieve any of the grander, permanent successes of life, especially of an ethical or spiritual nature? No one need hesitate to affirm that at best these two primordial traits, clear, intelligent perception and courageous, distinctive thinking and acting, would be just the thing for all the children and young men and women that one has personally known, and every study of childhood by experts seems to confirm the opinion that this is actually and definitely what is needed by them all. If so, it is exceptionally pertinent to ask just how far does the kindergarten really go in this direction? At first glance one might get the impression that it does not go very far at most. But if one proceeds to observe closely one soon notices that the kindergartner, although seemingly not trying to teach much of anything, is

really none the less carefully and thoughtfully attending to her real business, which according to her special light is simply and emphatically this, namely, to help the child to develop its own latent powers and possibilities in a way that will most surely conduce to the best interests of both self and others later on. We parents and friends have been so accustomed to expect from our teachers something very different from this that we not only do not see what the kindergartner really does for the child, but are more than half inclined to demand that she set about doing something altogether more tangible and more akin to the usual way of teaching. Yet the answer that science no less than pedagogy itself would make to us is that we should all learn enough about the real child nature to sustain us in making another demand, namely, that those who assume the care of young children, whether in school or out, shall give them a proper atmospheric environment in which to grow; shall direct their impulsive play and other activities so that these will conduce to their symmetrical development, instead of to their warping in one or more directions; shall lead them by right doing into habitual right seeing and thinking and speaking; and thus shall hand them over to the home, the upper school, and the world with the best possible endowment for the stresses and emergencies sure to come; shall, in fact, give promise in every way of a better-minded adult, a wholesomer personality, a clearer-visioned citizen farther on. This is what science says young children need; and, so far as my observation goes, this is what the true kindergartner tries to do for her little charges. For, as I have from time to time listened to the certainly very suggestive exercises in both our public and our private kindergartens, it seems to me that I have been actually forced to note that so far as the every-day duties and privileges of the individual, family, neighborhood, yes, of the commonwealth, are concerned, these little republics, represented by unformed, self-asserting, restless, vim-full children, on the one hand, and by well-trained, intelligent, masterful yet companionable directors, on the other, —that these actually constitute a system

of education in the art of true citizenship which the world heretofore or elsewhere has probably never seen; and that the principles here imbibed, and the demonstrations here effected, must in the very nature of things constitute for these most moldable human beings a trustworthy and serviceable basis for all that is useful and permanent, not only personally, but politically and socially, and in every public as well as private station. As an assurance, then, of good government for us all, for men who vote and pay taxes, and strive mightily that prosperity may abide with their loved ones, and for women burdened with household or social cares, and especially with childhood's truest interests, I feel justified in saying that I know nothing better calculated to inspire confidence than a detailed and familiar acquaintance with the aims, methods, and practical workings of these gardens for child culture. Nor have I escaped the conviction that, instead of their being but intruders as some would have us believe, they are really a far-reaching, most important influence in our educational system, and one which should be extensively incorporated as rapidly as possible, and that the expenditure requisite for this does and will lead to the very best of economical results. In support of this, let me quote President Schurman, of Cornell University. "The youngest children," says he, "have the same claims on the state as their seniors." And he is supported concretely by Jacob Riss, who opens his book, on "The Children of the Poor," with these significant words: "The problem of the children is the problem of the state." Certainly so long as our many, many prisons are filled with so many inmates yearly, and so long as these are but suggestions of the much greater undetected criminality, and so long again as we have to associate actual crime with untold vice and degradation and misery, and all the defects of body and mind underlying the whole series, just so long will it remain a matter of unique importance, not only to individuals but to the state, to undertake such measures as will result in the training of good, useful citizens, in the stead of being obliged to undertake others of reform, or more generally simply to punish and abstract from

society, those who are practically beyond recall. "Correct a son and he shall give thee rest," says a high authority. And universal experience proves that the truly corrective culture of successive generations is the only way to assure satisfactory morals or high aspirations. What, indeed, is good citizenship itself but morality well informed and properly organized. If so, let us then think comprehensively upon what the kindergarten must mean, and prophesy to the little folks who are there inducted, as they certainly are, into the very highest types of social experience, and then let us think a little farther on still, even unto the reflex influence of all this systematic, high-class humanity upon the homes, and the fathers and mothers and older members of these homes; let us think upon this, for the outcome may be that we shall reach an estimate of exceptional value for improved government, advanced citizenship, truer parenthood, happier, more successful individuality, than possible heretofore.

The story is told of a little fellow going home from day to day, and prattling about the doings of his own kindergarten into the ears of his loving, but rough and anarchistic father. When Washington's Birthday approached the mother noticed a change creeping over the father's manner; also that ere long he, worshipping at the altar of his little household and patriotic god, completely straightened himself up and set anarchy and allied matters aside for devoted loyalty to the government of his adopted country; all because the little prattler in his garden school had unconsciously become inspired with a fairylike love for the old flag. The genius of America itself could scarcely have devised anything more conducive to good citizenship than is here illustrated; while the oracle, which now so arrests our attention, awakens our interest, and stimulates our thinking and to some extent our acting, fairly commands us in tones of living truth, "The renovation of society depends on its moral reform." Says Lowell, in his essay on Lincoln: "Undoubtedly the highest function of statesmanship is by degrees to accommodate the conduct of communities to ethical laws, and to subordinate the conflicting self-interests of the day to higher and more permanent con-

cerns." So let there hereafter be citizens who have been educated to be such in these schools where from the first reverence inspires obedience, and intelligent obedience becomes the foundation of virile respect, both for self and for other selves as well. We cannot suppose, however, we have no right to suppose, that this will come about either by chance or by revolution. Nor in saying this do we stigmatize the spirit of our best civilization. It simply means that, if we wish to realize a better citizenship, we must take the steps which intelligence and experiment prove to be the most directly useful. The first of these steps are undoubtedly taken in the kindergarten, and the necessary ones throughout life should all go to make up an education which may truly furnish personalities that can helpfully modify current, social, and economic trends, and that will aim at the progressive improvement of both the individual and society. To such an education must we look steadfastly for the highest results. "But the results of education," said Froebel, "depend on the first commencements, and these are in the hands of women." Let us think upon this also, and then demand that, so far as practicable, these mighty interests be in the hands of the women who are prepared best to conserve them. A great initiative, indeed, will be taken when the kindergarten becomes an auxiliary of every educational institution in the land. But undoubtedly the greater progress will be assured when every woman in the land shall have been adequately trained to be, what every home so much needs, a kindergarten mother for her own children, and the end to which all effort should unhesitatingly point is the bringing in of the time when all men as well as all women shall act upon the knowledge that from the very beginning every child is entitled even in its own inherent right to nothing less than the very highest endowment and the most appropriate nurture. Let right formation be the aim and end, and reformation will take care of itself. The kindergarten unmistakably points to the stronger growth of body, the better formation of character, the happier individual, and the truer citizenship.

## AFTER FIFTY YEARS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

Two difficulties confront me in writing this article,—the first where to begin, the second, where to leave off.

From the earliest history of man down to the present time we find the golden period of this life has been after fifty. Then he has reaped his richest harvest. It would be futile to say that nothing was due to the years preceding,—childhood, youth and early manhood, and middle life; but we are warranted in saying that man has made his greatest achievements after fifty.

The first stage of man's life may be compared to the young tree, which collects and draws to itself all around it as its rightful possession, and gives little in return until the budding time comes, then is manifest some sign of reciprocity, and the flowers appear as the first promise of fruitage. Youth is as the sapling, age as the giant tree.

Youth, and often middle age, may be compared to the green-fruit period; then man begins to choose and select according to his taste and need those things in life most pleasant or most useful to him.

Age, the ripe fruit period, is when man re-collects, as it were, all and makes his final choice of those fruits of his whole life's labors that may be garnered and stored in the winter store-house for use even to and through to the end of old age.

He has learned to know the most wholesome and most lasting, and he picks and sorts with care, rejecting all that will not serve him to the end, and prove a legacy to future generations,—thus his written record after fifty is most valuable, because it is rich in experience, knowledge, wisdom, while before that period it may have been theory and speculation only,—and it is from this written re-collection that posterity inherits its rarest literature in art, science, history, statesmanship, etc.

It is as orderly and right that age should garner wisdom as that youth should pluck the flowers and childhood chase the

butterflies. We state boldly that all man's grandest achievements have been made after fifty, and to verify our statement we may point to the earliest history of man on down to the present day; but as it would take volumes to enroll the shining names that ornament the history of man, we have with few exceptions gone no farther back than the seventeenth century, and we believe that we have a list world-wide in honor which proves that, if middle age is the crown, old age is the glory of man.

Youth believes in its eye, in the appearance of things; age uses the glass that tells one how deceitful are the best of eyes, and how short the vision of man even in his prime. Youth finds attraction in the pleasant, the beautiful; age passes to the useful and sees beauty only in good uses. Youth loves the delusions, the appearances of life; age prizes only the real, the genuine.

Then, why this erroneous idea that seems to possess mankind that the man of fifty has o'er-stepped the threshold of strength and usefulness in the world?—while the truth is that until the age of fifty he is scarcely prepared to instruct youth, and surely not mankind in truest knowledge. Before that time he is usually an apprentice, an experimenter at best, and shall we put ourselves under his hands as the tools by which he makes his experiments, and come out the victims of his ignorance? The wise student seeks the aged instructor, one who has tried and proved by that greatest and surest of all tests, time, the true and the good in education; and that age is more excellent than youth is proved, inasmuch as most things that youth accomplishes and prizes so much age finds to be only vanity. Youth is that important season known as seed-time, and therefore the necessary precedent of the harvest; but which is most valuable, the flowers or the fruit, even youth may tell. Age has learned what youth must acquire by study and experience. Youth may have book-learn-

ing, but age has proved every lesson. To gather knowledge requires time; sufficient facts in number and variety cannot be collected until so-called old age to form any great store of knowledge, and it is not until that time of life that we can expect an exhibition of the greatest strength and compass of mind.

In every century there have been extraordinary examples of knowledge and learning in early youth, it is true, but these instances do not disprove our assertion, but confirm it, for had the life of those persons been lengthened we have reason to believe additional and greater achievements had been attained, as, for instance, Mozart, Vandyke, Raphael, and many others in the arts, as well as in the sciences—yet, notwithstanding it is a fact that should be viewed with pride that young men have made great achievements and are achieving highest honors in art, literature, and science, and exhibit most extraordinary mental powers in all departments of business and learning, the history of the world will show that in all departments of learning, and in all pursuits of business which demand the highest order of mental ability, those have acquired the chief distinction who have crossed the line of fifty.

We have conclusive evidence that if a man has lived an orderly life his mental faculties are more vigorous after the age of fifty than before, that is, he can accomplish more in a given time on account of his mature judgment and acute perception,—proofs of which we gather from every century in the history of man, beginning before the Christian era and down to the present day. We choose only a few names with which every one is familiar.

Socrates was an old man when he began the study of music, and he gave to the world his wisest sayings when sixty-eight years of age.

Plato, who said an old man could not learn any more than he could run, was prosecuting his philosophic studies as a pupil until he was forty years of age, and did not begin to teach philosophy until he was about fifty, and he retained the vigor of all his faculties to the ripe age of eighty-two, and handed down to posterity

all of his grandest sayings after the age of fifty.

Aristotle continued a pupil until he was thirty-seven, and he was fifty-three before he established his school of philosophy at Athens. It was probably subsequent to this that he wrote his works, which governed the logical thought of the world for so many ages.

Bacon was sixty before he arrived at the full maturity of his genius. It was then he gave to the world his "*Novum Organum*," which has reconstructed science and has given an entirely new direction to our modern method of scientific investigation.

Hobbes was sixty-two when he published his treatise on "*Human Nature*," and sixty-three before he completed his "*Leviathan*."

Copernicus was nearly fifty before the theory of planetary motions, which now prevails, suggested itself to his mind. Nor did he succeed in establishing its truth to his own satisfaction until he was seventy, when he gave it to the world.

Another department demands of those who may become eminent therein the highest order of wisdom, namely, law and jurisprudence. Coke did not make his first attempt as an author on law until he was fifty years old. His great works were produced between that age and the time of his death at eighty.

Lord Esher and Lord Brampton, and Vice-chancellor Bacon, proved that a judge may be as clear-headed and indefatigable at eighty as at fifty.

Mr. Benjamin, Q. C., who went from America to wrest the chief prizes from English lawyers, was almost sixty when he was called to the English bar, and within five years he was making three times a judge's income.

That old men can excel in statesmanship and diplomacy, the names of Talleyrand, Franklin, Metternich, Lord Palmerston, Seward, and Bismarck are sufficient to prove. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Villiers, and Lord Cotterloe all proved that a man may be a wise politician while near the nineties, and their successor, Sir John Mowbray, is "*Father of the House*" at eighty-three.



The natural intellectual supremacy of those advanced in years gives them the right to and pre-eminently fits them for the control and direction of the world's affairs. The aged may not be so well fitted for the bustle and turmoil of active life, but this does not constitute a reason why they should retire from the responsibilities and cares connected with the guidance of the world's greatest movements. The faculty of wisdom is a diviner gift than the faculty of energetic action, and wisdom has ever been the endowment of age, and was never bestowed upon youth. The world's great thinkers are, after all, the world's great lords and governors. Those who see the farthest and look the deepest into the heart of things will inevitably give laws to all other men. Moral qualities adorn old age more frequently than youth.

The older man is not easily moved. His opinions rest on a broad basis of experience and judgment, and therefore are well and clearly grounded. He knows what he believes, and why he believes it. The crowning glory of old age is piety, and its absence in old age is as rare as its presence in youth. The physical characteristics of old age are solidity, latent strength, and endurance. There may be less elasticity in age than in youth, less exuberant activity, less of overflowing animal spirits, but there is much greater firmness, hardness, and hidden power.

Thus with all that can be said and proved in its favor we should not fear, but rather gladly cross the threshold that leads us on into the afternoon and evening of life. Let youth not decry age, nor age youth. The one is as the morning, the other as the evening star. The first like the sun rising upon a day of promise, the latter his setting upon a work well done.

Searching for the intellectual achievements of man in every century from his earliest history in every branch, in all the arts and sciences, invention and discoveries, we find here and there a fixed star whose glory remains undimmed through all the ages. Some centuries have groups of them that form constellations that shall ever remain bright, others are made

memorable by the comets that flashed through their horizon, leaving a light from which prepared minds gathered inspiration and went on to grander achievements, but the present century is so rich, so incomparable in its vast human achievements in all the arts and sciences that it is as the Milky Way to the Great Dipper of past ages.

I could know no greater pleasure than in gathering a list and naming the stars in the world's great intellectual constellations of to-day and giving the proof that nearly all, if not all of our greatest, are "after fifty," but I find that men as well as women seem to fear the common verdict that "after fifty" a man's glory is departed and his usefulness well-nigh gone. Why it is that advancing age must feel the pressure of this universal thought of the strength and superiority of youth, we fail to see; that it is not a characteristic of the present only we are led to believe by many sayings of great men of the past. Michael Angelo must have felt it when he wrote:

There is not room enough for age and youth upon this little planet. Age must give way. There was not room enough even for this great poet.

And yet the world never yet has produced a young man who was the equal of this old man in sculpture, painting, architecture, and poetry.

When we observe the rapid advancement in all departments of learning, the increased advantages that the youth of to-day have over those of a generation ago, it is not wonderful that they compare their facilities for acquiring knowledge over those of older men, and jump at the conclusion they so frequently express that Dr. So-and-So is too old, he studied medicine too long ago, and that Professor So-and-So was educated at a time when teachers were not required to know as much as the public-school graduate of to-day. All this might be true, indeed, and is true if the scientist ceased to investigate when he quit school, but if he sifts what he learned, keeps the best and studies and experiments all the years of his life, as every progressive man certainly does, has he not the advantage of

age and experience? Those young scientists who think and talk thus must some day be forced to acknowledge to themselves how unripe, to say the least, such judgment is. Have not the older men the same advantages as they in books, periodicals, lectures, everything, and in addition the maturer judgment to grapple the new discoveries with. I once heard a learned physician, whose beard is white with many winters' storms, say, "Let them discover the microbes and bacteria, and I'll kill them as fast as they find them." Thus the young man reckons without his host who counts upon outstripping his elder brother in science. They must simply look to themselves that egotism does not paralyze their own true growth.

No man ever finished an education in this world so that he could afford to cease to study. Each new development in art or science adds another volume that he must conquer. It is only the man who stands still that is truly ignorant in old age. He is the only self-satisfied man. The man who does not go forward necessarily goes backward, for he is passed by the multitudes eager for knowledge, and he finds himself hopelessly in the rear. These scientists are busy men, up early and late, they have made themselves the familiar companion of sun, moon, and stars, the earth and all the atmospheres about it. They have forced the Christian to study his own Bible and take no man's word for its contents, and all that is achieved in all departments of learning before fifty becomes doubly valuable when it is tested and tried and found true after fifty.

Thus to the young, the eager, the active is given the task of collecting, while age sifts, weighs, measures, and estimates by the test of time the true worth of things. Each has its uses, each its noble purpose to serve. But which is nearer correct, let us pause to consider if we have any doubt.

John G. Abbott wrote "History of American Civil War" at sixty-one and "Romance of Spanish History" at sixty-five.

Agassiz was fifty-nine years of age when he made an exploration in Brazil, with

his wife and scientific assistants, and the steamer Colorado was made ever memorable by the course of lectures which this most popular of scientific lecturers gave on board.

Jean le Rond Alembert ranks one of the greatest benefactors to science of the last century. He was fifty when he wrote the preliminary discourse to the celebrated "Encyclopedia" which he had assisted Diderot to compile, and which drew from Condorcet the compliment that in a century only two or three men appeared capable of such writing, and he was fifty-five years of age when he was elected secretary to the French Academy and wrote the biography of seventy of its members.

Vittorio Alfieri, the most eminent of Italian tragic poets, wrote much of his work after fifty.

Stephen Alexander, American astronomer, was fifty-four when he made his expedition to Labrador to make observations on solar eclipses, and sixty-three when he went west for the same purpose.

Voltaire, French poet, historian, and philosopher, and the most celebrated writer of the last century, did his greatest work after fifty, and at eighty-four produced his tragedy, "Irene," in Paris, where he was everywhere attended by crowds, occupied a director's seat at the Academy, and was crowned at the theater.

John J. Audubon, distinguished American ornithologist, was fifty years of age when his first famous volume of "The Birds of America," in folio, one hundred colored plates, drawings, and colorings made by himself, appeared in London. He was fifty-nine when the fourth volume completed the splendid work, which contains in all one thousand and sixty-five figures. He wrote "Quadrupeds of America" when near seventy years of age.

Pierre Augustine, Baron de Beaumarchais, politician, artist, dramatist, and merchant, was forty-six when he wrote "Le Barbier de Seville," and fifty-two when he wrote his famous "Le Mariage de Figaro."

Jean Pierre de Beranger, one of the greatest lyric poets that France has produced, was between fifty and sixty when he completed his fourth series of songs. Speaking of these masterpieces of poetic

skill, Goethe says, "His songs have shed tears of joy into millions of hearts."

Pierre Antoine Berryer, the most distinguished French advocate of modern times, whose admirers, ranking from the palace of the Tuileries to the workshop of the artisan, everywhere and in every station of life, were numbered by the myriads, whose eloquence was so complete that he became the popular advocate of an unpopular cause, was seventy-one when he made the great display of his forensic talent in the case of Paterson vs. Bonaparte.

Baron John Jacob Berzelius (Swede), one of the greatest chemists of modern times, at sixty-nine filled the chair of chemistry at Stockholm University. From fifty to sixty-nine, by his patient labors and ingenious investigations, he did more to lay the foundations of organic chemistry than any other chemist.

Bismarck was fifty-one when he carried out his long-cherished project of making Prussia the real head of Germany. He was sixty-seven when he accepted the challenge so rashly offered by Napoleon III., and engaged the whole of Germany in successful war against France.

Karl Wilhelm Boettinger, Professor of Literature and History in the University of Erlangen, wrote the "History of Germany and the Germans" at fifty-five, and the "Universal History" at fifty-nine. He wrote all his most important historical works after fifty-five.

Jean Baptiste George Marie Bory, the French naturalist, did his best work from fifty-two years to sixty-six.

Matthew Boulton, celebrated English engineer and member of the principal learned societies of Europe, whose long life was constantly and almost uninterruptedly devoted to the advancement of the useful arts and the promotion of the commercial interests of his country, did his best and most useful work from sixty-five to eighty-one.

Sir John Bowring, distinguished English diplomatist and author, did much of his famous work after sixty-seven years of age.

Alexandre Brongniart, the eminent French chemist and geologist, published his "Traite des Arts Ceramiques" when seventy-two years of age.

Lord Brougham, eminent English advocate, jurist, philosopher, and statesman, gave to the world his best work from fifty to eighty-nine, as he devoted himself almost to the day of his death to philosophical and scientific pursuits.

John Henry Kirk Brown, American sculptor, was fifty-seven when he began his equestrian statue of General Scott, which is considered his best work, and his "Resurrection" when sixty-three.

Joseph Rodes Buchanan, our great physician and author, has done the bulk of his great work since fifty. He wrote "Anthropology" at sixty-eight; "The New Education" at sixty-nine; "Psycho-Physiological Science" at seventy-one; "Psychometry" at seventy-one; "Sarcognomy" at seventy-seven; "Science of Destiny," "Periodicity," eighty-three; "Primitive Christianity," eighty-three to eighty-four.

Phillips Brooks was fifty-two when he delivered his two great lectures on "Tolerance" in New York, and continued his great work to the end of his life at fifty-eight.

Spencer F. Baird, American scientist, did his greatest and most useful work after fifty.

William Cullen Bryant, our own poet and editor, wrote many of his most beautiful poems after fifty, and added fresh laurels to his crown at seventy-six years by his translation of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey."

The historian Bancroft gave his last address at the opening of the third meeting of the American Historical Association, of which he was president, at Washington, when he was eighty-six years of age.

George S. Boutwell, eminent statesman and financier, was fifty-one years when appointed President Grant's secretary of the treasury, and distinguished himself by his successful management of the public finance, especially the reduction of the national debt, and was sixty-six when he wrote, "Why I am a Republican."

Nathaniel Bowditch, the distinguished mathematician, made his masterly translation of the commentary upon the "Mecanique Celeste," of Laplace, at the age of from fifty-four to sixty-three years.

George Loring Brown, was sixty-two when he painted "Niagara by Moonlight," and sixty-six when he painted "Doge's Palace at Sunrise."

Alphonse Louise Pierre Candolle, eminent French botanist, gave to the world his most useful books after fifty and beyond sixty.

Jean Antoine Chaptal, celebrated French chemist, wrote his "Chemistry Applied to the Arts" after fifty.

Salmon P. Chase, was secretary of the treasury under Lincoln when fifty-three years of age.

Michel Chasles, the distinguished French geometrician, wrote his "Treatise on Higher Geometry" after fifty, and "The Life of Galileo and his Contemporaries" after he was sixty.

Luigi Zenobio Salvatore Cherubini, founder of the French Conservatory, composed his celebrated "Requiem" after fifty, and his last dramatic work, "Ali Baba," at seventy-three years of age.

Robert Collyer, the eminent divine and author, has done his best work since fifty, and is still at it at seventy-six.

Sir Astley Cooper, F. R. S., celebrated English surgeon and anatomist, wrote "Anatomy and Diseases of the Breast" when sixty-one years of age, and his work on "Dislocations and Fractures" at sixty-four.

Cousin, French philosopher and founder of systematic eclecticism in modern philosophy, was sixty-one when he wrote "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good."

Dana, the American mineralogist, did his best work at from fifty to seventy-eight years of age.

Darwin wrote "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection" when fifty years of age, and continued his work until seventy.

The Earl of Derby, English statesman, orator, and author, translated the "Iliad" into English blank verse at sixty-six.

Disraeli was appointed chancellor of the exchequer when fifty-four years of age. When sixty-one he became financial minister under the Earl of Derby for the third time. He became minister of the crown when sixty-three years of age, and wrote "Lothair" when sixty-five.

Dryden was sixty-eight when he undertook the translation of the "Aeneid."

Du Maurier was sixty years when he wrote "Trilby."

Timothy Dwight, celebrated both as a pulpit orator and expounder of the Scriptures, wrote his "Theology Explained and Defended," in a series of one hundred and seventy-three sermons, when sixty-six years of age, "Travels in New England and New York" when sixty-nine years of age, and two volumes of sermons when seventy-six years of age.

Ralph Waldo Emerson published "English Traits" when fifty-three years of age and the "Conduct of Life" when fifty-nine.

John Ericson, the distinguished Swede engineer, made his invention of the Monitor, which completely revolutionized modern naval warfare, after he was fifty.

John P. Espy, American meteorologist and author, wrote "Philosophy of Storms" after fifty.

Leonard Euler, celebrated Swiss geometer and one of the greatest mathematicians of the eighteenth century, wrote "Letters to a German Princess," a work on physical philosophy, after sixty.

Faraday, the distinguished English natural philosopher and chemist, when fifty-five years of age received the Royal and Rumford medals for his discovery of dia-magnetism and the influence of magnetism upon light. When fifty-six he discovered the magnetic character of oxygen and also the magnetic relations of flame and gases.

Ernest Joachim Forester, the distinguished German art critic, wrote his valuable "Monuments of German Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting" when fifty-five, and "History of Italian Art" when over sixty.

John Forster, English historian, critic, and biographer, did his most renowned historical and biographical work at the age of from fifty to seventy years.

Simon Greenleaf, American jurist, became Dane professor of law at Harvard University when sixty-three years of age, and wrote his great "Treatise on the Law of Evidence" between sixty and seventy years of age.

James Anthony Froude, the English historian, wrote "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey" when fifty-two years of age.

Albert Gallatin, American statesman, published "Considerations on the Currency and Banking System of the United States" when seventy years of age.

Gladstone translated Farini's "Stato Romano" when fifty years of age, and when sixty wrote "Juventis Mundi, or the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age."

Christoph Wilibald Gluck, a German musical composer, presented his masterpieces after fifty years of age, and his greatest performances were executed when he was sixty-four.

Goethe, the greatest modern poet of Germany and the regenerator of German literature, wrote the first part of "Faust" when fifty-six years of age, and the second part of "Faust" appeared when he was eighty-two years, "Wahlverwandschaften" when sixty years, and "Wilhelm Meister" when sixty-nine.

Ulysses Grant began his literary career at sixty with an article in the North American Review entitled "An Undeserved Stigma," as an act of justice to General Fitzjohn Porter, whose case he personally investigated. Then he began his two volumes of personal memoirs, in which he told the story of his life down to the close of the war, and proved himself a natural and charming writer.

Guizot, the distinguished French statesman and historian, wrote "History of the English Revolution," "Richard Cromwell," "The Dawn of the Restoration," and many other books and essays after fifty years of age.

Samuel Hahnemann, founder of homeopathy, when fifty years of age, published "Medicine of Experience," and when fifty-five "Organon of Rational Medicine."

Henry Hallam, the English historian, wrote his "Constitutional History of England" when fifty years of age. He was sixty when he wrote "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries."

Sir William Hamilton, distinguished Scottish metaphysician, when sixty-four published a volume of essays under the title of "Discussions in Philosophy." He

published editions of the works of Dr. Thomas Reed when fifty-eight, and the works of Dugald Stewart when sixty-six.

Hany, the French mineralogist, wrote "Traite de Physique" at the request of Napoleon when sixty years of age.

Handel composed his most celebrated works after he was fifty. His "Messiah" was not completed until his fifty-seventh year, and he died at the age of seventy-four in the possession of undiminished powers as a musical composer.

Joel T. Hart, our own sculptor, was fifty-five when he produced the statue of Henry Clay for the city of Louisville, and most of his best work was done after the age of fifty.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote many works after fifty years of age,—*"Currents and Counter Currents"* at fifty-two, *"Songs in Many Keys"* at fifty-two, *"Soundings from the Atlantic"* at fifty-five, *"The Guardian Angel"* at fifty-eight, and *"The Medical Profession in Massachusetts"* at sixty.

John Howard, the English philanthropist, when sixty-three published *"An Account of the Principal Lazarettos in Europe."*

Victor Hugo, wrote the celebrated social romance, *"Les Miserables,"* when sixty years of age.

Humboldt, the greatest naturalist of his time, when sixty years of age explored the eastern province of Russia. The results of this expedition were published by him when seventy-four years of age, entitled *"Central Asia,—Research on its Mountain Chains and Climatology."* From seventy-six to eighty-two years of age wrote *"Kosmos,"* and many others.

John Locke wrote his great *"Essay on the Human Understanding"* at fifty-five, and his other works were produced subsequently to that period.

George Meredith is as industrious with his pen at seventy as when he wrote his first great books.

Michael Angelo was fifty-five when he began to paint the *"Last Judgment,"* which occupied eight years. He turned his attention to architecture at seventy, at which he also became master after that advanced age.

John Milton, one of the greatest of poets, and the very greatest of all who have consecrated their genius to the service of Christianity, was in his fifty-seventh year when he completed "Paradise Lost," which was followed by "Paradise Regained" at the age of sixty-three.

Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest of philosophers and mathematicians and astronomers, was sixty-two when he published his treatise on optics.

Lord Mansfield's fame as a judge is world-wide, but he acquired all that fame after he was more than fifty years of age.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, greatest of English portrait painters, was sixty-one when he painted the beautiful allegorical portrait of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," and at sixty-three he painted "The Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpent," which is considered his best work.

Ludwig Tieck, the German poet, novelist, and translator, did his great work after sixty-seven.

Titian painted his "St. Peter, Martyr," when he was fifty-one and worked on to almost the close of his remarkable life at ninety-nine years.

Jules Verne is now seventy-one years old, and still writing romances with unabated energy. It is said of him that a life of almost Spartan simplicity has insured him an old age of extraordinary vigor and faculties undimmed.

General Lew Wallace was fifty years of age when he wrote "Ben Hur," and at seventy-two continues his literary work with the enthusiasm of youth.

Daniel Webster was sixty-one years of age when he delivered his oration on the completion of Bunker Hill Monument. At sixty-nine he delivered his patriotic discourse on the extension of the Capitol at Washington.

Benjamin West was fifty-four years old when he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy. He

painted his celebrated picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" in his sixty-fifth year. He died at eighty-two without any definite complaint, his faculties unimpaired.

Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, has made some of his most wonderful discoveries since fifty.

Bernardoon Langenbeck, a German surgeon, earned his greatest reputation after fifty, through his operation of resection, in which the diseased or injured part only of the bone is removed, instead of amputation of the whole limb.

John Lavater, the celebrated Swiss physiognomist, wrote his essays on physiognomy and the art of knowing mankind by the art of physiognomy after fifty.

Our own Washington was fifty when he proposed conventions for commercial purposes, which led to the Convention of 1787, of which he was a member at fifty-five, which produced the present Federal Constitution. He was elected president at fifty-five, was sixty-five when appointed lieutenant general and commander-in-chief at the time of threatened hostilities with France. Up to the time of his death, at the age of sixty-seven years, he betrayed no symptoms of weakness or diminution of his great executive powers, and died, as many of our great ones have, through accident, the result of exposure. Had his life been prolonged, we doubt not his greatest deed would have been his last.

William Wordsworth, the regenerating power of whose genius operated so powerfully on public taste, and made the pure and good to be more regarded than the elements of poetry, did most of his work after fifty, and obtained the office of poet laureate at seventy-three.

Noah Webster, the eminent lexicographer, performed the herculean task of his life, and reared a monument to his own ability, industry, and learning, between the age of sixty and seventy.

Kind words are a bright oasis in life's great desert.

It is no more difficult to develop the brain with proper means than the muscles.

The man who is a practicer of good is never a clever disputant or a cunning sophist.

## THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

BY LEIGH H. IRVINE

Many thoughtful students of economics and social science have recently challenged our American almshouse system of aiding the poor. Though the plan offers many comforts in the case of defectives, it is wholly bad for the able-bodied and mentally competent. In fact, it has no application to a large and growing class of persons who, though willing to work, find nothing to do.

It would seem that there might be a system of relief for the place-hunting portions of our population that would be far better than anything yet suggested for dealing with the problem that concerns that class of the unemployed who might become more than self-sustaining if properly placed where they could make their way. A remedy for many existing evils might be found under an enlarged application of some such scheme as that which was made phenomenally successful by Pisistratus in Greece.

There is nothing in the function of government inconsistent with this solution of the problem, and that it is becoming a grave problem cannot be denied by any one who has made even the most casual survey of the situation. When we behold the pitiable spectacle of distressed labor seeking in vain for an opportunity to earn a loaf, and when we read in the reports of the United States Labor Commissioner that there are annually from two to three millions of idle persons honestly searching for employment that they cannot find, the necessity of a national system of relief seems urgent. Does not it seem practicable, just, and patriotic that the supreme political power should provide means whereby the hungry might become self-supporting?

If the citizen stands ready to surrender his life to his country in the hour of its peril, why should not the country preserve the citizen's life by giving him the inalienable right to earn his livelihood when he is crowded to the door of want? Why should not the government pass the citizen at the gateway of opportunity, and

give him the hoe and the field, the seed and the shelter necessary for the production of a livelihood?

Herbert Spencer, though opposed to all forms of governmental aid, has beautifully set forth in "Social Statics" that equality of opportunity is synonymous with justice. The inalienable right of the citizen to go forth and earn a living on American soil is what should be insisted upon and kept constantly in view whenever the problem of the unemployed is under consideration. Now, the right to earn a living is nothing without the means whereby it may be enforced. On the Sahara that right would wither to a mere mockery. There is the like barren outlook for a man who has no money, no land, no means of production; therefore, there should be some such aid as would enable the destitute citizen to live comfortably until he can produce a surplus over immediate needs. A right that does not carry with it the means of living is as void as anything that can be imagined.

The army is a striking illustration of the power of governments to maintain large numbers of men at comparatively low cost in idleness. Let us suppose, for example, that every soldier now in the Philippines were enlisted in an army of industry, aided and directed by skillful managers bent on making a given number of public acres productive. How long do you suppose it would require for that army to become self-supporting? If every enlisted man were properly housed and disciplined, if he felt sure that he would always have enough to eat, drink, and wear, and if, in addition to these guarantees, he saw a reasonable amount of leisure in sight, with libraries and other places of entertainment and instruction open to him and his family, how long do you suppose it would be before that army would become more useful and happy than an equal number of men starving on the streets?

Under some such plan government becomes the financial agent and business

manager for every person aided. It has long been admitted by economists and statesmen of nearly every school except that of Herbert Spencer that it is the duty of government to care for the defective, delinquent, and dependent classes. The poorhouse plan is the general system now in vogue, and it is bad. We inherited it from the old parish rate scheme of England, and all students of the problem agree that such help is the worst ever devised, because it breeds paupers and idlers. The best help is that which enables people to help themselves.

Let it be assumed that it is the duty of government, under that clause of the organic law that gives it a right to provide for the general welfare, to organize a series of provinces, states, colonies, or industrial reservations for such of its worthy citizens as are in distress. This is a practicable idea that has already attracted wide attention and been indorsed by many able writers and thinkers, and they hold that such a system would do away with the spectacle of honest industry falling on subservient lines and begging the poor boon of a crust. They say such a plan would remove the fear of starvation, humiliation, and pauperism from millions of brave hearts.

The advocates of this system of handling the worthy unemployed would have the general government say to every respectable citizen, who has fallen a victim to the civilization of cruel readjustments and to merciless competitors of steel: "You shall not go hungry and unclothed. We will allow you to enlist in the great army of industry as an honorable workman, not as a slave or pauper. In exchange for a few hours of your time each day we ask you to serve where you are detailed, for which service we will give your family a home, we will educate your children, and take from your heart the fear of starvation and the pauper's grave."

It seems plain that if this government were to set aside a few millions of acres of fertile lands in half a dozen different sections of the public domain, indorse the plan with money at the outset, so as to begin farming and village building in a businesslike way, giving the colonists the services of skillful managers, it would at

once solve the distressing problem of homeless men and women. It would give little children bread and homes and schools. To say that such colonists could not become self-supporting, and even produce a bountiful supply of luxuries, is to affirm that the fertility of this great country, backed by brains and money, is not sufficient to support its population.

All the finer instincts of mankind favor some sort of rational aid for the unfortunate, and all civilized nations to-day recognize some system of state aid as sound and practicable. The only question, therefore, is what should be the form of assistance granted by the state. The general principle is thus clearly stated by John Stuart Mill: "It will be admitted to be right that human beings should help one another, and the more so in proportion to the urgency of the need, and none needs help so urgently as one who is starving. The claim to help created by destitution is one of the strongest which can exist, and there is *prima facie* the amplest reason for making the relief of so extreme an exigency as certain to those who require it as by any arrangements of society it can be made."

It seems plain that the best aid that can be rendered is that which interferes least with persons outside of the circle of those aided. Federal colonization, under such co-operation as might be arranged for the purpose of supplying the colonists with the creature comforts and reasonable wants of life, would remove every semblance of subservency from members of the community, and their products would in no manner interfere with the outside markets, because they would be manufactured for consumption within the colony. Each colonist would be as free as every other; he would be conscious that his own efforts, and not the aid of others, had produced what he had consumed, and provided a surplus for the higher wants of cultured life. This would mark the line between scientific co-operation and the almshouse method of doling out relief in an objectionable way.

As such colonies would be under semi-military discipline, their members would necessarily be under restraints. They would be amenable to severe discipline for



violating the laws prescribed for their government; hence idleness and like offenses would not be tolerated. Tramps and criminals would be eliminated, and offenders against the general laws would be severely punished. The purpose of colonists would be to produce all they needed in the way of creature comforts. A few hours devoted to productive industry each day would bring food, clothing, and shelter for all. There would be no idlers, because no private wealth, the purpose being for the government to make its industrial army support itself in a manner becoming to the conditions of the age. If pianos, bicycles, watches, and other luxuries were desired they could be manufactured by the colonists, the entire purpose being to sell nothing to the competitive world without, and to buy as little as possible outside of the co-operative commonwealth; for if goods, wares, and merchandise were sold outside of the colonies such sales would injure all other labor.

The co-operative commonwealth thus outlined is an example of pure socialism applied to a specific class, in a limited area. It will be noticed that this plan involves the application of the socialistic plaster, not to the entire population, but to those whose backs are aching from the ills of poverty, and whose jaded and storm-beaten lives are seeking the calm of peace, the solace of homes and food. Instead of the universal application of the principle of state control, in such a manner as to destroy private industry in the arts of production, the plan of federal relief restricts government management to certain dependent citizens, colonizing them in a limited area and governing them by special laws. The means of production in the entire series of colonies would belong to the government. The communities would constitute territorially organized concerns, where the production and distribution of all property would be by the people and for the people. The use of the soil and the products of human effort would belong to the generation living upon the public domain at a given time, while the works of art and all lasting forms of the beautiful would belong to the successive ages. A good living for all would be the goal.

The chief energies of every life ought to be bent toward its noblest purpose, and this purpose is always the development of character in its fullest sense, including the rational enjoyment of the pleasures of existence, rather than the devotion of energies to the mere getting of wealth. Therefore, under the system of collective ownership of the means of production, with the absence of private fortunes, all the pure and high motives of life would still remain, and these would be nurtured in surroundings such as the destitute never enjoy.

Thus it will be seen at a glance that the colonies would be ruled under a plan of statesmanship and economics that would replace the system of collective capital, where all would prosper together. Speculative methods of production under competition of private enterprise, directed and largely hindered by trusts, would be no more. In other words, within the new domain there would be a collective ownership of the products of labor, while ownership of the land and means of production would remain in sovereignty itself, in the United States.

As in any other great business, the amounts of creature comforts and general products necessary in each department of manufacture "would be fixed by continuous official returns, furnished by the managers and overseers of the producing and distributing departments, and would form the basis of the total production." The quotation is from Dr. A. Shaffle's well-known "Quintessence of Socialism." While he is not an advocate of the social democracy, he has written the best extant analysis of what it is and what it is not. From his analysis and formula the conclusion is irresistible that the organization of such federal colonies as I advocate would be a direct application of the socialistic principles of collectivism to the problem of distressed labor. There it ends, stopping at the Rubicon that divides the territory of those who have from that of those who have not. It seeks in no manner to disturb the general social order. In these colonies there would, therefore, be no private property in the means of production; but there would be private ownership in the means of subsistence.

The man who walks the streets begging for bread, the able-bodied father who takes his little daughters out of school to hire them to others as domestic servants because he himself can find nothing to do, are types that need such opportunities as advocated. To the weary wanderer, discouraged by days of fruitless search, and driven to desperation by the sight of an ever-growing family, his children warped by penury and curtailed by the narrowness of poverty-stricken environments, theories of single tax, silver, and tariffs bring no immediate relief, beneficent as may be final results. What the people now living need is the chance to hold up their heads in the light of day. They want to be well fed, and they want to go to warm beds, soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust that the next day they will eat again.

Freed from the dread of financial disaster, sure of attention during sickness and of burial in the event of death, the citizen will seek broader opportunities and accept them bravely. Whatever prevents men from becoming dependent on charity is a blessing to the whole people.

Men and women enjoying the blessings of food, clothing, and shelter, with their children in schools, are in a good condition to listen to the cries of reformers and economists, but the discouraged and hungry are more likely to throw bombs or rob stages than to listen to lectures on the glories of America.

The number of delinquent and financially dependent classes, even in America, where opportunities for prosperity are supposed to be great, is appalling to one who carefully surveys the field. There are thousands of men and women who would be wholly dependent on relatives or friends if overtaken, even for a few weeks, by the misfortunes of illness. There are thousands more whose total wealth, in the event of death, would not net enough to prevent a burial in the Potter's Field. Reference is not made to paupers and vagabonds alone, but to persons who earn good incomes, yet whose spendthrift habits leave them forever at the door of want. It is surprising to know how large a percentage of the population of civilized countries dies without funds. Mulhall, Griffin, and

other eminent statisticians have shown that there is a startling number of persons who die without the means to provide for a funeral, the reverses of fortune and the general improvidence of living leaving a large percentage of the people little better than beggars.

There are thousands of men who absolutely fail to make any provision for the contingency of illness and its increased expenditures. There are thousands more whose estates at death are worthless, many dying with no more assets on hand than a horse or a wolf leaves when it perishes on the plains.

There are many persons who raise the cry of paternalism, forgetting that paternalism and fraternalism are too rare, and that there is nothing so bad about either, if applied to the right classes. Such objections are made by people who forever cry "Let alone," and "Hands off," whenever the government seeks to aid the weak and the defenseless. But the tendency for years has been toward an enlargement of the functions of government. This has been made necessary by new conditions. Among some of these new powers may be named the establishing of hospitals for the sick and of homes for the poor; providing for the general education; protecting workmen, women, and children from the dangers of working and from overwork; in providing penalties for the adulteration of food; enforcing vaccination and other health precautions; protecting children and animals from cruel treatment; looking after the sanitary conditions of human habitations; regulating monopolies by various laws, such as the interstate commerce act.

The foregoing is but an outline of the enlarged sphere of government, but the fact that governments are undertaking to do more and more of such work, in answer to a persistent demand of the people, shows that the enlargement of the powers of sovereignty in such a way as to provide for the general welfare is in the line of evolution and in keeping with the tendencies of the age. All this is simply an evidence that civilized governments are departing from the cold motto of private competition, crystallized in the expression, "Every fellow for himself, and the devil

take the hindmost." The functions of government are mutually interrelated and belong to a high order of organism, under a strong central control.

Protection against foreign foes was one of the earliest incentives to government. Protection of its subjects against the silent foes of hunger and cold, a cheerless life and a pauper's death, will be one of the best and grandest achievements of those who formed a union of states, "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, and promote the general welfare" of the people of the United States, under a constitution designed to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity.

Under the present system of handling the dependent classes (though relief of the proper kind is not extended nor is aid given to the right persons), the cost to the government is a sum so vast that the figures are appalling. Professor Tucker, in the *Andover Review*, 1889, shows that the maintenance of one million English paupers costs forty million dollars annually. It is estimated by others that pauperism in the United States costs fifty millions annually as a direct outlay, and about an equal amount in loss of productive power. While many of those supported in public institutions are physically unable to labor, thousands could be set to work in some of the many arts of production.

Every human being who cannot find employment to enable him to support himself must be supported by others who are more fortunate. There are striking examples of this in every city and village in the Union. If the funds earned by wage workers in any vocation are traced to their final expenditure it will be found that nearly every worker is forced to contribute a large percentage of his earnings to relatives. They are often competent persons, who stand idle and empty-handed, pleading for an opportunity to become self-supporting.

Every village, especially in agricultural regions, swarms with boys and young men

who are growing up in idleness, burdens to their parents, because the world seems so overrun that there is nothing for them to do. If they go to the nearest city in search of employment stacks of previous applications are exhibited to them by the employers of labor. Let one insert a "want" advertisement in any city newspaper of large circulation. Thousands of men and women will apply, exhibiting an eagerness to engage in the most menial services at even less than a living wage. These facts are the common knowledge of every one who knows anything of the world at large.

All such persons are in a condition of dependence on others. Besides being crowded to a station where they are unable to help the world to produce the comforts of life, they cripple the efforts of others, while their own lives are dwarfed and sapped of all higher enjoyments. Imagine the dismal future that confronts a poor girl in love with a poor young man, both hungry for crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich, both beggars at the doors of the fortunate. Imagine the bleak room or two which such a couple are obliged to call home. And look for one moment at the unequal opportunities that confront the offspring of such a couple!

Under the federal colonization of such persons their condition would be comparatively regal, while the removal of millions of dependents from the backs of their friends would add to the thrift and general welfare of the millions of workers who yet remained in the country at large, battling for success with the awful handicap of unfortunate relatives removed.

In some such way American justice and manhood may yet drive from the doors of suffering millions the wolves that howl in the night of industrial despair, and place hope, like a star, within plain view of every worthy citizen now fighting the unequal battle for bread in the overcrowded world of pain and care, where poverty reigns a cruel king.

# MUSIC OF THE SPEAKING VOICE

BY EMMA GRIFFITH LUMM

The laws of vibration are as immutable as are those of gravity, and speech, the indispensable tool of thought, is sound, and subject to the laws of sound.

As widely differing musical harmonies have served musicians of different nationalities, so speech has had its variations among rude or cultivated peoples, the savagery of tribal life finding its music in a regular recurrence of sound, its speech in monosyllabic utterance.

Language seems to have come so naturally to man that he forgets that thousands of years must have elapsed from his "Ra! Ra!" of adoration, as his God rose each day from the far end of the world, to Ossian's majestic hymn,—

Oh, thou that rollest above, around, as the  
shield of my fathers,  
Whence are thy beams, O Sun, thine everlasting light?

Articulate speech is the utterance of sound expressive of an idea; therefore, to know the meaning of a word is to know something of the experience that gave that word birth. Language is not merely the external manifestation of thought, but is in some measure identified with it; and its development is one with that of the human mind itself.

Love caresses the strings.

My little Bo-Peep  
Is fast asleep,  
And her head on my arm is lying.  
I gently rock  
While the old hall clock  
Tolls the knell of a day that is dying.  
But what care I  
How the moments fly?  
Whether swiftly they go or creeping.  
No hour could be  
But dear to me  
While my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Grief has always wailed in minor chords.

Somewhere at every hour  
The watchman on the tower  
Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
Approach of hurrying feet  
Of messengers, that bear  
The tidings of despair.  
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,  
There is neither there nor here,  
There is neither soon nor late  
In that Chamber over the Gate,  
Nor any long ago  
To that cry of human woe.  
O Absalom, my son!

The great major chords stir the pulse  
in

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all its hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge, in what a heat,  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;  
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale.  
In spite of rock and tempest roar,  
In spite of false rocks on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

What is it but quality of tone by which we recognize a voice when still too far distant to distinguish the words?

We may contradict the accepted meaning of the words of a sentence by using chords other than those we have learned to associate with that particular emotion; for example, take the sentence, "I cannot tell." Speak it first with determination not to tell, and then as not knowing all the calamities that may fall upon the speaker; or, in other words, use the major chord for the first reading and the minor for the second. We detect deceit because the chord or quality of voice contradicts the words.

Quality of voice, or "timbre," is due to high, soft tones produced with the fundamental tone or pitch of the voice. The relations of these high, soft harmonies or overtones to the fundamental tone are sometimes discordant, sometimes minor

or major, in sympathy with the emotions that prompt them, and these chords or qualities of voice are nature's language of the emotions. Here we find the material for a system of harmony which scientists claim they could construct from what is now known of quality of sound if every note were forgotten.

In 1779 Gluck outlined the principles upon which he worked as "dramatic truth, sincerity of expression, and the fusion of words, voice, and orchestra." In the light of much work presented to-day, where the words are the last thing considered, please notice the sequence of expression as Gluck gave it, "words, voice, and orchestra."

Less than a century later Wagner, working in the same direction, led the revolution that has so influenced the art of to-day.

It may be some comfort to us to know that Wagner's theory "of the relation of qualities of the human voice and other instruments," is, according to scientific authorities upon sound, correct.

This theory is charmingly and convincingly demonstrated by Mrs. Crosby in her recitals, bringing as she does, with a master touch, another instrument, the piano, to express the same emotion as do the words, and as she speaks the words in "Siegfried" we begin to understand the wonderful tone correspondence underlying expression and how true Wagner was to his belief that singing was vocalized speech.

Why the speaking voice should not be musical would be hard to understand, since in singing and speaking we play upon the same instrument, and those characteristics of speech which belong to utterance have a musical counterpart.

When words, like "tone," or "rhythm," or "phrasing," are used to describe the singing voice they may with equal propriety apply to the voice in speech.

In speech or song phrasing marks a limitation in range, and is an individual expression under the control of the will. Ease in inflecting or phrasing is one evidence of individual freedom. Our ghosts, usually messengers, are too well-mannered as ghosts to break, by undue inflection, the awfulness of, "To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi." Brutus, with his

human limitations, answers, "I will see thee at Philippi, then." And in the monotony of "Ay, at Philippi," we feel the utter hopelessness of the struggle.

Did we not in childhood pay tribute to this same power in monotony, as we sat with feet securely tucked on the chair-rounnds, and thrilled with delicious fear to the story of the steady "Tick, tick, tick," of the death-watch in the wall?

To show how unconsciously we associate inflection or phrasing with the speaking voice, let us recall the monotone with which the young scholar pronounces the words, his attention so riveted upon the unfamiliar forms of these words, which he is painfully piecing letter by letter, that he utters them without any idea of their meaning, and so without inflection, "The—dog—ran—away," etc. The words have no meaning for him, because he sees only the symbol and not the thought; but when the same child has occasion to express an idea, we hear something very different. "That dog is mine, don't you touch him."

There should be speech in song, or we lose the reason for that song; there must be song in speech, or its monotony would soon obscure the meaning of the word.

It is known that Edwin Booth studied months over the phrasing of a single speech, and that Mme. Modjeska, noted for the musical reading of her Shakspearian lines, phrased the text as carefully as a singer phrases the song, and with a success not always attained by the singer, who is under the necessity of fitting the words to the written music.

If the complex vibrations of an impassioned sentence could be computed and translated into notes, the result would be a marvelous chord of music.

An unbroken continuity of melodious sounds does not constitute a musical voice. Mme. Bernhardt, the "golden-voiced," purrs her love, but roughens her tones in anger.

The quality of the voice changes in sense and sympathy with the emotions, and when Mme. Modjeska recites the Polish alphabet so that we are glad or sorry, according to the chord or quality of voice used, we are convinced that the sustained notes of a motive stamp the chord or emotion upon it.

If it is necessary to know the value of notes to phrase them properly, why, then, is it not as necessary in speech to know the value of the vowels and consonants, for of such stuff do we make words? When the day comes that the vowels of our much berated English are given their full value, and the consonants—those gates that arrest the sound—are not hanging by one rusty hinge, but can be opened or shut at will, the criticism made by H. C. Deacon, in a scholarly article on "Singing," will be unnecessary: "No nation in the civilized world speaks its language so abominably as the English. The Scots, Irish, and Welsh, in the matter of articulation, speak much better than we do. Not only are we, as a rule, inarticulate, but our tone production is wretched, and when English (American) people begin to study singing they are astonished to find that they have never learned to speak."

So long as "God" is pronounced "Gaud," "Lord," "Laud," "love" pronounced by attempting to swallow the word as if it were a "social problem" and not the good old word, "luv,"—so long shall we smart under the verdict "that it is really quite out of the question to sing the English words." That there is a mine of wealth in the English language is the opinion of Jacob Grimm, one of the greatest modern philologists. "The English language possesses a power which probably never stood at the command of any other nation. This singularly happy development and condition has been the result of an intimate union of two of the noblest languages, the Teutonic and the Romance, the former supplying the material ground work, the latter the spiritual conceptions. In truth, the English language, which by no mere accident has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poet of modern times (I can, of course, only mean Shakspeare), seems destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive than its present one over all portions of the globe. For, in wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other language at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it, not even our own German, which is torn even as we are torn, and must rid itself of its defects be-

fore it can enter into the lists as a competitor with English."

In singing, tone production is considered worthy of serious, long-continued study. Why not as serious, long continued study in speech? Many wish to sing; but, since we are thinking, social, dependent animals, all must speak. The power of language may belong to the race; yet its use must be acquired by the individual, and in that acquiring faulty pronunciation and inflection are not so uncommon as we could wish.

Granting that language is acquired, who are our teachers? And does the art of expression grow with the growth?

• It is related of a student of French that he was at ease in the salon (he had exercised care in selecting his teachers), but found difficulty in expressing himself to the servants. So long as our servants, usually foreign-born, teach us English, we need not fear that we shall be abashed before them. To paraphrase a well-known saying, "Let an ignorant servant have the first eight years of a child's life, and who can teach him English after?"

The American voice in speech has an unenviable reputation for its supposed disagreeable quality, and we must admit that this reputation is in part deserved. With a range of possibly eight tones, three or four are used in ordinary conversation. A careful observer cannot fail to notice that many speakers are constantly in error in regard to their natural pitch and utterly fail in purity of tone. They speak in either too high or too low a key, and the tones are more or less forced into a disagreeable mixture of the nasal, muscular quality. This has been attributed to the variable climate and to the nervous temperament of the people. But when the speaking voice is trained on the same physiological and acoustic principles that are used in the cultivation of the singing voice, the results are quite as satisfactory, and in almost every instance a voice with no inherent charm may, by such training, become resonant and melodious. The uncultivated voice in singing certainly offends the sensitive ear; but the shrill or flat uncultivated voice which rolls out careless, slovenly speech offends as surely.

A musical voice is a mark of culture in speech as in song, for the same principles govern both, but song implies a distinct art, while speech is universal, and unfortunately it is generally believed that speaking requires no special training. Speaking is an art, and a very difficult one even in ordinary conversation, and for the singer or one who must in any capacity meet others not specially to cultivate the conversational voice is to handicap him unnecessarily.

We hear much of the belief that, if a man has something worth telling, he will express it. Why, then, do we spend years in training the fingers of the pianist, years in training the voice of the singer, and yet can say to the speaker, "Be natural?" What is it to be "natural" in this speech that must be acquired by each individual?

English is our mother tongue, but all are not skilled in its use. Beecher said of the speaker's voice that it was like an organ. How many voices suggest the exquisite variety of which they are capable? But there is no voice coming from normal organs which cannot be trained until its volume is greater and its clearness increased. Should the vocal apparatus be diseased or deformed training may not overcome the defects, but it will at least give the results possible under the conditions. Any voice normal in pitch, normal in inflection, can be musical; but to obtain this pitch and inflection requires discipline. The poor workman usually blames his tools. Thus Amiens is made to say, "My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you."

Though the form in speech is and should be subordinate to the thought, yet, as speech is the expression of thought, the form cannot be a matter of indifference, and we have no right to clothe noble thought in ignoble language. Jove may dwell in a thatched roof on occasion, but if he habitually dwelt there his right to rule Olympus would soon be questioned.

It may be true that we are not yet awake to the beauty of utterance, but that we are awakening we know when we read in cosmopolitan papers: "It was a wise experimenter in education who made the

simple reading of a piece of prose the examination test for a class of students. For in no other way do intellectual acquirement and moral qualities stand more clearly revealed than in the voice of the reader, which will betray just how he stands toward the views that the author expresses and just how far below him he is in moral judgment." "It is not the things we say as much as the way in which we say them that conveys the meaning, and brings either pleasure or pain to those to whom we speak." "By the voice alone one can help and encourage, or depress and make miserable; one can gain friends or make enemies; one can make the world a better or a worse place than one found it."

The poets have called for the musical quality in the speaking voice, and often, alas, have called in vain.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of the voice.

Good tone production is dependent on normal lung capacity (perfect speaking is said to be a combination of brain and breath), and that in turn depends on such poise of the body as shall give to the lungs the greatest freedom.

Our grandmothers were trained to good carriage by walking with hips well under the shoulders and a light book carried on the head. If we were to add to this the advice to keep the back straight, to curve the chest outward and broaden it, to hold the neck back and feel tall, we would be reasonably sure of a self-respecting carriage of the body and of that vitality which is the result of normal lung capacity. Surely the acquisition of a well-modulated conversational voice should go hand in hand with piano-playing and singing. If to the cultivation of the every-day speaking voice had been given the attention and study that piano-playing has received, the disagreeable element so often complained of in the American voice would long ago have disappeared. Like Christian's pack, the speaking voice is with us whether we will or no, a burden or a help as we make it.

# THE ECONOMY OF EVIL IN THE MORAL ORDER

BY HENRY WOOD

By common consent, any rational solution of the origin, nature, and purpose of evil is one of the most difficult and profound undertakings in which the human mind can engage. As a problem it has been regarded as insoluble, and has steadily held its place as the king of all mysteries. The seeming universal presence of evil as co-existent with an omnipotent and omnipresent Deity of goodness and love is the paradox of the ages. It is the mental and spiritual Sphinx, or the great interrogation point which has challenged reason and pressed for interpretation upon all generations of men.

If conventional and accepted religious systems be questioned they will reply that evil and sin are terrible realities, everywhere waging a hand-to-hand conflict with good, the outcome of which, at least for the present, trembles in the balance. Theology will answer that under the powerful beguilement of a great evil personality mankind fell into "an estate of sin and misery," and so continues. Ethical systems will testify to the omnipresence of their great enemy, whether it be personal or impersonal. Turning to the physical sciences, biology would note an all-prevailing antagonism and selfish struggle and point to the world as constituting one vast cemetery. Anthropology, paleontology, and archeology would respond that only the fittest survive, and that even that small minority in its turn is relegated to the less fit majority. Material evolution would add its indorsement. In many cases, also, the specious plea would be put forth that the cosmic order itself contains no sanction for morality. Thus the plaint becomes a chorus, and in one form or another all prevailing philosophies, whether their viewpoints be supernatural or naturalistic, recognize a great objective Power other than the Good, and acknowledge this invincible antagonist to be the arch-enemy of man.

The sense of a fundamental dualism being universal, there has been no end of

effort to interpret the great antagonistic force. Was it eternal or created, inherent or incidental, educational or vindictive? If created in an economy which is monotheistic, what a reflection upon its goodness and even its justice! The assumption that it is a living objective principle, implacable and irrepealable, has filled the world with sorrow and pessimism. Even where a more modern and liberal philosophy has proclaimed its waning power as related to human destiny, the general materialistic view-point in great measure emphasized its hostility.

While the belief in a great adverse Personality having a general headship has weakened, the case is not much improved, if, in the human consciousness, an impersonal and all-powerful cosmic principle of the same diabolical character takes his place. A careful study of the psychology of man shows that belief, fear, and pessimism, when seated in the human consciousness, can to their subject clothe even unreality with dynamic realism. "If you keep painting the devil on the walls, he will by and by appear to you," says the French proverb.

No means of reconciliation between good and evil has been found by philosophy, science, or logic, and an elastic supernaturalism has not been more successful. All have been confronted by an unfathomable and essential dualism. The universe has been made twain, or in reality divided against itself. The term, supernaturalism, is here employed only to denote what some mistakenly believe to be beyond the realm of orderly law. But the spiritual—for which the term is often used—is as natural (normal) as that which is material. Dualism being in its very nature an insurmountable barrier in the direction of any solution of the problem of evil, the only alternative is monism. A still further and deeper study will reveal that this monism must include, not only good and evil, but also what are known as spirit and matter. These are not separate and antagonistic powers and



entities, but varying aspects and concepts of the unitary order. But we must not anticipate.

Turning for a moment to existing systems of Christian theology, we find that those which are still most largely accepted—if judged by their still existent formal standards—have for their primary foundation the literal story of Eden with its introduction of evil. But many of their personal exponents, now swayed by the irresistible influence of modern thought, admit that the historic narrative must be a matter of correspondence, allegory, and symbolism. But these always have some deep and real meaning. From every reasonable point of view the literalized story of the "Fall" as the origin of evil is untenable. The validity of the dogmas, the foundation for which is thus so clearly removed, need not be discussed in this connection. But the Edenic tradition is by no means the only arbitrary attempt to account for the origin and persistence of the adverse principle. Each religion has its unique hypothesis. Comprehensively studied, these hypotheses have so many similar features as to suggest a common root. Space will permit of but one or two illustrations.

In the religion of ancient Egypt Osiris is essentially the good principle, and his warfare with evil is perpetual. His brother Seth, called by the Greeks, Typhon, is his opponent. They represent light and darkness, physical good and physical evil, the Nile and the desert. The warfare is for the welfare or the destruction of the human soul.

The Zoroastrian creed was also fundamentally dualistic. Ormuzd and Ahriman were the representative antagonists. They were both creative and original spirits, and the existence of evil in the world was thus supposed to be primary and fundamental.

In Buddhism matter, conscious desire and existence constitute the main elements of evil, and the blotting out of these conditions in human consciousness makes up the triumph of the good. This transcendent, formless, tranquil state is Nirvana.

The spectacles of human pain, misery, and guilt, with seeming undeserved calam-

ity and uninvited disaster, have caused a common revolt from the hypothesis that the cosmic order is the sole manifestation of a beneficent and loving Deity. An anthropomorphic and even capricious divine administration, subject to certain limitations and imperfect dominion, has everywhere been assumed. Comparatively, the universality of law is but a concept of yesterday, and any theory of its complete beneficence must wait for future understanding and acceptance. Thus, during the entire historic period, and among all peoples, whether Christian or pagan, gnostic or materialistic, theist or atheist, Calvinist or Arminian, dualism in some form has prevailed, and man has trembled before an adversary of superhuman power which he has erected in his own consciousness. From the ancient Greek philosophers and Hebrew seers, who found the idea of divine justice irreconcilable with wickedness triumphant and innocence trampled under foot, down to the modern pessimist and atheistic materialist, there is a profound conviction that we live in the midst of a perverted moral order. Even Nature, "red in tooth and claw," seems a living though unintelligent epistle wherein diabolism stands out in characters of bold relief.

It has been respectively affirmed that evil is a creation of the devil, which is to be redeemed through Christ; that it is an influence from an inferior though unconquerable perverse spirit; that matter is inherently adverse to righteousness or, according to Plato, "brute matter;" and finally, that there is no God or moral order, but only blind unmoral Force. The Christian ideal of confidence and trust, even under divine chastisement, though reflecting upon the deific character, has in it a kind of prophetic reconciliation and final spiritual beneficence. It is therefore far superior to all other religious systems.

The true touch-stone for any philosophy or religion is its ascertained and experimental relation to the constitution of man. Does a theory or hypothesis fit him, his needs and capacity, and also make for harmony in a general unitary design? If so, there is valid indorsement and even proof. Factors must be studied, not

singly, but in relation and interrelation. Among them all man himself is the most significant. Can a beneficent teleology be discerned? Persistent analysis and specialism have greatly displaced an intelligent synthesis. The whole is often hidden by one of its parts, therefore objective misplacement and disproportion are the result of a faulty subjective bias.

Man wittingly or unwittingly violates law—physical, mental, or spiritual—and the inner tribunal and sequential penalty judge him. The law in itself may be kindly and the penalty educational, but to his untrained vision they both seem adverse and even evil. But only through some experimental infraction of the moral order can undeveloped man divine its mandates. Only the freedom of choice, and some degree of discipline, at least slight, for missing the mark, make developed moral character and spiritual fiber possible. As man progresses in inner unfoldment and attains higher evolutionary planes, his divergencies from the moral highway will become more slight. At length he will feel its leadings and outgrow the necessity of the hard punitive cuffs and blows which are provisionally required to startle him and push him out of the deep ruts of animality. If man could know and do only the good he would be an automaton, and to him, being destitute of any point of comparison, it would not be good. Growth is only possible through wise choosing and exercise. Where there is but one, choice is impossible. Enforced and involuntary virtue, unmingled with freedom to choose unwisely, would be slavish, and to man as he is constituted would virtually become vice.

Anticipating for a little our conclusion, we will concisely state it, and then proceed to show how logic, analysis, and relativity buttress and confirm it. Evil is real as a relative subjective condition, but unreal as an objective entity. It is man's faulty practicing, and has no seat or power outside of him. As designating a lower round in the ladder of human ascent than that occupied by the observer, it is pertinent as a term, but yet without abstract realism in the nature of things.

Human definitions of evil are most unstable. Ethical standards are continually

shifting, as measured by differing races, religions, legislative codes, and especially by successive eras. Previous to 1850, with rare exceptions, slavery was not only excused but sanctioned by the leading authorities of religion, politics, and social economy. It was even "divinely instituted." Briefly put, it was not evil. To-day, a paltry half-century later, such an ethical standard would be rated as barbaric. Glance forward a little, and note another almost certain readjustment—nay, revolution! War, when thinly glossed with patriotism, so called, by the side of which slavery as formerly practiced in the United States is but a pygmy of evil, remains ethically correct according to the general sentiment of the nations of Christendom. But there is every indication that long before A. D. 1950, no one will be bold enough to defend it. What a continual alteration of measurements! We are like people upon an express train when the whole landscape seems to be flying by while they remain stationary. Good and evil are not abstract opposites separated by a great, unbridgeable gulf, but changeable subjective relations.

But it may be objected plausibly that although institutions and customs, like slavery and war, change in human appreciation, there are qualities which remain intact. Take love and hate. Would not the former through all ages remain good and the latter evil? This presents dualism in its strongest form; but let us look a little deeper. Love and hate are real as relative educational states of consciousness, but who will affirm that hate has any cosmic objective reality? Love being positive has valid realism. Hate is a negative condition. These qualities are what men see and feel in themselves. Says Emerson: "Evil is merely privative, not absolute: it is like cold, which is the privation of heat. All evil is so much death or nonentity."

As man is constituted, love could not be discriminated if there were absolutely nothing else. All true interpretation must include some degree of contrast; indeed, the human consciousness itself consists of one interminable procession of contrasts. As man feels evil or hatred within,

it seems to be veritable without. It is a magnified reflection of his subjective, for as he is against things they seem to turn themselves against him. His own imperfect inner states are stamped upon all his environment. He is looking through a colored lens. This is a necessary psychological and spiritual stage for an immature and progressive free moral being to pass through. Logically, this brings us to the border of a positive idealism, which teaches that each one for himself creates his own objective universe. If he makes his own world, including his own good and evil, does he not inaugurate his own heaven and hell? When, therefore, he has fully conquered himself he has conquered the world.

Dr. John Fiske has recently discussed "the mystery of evil" from the scientific stand-point in a way which has attracted wide attention. His masterly logic is irrefutable, and no loop-hole is left for the entrance of any theory of dualism. It therefore becomes highly significant and encouraging that monism is not merely the product of "metaphysical speculation," but that science and positive spiritual philosophy converge to a common conclusion. It may be added that religion, when vitally rather than dogmatically defined, is in full accord. Dr. Fiske clearly shows that evil has an indispensable function and is not something interpolated from without. His illustration through the contrast among colors, though perhaps familiar, is apt. If there were but one color it would not be a color. As the human mind is framed contrasts are absolutely indispensable.

In the epic poem of Job, Satan, the personification of evil, is represented as the tester, the prover, or in reality as the educator of men. In that highly dramatic picture of the process of human spiritual evolution his part is presented as normal, and he is painted with none of that radical and destructive malignity with which he is conventionally credited. In fact, he is represented as among the sons of God, and as holding dignified converse with the Deity. His office is the placing of obstacles and doubts in the pathway of man, so that through the exercise of overcoming, he may gain strength to mount to

higher levels. It is obvious that, when thus interpreted, he ceases to be the traditional devil. He is a spiritual fencing-master, but ignorance transforms him into a real enemy.

The experience of Job, in substance and degree, delineates the travail of every human soul in its birth to the higher consciousness. As a literal transaction it would be meaningless. As the composite photograph of a great process in the kingdom of the soul, it has startling significance. "The world, the flesh, and the devil" have long been regarded as the trinity of evil, but it increasingly appears that the first two are good when not abused. When misplaced, they form an image of the third. Asceticism is thus stripped of its theoretical virtue and sanctity. Body and soul are no longer regarded as hostile factors, but as congruous and supplemental in their relations.

"Thinketh no evil" virtually puts evil out of existence. To paint its picture and dwell upon it, even for the well-meant purpose of a righteous opposition, is to increase its realism and scatter its seed. This has been the conventional, but unscientific and unsuccessful way in which the world has tried to get rid of it. After a vain trial of realism for ages for its suppression, why not employ idealism? "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil." The scientific value of non-resistance is that it destroys all the realism that evil possesses. In proportion as one turns his back upon it and leaves it behind, it dissolves into its native nothingness. The pessimist magnifies it, and disarms poor humanity in the assumed conflict. The optimist sees even the good side of evil, and by dwelling upon it actually brings it into expression. "Evil, be thou my good," said Milton.

If God be All in All, eternal, omnipotent, and omnipresent Love, he could not have created essential evil, or its personification. "All that he made was very good." But, unconsciously to himself, man is a creator. His constructive thought uprears specters of misplacement and ignorance, and they solidify before his eyes and threaten him. In a deep sense, for him who believes in a personal

devil and fears him, there is one. Regardless of the lack of abstract reality, his own malignant mental image stands out before him charged with the power which he has conferred upon it. The human imaging faculty is an instrument of unimagined significance.

But it must be admitted that the only evolutionary approach to an intelligent appreciation of Reality lies through a field of adverse appearances. Like the wind-mills which confronted Don Quixote, they seem like veritable giants. As soon as intelligent discrimination takes place, the force of contrast urges one forward. Negatives and penalties continue their prodding from behind, until self-formed ideals of good are erected in front and beckon an advance. As the prevailing sense of self is material, man counts things that physically threaten, not only as evil, but as morally evil. An indefinable feeling of guilt makes a demand for some "scape-goat" in the shape of something outside, which shall either bear the blame or atone for it. Although reflected as in a mirror, man does not recognize his own thought-likenesses. One stumbles and falls, and then blames the beneficent law of gravitation.

Let not some shallow critic claim that this philosophy is an apology for evil or sin, or that it logically sanctions any kind of iniquity. When understood it does exactly the reverse. There is no "dodging." The only salvation is that which comes through character. All sin, even that of ignorance, plants the seeds of its own punishment, and no interpolated "scheme" can or should prevent it. The penalty is its corrective and educational counterpart. Pain and punishment are therefore the beneficent friction that turns men back from what would otherwise be self-destruction. They are like a thick hedge of thorns which guard the edge of a precipice. Punishment is self-imposed. If fire burned one's body painlessly, the careless would soon be without hands. Our course through life is laid by a compass of constant choosing, and the wisdom of our choices should increase by experience. There is no escape from penalty except by a putting away of its cause. Transgression and punishment are

differing aspects of the same thing. A true philosophy of the economy of evil, although it limits it to the subjective, discourages sin vastly more than any system which promises a "scape-goat." If one wittingly violates law, he only adds compound interest to his own discomfiture. Optimism and idealism, therefore, far from glossing over sin, give it no soil or moisture for growth. Every law of one's own being invites, nay, urges, compliance and harmony. Man should therefore study himself. All the forces of the universe are inherently beneficent, and punishment forms a part of such beneficence. If the moral order in itself needs no revision it honors its author. If it be susceptible to improvement, it indicates a Deity who is changeable, if not unreliable. Man must conform to God, and not God to man.

When, as indicated in the allegory of Adam and Eve, the God voice of intuition, reason, and moral responsibility began to make itself audible in the garden of the human soul, a great evolutionary boundary was crossed. It was from the ignorance and instinct of animalism into the domain of an educational experience of "good and evil." Man had arrived at the capability of becoming Godlike. This was not merely one great historic racial transaction, but the general order of development for the individual consciousness. When primeval man becomes Man, a divine restlessness takes possession of him. A "flaming sword"—an evolutionary bar—forever interdicts his return to perfect satisfaction and repose in instinct and Edenic physical perfection. A paradise on a higher plane than the former one is now demanded. Here is the genesis of evil. Some "missing of the mark" was absolutely essential before man could ever rise through the increasing wisdom of voluntary choices. Thus, evil is the name of the "growing pains" of good. It is the acrid and unripe fruit, which, through seasonable warmth, moisture, and even tempest, appears later in delicious golden clusters.

It is at once evident that evolutionary processes are not completed on this human plane of existence or present "embodiment." If this were the only proof of

man's future continuance, it would be conclusive in itself. Perhaps it is not so very important whether the particular method be spiritual advancement on the next plane or "re-incarnation," but progress must continue. Nothing in the whole moral order is abruptly broken off. Everything guarantees mental and moral sequence. Conservation and continuity have no accidents. Cause and effect, and supply and demand, are unitary in combination, and completeness is assured by the very nature of things. Progress is therefore eternal, and a certain negative relativity of so-called evil ever pushes from behind as a fulcrum over which there is a never-ceasing moral leverage. Says Carlyle: "Spiritual music can only spring from discords set in unison."

Evolutionary development is now beyond the realm of mere physical forms, its activity being more marked among the unseen lives and souls which mold and up-rear them. The climax of size and crude muscular strength in organisms seems to have been passed. The present trend of science, also, is from the physical and seen toward the psychical and unseen. As the view-point of the Real is approached, evil retreats and dissolves. All that is vital in religion, positive in philosophy, true in morality, veritable in science, inspiring in nature, and beautiful in art are but varying and fragmentary aspects of the great unit of Truth. Evil is what appears upon turning the eyes backward and downward. When at length everything is polished by the friction of unwise experiment, each factor will find its fitting niche and specific interrelation. Men often criticise the moral order, pointing out its shortcomings and suggestive improvements. Ingersoll would have made health contagious instead of disease. Under such an economy doubtless it would be lightly regarded.

The logic of the situation as already noted brings us not only to what philosophy denominates monism, but to spiritual monism. Not that matter is bad or unreal, but rather a name for the cruder aspects of things. This is not pantheism, but ideal and spiritual realism. If the cosmic order be the multiform though unitary manifestation of one all-prevailing Deity, we are in the midst of a glorious Theodicy. We have an all-wise and beneficent Heavenly Father who is "without variableness or shadow of turning." Unity, perfection, and potentiality are guaranteed without a hair's breadth of deviation. Life is one, even though in multiform demonstration and individuation. It makes visible its own slower vibrations and erects them into forms which we measure by our sensuous discrimination. In the drama of the Whole each principle and force plays its normal role, and perfectly fills the character. The universe is a never-ending panorama rolling noiselessly in the atmosphere of divine optimism. As Robert Browning puts it:

There shall never be one lost good! What  
 was shall live as before;  
 The evil is null, is nought, is silence im-  
 plying sound;  
 What was good shall be good, with for evil  
 so much good more;  
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the  
 heaven a perfect round.

Pessimistic superficiality is synonymous with spiritual blindness, while optimism beholds unity in variety and "good in everything." Organization requires and includes diversity of function, so that even a negative like evil has its legitimate office. Contrasts counterbalance each other, and thus the rounded sphere of the whole divine order has polish, symmetry, and completeness.

The cynic never sees a good quality in man, but always sees a bad one.

Never hope to atone for the evil you have done by the good you intend to do.

True and honest labor develops the physical, intellectual and moral nature of man.

## THE CITY OF GOD

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN

The night following my visit to the City of Mammon\* I had another dream. I found myself in the same park overlooking the city which had so deeply impressed me, and the stranger was there to greet me with a smile and a cordial grasp of the hand.

"I have been thinking," I said, "of what you told me of life in this city, of the philosophy expounded by Mr. Watson, and which you say prevails so generally here. I confess that there are men in my country whose acts would justify one in saying that they are thorough-going believers in the same philosophy; in other words, they are servants of mammon. But in my waking experience I do not find society pervaded so exclusively by this theory as you describe it to be in Mammon."

"No," he replied, "you are right. Dreamland is a little different from your world. There people with very different views are all mixed up together; here, people are assorted. Each community has its own characteristic spirit, and just as the magnetic poles of your earth attract the compass needle, so are men and women drawn here to that community with which they are most in sympathy. As a consequence of this law, the servants of mammon are found in a community by themselves, and the philosophy of which you have spoken, therefore, is more openly avowed and colors the thought of all more noticeably than in your life."

"I understand," I replied. "Sometimes when I have met people with similar tastes and aspirations, it has seemed to me that it would be delightful to have the companionship of a large number of such. At present they are so mixed in with others, so scattered, that one has difficulty in finding them, and even then is prevented from seeing them often on account of distance and the many duties of life which hold us all in such narrow orbits. But no matter about that. I shall be es-

pecially interested to know about the City of God, and how you came to leave this place. I judge from what you said last night that you consider the mental attitude of a person toward wealth to be a matter of great importance, and as that is a question that is agitating many minds in my world I shall be glad to hear your views."

"You will remember," he responded, "that Jesus taught that a man cannot serve both God and mammon. How many of the people, think you, who read Matthew's account of the sermon on the mount have any adequate realization of the meaning of these words?"

"Very few," said I. "Nay, I am sorry to say that I suspect that even the ministers do not grasp its full import, and that many are deterred from speaking out boldly for fear of giving offense."

"Yes," he said, with a sigh; "I think you are right. And yet the Teacher said, 'He that is not with me is against me,' and he exhorted his followers to put their trust, their whole trust, in God. How, then, can the true mammon-worshiper serve God? Not until a minister is himself free from bondage to mammon can he see the way out and draw his people after him. The whole question of a man's attitude toward wealth is, as I see it, and as I believe Jesus saw it, upon a plane far above the partisan bickerings of many of the advocates of capital and of labor. It has to do with the deepest allegiance of man, with whether his belief and conduct are to tend toward social harmony and individual happiness or toward their opposites. Indeed, my own bitter experience has taught me that there are few questions upon which it is more vital to take the right side than upon this. The crucial question here is, In which do you place the greater trust, in God or in riches? If in the latter, you are not prepared to enter the City of God. There is a deep and everlasting separation between the two. Try as you will to harmonize

\*See October Issue of *The Coming Age*.

them, you are forever destined to fail. I know rich men who do not worship mammon, and poor men who do; so that, when I aim a shaft at avarice, I have not in mind the class distinctions of your world.

"The fiction of your time has familiarized you with a number of Utopias in which the social forms and mechanisms supposed to be the natural expressions of the spirit of brotherhood have been pictured. Now, it would be possible for me, by taking you to the City of God, to show you the material body which this spirit has created for itself in dreamland. But I prefer to use the time in another way, by revealing the principles upon which such communities must be based. The final goal for all men is happiness, but our beliefs as to what will yield happiness differ more or less. When we believe that a particular thing will confer happiness, we desire it, and this desire, together with our belief as to the manner in which we can attain our object, generates a corresponding spirit. For example, if you believe that money is the sole or chief thing necessary to make you happy, you will desire it, and in your effort to get it, owing to the severity of the competitive struggle, you will be sure to cultivate a selfish spirit. Very much hinges upon what you believe, because upon belief will depend whether you try to strengthen or to weaken a certain spirit. If men firmly believe that the first thing to do is to care for themselves, making their reliance upon God secondary, if they believe that happiness depends chiefly upon material possessions, that belief and the spirit proceeding from it will inevitably produce a City of Mammon.

"When Jesus said, 'Woe unto thee, Chorazin; woe unto thee, Bethsaida,' did he intend to condemn the dwellers in these towns? I think not. The words were spoken more in pity, and in simple recognition of the fact that by their failure to appreciate the significance of the wonders he had performed in them, and to understand his teachings, they had missed an opportunity to ascend to a higher plane of being where there is more happiness. So, when Jesus speaks of rich men, and of how difficult it is for them to enter

the kingdom of heaven, he does not, it seems to me, condemn them, but simply points out that, in the very nature of things, that kind of dependence upon material possessions that causes some men to heap up wealth cannot lead to the kingdom of God.

"Material things in themselves are neither good nor bad. We must look to the character of the mental states that gathered them. No man can live in the belief that the one law of his being that dwarfs all others is to look out for number one, and attain a high degree of happiness. It is when he comes to realize that the well-being of every one of his fellows is just as precious to the Supreme Mind as his own, when he can rejoice that this is true, and when he is willing to subordinate himself to the conditions upon which social harmony depend, that he is fitted to enter the kingdom upon probation as a candidate for full citizenship."

"I understand what you mean," I said, as my new-found friend paused. "But tell me, please, about the observations and experiences upon which you base your conclusions."

"After I lost my fortune," he replied, "I spent most of my leisure time for several months reflecting upon the relation of wealth to happiness, talking with people in all ranks of society, and observing the events that occurred about me. I said to myself, 'If it be true that wealth brings happiness, then the richer a man is the happier he ought to be,' and then I looked about to find out whether this was true or not. I found that most men derived a certain pleasure from being spoken of as wealthy, that they felt an agreeable sense of power in knowing not only that they already had certain things that contributed to their comfort and gratified their tastes, but that they could buy others that happened to strike their fancy. I noticed that wealth tends to foster pride, and when, as is often the case, the love of display takes possession of one, envy, always a near neighbor, creeps in with its gall and wormwood as soon as another fills a more conspicuous place in the public eye.

"I found, further, that an increase in wealth, while it afforded excellent opportunities for good investments, and

sometimes offered chances for profit not open to men of smaller means, also attracted many rogues with plausible schemes bent upon transferring money from the pockets of the capitalist to their own, if possible. This fact, together with the necessity, commonly felt, of placing power and sometimes large sums of money in the hands of agents, heightens one's fears and suspicions, and goes a great way toward destroying that peace of mind that is essential to happiness. Entirely aside from these considerations, too, are the fluctuations in business prosperity, and the rise and fall of stocks.

"At the other extreme of society, among those who depend upon their earnings from day to day, I found that at times large numbers of worthy men and women were called upon to suffer through conditions that they could not be said to be responsible for as individuals, conditions that were the natural outcome of the competitive system. Finding that in the lottery of business there are comparatively few prizes and many blanks, that many who gain the former lose them, and that happiness does not increase with wealth, I questioned whether there might not be a way of eliminating want and the fear of want, and thus of making all the members of a community happier. After searching in many places for this way, I found it at last in the teachings of Jesus, which so many people already profess to believe, but which society, as a larger unit, has thus far very imperfectly put into practice. I noticed that the first declaration of both John the Baptist and of Jesus was, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,' and that the gospel of the latter was frequently referred to as 'the gospel of the kingdom.' Here are a few passages relating to this gospel:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

"In answer to the question, 'Which is the great commandment of the law?' Jesus expressed his perception of the fundamental law of human well-being in the words, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with

all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'

"I pondered these words deeply, and asked myself whether the spirit that prevailed in the City of Mammon was in harmony with these principles. I was forced to confess that it was not. I could not deny, when I squarely faced the issue, that the spirit of the competitive system as I had seen it manifested there was far from expressing love for one's neighbor. Can men who would live by the golden rule drive sharp bargains with their neighbors? I asked. In the face of the parable of the good Samaritan can they take advantage of any human being and conform to the teachings of Jesus? To these questions I was obliged to answer, No.

"I then saw clearly that what society needs as a panacea for its troubles is love, which is literally a permeation with the divine spirit, and consequently a regeneration, a new birth. It is in vain, I reflected, that men look to combinations and adjustments of material things to bring them happiness. What is needed is love, the right spirit; given that, and things, like well-drilled soldiers, will fall into their proper places and then administer to the needs of all. Then the wonderful significance of the passage, 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you,' burst upon me, and I shouted for joy, as the thirsty traveler welcomes the well of an oasis after journeying long over the burning sands of the Sahara. 'That is the key,' I cried; 'cultivate the right spirit, and granaries shall burst with plenty, and rocks of adamant shall melt and flow away when man says, "My convenience will be served by a canal here and a tunnel there."' I felt like a Columbus taking possession of a new world. And yet, to think how old these ideas are! The words are there for all men to reflect upon, but, as Jesus said to his disciples, 'It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given.' And then I remembered another saying, 'He also that received seed



among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.'

"Yes,' I thought, 'as Jesus said upon a certain occasion, "My time has not yet come," so the time has not yet come for society as a whole to realize what a paradise you might have upon your earth, what a veritable kingdom of heaven, if only love could prevail, binding men together, instead of the spirit of selfishness dividing them one from another.' And then I saw, O blessed vision! that the City of Mammon was like some vast machine for the smoothing and polishing of souls, that all of the strife and turmoil were the means to this happy end. 'Is it not true,' I said to myself, eagerly, 'that I was once bent upon grasping the prizes of mammon with all of the terrible earnestness that I recognize in some of my successors? Yes,' I thought, 'and by virtue of our common human nature, the experiences and the facts that converted me to a spiritual and a truly saving view of life will surely have the same effect upon all men even to the last of them! I cannot say when this will be, but sooner or later, surely. And how futile it is to try to distract these gold hunters from their end until their time is come! They become like so many snarling dogs defending their favorite bones if you but approach them.'

"Asked, 'Who is greatest in the kingdom of heaven?' Jesus replied, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.' To be converted you must know the meaning and the marvelous power of love; then the philosophy of heaven will drive out the philosophy of mammon. And when through love you can give yourself wholly to God and to humanity, saying, 'When I know the work that divine wisdom has allotted to me to do for the best good of all, I will do it gladly, then shall you possess the true humility, trust, and obedience that can make you great in the kingdom of heaven. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the

heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God,'—he must be born into the spirit of love.

"One possessed by the true religious spirit, who acknowledges that all other men and women are as dear to the heart of the Father as he is himself,—such an one perceives that in a really enlightened community, where all live for each and each for all, there will be afforded the best possible opportunities for the development of individual tastes and powers. For, everything that benefits the individual then benefits the community, and vice versa. Also, in virtue of our common humanity, it will be found, if a large number of individuals be considered, that there are many who desire the same kind of opportunity, whether it be the study of Chinese or of the properties of the alkaline earths. The great words of the City of Mammon are property and cunning, while those of the City of God are the spiritualization of man, wisdom, and love.

"Men suffer in the City of Mammon, but ignorance always brings suffering, which suggests to one that he may be ignorant and that his theories of existence may be defective. Suffering is therefore the instrumentality, and I see not how there could be any other, through which men are brought to God. It is therefore a good, and not an evil.

"When you bring together a number of people who truly serve God instead of mammon, then a Utopia becomes a reality, for in the state of mind of those people, in their belief, lies the spiritual energy that can create a heavenly kingdom. Nay, the heavenly condition already exists, and all that is needed is to give it an opportunity to express itself in material form. This it will surely do in institutions and adjustments which will help men to realize their desires and aspirations, and which those who believe in mammon would declare could not possibly be brought into existence.

"There is no occasion to blame those who trust in wealth or to praise those who trust in God. It is simply a question of spiritual growth; one is farther along in development, but the other will arrive at

the same point later. The well-being of soul, of man, must be made the supreme thing. The fierce struggle of competitive life in this city is all right,—I have nothing to say against it. It is what I needed once, it is what the present inhabitants need now; I have grown beyond it now, they will grow beyond it later. The wars, competitions, strifes, and inharmonies of your life on earth are the means whereby humanity is being educated.

"If you grasp the import of my words, you have already seen that it was wiser for me to talk to you of the spirit that governs all in the City of God, rather than to have spoken of the material body that expresses that spirit. For, spirit governs matter as surely as the invisible steam in the cylinder drives the visible and ponderous fly-wheel."

As he came to a pause after his lengthy discourse, I remarked, "You have certainly thrown much light upon some of the weightiest problems of human life, and furnished me much food for reflection. Setting aside, for a minute, some questions I would like to ask, I wish to remind you that, as I have observed before, our communities are mixed. We have no City of Mammon exactly like yours to which certain men and women are drawn by an inexorable law of their being, nor such a City of God, a veritable heaven, to which they may flee later when they have outgrown the illusion of riches. What, then, are men to do in the real world where I live?"

"Your question is a very pertinent one," he replied. "I see the difficulties under which you and others labor. However, if you have grown to where you see the necessity of serving God if you would find true and permanent happiness, then the only way open to you is to live in that spirit, as far as possible, no matter what your environment may be, to be as true to it as you can. Live by the golden rule, live by the highest light you have, and never hold yourself justified if you act according to the lesser light of another or return evil for evil. Seek earnestly for personal communion with God, for that at-one-ment with the Father in which lay the illumination and strength of Jesus. Seek to become a coworker with God, an

organ for the manifestation of his will upon earth, and then do the deeds and speak the words which you feel are commanded in the inner chamber of your own soul, recognizing them as the supreme authority for you.

"Be not discouraged because you cannot see results, but 'cast your bread upon the waters' with the calmness of perfect trust. Then, although you may not see the outward reconstruction of society, the new body which the new and more harmonious social spirit will surely create for itself, yet you will have the satisfaction of looking back and saying, 'I was a part of the heaven of truth and love that made this mighty transformation, and that insures to unborn millions a better environment than was possible when I toiled upon earth.' The sacrifices of other generations have blessed you. Be a man; do your part also for the generations which are to follow. In such reflections, and in the spiritual growth which will fit you for a heavenly companionship and a heavenly environment, you will find a rich reward—and merited, too, as it is inevitable—for your devotion to transforming truth which so many of your fellow-men could not then appreciate."

"And now," I said, "a flood of questions sweeps into my mind which I fear may not be asked and far less answered in this interview. I have grasped the meaning of almost everything you have stated. But, when I consider the relation of your gospel to the prevailing thought of men, I perceive at once certain difficulties. I hope you will not consider me skeptical to an unreasonable extent in what I shall say. You adopt the phraseology of the New Testament very largely in expounding your views. Now, while I have followed you sympathetically and agree with you in substance, and while your manner and tone of voice convince me of your sincerity, yet many people will ask whether, after all, you have gone down deep enough, whether there is not the taint of cant in your words.

"Marvel not at my words. Current religious instruction in my world is so awry, in the opinion of some, that we find the sticklers for the authority of the words of Jesus rejecting the social philosophy

which you accept and which you find embodied in his words, while many of those who believe as you do turn away in disgust from Christianity and even from religion as from trees which have expended their strength in leaves and borne very little fruit. There are many noble men and women who have a true love for humanity, and who are looking anxiously for a unitary philosophy of life, or, if you please, for a religion founded upon the laws of nature and of mind. They are truth-seekers. They hate sham and detest cant, which they leave to the self-seeking hypocrite and the parrot ignoramus. If you can throw even a little of the much needed light upon these subjects, I will gladly report your words to the world, and some there are who will weigh them to find out their merit.

"Your earnestness and penetration give me pleasure," he replied. "My own struggles enable me to appreciate your words keenly. Skepticism never frightens me. It has a necessary place in the growth of every human soul. It always prophesies that the subject is in a state of

transition from a worn-out, inadequate, and unsatisfactory system of thought to a more complete and more helpful one. While I do not wish to dogmatize upon the great and difficult theme of God and his relation to nature and to man, still your words suggest many thoughts which I should like to utter, thoughts which might be helpful to you and to others. Therefore, if you would like to hear a dreamlander's reflections upon God and the problems of life, we shall meet again in a few days, and I shall draw for you the picture as I see it, and you may do with it as you see fit. No treatment that you can accord it will in the least wound my feelings; for, if my lines appear true to nature, you will be powerless to forget them, and if they appear defective, I would not have you give them lodgment in your memory."

Then he grasped my hand warmly, and bade me farewell, and I awoke, feeling that I wished that all of my friends could have heard his admirable words, and have received the profound impression which his character and manner made upon me.

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

FIFTEENTH PAPER

### "MERLIN."—(*Concluded.*)

Blameless master of the games,  
King of sport that never shames,  
He shall daily joy dispense  
Hid in song's sweet influence.  
Forms more cheerily live and go,  
What time the subtle mind  
Sings aloud the tune whereto  
Their pulses beat,  
And march their feet,  
And their members are combined.

What thought do we find in this verse, which we can translate into a plain paraphrase? Daily joy, hid in song's sweet influence,—this does not need any explanation or comment. This we concede the poet if he is a "Merlin," or a good poet. "Song's sweet influence" is happy as a phrase. What is it to sing aloud? Not literally to sing aloud. It must mean some

virtue in a poem, strictly so called, and not singing. It is adequate expression in a poem as such. Every one knows the momentum which lies in the achievement when he has sung his thought aloud, that is to say, satisfied himself in his statement of it. Then he can go along "cheerily." But what a drag it is if he feels or fears that he has left behind him poor, tame, and imperfect lines. Work well done is as music to a march. Then the "combine" of members is strong, easy, and graceful.

By Sybarites beguiled,  
He shall no task decline.

The "Merlin" should bring all his powers to the "combination of his members," his material. Read the essay on "Literary Ethics." Merlin is there a stern and exact-

ing taskmaster. He does not allow sloth, ease, sensual indulgences to the poet. "Sybarites" is a generic name for "lotus eaters," lovers of pleasure, the victims of any wine but "God's wine," which is Emerson's name for poetry.

Merlin's mighty line  
Extremes of nature reconciled,—  
Bereaved a tyrant of his will,  
And made the lion mild.  
Songs can the tempest still,  
Scattered on the stormy air,  
Mold the year to fair increase,  
And bring in poetic peace.

There is a great deal of truth in all this, though expressed in hyperbole, as is Emerson's manner. We can read a meaning and a truth into every line. No man can ever estimate the value of poetry in the redemption of man from the old primeval cruelties and barbarisms. Zeus flings Ixion into hell, but by the suffrages of all the gods Zeus falls and Ixion rises. Poetry teaches the tyrant to hate tyranny, to love mercy and justice. A noble, generous line in Homer has never lost its power.

Olympian bards who sung  
Divine ideas below,  
Which always find us young,  
And always keep us so,

have prevailed to keep the world moving on and up, and "divine ideas," which always find us young and always keep us so," secure us forever to progress, ameliorations, and new heavens, in which we tend to leave the old behind us. Tyrants always fear poets. They will never sing in praise of vice and wrong. The best virtue of a nation is always found in the songs of a nation. That is why some one said, "Give me the songs, and I care not who makes the laws." The songs become the laws at last.

He shall not seek to weave,  
In weak, unhappy times,  
Efficacious rhymes;  
Wait his returning strength.

Emerson seems to have had many "weak, unhappy times," owing, probably, to frequent periods of poor health. If one is well he can easily overcome ennui, lassitude, a slight subsidence of energy.

Some form of pressure, driving him to his task, will often disclose in the task itself a specific for such disability. What an awakening power in writing, when we have well begun! Says Tennyson:

I sometimes feel it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel,  
For words, like nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.

But for the unquiet heart and brain  
A use in measured language lies.  
The sad, mechanic exercise  
Like dull narcotics numbing pain.

What is this last verse of Tennyson's but "song's sweet influence," as Emerson names it?

Forms more cheerily live and go,  
What time the subtle mind  
Sings aloud the tune whereto  
Their pulses beat,  
And march their feet,  
And their members are combined.

What are "forms" but words? What are pulses but rhythm? What are feet but measures? And what quickens the combinations but the singing and the joy of singing? Emerson says in his essay on "Poetry and Imagination:" "I do not wish to find that my poet is not a partaker of the feast he spreads, or that he would kindle or amuse me with that which does not kindle or amuse him. He must believe in his poetry. Homer, Milton, Hafiz, Herbert, Swedenborg, Wordsworth are heartily enamored of their sweet thoughts."

The charm in Tennyson's line is something more than the "sad, mechanic exercise." Nothing will more absorb the attention than weaving words into rhyme. The rhyme may not be worth anything as poetry, but it often surprises and delights the rhymer and drives away care and trouble. I think, if I were a physician, I should in many cases set my patient to rhyming. Byron said of Jack Bunting, "He knew not what to do, and so he swore." Rhyming would at any rate be better than swearing, and many diseases are probably due to the fact that the sufferer knows not what to do.

"Wait his returning strength." "Inspiration," says Emerson, "is like yeast.

'Tis no matter in which of half a dozen ways you procure the infection; you can apply one or the other equally well to your purpose, and get your loaf of bread; and every earnest workman, in whatever kind, knows some favorable conditions for his task. When I wish to write on any topic, 'tis of no consequence what kind of book or man gives me a hint or a notion, nor how far off that is from my topic." This is saying that all roads lead to Rome. Get the inspiration, get light, and you can see in all directions.

We depend much upon moods. Are they within our own control? Goethe said he did better work in dull, unfavorable weather, because he put more will into his mood. On the contrary, Jacob Behmen said of a certain writing, "Art has not wrote here. In one quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been many years together at an university." Herrick says:

'Tis not every day that I  
Fitted am to prophesy.

Emerson speaks of several sources of inspiration, as health, writing letters, solitary converse with nature, solitude of habit, conversation, new poetry, certain localities, as the mountain, the seaside, the brook, the woods. "I sometimes go away to a hotel," said Emerson. "I then enjoy an astronomic leisure." Certainly the stars are far enough apart to escape callers, which are often a great interruption to the literary worker. Perhaps it was such hinderances that inspired the verse:

I have no brothers and no peers,  
And the dearest interferes.  
When I would a lonely day,  
Sun and moon are in the way.

And in speaking of friends, in "Celestial Love," he says:

When each the other shall avoid,  
Shall each by each be most enjoyed.

Indeed, there are times when guests should respect the need of relief and solitude on the part of a host, however kind and patient. When the muse comes let no other presence intrude.

Bird that from the nadir's floor  
To the zenith's top can soar,—  
The soaring orbit of the muse  
Exceeds that journey's length.

Such flights, such soaring orbit, shall come to the poet with his returning strength.

Nor profane affect to hit  
Or compass that by meddling wit,  
Which only the propitious mind  
Publishes when 'tis inclined.

This is the inspiration for which the poet prays in the great poem of "Bacchus."

Bring me wine, but wine which never grew  
In the belly of the grape,  
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching  
through  
Under the Andes to the Cape,  
Suffer no savor of the earth to scape.

Here we have an example of a "soaring orbit." Such a "vine" would imply vast knowledge and a rich and broad experience. Then the wine might well be "music." "Music and wine are one." Again, he says of the propitious mind:

There are open hours  
When the God's will sallies free,  
And the dull idiot might see  
The flowing fortunes of a thousand years,—  
Sudden, at unawares,  
Self-moved, fly-to the doors,  
Nor sword of angels could reveal  
What they conceal.

Thus the strength of the Merlin and the propitious mind are gone until another period. The invocation of the stricken poet is hopeless. Even the sword of angels could not open the doors to returning strength.

The flowing fortunes of a thousand years.

This line may have a solution in these words in "Bacchus:"

Wine which music is,—  
Music and wine are one,—  
That I, drinking this,  
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;  
Kings unborn shall walk with me.

This is vision far away into the past and into the future.

The second poem of "Merlin" begins with the lines:

The rhyme of the poet  
Modulates the king's affairs.

This is a way of saying that the deed comes around to the doer in state and nation, as well as to the single citizen. It expresses a confederate personality where justice, Nemesis, compensation insist on a field for their work, as in the case of individual men. We shall reap what we sow. The seed and the harvest are a rhyme, the rhyme of "the king's affairs." The same modulation as in the case of one shall propagate its legitimate quality into vast numbers.

Line in nature is not found,  
Unit and universe are round.

This is fate,—even the gods cannot escape the law.

Balance-loving nature  
Made all things in pairs,—

that is, in rhymes. The thirty-two lines which follow give this thought only. Then comes the great sentence never to be forgotten:

Perfect-paired as eagle's wings,  
Justice is the rhyme of things.

What a symbol for justice do we find in gravitation. If a structure is plumb this power holds it in place. While it is upright and downright it is strong. When it sways from rectitude the same force which held it up now pulls it down. Let kings and people see the law and heed it. This is the modulation, the rhyme of the poet.

Trade and counting use  
The self-same tuneful muse.

I asked a merchant once in regard to certain goods, offered as imported, if there was not deception in the case, if the goods were really imported. Said he: "There is not a merchant in Boston who would deceive you in that way. He couldn't afford it. He would lose three times as much as he would gain." Honesty in trade is added capital. Merchants are wise

as they see this "modulation." If a merchant cheats me I don't trade with him any more. I side with Nemesis, and carry his deed into rhyme, that is, round to him.

And Nemesis,  
Who with even matches odd,  
Who athwart space redresses  
The partial wrong,  
Fills the just period,  
And finishes the song.

Fate never allows anything but a "partial" wrong, so much wrong as Nemesis can "redress." Emerson does not believe in evil as an essence; on the contrary, it is only phenomenon. It is not a thing. Perhaps it may be better called an event than a thing. Before sentient life came upon the planet the distinction between good and bad did not emerge. The terrible events in the history of the earth's formation were neither good nor bad. When life came then events were good and bad in relation to life. When man came then the relations called moral evils were made possible. Things were not evil. No element is known to the chemist which is evil in itself, or evil and harm to the universe, or to God, let us believe. Evil is a relative, not an absolute power.

Subtle rhymes, with ruin rife,  
Murmur in the house of life,  
Sung by the Sisters as they spin;  
In perfect time and measure they  
Build and unbuild our echoing clay,  
As the two twilights of the day  
Fold us music-drunken in.

Of course, the beginning and end of life will make a pair, or a rhyme in the language of this poem. The "sisters," I need not say, are the Fates, and life is represented under the figure of a thread. In the Bible it is spoken of as a silver cord, and again as a pitcher which is broken at the well, or when in actual use. So "subtle rhymes, with ruin rife," that "murmur in the house of life."

As the two twilights of the day  
Fold us music-drunken in.

The morning twilight has day before it. The evening twilight has day behind it. It is always day somewhere. It is always night somewhere,—types of

good and evil, local differences. But the sun does not know this great alternation,—great to us. Let us take the sun for our symbol, not day and night,—an universal and not a private sign.

“Fold us music-drunken in” may mean that the rhymes—the music—go on from

the beginning to the end of life. Then we fall, drunken, unconscious, where neither philosophy nor poetry can follow us. There, in the words of Browning,

Hope shoots the chasm,  
And, still, we believe.

## THE STUDY OF A WESTERN CITY—SPOKANE

BY REV. R. E. BISBEE

To a westerner it is like an excruciating discord in music to hear the average easterner attempt to pronounce the name of this magic city in the heart of the great inland empire made up of eastern Washington and northern Idaho. Some call it Spoken, and others Spokaine, with an interminable and heart-rending drawl on the last syllable. The true pronunciation is Spokan, short, sharp, crisp, with a feeling of life and energy in it like the city itself and its “rustling” inhabitants.

It has been my privilege to see a majority of the best cities in America, but nothing of its age so well built, beautiful, and inspiring as Spokane. Its origin is an idyl, and its daily history an epic with a movement as swift as its clear, sparkling river.

In comparatively recent geological times all the region between the Cascade and the Rocky Mountains was a great inland sea. As the land gradually emerged and the sea retired, great valleys were scooped out by the rivers, probably aided at times and in places by glaciers. Then came great volcanic upheavals, damming the rivers, forming great lakes, and strewing the earth with lava. Doubtless much of the volcanic action took place before the sea had fully retired. The result of this complex action of many forces was great rolling prairies, comparatively level lake bottoms, sand hills, masses of igneous rock, gravel beds, and huge boulders, a mixed vegetable and volcanic soil of exceeding fertility, and thousands of seams filled with precious ores.

The city of Spokane is situated near the western extremity of a recently formed

prairie, made by the filling of a great lake. This lake once extended from the bluffs or palisades west and south of the city to the Coeur d'Alene Mountains in northern Idaho. Probably some early river or glacier had made a deep valley in this region, then came the upheaval of rock obstructing the channel, and so forming the lake. In the course of ages the lake became filled largely from the deposits of floes which broke off from the foot of glaciers in the Idaho Mountains. The evidences of this are the immense boulders and the coarse gravel with which the lake is filled. Of course the sediment washed into the lake from the surrounding bluffs greatly contributed to the filling process.

While the main igneous upheaval was west of the city, a spur of volcanic rock ran out across the ancient river channel at what is now the head of the falls. It was this spur which eventually caused one of the most beautiful cataracts and one of the most remarkable water powers known to man. Below this spur the deposits of gravel rapidly washed away, leaving a deep gorge, but the basaltic rock of the upheaval is very hard and wears slowly. The result is a fall of one hundred and fifty feet in less than one mile.

The Spokane River has its source in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains of northern Idaho. These mountains are a part of the great Rocky Mountain system. Their elevation is so great that snow lingers till very late in the season, and on some heights and northern slopes it never wholly disappears. On one of these summits I have seen a bank of snow ten feet deep late in July. From such sources, snow-

banks and innumerable springs, the waters gather in the beautiful Coeur d'Alene Lake, a large and navigable sheet, more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. From the northern end of this lake the Spokane flows a westerly course and empties into the Columbia.

The river is clear, cold, beautiful, and filled with spotted trout. The distance from its lake source to Spokane is thirty or thirty-five miles. The first great water power which it furnishes is at Post Falls, in Idaho. The next is at Spokane. Its course is through a comparatively level prairie caused by the filling of the ancient lake as above described. But the lake, though filled, still remains. It simply lies under the surface at the level of the river. A well may be sunk anywhere into a supply of water as inexhaustible as the stream itself. From this underground lake a city may supply itself with water perfectly filtered by nature, cold, pure, and life-giving. That Spokane did not avail itself of this rare opportunity, but took its water directly from the river instead, was doubtless due to a misapprehension of its possibilities. Now there is talk of filtering wells and artificial arrangements to supply what nature had already provided.

The Spokane is a river which naturally tantalizes the muses. That is to say, it has inspired much writing which, in the language of an English editor, at the distance of several feet looks like poetry. In the absence, however, of any truly poetic genius to give it proper coloring and adequately set forth its charms, I hereby incorporate a little rhyme which I wish to dedicate to the children of the magic city on the banks of the sparkling stream whose existence has called into being the beautiful inland metropolis.

In the Coeur d'Alene Mountains rich in silver  
and gold,  
Melted snows give it being, pure, sparkling,  
and cold;  
Then the great lake receives it, how peaceful  
its rest,  
Reflecting the mountains and clouds in its  
breast.  
Now an opening is found and it glideth away,  
Now rushing, now lingering like a child in  
its play,

And as it flows onward this song comes to  
me  
From Spokane, bright and sparkling, the  
river so free:

"Oh, the life of a river is filled with delight,  
I go when I will both by day and by night,  
I stop at my leisure the green banks to lave,  
No power rules o'er me, of none I'm the  
slave."

But now comes a pause, a trembling, a fear,  
The falls are down yonder, the strong dam  
is here;  
Through the raceway it courses in spite of  
its will,  
There's work for thee, river, grind, grind at  
the mill.

Oh, my child, like the river, there's work,  
too, for thee,  
Soon thy wanderings shall cease to be idle  
and free;  
To thy task then with courage, shrink not  
from thy fate,  
Thou shalt learn that through toil leads the  
path of the great.

In the foregoing I have thought more of the lesson contained than of exact description or attempt at poetic beauty. This lesson furnishes me with a text, a point of departure from which to discourse on how the city of Spokane came to be.

The city of Spokane was built as the result of hard work. The place was not originally favored by the railroad companies, nor was it, perhaps, in all respects the best location for the chief town in eastern Washington, but the falls had attracted a few hardy and determined men, who formed the nucleus of the first settlement some time in the seventies, and to these men must be given large credit for what is seen to-day, a city without a rival for hundreds of miles in any direction. The secret of success was hard, sacrificing labor and intense devotion to a purpose.

The spirit of these men was infectious. Whoever came to Spokane caught it, and it aroused in him a flame of enthusiasm. Whatever might be the rivalries in religion, politics, or the pursuit of wealth, every man stood for Spokane against the world. Faith in their town and in themselves was always in evidence. If things were flat to-day they would be better to-morrow. If one enterprise did not materialize, a better one surely would. There could be no doubt of the future.



Spokane could and must become a great city.

There is a growing sentiment that the prevailing ideas of our civilization are wrong, and probably to a large extent they are. We hear much of the unearned increment, of land grabbers, of usurers and speculative sharps. From the higher ethical standpoint society seems like a chaos of discordant, warring, and wicked elements, and so indeed it is. But men must be judged by the standards of their times. They must be found in the plane where they live. We are victims of the ignorance of ages as well as heirs of the generations of wisdom. We cannot extricate ourselves from the meshes of our environment. Even if we should isolate ourselves, we would be the worse rather than the better for it. We must get into the struggle, take our chance with others, and do the best we can, but always keeping a nobler ideal in view. We may not approve of war, but we admire courage and persistency. The building of Spokane was a warfare, a warfare with rival towns, of real estate men with one another, of business against business, of intrigue against intrigue. Here was a strenuous life which could not fail to satisfy the most ardent expansionist. It was at times intense, cruel, unrelenting, and many were the victims far and near. Rival towns went down, or had, at least, their chief business taken away from them. Visionary schemes met with failure. Verdant speculators parted with good money for unsalable lots, and yet in it all there was but little conscious fraud. The men who built Spokane were new to the business. They did not understand all the laws of action and reaction. They did not realize the grip which the money power has on the government or the influence of legislation on the wealth of the humblest citizen. With such a site for a city and such a country to back it there could be no reasonable doubt of the ultimate future, and so they fought on with a courage and persistency worthy of the noblest cause. We deplore the warfare, we pity the victims, but we admire the valor.

And yet the pathetic side of the picture will force itself into view. There are the men who after years of struggle went down

in bankruptcy and ruin to death, the benevolent enterprises that failed, the thousands who could gain no foothold, who were obliged to turn back East, or simply stand on the outside and view the prosperity of others. There was the subtle fortune just eluding the grasp, Tantalus over and over again, the fortune realized but misused, and, saddest of all, greed growing with what it fed on till the victim could no longer be said to possess his wealth, but to be possessed by it.

As has been said, Spokane began to be in the seventies. In 1883 the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed, bringing new life and new hope to this way station beyond the Rockies. In 1885 the rapid growth began. In 1890 there were 19,000 inhabitants. The next census will count more than 45,000, and if 1910 does not count more than 100,000 every calculation will be falsified.

In 1889 the city suffered from a severe fire, which destroyed the entire business portion. It was immediately rebuilt in a substantial and handsome manner, and there is no city of its size in America which presents so imposing a frontage of business blocks on its main street as does Spokane. Its private residences, especially the houses of its bankers, real estate lords, and mining kings, are probably without parallel in the history of city building.

Concerning its other enterprises and improvements I quote from a manual compiled by the city clerk:

The area of the city is twenty and one-quarter square miles. There are twelve miles of sewers, which cost \$231,704.13, sixty-six miles of graded streets, one hundred and twenty miles of sidewalk, 37,975 square yards of asphalt paving, 5,500 squares of brick paving, fifty-one miles of water mains, thirty-five miles of street railroad track, and eighteen bridges across the Spokane River within the city limits.

The city is on a cash basis and all warrants, city, county, and school, are above par. The five banks of Spokane have a capitalization of \$850,000, and on June 30th, 1899, had on deposit \$5,548,476. The bank clearings increased two hundred per cent in five years, and in the year 1898 reached the high figure of \$45,805,956. The real estate transfers for the first six months of 1898 amounted to \$1,954,443, and in the first six months of 1899 to \$4,085,139. In two years the tax levied for interest on the bonded indebtedness of the city has been reduced

from six and one-half mills to two and one-half mills.

The falls of the Spokane River create 32,000 horse-power at the lowest stages. Of this amount not more than 6000 horse-power is now in use. Power can be leased for ten dollars per annum per horse-power. All street cars are run by electricity generated by water power.

In 1898 \$353,000 were expended in public buildings in Spokane; \$247,000 in business buildings; \$539,000 in private residences, and \$69,000 in public improvements. Ten large brick warehouses were built to accommodate the increasing wholesale and jobbing trade. Two thousand telephones are in use, more per population than in any other city in the United States. "Home of the Mining Kings" is the title applied to the city, because so many wealthy mining men have built homes in Spokane. There are four large flour mills, with a combined capacity of three thousand barrels per day. The city owns its own water works, from which the cash revenue is about \$100,000 per year.

What has Spokane to back its hope of reaching 100,000 population in the next decade? I quote further from the manual:

The city is rapidly becoming the greatest mining center in America. The output of the surrounding mining camps has been \$20,000,000. In the territory tributary to Spokane there was a yield of 30,000,000 bushels of wheat, oats, and barley in 1898.

Spokane is the most important railroad center west of the Rockies, having three transcontinental and five local roads, with others building. Only one of the great industries known to civilization is not included in Spokane's sources of wealth. This one is fisheries. All the others—mining, commerce, manufacturing, agricultural pursuits—are prominent factors in Spokane's prosperity.

Fort Wright, within five miles of the center of the city, is a new army post, which already has cost the government \$200,000. When finished it will have cost more than \$1,000,000, and will be able to accommodate a full regiment of 1200 soldiers. Next to West Point it is the most beautifully located military post in the United States.

Spokane's manufacturing institutions include woolen, flour, and lumber mills, breweries, machine shops, cracker factories, tent factories, pickle factories, bottling works, pottery works, broom factories, mattress factories, foundries and iron works, soap works, car shops, cigar factories, brick yards, stone and marble works, shingle mills, furniture factory, sash and door factories, and a tannery.

Spokane is nineteen hundred feet above sea level and lies near the forty-eighth

parallel of latitude. It is as far north as the northernmost point in Maine, but not quite as far north as Paris, France. Its climate is one of its remarkable features, and is well worthy of a paragraph or two. The climate of the Puget Sound region has often been described, but I have never seen an adequate description of the climate of Spokane, nor, indeed, can I give one. I will simply mention a few facts. In general it may be said that the climate is governed by the prevailing winds. The southwest winds, known as the chinook, prevail the larger part of the time, and are the winds which melt the snow and open the ground. They come from the warm currents of the Pacific Ocean. The east wind, creeping through the notches of the Rocky Mountains, brings the cold, which is sometimes intense, but seldom of long continuance. The average Spokane winter is about six weeks, but it is not very regular in coming or going. It sometimes appears in November and December, and at other times holds off till February and March. In the winter of 1896-'7 snow came in December, and lasted for a week or two and disappeared. January was warm and springlike. The thermometer did not fall to zero the entire month. During February there was continuous snow on the ground, the mercury falling on one occasion to 11 degrees below, the mean temperature of the month being 18.5 as against 31.6 for the preceding month. On the last day of February the chinook came in. In two hours the foot of snow had softened, and in forty-eight hours it was gone, with nothing to remind us of it except the glistening pools of water in all the depressions of the prairie. By the fourth of March the children were picking the early buttercup and the gardeners had begun to plow. During the spring came an occasional day of east wind bringing a touch of frost. In fact, there is liable to be frost any month in the year provided only that the east wind can for a few hours get the better of the chinook. The nights are nearly always cool, owing to the elevation. During five summers I do not remember more than that number of uncomfortably warm nights. The coldest day on record in Spokane was in January, 1888, when the mercury fell to thirty

degrees below zero. The night was clear and still, with a gentle east wind prevailing. The cold had been gradually intensifying for several days. Having reached its climax, it gradually and silently departed and the chinook once more began its beneficent reign. The oldest inhabitant smilingly nodded and said that probably winter was over, a prediction which the event verified.

The following table, giving the highest, lowest, and mean temperature for five years, will assist the reader in the study of the Spokane climate:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
1894 .....	98	-2	48.2
1895 .....	95	8	48.0
1896 .....	100	-13	48.6
1897 .....	100	3	48.2
1898 .....	104	-2	48.2

It will be noticed that during two of the five years the thermometer did not reach zero and that the lowest point was thirteen below.

The mean monthly precipitation for eighteen years is as follows:

January .....	2.53	July .....	0.68
February .....	1.96	August .....	0.43
March .....	1.40	September .....	0.97
April .....	1.30	October .....	1.41
May .....	1.43	November .....	2.10
June .....	1.70	December .....	2.55
Annual .....	18.17		

It is seen from this table that the least precipitation is in the harvest season; in fact, a wet harvest is a rare event.

But no table can give an adequate idea of the beauty and glory of the long successions of sunny days, of cool and cloudless nights, of wonderful sunsets and invigorating breezes to which the old inhabitant becomes so accustomed that he hardly realizes himself to be living in one of the very best spots which God ever created for the home of man. With no fear of blizzards, with little fear of drought, with the certainty of a practically rainless harvest, he soon comes to think with genuine pity of the poor shivering East,—everything beyond the Rockies is East to him,—and of the parched and sweltering South.

Charles Dudley Warner's description of the Western man hardly applies to the average Spokaneite: "He is the insatiable

mover. With him it is always the first of May. He is the historical character who never sleeps twice in the same bed. He always builds his house to sell. When it is finished that is the signal for him to move. His ancestors must bury themselves, his posterity are heirs to the future. He has time neither to inherit nor to make his will. It is always in his plan to settle down, but never in the place where he is. He pays his debts by incurring new ones. He is the great laborer and hardship-endurer of the nineteenth century. But he always expects to reach a spot to-morrow where he will have nothing to do."

When he reaches Spokane he says, "This is good enough for me," and stops right there. Of course, there are exceptions, but I speak of the average. Thousands who do not remain would if they could. Circumstances beyond their control may send and keep them away, but those who do remain are as contented, happy, and proud a class of citizens as can be found in Uncle Sam's rapidly expanding dominions.

Of the people in general it may be said that, while not highly cultured, they are intelligent, good observers, quick to understand, statesmen and financiers by instinct. They do not waste much time on abstractions or theories, but are intensely practical. They are at the same time radically progressive and conservative, radical in all practical applications of science and inventions, bound to have the latest and best, progressive in matters of education, having excellent school facilities, but conservative in matters of religion. They come from everywhere and bring every kind of an idea that floats under the sun. Some of their traditions, dogmas, and ways of doing things they hold with wonderful tenacity, hence they have many religious denominations, sharply divided but friendly, while other notions they easily surrender to the influences of the place. The result of the general mixture of opinions is a unique and original phase of society. While denominational lines are sharply drawn, and liberal thinkers as such would fare hard in an orthodox church, yet there is large tolerance toward anybody who is doing something to boom

the town, Catholic, Protestant, and Unitarian alike. Dogmas are sacred provided they do not stand in the way of the city's advance.

Spokane has furnished two United States senators and three or four representatives since Washington's admission to statehood in 1889, and would never for a moment entertain a doubt of its ability to furnish a whole Congress, with a president thrown in. This pleasing conceit is by no means pretension. The city is a great mining and farming center, the hub of two New Englands. It is naturally the home of leading lawyers, physicians, journalists, and capitalists. It takes brains to build cities, frame ordinances, argue real estate and mining claims, hence the legal profession especially is highly developed, and all the professions are represented by talent of the first order.

The morals of the people of Spokane average with the great mass of American citizens. They are the legitimate product of our civilization. The atmosphere is one of money-making. Though there is a strong temperance element, it is not sufficient to prevail over the desire to boom the city through the liquor saloon. The puritanic spirit is largely stifled in the dense exhalations of the real estate and stock exchange.

There are some interesting city ordinances. Children under sixteen years of age are not allowed to be out in the evening after eight o'clock from October 1 to April 1, or after nine from April 1 to October 1, unless sent on an errand by parent or guardian. Persons under eighteen years of age are not permitted to play billiards or pool, and minors are not allowed to play any game of chance or to enter saloons. No girl under eighteen years of age is permitted to enter saloons to sell flowers or other wares, and yet the saloon license is only \$500. To a visitor from Mars it would seem strange that a civilized city should be so ready to license places into which innocent youths are forbidden to enter.

There is an intense loyalty to religion, but the price of corner lots and mining stocks is discussed to and from the vestibule of the church. When in the sanctuary the worshippers take the scourgings of the

gospel very patiently, and then go forth to do business at the old stand. If times are especially good they prefer not to spare their money to any great extent for religious enterprises just at present, but they would rather borrow and will even accept help from the East. When business is dull they of course have little money to spare, and yet, by dint of hard work on the part of the sacrificing few, religious enterprises have made a fairly rapid advance. It is thus clearly seen that in no respect do the citizens of Spokane differ essentially from their fellow mortals elsewhere. They are as good as they can be and not interfere with the main pursuit, getting rich and promoting the interests of the city.

Judging from the publications sent out, the people take great delight in reading strange tales of suddenly acquired fortunes. There is the story of a million-dollar check or how a mining interest was sold for a fabulous sum, the part payment for which was made with a check of more than a million dollars. A facsimile of the check has been engraved and printed as a proof of the deal. Another interesting story which has brought into play the thrilling descriptive powers of the Spokane writer is that of the \$4,000,000 donkey, or how a jackass helped discover a mine, a not unusual occurrence. Other titles are buffalo humps of gold, a golden republic, fortunes in the clouds, where fortunes are made in a day, and a score more of subjects which stir the blood of the money seeker. The strangest thing about these stories is that they are literally true.

It is perhaps time to state the reason why I have entered into all this discussion and analysis of a western community. Where a little more than twenty years ago there was no city, no railroad, no visible resources, an unknown soil, an unexplored wilderness, there now stands a metropolis with its marvelous aggregate of intelligence, refinement, and wealth. For a thousand years the savage stupidly gazed at these falls and could do nothing with them. To him they had no meaning. The white man came, bringing thought and energy, and the great city sprung up by magic. This shows that man is potentially great,

that the resources of mind are well-nigh illimitable. It shows that thought put into action is greater than material resources, is in fact their creator. Now, what might a little more thought and a little better directed action do? Let us see.

For our survey let us take the entire State of Washington. In the northwest corner of the United States, reaching as far north as the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, embracing an area of nearly seventy thousand square miles, or more than forty-four million acres, lies one of the youngest, most vigorous, and potentially greatest States of the Union. To give a bare statement of its diversity of soil and climate, its productiveness, and its possibilities of development would be to excite amazement if not incredulity. If this State were shut entirely within its own resources it could, with a proper economic system, support a population of twenty million and supply that population with all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life. Its southern valleys are almost semi-tropical; farther north are immense prairies capable of producing unlimited quantities of grain and fruit, while the riches of its forests and mines in the Cascade region and along the northern border simply defy computation.

The important question is, Who is to own all this? The boast of Spokane is that it is the home of mining kings, men who discover mines, develop them a little, then sell them for fabulous sums to English and other capitalists. This is a significant statement. Not the people, not even American citizens, are to any great extent to own these vast resources. They are subtly, silently, but surely to pass into the hands of millionaire foreigners. They are to buttress wealth and eventually add to human oppression. They are to furnish the sinews of strength to the enemies of mankind in the coming revolution. In selling their mines to foreign syndicates the people of Washington are, unconsciously, perhaps, selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

The society of Washington is not yet crystallized. There are no hard and fast lines between distinct orders, but the process of crystallization and stratification is

going on. The time will come when fortunes cannot be made in a day. Some time the masses will wake up to find that they are slaves to endless toil in a fixed estate, and that mining kings of whom they are so proud, or their descendants, are the people's perpetual masters. Gold kings, silver barons, real estate earls, and iron dukes will own the press, the legislature, and the courts. Every great sale of natural resources to alien or even private syndicates, however pleasing for the present, is the sale of the liberties of posterity. I am simply stating plain common sense facts verified by countless pages of human history.

I have said that with a proper economic system Washington could alone support in comfort twenty millions of people. With the present system there will be a cry of oppression, of want of room and opportunity, before the population reaches three millions. Why are there those in the United States to-day who are crying for expansion, for more room, for larger trade? Is it because our own land is filled and because there are no further wants to supply here? The question is its own answer. The reason lies in a false economic system, a wrong organization of society. We are living in the passing stage of an effete civilization. In the deepest and truest sense we do not need the Philippines or any other foreign land. We have enough within our present borders to occupy our capital and energies for centuries to come.

The trouble is that we press blindly on, copying the mistakes of our ancestors rather than profiting by them. This brings to us want in the midst of plenty, discouragement in the place of hope, oppression where nature itself is the bulwark of freedom. Such a calamity may be avoided. There is no problem, the solution of which is essential to human welfare and happiness, which cannot be solved. The brain, the energy, the devotion, which could in twenty years build from nothing a modern and artistically beautiful city of more than forty thousand inhabitants, with all that this implies of development and improvement, can by the same union and devotion perpetuate the city's and the State's early prosperity to the thousandth generation.

# RETURN

## BY ELTWEED POMEROY

### I.

#### THE MESSAGE OF THE LEAVES.

How simple a thing are the leaves of green,  
 That flutter and toss in the wind's light breath!  
 Like sunlit sails which gently careen,  
 Like innocent souls unfearful of death.

They whisper o'er head like children at tea,  
 Who murmur and smile in happy reply;  
 They laugh and rejoice and rustle with glee  
 As they gather each tale from the wind passing by.

But kindly their gossip; their faces look up,  
 Though clouds hanging low spread gloom all around,  
 Though the sun shines a gem in the skies' azure cup,  
 Though the night's mystic voices with sighing resound.

No thought do they have but to breathe in the sun,  
 To talk with the rain, be kissed by the breeze,  
 To work out their lives in simple things done  
 In faithfulness to their parents, the trees.

How finely they sift the sunlight and shade,  
 And weave e'er anew in the wood's wondrous loom,  
 Her changing bedeckment in beauty all made  
 Of sparks from the sun with center of gloom.

Attached to the tree, yet freely they move,  
 The type of the soul that lives the day's length  
 To do its own work, and needs not to prove  
 With questions and doubts the source of its strength.

How simple a thing are the leaves of green;  
 That flutter and toss as the wind surgeth by!  
 And, oh, that our lives on a higher could lean  
 With the sweetness and joy of leaves near the sky.

### II.

#### THE NEED OF THE AGE.

Our life in this age is broken with woe,  
 Or tense with its love or torn with its joy;  
 It is shriveled with work which makes the gold flow,  
 And luxury brings and cares that annoy.

It is wearied with doubt and lighted by dreams,  
 It is shattered by needs and shaken by plans;  
 An age of great doing whose call ever seems  
 To hurry us faster; 'tis hurry unmans.

Its needs are too many and false and new,  
 Its deeds have been great but lacking in grace,  
 Its aims are complex and many are true,  
 Its conscience is stern and whips up the race.  
  
 And lost is the time to quietly live,  
 To bloom as the flower, to swing as the leaf,  
 It lacketh the growth that silence can give,  
 The power that binds life's scattered sheaf.  
  
 Too many and great are its daring deeds.  
 It has won the world and lost in winning,  
 With its hurried calls and changing creeds,  
 The finer strength of unconscious being.  
  
 And gone is that Godlike oneness of aim  
 Whose lack makes a mob of its valliant deeds.  
 Ho, preacher and poet and teacher aflame,  
 Preach peace, sing silence, teach rest,—our needs.  
  
 How simple a thing are the leaves of green,  
 That flutter and toss as the wind singeth nigh.  
 Their whispers reprove; they lift up their screen  
 To show us the blue,—the trust of the sky.

## THE TYRANTS' SONG

BY ERNEST CROSBY

'Tis not the man with match a-light  
 Behind the barricade,  
 Nor he who stoops to dynamite,  
 That makes us feel afraid.  
 For halter-end and prison-cell  
 Soon quench these brief alarms;  
 But where are found the means to quell  
 The man with folded arms?  
  
 We dread the man who folds his arms  
 And tells the simple truth,—  
 Whose strong, impetuous protest charms  
 The virgin ear of youth,—  
 Who scorns the vengeance that we wreak,  
 And smiles to meet his doom,—  
 Who on the scaffold still can speak,  
 And preaches from the tomb.  
  
 We kill the man with pistol drawn,—  
 The man with loaded gun;  
 They never see the morning dawn  
 Nor hail the rising sun;  
 But who shall slay the immortal man  
 Whom nothing mortal harms,—  
 Who never fought and never ran,—  
 The man with folded arms?

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

It is well for the world that good men and true scientists are exploring so thoroughly the phenomena of mental telepathy, thought transference, auto-suggestion, etc., for without a thorough sifting and keen analysis many grave errors and great wrongs may be committed.

A sensitive, who is truly a most wonderful man and a well-known healer employed by people of wealth and influence, has so often demonstrated his power that some deem him almost infallible. I was in my husband's office one day, and a friend called who wished to go to our residence for a short visit. I said he could go with me, as I was going direct home. My husband wanted a book that he requested me to send him by a boy who had been in our employ only a few days. We took the car. I had a knitted purse containing twenty-seven dollars in bills and some change. The ring that divided it was slipped over my middle finger, so that I could not drop it.

When we reached the house the gentleman sat in the parlor and the boy in the hall, with only a portiere dividing.

I went upstairs to get what my husband wanted, and while there the house-girl said she could not make change for the laundress. I told her to follow me downstairs and I would give it to her. The boy still sat in the seat in the hall. The gentleman was quietly looking out of the window on the boulevard, but my purse which I was sure I had left on a table in the room where I took off my gloves was gone, although the gloves were there. I had search made, and sent back over the way we came from the car, but all in vain. I concluded that the ring must have broken and I had lost the purse in spite of my impression of having laid it off with my gloves. I advertised for it in the

evening paper. When my husband returned he asked the gentleman if the boy had come into the room while I was upstairs. He said he had a vague impression that the boy had stood a moment in the door partly concealed by the drapery, but that his memory was indistinct, owing to his interest in the passing turn-outs that drove along the boulevard.

My husband's suspicions were aroused by several of the office employees having missed small sums, and our sensitive friend appearing, my husband asked him to discover whether the boy were guilty of anything wrong, telling him nothing of the facts of the case. The sensitive located the scene of the theft perfectly, saw the room, the table, the purse, and the gloves; and he said there was a man there, tall, blue eyes, an immense forehead,—a man who needed money and was hunting employment, and expecting my husband to get it for him, and that he thought he got the purse. This, of course, was not said to the boy, nor did the boy know why the man held his hand, nor anything about him.

"You are right about the man being there, but I would trust that man hungry and in distress with any amount of money," my husband said.

Now suspicion had fallen on a person we had every reason to honor, and we had no proof of the boy's guilt. So we made inquiry to establish the character of the boy, and found he had been discharged from one place for theft. His appearance would win confidence,—a handsome, frank face, certainly not yet a hardened criminal. Several days afterward there was stolen from the cashier a dollar bill that she had marked with her initials in one corner. Inquiry developed that the



boy had asked the elevator boy to change a dollar bill for him; so he was caught and acknowledged the theft, as also that of the purse. He said that when I went upstairs he stepped to the doorway and saw our guest looking intently out of the window; one or two steps would lead him to where he could reach the table. The heavy carpet gave no sound of his step, but all the time his eye was fastened on the man for fear he would turn.

Now, then, he had in his mind so vivid a picture of the face he feared would detect his guilt that he imparted the picture to the sensitive as vividly as the room, the table, the gloves, and the purse.

Does this not show us how careful we should be in receiving as well as sending out our thought waves and our mental impressions? Does it not prove that only the greatest wisdom can reach and analyze these phenomena?

## EXPLAIN IT WHO CAN

Crash!

I awoke from a nap superinduced by having arisen at an abnormally early hour, by having wandered miles up-stream after the elusive trout, and by having on return home fully satisfied a disgraceful appetite.

The first sight which met my eyes was my aunt's usually wholesome face blanched as though by an apparition, and I noticed, moreover, that the everlasting tatting had fallen in her lap. Through my befuddled senses it rapidly dawned upon me that something out of the ordinary had assuredly happened; and, following her gaze, I perceived that a large oil painting had fallen from the wall to the sideboard immediately underneath, and had, moreover, been transfixed by the point of a huge old-fashioned silver urn which stood thereon.

The picture, I imagine, was a valuable one; but its theme, "The Flood," was gruesome, and its treatment ghastly in the extreme. So, disregarding my relative's very evident emotion, I blurted out:

"The thing's gone up, auntie, and I'm glad of it. It always gave me the horrors."

For some moments she made no answer to my remark; but presently, with seeming irrelevance, gasped:

"Your grandmother's dead!"

That explained it all, her emotion, her pallor.

"Granny's dead!" I exclaimed. "When did you hear?"

"I have not yet heard," was her reply; "but"—here she paused impressively—"three times previously that picture has

fallen, and on each occasion it marked the death of some one in our family."

To a healthy lad of eighteen such a remark seemed immoderately funny; and, yielding to the impulse, I lay back in my chair and laughed with all a youth's insolence. With all a youth's insolence I asked:

"Auntie, I know all west of England folk are supposed to be superstitious, but, surely you don't believe in such rubbish?"

"Arthur," she averred, solemnly, "yesterday I heard that your grandmother is sick. Now she is dead."

"I trust not," I said, struggling with the inclination to laugh which still possessed me.

"Come here," she insisted, tragically, rising from her seat and moving toward the damaged picture. "This is where it was previously repaired."

"Auntie," I expostulated, as I put my arm affectionately around her, "surely you do not think that I doubt your word. Of course the picture has fallen three times, and of course three of the family died when it fell, but this was a mere coincidence. Depend upon it, granny is all right."

But she shook her head, and, returning to her seat, burst into a passion of tears. There was nothing for me to say, nothing to do. To begin with, I did not believe that her grief had any just foundation, and, in addition, I had tact enough to know that, under the circumstances, silence would be preferable to any perfunctory attempt at consolation.

But, none the less, her grief moved me profoundly; and, as I sat watching her

sob-convulsed form, there recurred to me an episode of my own life of which I would have liked well enough to have a satisfactory explanation.

Pursuing this train of thought, therefore, I said when her sobs had practically subsided:

"Aunt, I believe you are distressing yourself quite unnecessarily; but I am bound to confess that something once happened to me which, to say the least of it, was more or less uncanny."

"What was it?" she asked, interested at once.

"Well," I rejoined, "I've never breathed a word about it to a living soul, for fear of ridicule; but, as I don't think you will laugh at me, I'll tell it to you. You remember that Aunt Minnie died on a Saturday night?"

She nodded assent.

"Well, I can't help thinking that the occurrence which I am going to relate had some connection with her death; for, though I did not then know it, she died at just about the time I was having my strange experience. We boys had been playing a cricket match that day, and, as we had only won by one run, were more than usually worked up over its outcome, and could think and talk of nothing else, even after we went to bed. I was then, you know, a senior monitor, and as such occupied a dormitory in which there were only three beds, that being the number of senior monitors all told. The two other boys holding this enviable position were twin brothers named Pritchard, but known to us as 'Fatty' and 'Skinny,' respectively. 'Fatty,' as was his wont, had dropped off to sleep soon after getting into bed, leaving 'Skinny' and myself to discuss the all-absorbing topic. Presently 'Skinny,' too, dropped off, right in the midst of a convincing argument in which I had shown that our victory was chiefly due to some brilliant piece of play on my own part.

"'You sleepy-headed beggar,' I exclaimed, resentfully, on finding that my eloquence had been wasted; and, resolving to follow his example, turned over on my other side preparatory to doing so. What was my surprise to see a man standing beside my bed!

"Not pausing to reflect on the strangeness of my seeing him so clearly in the dark, and of his silent entry, I at once jumped to the conclusion that it was one of my uncles who had called to see me; and, with pleasurable anticipations of tips and other delights to come, jumped up to a sitting posture, stretched out my hand, and said: 'How do you do?'"

"To these overtures my visitor paid not the slightest attention. He neither spoke nor moved. For some moments I remained with my hand outstretched; then, moved by some sudden impulse, extended it still further in an endeavor to touch him, but, as I had half expected, I met with no resistance. My hand passed unopposed through the figure, which, however, remained as palpable and to all appearance as solid as before.

"Overcome by a curious feeling which was not all fear, I sank back upon the pillow, my eyes still fastened by an irresistible fascination upon my uncanny visitor. He, too, appeared to be gazing at me with a very wistful expression in his brown eyes; and, as he continued to do so for a considerable period, I had plenty of time to notice what he was like and how he was dressed."

"Tell me," my aunt interpolated, eagerly.

"Well," I resumed, "to begin with, he was not very tall, or perhaps it was his breadth of shoulder which gave me that impression. He was dressed in a brown suit of dittoes, wore a blue necktie with white spots, and was quite good-looking."

"Can you describe his face?" my aunt asked.

"There was nothing remarkable about it, unless it be that he was very much sunburned. His eyes were brown, his hair was of the same color and was long and wavy, and he wore a mustache and a shortish beard. There was one thing, however, about him which was very remarkable. He carried the thickest link chain I ever saw, and a plain gold locket about the size of a soup plate."

"It was your uncle Arthur," said my aunt, with a certain amount of seriousness, as she rose from her seat and went to a curious old Japanese cabinet which stood in the corner of the room.

"You were named after him. He was killed in the Crimea, you know, and," she added, taking a package from the cabinet, "here is the locket and chain which you saw. Your uncle Arthur was of a roving disposition, and when quite young went to the Australian gold fields. These trinkets were made from his first find."

At her words, "Here is the locket and chain which you saw," I had sprung from my seat and hurried to her side; and, wonderful to say, she indeed held in her

hands the very extraordinary piece of jewelry which I had seen on my night visitant.

As I was gazing at it, too astonished to speak, the servant entered the room.

"A telegram for you, mam!"

It read thus: "Mother has just passed away. Her end was quite peaceful.—Annie."

My aunt handed it to me without a word.

A. HERBERT BOWERS.

## TRY THE SPIRITS

It seems remarkable that hitherto spiritualists should have made so little effort to demonstrate the great or whole spirit of life, and ascertain its purpose, attributes, and modes.

After years of untiring effort many of us have proved to our own satisfaction, at least, the existence of partial or personal life beyond the grave, but, to most of us, what does the word God stand for? About as much as it stands for the "orthodox," if, indeed, we are not inclined to cast both it and "orthodoxy" into oblivion. A word more commonly used by the blasphemous and in contempt than intelligently and with due reverence, it would seem. Neither religion nor science appears to have approached the supreme power as they have approached and striven to ascertain the character of other forces, or spirits, for all force is fundamentally spiritual. Yet, if there be a supreme power, of necessity it must include all other powers and embrace them in its operations.

No doubt this is due to the superstitions engendered by false if "orthodox" teachings on the part of the church mainly, superstitions from which spiritualists are evidently by no means exempt.

Is there a force that is all-present, all-powerful, and all-wise, the true first cause of all conditions whatsoever? And, if so, can it be demonstrated? If such a force exists it would seem that so far from being the most mysterious it ought to be the simplest and easiest to realize. Yet, everywhere are confusion and discord merely because men are relying upon this, that, or the other partial influence, or

spirit, to accomplish the one purpose of life,—harmony.

Is war omnipotent? Is legislation, or the state, omnipotent? Is religion, or science, or education omnipotent? Are not these mere results, and not primarily causes? Emerson tells us that cause and effect are the chancellors of God,—God being the first cause.

In the old-time phraseology it was love, doubtless the best name possible for omnipotence, as we shall better understand when love is more fully realized on earth. But under prevailing conditions service seems more nearly to answer the purposes of a definition. Herbert Spencer defines life as the "co-ordination of actions." But to make plainer the positive and aggressive character of the universal and despotic Governor, the word competition has much to commend it. They are all mere words, in any case, but love and service have been regarded too long as negative, even accidental influences. Life is not an accident, however, nor a charitable or educational institution, but a government, a despotism with a despotic Governor, whatever the result of that government may be. Any conception short of that must inevitably lead to all sorts of accidental conclusions. Education and what we term legislation are mere results, not primarily factors in establishing this universal government. God needs no support from us. It is for us simply to obey, and rule as vice-regents.

When or where is competition not present? What can one do, without compet-

ing, positively or negatively? Is it not also true that those who give, love, serve, or compete most for the least return, rule us—and at present rob us at the same time? It is a seeming paradox, but life is full of seeming paradoxes. "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

The notion so generally prevailing that service and power are at times divorced is nothing short of calamitous, for we are driven by this mistake to put our faith in other influences, spirits, or gods, chief among which are religion (so called), education, legislation, numbers, majorities, dollars, not to forget a perfect sea of cults, with the result that we are as truly pagan to-day as at any former time. Our gods have merely changed form.

The great question confronting us is, then, Of what nature shall our service be in order that harmony may be promoted? Shall it be organized or unorganized service, voluntary or involuntary, selfish or unselfish, service at cost of service or profitable? Shall property and labor (service) both continue, as in the past, in the enjoyment of wages? "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Is property? That is, should it be hired?

Whatever the demand is, power will be found only in the supply, and the greater the demand the greater the supply or sacrifice required. There also will be most power. Let him find an exception to the rule who can.

JAS. T. R. GREEN.

## SOME STRANGE EXPERIENCES

Captain D. had a very fine wharf boat at Memphis, Tennessee. He and his brother had a packet line of mail steamers from Nashville to Memphis. This wharf boat had five saloons, and I was staying on the boat; there were no railroads then. The big Eclipse was the finest boat on the Mississippi River at that time. She was a three-cabin boat. One night I dreamed that the Big Eclipse had come up and fastened to the wharf boat and caught fire. When I awoke and looked out I remembered that the Eclipse was in New Orleans at that time. Three or four nights afterward I had the same dream, even more vivid, and woke trembling with fright. I awoke my husband, saying, "Get up quickly, the Big Eclipse has come and is fastened to our boat, and is on fire." He sprang out of bed and looked out, and there, sure enough, she was fastened to our boat and on fire, the blaze wrapping her like a great mantle of light. In five minutes more we never could have been saved; when she was cut loose she dropped back against the collier and both boats were burned and many lives lost.

In 18— I had gone from Nashville to visit my father's farm in Warren County. There was a pond about three-quarters of a mile from the house, where a number of

wild turkeys would come down from the mountains to roost, for in the fall it is dry and turkeys roost in the oaks in the pond. My brother George had been out turkey hunting, and when I woke in the night I found him sitting at the fire in my room. I asked him what he was doing, and he replied that he was frightened. He was a very brave man, and his strange answer and the fact of him coming into my room frightened me, for I at once thought something terrible had happened. He said he was standing in the pond loading his gun, and heard a noise behind him, like something stamping in the leaves. Looking round he saw something immediately behind him, which resembled a sheep. He kicked at it and struck at it with his gun, but could not get near enough to touch it. He immediately grew nervous, and concluded to leave the place. The thing followed him and he could hear it walking behind him. He stopped every few yards and struck at it with his gun. I asked him why he did not shoot it, and he said he did not feel like shooting it, but only wanted to drive it away and get rid of it. When he reached a point where the roads crossed it left him. The next day he and I were driving past the place, and he paused and showed me the spot where the strange apparition had left him and disap-

peared. I little thought then how much cause I would have to remember the spot all my life long. A few days afterward my brother-in-law came from east Tennessee visiting, and went turkey hunting. One morning at the breakfast table my brother George remarked: "I shall not go turkey hunting with you any more, for I dreamed last night that one of you shot me through the head." He went off to town on some business and did not return until evening, while the other gentlemen went turkey hunting. That night he asked them how many turkeys they had killed, and they said they had bad luck and had only a few. He laughingly said: "I guess I shall have to go to-morrow and kill turkeys for you." Next morning they went out together and entered the woods near the field to watch for the turkeys as they came out. My brother, for some inexplicable reason, had on a black silk hat that morning. He waited at one side of the road for the turkeys and his brother-in-law on the other. He stepped down behind a bush, and with the turkey caller imitated the call of the turkey. His brother-in-law got a glimpse of the black hat through the bushes, and at the same moment heard the turkey call; he fired, supposing that he had taken aim at the turkey's wing. In a moment he realized that he had killed his brother-in-law, and the dream he had related a few days before at the breakfast table flashed through his mind. Upon investigation it was found that my brother was killed in the

exact spot where the apparition of a few nights before had followed him and disappeared.

The relater of this strange experience is a woman well known to the old citizens and most prominent people of the city of Nashville, and her veracity is above question. She does not attempt to explain or give any solution to these queer experiences, as she terms them. After having related the above to me she said:

"Now for as strange a story as that, perhaps more strange. About a month ago I was riding my horse, and passed this spot where my brother was killed. As we neared the place the horse paused as though he was suddenly frightened; he is not afraid of anything, and I urged him to pass. I could see nothing that could in any way frighten him, though I looked closely. The poor animal was so frightened that he trembled and would not have passed, but for my constant urging and assurance that there was nothing to hurt him, but it was with difficulty that I got him past the place. As I rode on afterward, remembering the sad accident that had occurred there, I wondered if it could be possible that the apparition which was visible to my brother, that had paused and disappeared there from his view, was visible to my faithful horse. What it was, why it was, must ever remain a mystery, but I find myself thinking over it now and then, but I do not mention it to many people, I assure you." X. Y.

## A FATHER'S APPEARANCE

Some years ago a friend in the Southland narrated the following occult incident. This friend is a fine business man, a deep and careful thinker, a close reasoner, and, prior to his remarkable vision, a materialist, and even now is far from being a dogmatic churchman. Here is the story as he told it while seated in his cosy library, through the open windows of which were wafted the odorous breath of the magnolia blossoms and the rare tones of the mocking-bird:

"Father had been dead some six months; my brother and I were conducting the

business as best we could, especially endeavoring to extricate ourselves from a financial tangle entered into before father's demise, and the full details of which he alone had known." (The father had passed away rather suddenly.) "It was about eleven o'clock at night. I had retired after a busy and trying day, and was wide awake, as is my nightly custom, planning the work of the morrow. Understand, I was wide awake. The red coals were smoldering in the grate and a small lamp burned by my side on the dresser, in anticipation of the baby needing attention.

I was much exercised over the intricate deal before spoken of, and which threatened business disaster.

"Obeying a mysterious impulse, I glanced around toward the fire and clearly saw outlined the form of a man, seated in the willow chair in which I invariably deposited my clothing. Do not recall that I experienced fear, only wonder as to how he had gained ingress, for I was aware that the doors and windows were fast closed. The figure was well defined, with the face turned from me, and seemed enveloped in a supernatural golden light. In a moment the features were turned toward me, and—I recognized my deceased father,—the being who, as I supposed, had turned to dust as the plant or tree, but there he was, natural as life, with the same smile I had so often seen on his face when he had accomplished something he considered exceedingly clever. To say I was surprised is putting it mildly; I was absolutely dumfounded, and, rising upon my elbow, said: 'Well, I will see what this is at any rate.' Putting out my hand, I drew the chair and form close to me without difficulty; it seemed as if there was no weight at all within the chair. I looked into the tender depths of my father's eyes, and even noted the old-time shade of gray that I had often considered so beautiful in those orbs.

"Dear old pa, is this really you?"

"A loving smile was the only reply. By and by he spoke,—the voice I had considered hushed forever making sweet music through the room where he had so often been. Think of it, a dead man—returned from where?—holding converse with a mortal.

"My son, I have been with you often; you have been worried concerning certain business complications, but I have aided you; be not dismayed,—all will end well."

"The voice was just as it had always been. He gave me light on the 'deal' that was bothering us, which enabled me to draw it to a successful close without financial loss. A long conversation ensued; he

told of incidents which took place while he was dying, that had occurred even after he had lost consciousness, as I supposed, thus indubitably proving his identity, even if the 'appearance' had been illusionary, for the things mentioned were only known to us two. He had been very nervous during his earth life. I noticed that the hands trembled exactly as they had before his decease. I took the hands in mine; they were cold as ice. I felt for the tip of the middle finger of the right hand; only a stump there where the tip should have been. Years before he had lost the end of that very finger in a saw-mill. I know it was my dead father as well as I know that I am living. Never was I any wider awake, any saner, than at that time.

"It was all so weird and wonderful, as well as pleasant, that I thought to awaken my wife (sleeping at my side), but ere doing so turned again to say something to pa. He had disappeared in that short time; the golden light was fading. I caught a last glimpse of that dear old face, with its loving smile, just as he passed out of the room, at the upper corner where ceiling and walls met. He has never appeared since then. However, I sometimes feel that his presence is with me in the office."

No doubt that Dr. Hudson's "subjective and objective" mind theory will explain a portion of psychic phenomena, but can it satisfactorily account for the foregoing mystery? The narrator is one who would not misrepresent; especially would it be unwise for him to recount this incident, if untrue, for it does away with the materialistic hypothesis, to which he most tenaciously clung. He is not in the least imaginative, and it could not have been the result of auto-suggestion. However, it may be that much which passes for "spiritualism" is the result of soul projection into the realm of objectivity. It will devolve on men like Gibiers, Hodgson, Mason, Hyslop to place psychism upon a strictly scientific basis.

C. H. A. DE LANCEY.

The man who is kind and obliging and is ready to do you a favor without hope of reward, who speaks the truth—is a gentleman in any garb and wherever he may be found.

# TWO HEARTS FOR ONE\*

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Van Horn read Hal, and understood him far better than he understood himself, and he soon gathered from Minnie all that had passed between them. She would tell him anything with the frankest candor. Minnie herself did not understand Hal, as we see, any better than he understood himself, or else she would not have told Mr. Van Horn what passed.

"What do you think he means?" asked Mr. Van Horn, after she had told him, not the conversation that passed between her and Hal, but that Hal was shocked at her, "a fellow," meeting any one in such style.

"What do you think he means by objecting to such meetings between us?" asked Mr. Van Horn, putting his hand on her head and looking into her eyes.

"Oh, he thinks it weak,—like an affected girl, I think, and he wants me to be 'a fellow,'—not to swear or smoke as he does, or to fight, but otherwise to be ready to go gunning or fishing, or to read to him, or listen to him read."

"To be always at his disposal?"

"Yes."

"Would he dislike any one as much as he does me if he thought you loved him?"

"May be. He told me he wanted me to let his friends alone, not to like or dislike them, just to let them alone."

She smiled at the recollection, but Mr. Van Horn looked serious. Then she told him about her attempt to make them friends before he came, and Hal's outburst of anger and subsequent promise of friendship.

"But you see he was taken by surprise at your coming; so was I, and my impulsive greeting to you shocked, angered him."

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"Well, darling, we won't anger him that way again. I shall endeavor to disabuse the young man's mind of a gross error. He is one of those hot-headed Southerners, proud, imperious, generous, but jealous. He has a manly, open face, but is passionate to a dangerous degree. But he is young; proper training will make him all the better man than if he were cold and calculating. He is just what I might have been myself but for a wise friend and great misfortune. We must help him, Minnie, dear, to overcome this passionate nature, you and I. I do it for his sake and I do it for my little Minnie's sake."

"Why for my sake, Mr. Van Horn?"

"Isn't Hal very dear to little Minnie?" he asked, looking earnestly at her.

"Yes, oh, yes; but you see he can't help me in anything. I want to help him. If I were to follow his example I should be worse than I am. I need you all the time to tell my troubles to, and to help me from being false and deceitful, and Hal needs me; but you see he is so fiery that as I told him he is the very kind of person to make a liar of any one. I would almost as soon deceive him as to see him angry and look as he does. You never get angry or swear at me."

"Does he do that?"

"Why, he does not seem conscious of it. He does not use bad oaths, or anything like that, but he says things you would not say. He has no one to love him, and he won't let anybody love him very much, and he does not want any one to love any one else at all—"

"If he should go into the army as he threatens, what would my little one do?"

"Do? Why, she would do nothing at all. Oh, yes! I would knit him socks and send him anything I could, and write him

and try to show him I was still a 'good fellow.'"

"Do you think that would satisfy him?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

"Would he like it if you were to do the same for another?"

"Oh, certainly; if the other were a soldier. Hal is a loyal Secessionist. He would like me to be able to knit for a regiment."

"I don't believe that, little one; but I know this, my little Minnie is so sweet and true and innocent that she doesn't understand many more people than understand her."

Minnie colored at the word innocent. In her joy at his coming she had forgotten the money and sale; he read her very soul.

"I know what is in my darling's mind. You have suffered much for a certain painful deed,—duty; so have I. I could not know peace until I wiped it out of my heart and brain and took the burden from your soul. I have the money with me; two hundred dollars of that you gave me; three hundred dollars more in gold. To-night when the moon is up you shall replace it, or, better, in the morning."

"Oh, joy!" she cried, clapping her hands, "and I will pay you back the money just as soon as I can teach."

"Don't think of that."

"But you are poor."

"Not so poor as I was. I have earned some money in the city. Besides, my uncle died last month and left me his sole heir."

"Oh, dear, I am so glad—not at your uncle's death, but the money coming all to you."

"I scarcely think he meant it so, but accident took him suddenly off; he had made no will, and I am legally his heir. If there was any one else to inherit it, I dare say I should not get it; but it is all right any way. Now we shall arrange about the money. Where shall I leave it?"

She named a place, and said: "Will you go with me?"

"No, dear child, I do not want to know where your father's hidden treasure is. Go early to-morrow morning, and I will stay and entertain Hal."

The gold was in its place, secretly, safely, and Minnie, radiant with happiness,

joined Mr. Van Horn as he sat under the trees reading the morning paper, and told him it was done.

"Minnie, dear," he said, still looking at the paper, "Hal is here, I think with Nellie; sit farther from me, dear, and if I treat you differently in his presence do not get hurt. I want to win him over. He is suffering from a sad mistake made in his own heart; he wrongs me unwittingly, and wrongs himself in doing so."

Minnie changed her seat a few feet farther from him, and he continued in the same tone, apparently intent upon his paper: "Perhaps, dear, you would better appear not to care so much for me."

"Oh, Mr. Van Horn, would you teach me to act a lie?"

"Not for the world. I mean not to wound Hal by showing him you love me. I can love you just as well without paining him."

"You don't know him, Mr. Van Horn. Now that he is ugly he will judge me more harshly if I treat you coldly, for he knows I do not feel so, and he will watch your eyes and you cannot look coldly at me. We can avoid but one thing without raising his bitterest feeling, poor boy."

"What is that?"

"I shall not put my arms about your neck in his presence, nor lay my cheek against yours as I do before pa and ma; nor can you hold me in your arms and kiss the scar on my forehead. We won't do that, of course, but to treat you coldly or have you look at me as though you did not care for me, I won't do that, or bear that, even for Hal's sake. My father never chided me for loving you, nor my mother for giving you those proofs of love. Hal must not be a tyrant; I won't have it."

We know that Minnie had not repeated the conversation between her and Hal, but now Mr. Van Horn dropped his paper, and, looking at her, said:

"Did Hal object in words,—express just what part of our greeting displeased him?"

Something in Mr. Van Horn's dark eyes for a moment reminded her of Hal's own, but she could not evade him; she said:

"He said I lost all the sense I had, and—" Without knowing why, she stopped in confusion.



"Tell me, darling; I must know what he said."

"He was shocked,—he did not mean anything; it is not right to repeat his impulsive words."

"I may be able to understand him better and help him more if you tell me, but use your own judgment."

"Oh, he said, 'He has no right to hold you in his arms like that,—kiss you as he did; fellows don't treat each other like that.' Wasn't it silly?"

"Was that all he said?"

"He said, 'It's a d—n shame for a fellow to treat a man like that,' and that I lost all the sense I had."

Minnie repeated it as it appeared to her; she looked no deeper than the words except at the passionate face, and not describing that she did not give Mr. Van Horn the full meaning of all Hal said. She had earnestly hoped to see them friends, and she was such a child at heart it never entered her brain what Hal meant, nor indeed what Mr. Van Horn's idea was of Hal, and they both loved her better for it.

In his noble truth and generous heart, which prompted his conduct, Mr. Van Horn allayed Hal's fears to a great degree, and they spent many pleasant days together, but Hal had given Minnie to understand that he would not permit Mr. Van Horn ever to treat her as he did when he came.

This conversation Mr. Van Horn overheard. They both thought him in town, but he had returned and sat near the open window under which they sat, hidden by a vine.

"Say, Minnie, when is Mr. Van Horn going to leave?"

"I do not know. Papa wants him to spend the summer with us, and so do I. Why are always asking me that question, Hal? You seem to enjoy his company very much."

"So I do. He is a wonderful man, a brilliant man, a good man."

"Oh, Hal, I love to hear you say that. Association with him has improved us all; pa and ma say so, and Nellie loves him, too; you don't seem to object to that."

"No, I don't."

"Are you going into the army, Hal?"

"May be; yes, I shall, after—" He stopped and hesitated.

"After the war is over?" she laughed. "Do you think Davis will keep a standing army if the Confederacy gains her independence?"

"I had never thought of it; but of course she will gain her independence."

"But what did you mean by 'after'?"

Hal had always been outspoken,—he was more so under Mr. Van Horn's influence; but he hesitated now, and Minnie looked earnestly at him for the answer.

"After Mr. Van Horn goes away."

"O-oh! I thought you meant after the Union troops left this part of the State."

"No; I meant what I said. Now may be you want to know why I am going to wait till after he goes?"

He seemed perfectly calm, but he did a very strange thing, which Mr. Van Horn noticed, for he saw as plainly as he heard,—a thing which surprised Minnie, for in all their acquaintance he had never done such a thing before; he leaned toward her and laid his hand firmly on the back of hers. It was like a battery; she felt the thrill and knew it passed up his arm, for he quivered as when she had laid her hand upon his shoulder that evening; but she pretended not to notice it, and he riveted his eyes upon hers.

"Because," he said, almost shivering with that tell-tale color rising and falling,—"because he shall not tell you good-by."

She raised her hand quickly from beneath his, and, as if in obedience to her motion, he raised himself erect and stood before her looking down into her face.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "He shall not tell me good-by!"

"Not as he greeted you when he came. I swear it! If he takes you in his arms, and if you put your arms about his neck, —I'll—"

"You will act the gentleman, Hal; besides you talk nonsense. Just think of working yourself up into such a rage for nothing. You ought to be an actor," she said, trying to appear to take the matter lightly.

"Actor! Do you think I am acting? I will bet you my life that your adorer

would not think it acting if he saw me and heard me now. No, not by a d—n sight!”

“But he would be amazed; a-ashamed for you.”

“But he would not call it acting, and he would not risk it any way.”

“I tell you, Hal, he would do as he pleased, as he felt. Mr. Van Horn is a brave man as well as a good man, Hal. But I know this,” she said, speaking gently now, “if he thought it would anger you like that he would not, for he would love to see you learn self-control, and he would help rather than aggravate you. He does not for one moment suspect your violent temper—”

“It is not temper, and he not only suspects it, but he knows it,—knew it, understood it before I understood myself, and I say d—n him; if he does I’ll—”

“Hush, Hal; I will promise you this, you shall never see me do that again. Mind, I don’t know why you hate to see a ‘fellow act the fool.’”

“When did I call you a ‘fellow’ the last time?”

“The day he came.”

“Go on.”

“I don’t know why you—hate to see a ‘fellow act the fool,’ but I would not raise such a storm as this for anything, and I know Mr. Van Horn would not see you in such a passion for all the caresses I could lavish upon all the comings and goings of his life.”

Hal looked at her as she spoke; something trembled on his lips at first, but he did not speak until she had finished.

“Do you mean, Minnie, for my sake you will never put your arms around his neck again?”

“No, Hal; I don’t understand you, you don’t understand me. I mean I would not anger you—”

“It is not anger, it is pain.”

“Then, Hal, I would not pain you by letting you see me say good-by.”

He flushed as she uttered the first words slowly in her sweet drawl; when she said “see me say good-by” he turned so white that she raised up, and he sank down into the chair from which he had risen.

“Hal, Hal, what is the matter? We must never speak of this again. Tell me, tell me, are you ill?” The blood surged up again.

“I want to see it if you say good-by like that,” he said. “The pain is in the thought, not the sight alone.”

Minnie’s tenderness rose up. Hal was not a tyrant, he was just a queer fellow. So she said:

“Hal, old boy, come, I will be a ‘good fellow,’ and I won’t pain you in any way that I can help.”

“I see now,” he said, “what you meant when you said I could make a liar out of any one. I see you would rather deceive me than to see me act like this.”

“Anybody would,” she said.

“Poor child, poor boy!” said Mr. Van Horn, as he rose and went to his room unobserved; “playing at blindman’s buff,—these foolish children already, at this age.”

*(To be continued.)*

Nothing is misery unless our weakness makes it so.

The sweetest pleasure is that of imparting pleasure.

Physical exertion without the moral inspiration of hope and love has no elevating influence on the character.

In proportion as man makes his labor interesting and pleasant he is insured unflagging progress and success in life.

We cannot be more wise and faithful to ourselves in anything than to make ill fortune as contemptible to us as it makes us to others.

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## BREATHING

The most important function of earth life from the beginning to the end is deep, copious respiration. When chilled breathe copiously, for this act will increase all through your system the carbonic consumption which creates animal warmth.

If you would labor long with brain or body, without exhaustion or injury, breathe abundantly, for breath is life and the reinvigorator of life and all its functions.

Deep breathing is the very greatest preventive of fevers, colds, and consumption. It is the most effective way to unload the system of morbid matter, sweep out and dust up the entire body.

If you suffer from mental depression, breathe deeply fresh, pure air, and it will soon dispel your gloom, especially if you go out and walk, watching the sky or the landscape, and getting your mind off the unpleasant subject of your trouble, for pleasant thoughts at once conduce to free inspiration.

One can readily understand the value of the breath by a few minutes' serious thought. The elements furnished to the blood by the breath are more perpetually indispensable to life than food or drink, because we can live longer without either than without air. Starvation is not so swift or terrible as suffocation.

There is another important point. The more active and energetic you are, the more often you must breathe. The slow, dull, sluggish man can live longer without pure air than the active, energetic man. He can live on less food, because breathing less oxygen he needs less carbon. We

can see therefore how it is possible for the poor living in squalor and foul air to subsist on small quantities of food. There is no other solution of the mystery. Oxygen, in large and perpetually renewed quantities, is the first prerequisite of the vital process; without it all other materials are useless. Oxygen is not only the master workman, but the brick, mortar, tools, motive power of our animal economy. As the fire in the furnace or oven goes out without the requisite supply of oxygen, so the fire of life burns low as its supply is diminished, and death comes immediately when it is exhausted. There is no other way by which this elixir of life is to be obtained than by the breath. Air always contains it, for it is composed of twenty-one parts of oxygen and seventy-eight parts of nitrogen, the other one-hundredth being carbonic acid gas, which goes to support vegetation.

To breathe deeply and rapidly, to fill the lungs at every inspiration and empty them at every expiration, necessitates loose clothing, erect position, sitting or standing, so that the diaphragm can have full play. Any extra exertion demands extra lung action. The man who lifts a heavy weight does so with a deep, full breath. Should he suddenly and forcibly expel the air when making great exertion, and not quickly refill, he would collapse.

The strong, healthy person breathes correctly always, but he does so unconsciously. He really may be wholly ignorant of the secret of his health and strength. But watch him and you will see his great

chest heave, and even the motion of the diaphragm. Watch a strong, healthy child, and see how it fills its lungs to the very bottom and exhales perfectly. Observe the rosy cheek, the sparkling eye, the light, buoyant step. A good appetite follows, and sound sleep, undisturbed by bad dreams, waits upon a joyous day. Watch the puny, sickly child, and see how feeble the breath, how pale the cheek, how weak and painful the expression of the eye. Parents, teach your children to breathe. It is as much your duty as to teach them good morals, for it is the foundation of good health.

The function of the lungs is to bring the air in the air cells just as closely alongside the blood in the blood cells as possible, and yet keep them separate. The body of the lungs consists of a gauze membrane, containing, if spread out, from fifteen to twenty thousand square inches, according as the lungs are larger or smaller in different persons. This membrane is folded up so as to form two sets of tubes or cells by means of cartilage, on one side of which the blood and on the other the air are constantly rushing in and out, by inspiration, expiration, and palpitation. Nature economizes space as she does everything; thus the folding method of this membrane presents a large amount of surface in a very small compass. A large surface is thus provided for the juxtaposition of the air in the air cells, side by side with the blood in the blood cells. The right lung is somewhat larger than the left, and the two envelop the heart, so that their contiguity may facilitate their combined actions. They resemble the finest gauze membrane, the interlacings of which are so fine that the oxygen or electricity of the air, but not the air itself, can pass through it into the lungs, and the carbonic acid gas pass out through it, but not the blood; nor can the two commingle. It is like a strainer so fine as to keep the air in its air cells, and yet allow the gases, oxygen, and carbonic acid to pass in and out at will. Muscular fibers ramify throughout all these cells to contract and expand them, while cartilage is employed to form tubes and embody them into lobes. The lungs are inflated by a vacuum made by the contraction of the

diaphragm and hoisting of the ribs, which introduces this air, filled with oxygen, into the lungs; otherwise we could not get hold of it to draw it in. Its great weight and its great height presses against all it touches at the rate of fifteen pounds per every square inch, and crowds it into all openings and crevices. All that is required is to make an opening for it into the lungs, when this pressure drives it in. The diaphragm and ribs produce this required vacuum, into which this atmospheric pressure pushes it. An ordinary pair of lungs, when inflated, contains about one hundred cubic inches, while the amount of expiration is generally about twenty cubic inches; so that only one-fifth of the air in the lungs is changed at each breath. The object of this large remainder is probably twofold,—to prevent the collapse of the lungs, and to keep a perpetual supply of that vital quality, oxygen, in them. The blood is oxygenated by iron; its red globules contain quantities of iron. Oxygen is attracted by iron as the needle to the magnet; so that when the oxygen contained in the air in the air cells of the lungs is brought beside the iron in the blood in the blood cells, the two rush together. The blood being unable to pass through this membrane which separates them, while the oxygen is able to pass, the oxygen leaves the nitrogen and follows the iron into the blood, changes that blood from its dark, venous to a bright red color, thins it, and gives it life and action; so that it becomes lively with vitality and rushes through the system on its mission of life.

The proof that oxygen is thus transferred from the air into the lungs is given by the fact that when the air is inspired it contains twenty-one per cent of oxygen, while expired air contains only twelve per cent, having lost nine per cent of its oxygen, but none of its nitrogen.

Can anything be more conclusive as to the power of the breath upon life and health? For not until it is supplied with oxygen is the blood supplied with the materials of life, though it derives its fibrine, bone, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, etc., from food; yet all these are of no avail until it adds this vital principle, oxygen, which can only be added from breathing

good fresh air. You cannot possibly obtain it in any other way, by food, drink, or medicine. It is commonly thought that the heart, being the engine of the system, propels the blood,—and that the heart by mere muscular contraction furnishes motive power sufficient to push the blood, by pressure from behind, on through the arteries and the long fine capillary blood vessels, and then through the veins back again to the heart; but the heart does not propel the blood mainly. Stop breathing, and see. It is propelled chiefly by the breath. The new theory of the office of the heart is to regulate, cut off, and admeasure the blood, not to create its propelling power. This requires propulsive force, of which the heart has much, as witnessed by the size of its muscles, the power of its pulsations as proved by external observations, and in other ways; yet its main office is regulatory, not propulsive. Breathing does generate the tremendous power necessary to propel the blood throughout the system. Electricity, the great generator of the power of the universe, constitutes this great motive agent of the muscles.

The *modus operandi* of electricity in that generation as applied to the blood is explained by the fact that all positive electric bodies proportionately repel, while all negatives and positives attract each other. This is the fundamental law of electricity and a generator of illimitable motive power throughout nature, and is self-acting perpetual motion. It furnishes propulsion to the blood by a vast quantity of oxygen or electricity, and the chief agent of life is introduced into the system by breathing, and charges the air cells with electricity to their fullest extent. The iron in the blood attracts about half of this electricity through the film which separates the air cells from the blood cells; this changes both sets of cells positively, which generates a powerful self-acting propulsive force by the electricity in each repelling that in the other; and this electricity, and not the muscular contractions of the heart, generates that tremendous power necessary to push the blood along through all that inconceivably fine network of long capillary blood ves-

sels throughout the body; besides stimulating the heart to put forth whatever muscular efforts it does put forth. The muscles and nerves seize this electricity brought to them, and consume it in carrying on the various functions of the life process, which leaves the blood negative by the time it gets through these capillaries into the veins; this negative state of the venous blood now attracts it back to the lungs, namely, this very electricity in the air cells, which drives off the arterial blood freighted with life, at that instant as powerfully draws in this venous or negative blood to recharge it positively, and send it off again on its life-sustaining circuit.

Now, if the heart furnished all the forces, as was once thought, then the changes in the weather would not have such pronounced effect upon all persons, those of weak breathing capacity especially, and this influence is remarked by all physicians in sanitariums and hospitals without their seeming to know how to overcome it. If on those days when there is less oxygen in the air patients were given less food, if at all times attention was paid to breathing, indeed, were breathing lessons given as regularly and instead of the powder or liquid medicine, the cure would be more speedy. We must understand that we are run by electricity, as much so as the cars, light, and heat, etc.

But to return to the breath. Its importance is still better understood when we know that the whole medullous brain, or a single fiber of it, is expanded whenever the lungs are expanded, that is, whenever the air is drawn in; for the motions of the brain and of the lungs are synchronous. In every general expansion of the brain all its fibers are restored from their most compressed position into their natural or harmonious situations; therefore, it is then only that the fragrance of a flower is perceived by us when drawing in the breath, and if one would avoid an offensive or poisonous odor he must hold the breath until he gets from its influence. While deep breaths should be taken in pure air, as little as possible should be inhaled of foul air.

## GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER

It is frequently remarked that there are no old ladies nowadays. Where are they gone? Do women die earlier than in our childhood, when we looked forward to grandma's visit with such delight? Was she older than the grandmothers who wear bangs, because she wore that soft tulle cap every day and a piece of lace on Sundays, pinned with pins, oh, ever so old, with the soft embroidered kerchief, now called a fichu, crossed upon her breast? Was she older because she remembered General Washington, and her father had fought for our independence? What is it that has changed the old folks? Is it the electric light, and street-car, or is it that seventy is not so much in years as it was in our childhood, or sixty? But, fie, who says sixty is old? The smallest child would say, "They're not in it." Seventy? "They are only getting there." We do not say there is anything wrong, but somehow we miss the dear old people.

The bump of reverence will perceptibly dwindle if we lose sight altogether of the venerable aged that have hallowed the home from time immemorial. They were not less interesting than the grandmothers of to-day, but the charm about them was a very different charm. I often wonder what it was. They could tell a good story, and open your eyes by saying "then Niagara was away out west."

We hear grandfathers say they shot squirrels in the very business part of our great cities not many years ago. But it is not because they are old,—oh, dear, no! It is because the cities have grown up like magic. Why, last week a young girl married one of these gentlemen. It was whispered he was a grandfather, and one malicious person said a great-grandfather, but it is false, of course, because he was not even born in General Washington's day.

## GOSSIPING

Well-bred persons never gossip. I make the statement positively, and abide by it. If you want to be happy, do not gossip. If you want to be a Christian, do not gossip. If you want to build up a good character, do not gossip. A great deal of the misery in the world comes from idle gossip. You may not have so many acquaintances who call themselves friends, you may not know so much of what is going on in the social world as the gossip,

but you will be nearer the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness. Suppose some one goes wrong, is it a real pleasure to hear it? Is it not degrading to repeat it? And then you have loved ones who might meet with a temptation they could not overcome,—would you like to hear that published, or passed from lip to lip of others? "As ye would that others do to you, do ye even so to them;" then you will never gossip.

## REST

When the warm weather suspends vigorous action, and the daily walk must be abandoned, find a cool shade with plenty of fresh air, and rest. Absolutely rest. Do not think you must play tennis, or row, or use a wheel for exercise to be strong. Rest an hour each day and see what strength will come.

If you read, go out of doors into the park and take your book or magazine; and when you feel too brain weary to read,

watch the clouds, the leaves, the birds, and flowers, and you will bring into play an entirely new set of organs that will stimulate to action all the higher qualities of your being, and rest those that are overworked by daily exercise and worry. True rest is to many people only a change of work. Do not understand me to say that idleness is rest, for I know of nothing so wearying.

## THE BATH

If the muscles of the skin are weak, a profuse and exhausting perspiration is the result. This can be obviated by regular sponging with cold water into which ammonia and alcohol have been stirred,—one tablespoonful of ammonia and one-half glass of alcohol to a pint of cold water. This may be applied with the hand all over the body after a bath, or used daily without a full bath.

I have known persons exhausted by profuse perspirations entirely cured by this method.

If one perspires too little the remedy will be found in warm baths, taken regularly, and plenty of good pure water used between meals, say, two and a half hours after eating.

If you use little fluid you will not perspire freely, for the skin throws off only the surplus fluid, unless it is in a weakened and unhealthy condition. Then use the above remedy of alcohol and ammonia in cold water.

## HEALTH NOTES

Children should be trained not to sleep on one side, as the pressure of the body lowers the circulation on that side; and the arm, in fact, the entire half of the body becomes smaller than the other, as is often observed.

We see little ones fixed up in so-called fashionable style that makes them appear absurd, and robs them of their sweet childish appearance in movement and gesture. Do not pervert their artistic taste if you have none of your own.

The custom of permitting children to select their own food, and the hours for taking it, is strictly American. The English mother would be amazed to see the American child order its own dinner of meat, salad, etc., and finish up with ices and bon-bons.

Counting sheep jumping over the fence is not a reliable recipe to induce sleep. Relax perfectly, and be at peace with all men; then repeat, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only maketh me to dwell in safety." This is far more effective.

If the double process of mastication and insalivation is hurriedly or carelessly performed, so that the food is not well triturated, and poorly mixed with saliva, the

preliminary union which should take place in the mouth will be imperfect, consequently the work of the stomach must be even more imperfect; no subsequent stage of the digestive process can ever remedy a failure or error in the initial step.

Those who suffer from cold feet can overcome it by sponging them with cold water, rubbing briskly until dry, using first a bath-towel, then a chamois skin or the hands until they glow. Do not use hot water; it is reaction you seek, which the cold water produces. The hot water draws the blood down and the reaction takes place and leaves them colder than before. The same remedy holds good for cold hands.

Remember that matters of diet are next in importance to pure desires, pure thoughts and speech, and if they are pure, purity in diet will never be ignored.

Do not feel worried when you have pain, but sensibly consider it as a wise provision, a friendly calling of your attention to the results of a violated law, teaching you to turn and obey. Do not swallow something to deaden it, but consider what you have done to cause yourself the suffering, and try to avoid doing the same thing again.

## RECIPES

### APPLE TOAST.

Apple sauce or stewed apples may be employed in the same manner as berries. If very tart, dates may be used to sweeten.

### RHUBARB TOAST.

Peel, and cut the stalks into pieces, put them in a stew pan, add a little water, some stoned dates, and a few English currants well picked and washed; let them all cook until done, and then pour them over the toasted bread.

### FRUIT GEMS.

These are made in the same manner as the preceding, with the addition of any kind of dried fruit that may be preferred. Seedless currants thoroughly washed and soaked in a very little water, or raisins stoned and stewed soft, are commonly preferred. The addition of a little grated cocoa-nut makes an article of food which is simple, wholesome, and luxurious.

### MUSH ROLLS.

These are made light and spongy, and soft enough for toothless persons, by mixing with cold mush of any kind sufficient meal to form a soft dough; then roll to the size of the thumb, and bake in a hot oven twenty or thirty minutes. A few English currants may be added to render them more palatable.

### GEMS.

Stir into the coldest water any kind of meal and mix to a stiff batter, yet so that it may lift with a spoon and settle smooth of itself; drop immediately into hot gem pans (iron are best); let them stand on the top of the stove a few minutes, then bake in a hot oven thirty or forty minutes. When done they should be light and dry when broken. If mushy on the inside the batter was not thick enough. If the gem pans are hot and kept smooth no greasing is necessary.

## A BUSY FACTORY

### NEVER CLOSES ITS DOORS, DAY OR NIGHT

The famous "white city," as the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Michigan, are called, never shuts down day or night. The great ovens once heated up are kept going, as are the grinding mills, blending machines, mixing machines, and the entire plant, the day laborers, men and women, are replaced at six o'clock in the evening by a night force.

The name "white city" was given by the citizens to the location owing to the color of the numerous factory buildings which are painted pure white with very dark bronze green trimmings.

The utmost cleanliness is observed throughout, and the appetizing odors from the foods in preparation permeate the air in all directions.

Their products, Grape-Nuts breakfast food and Postum Cereal Food Coffee, go

all over the world to the breakfast tables of the well-to-do Japanese and Chinese, and to the high caste Brahmins of India, to the Emperor of Germany, to Royalty in Italy, to Great Britain, South America, and they are found in practically all of the best homes in America.

By scientific selection of the certain parts of grains which supply Phosphate of Potash and other important elements for quickly rebuilding the most delicate parts of the human body (brain and nerve centers), and making up therefrom a most delicious food, Grape-Nuts, and a breakfast food-drink, Postum Cereal Coffee, this firm has become known as the foremost producers of Health Foods in the world, and their name affixed to a package of food is sufficient evidence of its purity and excellence.



# EDITORIALS

## LAYING THE FOUNDATION FOR BETTER THINGS, OR THE WORK WROUGHT BY THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

### I.

The thoughtful student of human progress, in surveying the century now rapidly approaching its close, will be impressed with the fact that it, more than any other hundred years known to man, has laid broad and deep the foundations for better things. And yet he will not be so blinded by the achievements of our age as to fall into the error which characterizes shallow and superficial optimists, who see in our magnificent material progress the realization of humanity's aspirations or age-long dreams.

To-day we find in society two classes of thinkers, one representing slothful optimism, which never wearies of lauding the achievements of our time, and which seems to imagine that all is well. On the other hand, we have a body of men and women, quite as large and I think more numerous, who seem in their onward march to have been overtaken by the ankylosis of despair. Now, while this slothful optimism and paralyzing despair are alike unfortunate, because they are untrue and carry with them the inertia of falsity and death, yet the contrast presented by the greatest of all transition periods and the rapid changes which have marked our century give color and, to the superficial and unphilosophical, apparent reason for these conflicting views. It is undeniably true that our century has been in many respects the most wonderful which has burst upon the old world since man fronted the sky with a question and a prayer. In the domain of physical science, of inven-

tion, and of commerce, no less than in the remarkable advance in co-operation in governmental and social spheres of life, the achievements have been sufficiently brilliant to dazzle and stagger the imagination of even the slow-thinking toilers, who intelligently compare the condition of society a hundred years ago with that of to-day. This century has revolutionized the thought of civilization and has transformed the world; and this is true in every department of material life. This age has been a breeder of inventive giants. From the laboratory of ten thousand brains have leaped forth discoveries and mechanisms which have saved time and labor and have immensely contributed to the comforts and conveniences of life. It is no exaggeration to say that ours has been the golden age of invention. The hard and irksome toil of millions of workers a century ago is to-day being swiftly and admirably performed by machines. We are rapidly reaching a position where, with machinery so operated that every one shall reap its benefits, it will be possible for all the labor of civilization to be done, and well done, in a few hours of daily, equitably divided toil. That we have not reached the point in which the wisdom and sense of fairness and justice of society shall impel the inauguration of an ethical revolution in keeping with that which has made the opportunity for growth, leisure, and happiness for the people possible, is no reason why we should fail to recognize the fact that in the material advance of our century we have the foundations which ren-

der the next great ethical revolution practicable, and I believe inevitable. And perhaps just here it will be well to glance for a moment at a few of the changes which have marked our luminous period and have been silently laying the foundation for better things.

The nineteenth century has brought into the home life of the people changes which have reduced, in many instances, work to a minimum, while they have contributed vastly to the comfort of the home. The multitudinous little things which have rendered domestic work less onerous, and which save time and the expense of physical energy, would require a chapter to enumerate; but the lucifer match and the sewing-machine will well stand as representatives of these discoveries and inventions. In agrarian life the scythe and sickle have given place to the mower, reaper, and binder, and the combined reaper and thresher. Plowing and cultivating, and indeed almost every department of agricultural work, have received the benefits of labor-saving and comfort-increasing machinery. The changes and advances which have taken place to such a notable degree in the more isolated conditions of life, as in the home and on the farm, drop into insignificance, however, when we contemplate the larger relations of life — the worlds of commerce, trade, and manufacture. Here the machine is everywhere present. Here the railway has knitted the nations together with a network of steel highways, and the telegraph and cable lines form a cobweb whose gossamer strands carry to and fro the news and the thought and the heart-beats of the world, so that we know, almost at the hour of the happening, what is going on in the uttermost parts of the earth.

In social and political relations the progress has been in many respects little less marvelous. The penny-post affords a striking illustration of what has been accomplished in one sphere of public activity; and one has only to acquaint himself with the condition of postal delivery which preceded the advent of Rowland Hill, in the first half of our century, to realize how vast has been our gain in this direction alone. The postal savings-bank

is another beneficent innovation which has already been successfully inaugurated by many of the most progressive and enlightened nations and well stands for a number of important reforms which are pressing for recognition.

In physical science the gain has been quite as marked. Space, however, forbids my more than enumerating a few of the achievements which have marked our century in scientific research, in invention, and discovery, as given by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in his notable work,\* to which I have added a few important discoveries and inventions which seem to call for mention:

Railways.  
Steamships.  
Electric telegraphs.  
The telephone.  
Lucifer matches.  
Gas illumination.  
Electric lighting.  
Photography.  
The phonograph.  
Roentgen rays.  
Spectrum analysis.  
Anaesthetics.  
Antiseptic surgery.  
The glacial epoch.  
The antiquity of man.  
Vulcanization of rubber.  
The sewing-machine.  
The type-setting machine.  
Photogravure and other inventions for the reproduction of art work.  
Bicycles.  
Automobiles.  
Compressed air for motor power.  
Liquid air.

It is perhaps not strange that those who dwell upon the marvelous material progress of our age, and especially those who compare the rapid transition with the slow progress of preceding centuries, become so unduly optimistic that they seem to forget that upon the brow of the present rest responsibilities greater and more essentially august than have heretofore devolved on civilization, and that no man, woman, or child has a right to sit smiling in the sunlight of the achievements of our age. The larger life, the greater potential influence, the broader horizon, make greater the demands upon the individual

\*"Our Wonderful Century," by Alfred Russel Wallace.

than ever before. Duty's clarion voice was never so clear in its cry to man to press forward to those nobler summits of life to which the chosen spirits of the ages have aspired, and which the nineteenth century has made possible. Let us recognize all the benefits and the potential blessings that our age has with lavish hand given to the children of earth, but let us not make the frightful mistake of supposing that we are quit of obligations, when in fact the duties and responsibilities of to-day are greater than those which have arisen before the conscience and judgment of man at any previous point in history. There was never a time when there was so little place for complacency and slothful optimism as to-day. The real workers of our age have laid a noble base upon which a glorious civilization is to be built. Let us see to it that we are not recreant in the supreme hour when progress summons manhood to the noblest crusade earth has yet seen. Let us have no more vapid laudation of the present put forth as an excuse for indifference to the high mandate of duty. Hugo strikes the keynote of the present demand when he thus characterizes the requirements of the present:

To construct the people! Principles combined with science, all possible quantity of the absolute introduced by degrees into the fact, Utopia treated successively by every mode of realization,—by political economy, by philosophy, by physics, by chemistry, by dynamics, by logic, by art; union gradually replacing antagonism, and unity replacing union; for religion God, for priest the father, for prayer virtue, for field the whole earth, for language the Word, for law the right, for motive power duty, for hygiene labor, for economy universal peace, for canvas the very life, for the goal progress, for authority freedom, for people the man. And at the summit the ideal. The ideal!—stable type of ever moving progress.

Thus, while we can readily understand how superficial thinkers may find in the achievements of our century that which leads them to believe that society is forging its way to the front so rapidly that no grave duty rests with them, the thoughtful and philosophical will recognize the solemn fact that the nineteenth century has laid the foundations for a new social order, and that it remains with the

manhood and the womanhood of the incoming years to turn the splendid work of our age into a glorious fruitage, instead of making it the Dead Sea fruit of ashes. Again, I repeat, to-day, less than ever, is there any place for slothful optimism.

## II.

Over against the serene complacency of the pseudo-optimist, who lightly tells us that all is going as well as possible and that we may well be content to float with the tide, we find the bitter-souled, discouraged ones, whose strong arms are well-nigh paralyzed by despair. This great army of the dispirited, if sustained by a strong faith and held in one solid phalanx by a clearly defined and well reasoned programme, could soon fire the conscience of society until a new ethical revolution, greater than the change which has taken place on the material plane, could be achieved. At present, however, we find that the hope and enthusiasm so necessary to effective constructive work have gone out of their lives. They look around them and see thousands of fellow-beings crowded and herded in the slums of our great cities. They behold the vast factories filled with women, girls, and small children, who have fallen into the dull, monotonous, routine work as cogs in a vast machine. They behold the small farmer struggling as a drowning man in an angry surf, to dispose of his earnings at a price which will enable him to live and measurably hold his own against the great landed syndicates which operate thousands of acre tracts and who are able to use the most improved machinery for cultivating and harvesting the mammoth crops. They behold great monopolies, trusts, and vast corporate interests fixing prices to be paid the producer and those to be charged the consumer, and retaining such princely levies as make the few become multi-millionaires out of the legitimate earnings of the producer and at the expense of the consumer. They behold slothful indifference, if not venality, in the halls of state, and too frequently a pernicious activity to guard the dollars and disregard the man in the judiciary. They read in the press of marvelous inventions being perfected weekly which

will save the labor of thousands of employees, and in these wonderful pieces of mechanism they behold the engine which will enable the masters of the bread to turn adrift thousands of able-bodied and willing workers. All this and more is daily forced upon the sensitive and finely strung natures of those who have lost heart in the mighty struggle of the contending forces; and in bitterness of soul they are almost led to chant with the poet this song of despair:

The day is quenched, and the sun is fled;  
 God has forgotten the world!  
 The moon is gone, and the stars are dead;  
 God has forgotten the world!

Evil has won in the horrid feud  
 Of ages with the Throne;  
 Evil stands on the neck of Good,  
 And rules the world alone.

Now, while we cannot fail to entertain the highest regard for the keenly sensitive man, whose sympathy and love for the burdened ones rivet his eyes on the darker phases of our civilization, until his vision takes in so much of that which is deplorable that he loses all sense of proportion, and with it faith and hope, yet we must also deplore his inability to sweep the wide horizon and behold the stars that point the way to better things.

The fact is,—and I think the truth will become more and more evident with the passing years,—the nineteenth century has driven the piles and laid the foundations for a higher and finer civilization than has yet been conceived by any considerable number of thinkers in any other age. At present we are in the midst of the most momentous of all transition periods. Social ideals, philosophical concepts, theories of government, the responsibilities of the units, and those of the state,—these, and indeed almost all problems which take hold of life, are being investigated and studied as never before. The thought of the world is in a state of rapid flux. The present might almost be compared to a battlefield enveloped in smoke of contending forces. To the watcher on the mountain top the field appears shrouded, save on the outskirts of the battle-ground. The camp followers

may be detected stripping the slain and robbing the wounded; and yet a nearer approach reveals the steady gain of the forces of right, despite the apparent power and confidence of those who put aside the golden rule as something to be talked about rather than lived up to. And here are some facts worthy of consideration, as bearing on this question:

(1) When new, strong, ethical ideals seize upon the imagination of man and threaten the special privileges or benefits enjoyed by a few at the expense of the many, the ancient injustice marshals its forces and aggressively fights, not merely for the privilege threatened, but to reinforce and render impregnable its position. The case of feudalism during the first century of modern times, and slavery in our century, afford striking typical illustrations of this important fact. But whenever society in its onward march has reached a point where it is ready to take a forward step, the battle of dawn against darkness eventuates in victory for the light. Only when the heart of a society or a civilization is corrupt, so that the soul no longer hears the voice of conscience or heeds the cry of justice, can it pass into eclipse when the new clashes with the old. Now, with civilization to-day all things are forcing society in one direction,—toward co-operation. The present century has taught this lesson with a thousand tongues. It has been the keynote of our age. So unmistakable has been its impulse, so unanswerable its logic, so compelling its attractive power, that it has resistlessly swept aside all opposition. The circumstance that the few have managed to use the great dominating current or impulse for personal gain merely demonstrates the fact that the people have not yet awakened to the importance of insisting that all, instead of a fraction of society, shall enjoy the benefits of co-operation and reap the blessings which the march of progress during our century has rendered possible.

(2) What is needed to-day is a recognition of the splendid foundation already laid for a better civilization, and a united and determined effort along a settled pro-

gramme to achieve the highest good of the greatest number. I am not of those who believe that our civilization is going into eclipse. I go further. I believe that the moral sense of civilization is more sensitive to-day than ever before. What we want is the transference of the ethical impulses from irresponsible emotionalism to well directed, rational effort, based upon the fundamental demands of justice. The prompt response of the people, in all cases where calamity strikes a section or a community, is illustrative of the presence of a moral consciousness which many, who feel that conscience has little place in our life, do not appreciate. This fact is still better illustrated in the treatment of earth's unfortunates. Take, for instance, the insane, the sick, the paupers, and the convicts. The changes which have come over our western civilization during the past century, in the treatment of these classes, is little less than revolutionary. Less than a hundred years ago the insane in Massachusetts were chained in cages, amid filth, treated like wild beasts, and frequently permitted almost to freeze to death. Their food was often unfit for human beings.\* Where to-day would public opinion permit such outrages? Our hospitals, our prisons, our institutions for the friendless are some of many things which loudly attest to the presence of a public concern for society's unfortunates—an awakened consciousness not present at any preceding period in the history of Christendom. Now, we may grant that a vast amount of the wealth contributed for the unfortunates might be better spent in preventing deplorable conditions which foster insanity, disease, crime, and poverty; but we must remember the important fact that whenever a new, fine, and high thought touches life, be it that of a child, an infant race, a young nation, or a civilization on its upward march, it first reaches and moves the emotional side of life. It touches the heart, or affectional and emotional being, and then proceeds to the court of reason. Hence spasmodic action and palliative measures always precede the

fundamentals; but the presence of this emotional interest is the rose flush of dawn that speaks of the coming day. And, I repeat, never has the emotional side of society been so keenly alive to the rights of man or the duty to the unfortunates as to-day. This interest is bound to go forward, and from the spasmodic efforts and palliative measures it will move—as indeed it already is moving—toward a consideration of the fundamental requirements of justice, which shall demand that the wonderful work achieved in the nineteenth century shall no longer be a possible curse to the multitude, but shall be made a glorious blessing to earth's millions; that co-operation shall extend its blessings to all the units of the state; and that equality of opportunity and the right, not only to work, but to develop the best in our nature, to grow Godward, and to enjoy life, shall be recognized as the unquestioned heritage of all the people.

I believe that the nineteenth century has been not only the most wonderful hundred years in the world's history, but the best century man has known, because it has rendered possible the civilization foreshadowed by the great Nazarene, and which shall rest on the golden rule. (1) It has made it possible for the work of the world to be accomplished in a few hours of daily labor. (2) It has taught the world the meaning and the value, aye, the necessity, of co-operation. (3) It has also raised man's regard for the sanctity of life, and touched his emotional side as never before, until the old-time indifference for the suffering of the unfortunates is becoming less and less tolerable with each passing year.

The material progress of the nineteenth century was essential to the higher spiritual and ethical progress which the present demands of the twentieth century, and this higher life and better state is sure to come, for the lesson of the ages proves that, however slowly we advance, the march of human life is upward as well as onward; and I believe that there are more men and women to-day intelligently working for a better and happier to-morrow than at any previous point in history. The present, in spite of its shadows and

\*Persons unfamiliar with the progress in the treatment of the insane, or who may be ignorant of the barbarous state that prevailed early in this century, should read "The Life of Dorothy Dix," by Rev. Francis Tiffany.

dark places, is rich in promise. The flush of dawn is in the east; but while this is true we must not forget that to-day is big with solemn obligations for each of us.

Never did duty call more imperiously. Never were responsibilities greater than now.

B. O. FLOWER.

## THE FIRESIDE AND THE FUTURE

The future waits on the budding youth of the present. The glory or shame of the civilization of to-morrow prattles by the hearth-stone of to-day. Did you ever think what a world of possibilities clustered around your fireside, or reflect that perhaps one of those little ones whose laugh and cry fall daily on your ears may some day electrify a nation or guide a multitude of struggling human souls into the radiance of a loftier civilization?

If the home atmosphere be harmonious, pure, and elevating, if the early teaching of your children by example as well as precept be such as to make them so loving, courageous, and high-minded that they cannot fail to feel, see, and realize the divine loveliness of purity, goodness, and truth,—if such be the early home experience the child will be a flower, not a weed. True, there may be exceptions, but they are only sufficient to prove the rule. It is the early impressions that mold the soul more than aught else, and when this thought has taken root in the brain of our people a civilization far transcending the high-tide marks of all preceding ages will dawn in the world.

When you remember that your child is destined to bless or curse the world, to be an upward or downward influence in the sea of complex influences that bear humanity on, what question, problem, or thought arises to such commanding height or can in any measure compare with this?

Here is a little life waiting to be molded. Before it lies the light of the right, the beautiful, and the true, and also the night of vice and sin. Now, to the parent is confided this great and sublime trust. Shall those eloquent and wondering eyes meet smiles, sweetness, and ineffable love on every side, while the little soul is in its most plastic state? Shall they behold frank, brave, and noble

actions, and shall those little ears, attuned to catch every passing sound, hear tones which are gentle and kind, words which are pure and true, thoughts at once lofty and brave, or shall the reverse of this darken, harden, and poison a being that shall leave its impress on many lives in its passage to the other world?

From the portal of your home will some day pass your cherished child. Will he be proof against the siren voices of death through the possession of that strength of character and courage which makes the well developed youth invulnerable? Will his eye flash with intelligence and his soul be rich in truth, purity, and kindness? Or will he go forth one of the multitude of morally weak, deformed, and diseased seen on every hand, a deadly influence whose breath poisons, whose look blights, whose touch pollutes, and whose every step is marked by sin?

It is because the future of the race hangs so largely on the influence of the home that I would urge on every parent the solemnity of that sacred spot from which issue such measureless possibilities for good or ill. There is no place on earth so holy as the fireside. It should be the store-house to which you bring all the treasures of mind and soul, where the brain should unload its brightest thoughts, the heart its sweetest impulses, the soul its holiest influences, the hands their manliest endeavor,—a throne where should cluster all that is brightest, holiest, bravest, and best in your nature, and where every influence felt should be sweet as the fragrance of roses and pure as the lilies of the valley. For here the clay is molded that is to bless or blight the race. There is no school like the home.

You have seen the full blush of the rising sun falling in resplendent glory on the glittering top of some lofty mountain, and you have also noted that same snow-clad peak receiving its last smile at even-

tide. Even so the influence of the home abides with the child from birth to death.

And what is true of moral training is equally true of intellectual development. Nothing is more responsive than a child's mind, and if the parent takes the time, thought, and care which it is his duty to bestow on the immortal spirit he has ushered into the world of life, if he realizes his responsibility and acts up to the promptings of his soul, he can easily awaken in that little child brain a keen love for pure, wholesome, and instructive literature, which will cling to him throughout his life and fill all leisure hours with abiding delight.

Full well do I remember, when a very small boy, how I anticipated with the keenest pleasure the coming of the long winter evenings; for then in our little home in southern Illinois our father used to read to my brothers, sister, and myself stories from the pages of ancient history, Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome. These, with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and a few other works, were read during the winter evenings, and I distinctly remember how the hour for retiring came all too soon; for our father possessed the rare faculty of investing with interest everything he read; he understood how to explain a book and add to its interest by additional incidents. As a result, to-day ancient history possesses for me an irresistible fascination. Anything that relates to the scenes about which father used to read has a charm much like the pleasure felt by one who hears again the master tones of some rich but half-forgotten melody.

I cite this personal illustration in order to impress the solemn duty of parents to surround their children with instructive,

interesting, and healthful literature. Read to them, explain the incidents described, show them that you are interested in the subject, and in this way, little by little, you will implant in the young mind an eager thirst for knowledge, and it will turn in the direction you have by your course of reading induced just as the flower turns to the sun.

Look to the little ones. Spend every moment you can with them; teach them unselfishness, gentleness, and loyalty to truth. Educate their minds and their souls. This, O parents, is your first and greatest duty. The children demand it; they have come at your bidding, they are your guests and your offspring, and they are in the dark; you must lead them to the sun-bathed highways of goodness and knowledge.

The future also demands it. You have no right to call forth lives which, through your neglect, indifference, and careless ignorance, shall curse the civilization of to-morrow, or heap sin and sorrow on society already groaning beneath its load of woe. Then look to the little ones intrusted to your keeping. Let them read in your eye, voice, and action the higher life you wish to be theirs, and patiently, day by day, unfold to them the immortal jewels of virtue and knowledge. Do this, and when the end shall come, when your feet refuse longer to bear their load, when the snowy locks fall disheveled on your brow, and the once silvery voice grows harsh and indistinct, and when the eyes grow lusterless and the eyelids fall, when the final moment strikes, and your soul sweeps forth into the great world of endless day, your mission will not have been fruitless, or your labor been in vain.

B. O. FLOWER.

The labor which is performed with pleasure and activity of the emotions is retained as a permanent acquisition in the development of the character.

If you have any rusty hinges about you that squeak at every turn, and snarl at everybody, oil them up before you find fault with those who approach you. (Oil is love for others.)

# BOOKS OF THE DAY

## "IN GHOSTLY JAPAN."\*

Like the late John Ruskin, Professor Hearn is a master in putting words together. His language, though simple, is rhythmic, sometimes stately, and always fascinating, suggesting a noble picture or a beautiful poem. Indeed, the spirit of poetry broods over this work from its opening page to the closing lines. If the subjects are at times weird and the treatment unique, they are always invested with a charm which almost amounts to fascination. Our literature frequently partakes of the spirit of our fast moving age. Beauty, imagination, and poetry are sacrificed to directness and the quick marshalling of facts or the massing of details,—something that is very unfortunate, as it renders impossible the delight and profit arising from the pictorial imagery which haunts the reader as he peruses the works of a real master who is possessed of the soul of a poet and the imagination of an artist, and who has taken time to picture what he feels.

Much of our most popular literature of to-day bears somewhat the same relationship to the real masterpieces of genius in composition that the great factories and the multitudinous lines of prosaic brick buildings which house thousands in our great manufacturing cities bear to a fertile valley, stretching from the snow-clad mountains to a silver river, and dotted with homes nestling in groves of richly laden fruit and bordered by fields of waving grain. Our literature to-day partakes too largely of the feverish spirit of a rapid age. It is so utilitarian and prosaic on a low plane as to fail to satisfy the spiritual, artistic, or ethical demands of an enlightened mind. We want more of the beauty, peace, and inspiration of the country;

less of the feverish and essentially prosaic spirit of the market and the factory; less of the shallow emotionalism which is often substituted for the poetry, depth of feeling, and imagination which call for repose and which appeal to the best and finest impulses of our being.

Professor Hearn's volume comes to the reader satiated by a dull mediocrity, brutal realism, and feverish emotionalism, as a breath from the mountains comes to the wearied brow of the traveler who is flying from the mad bustle of the city. It may be compared to the broad valley, fringed by mountains and rich in beauty, peace, and restfulness. It possesses a charm so compelling in its influence that he who permits himself to read the opening chapters will not rest until he has finished with the author's wonderful musings on music and the human soul found in the closing pages of the book. And yet much of the subject matter, in the hands of any one but a true poet and a master in word building, would hardly interest the general reader,—such subjects, for example, as "Silk Worms" and "Incense."

Professor Hearn, however, invests his subjects with the fascination of an absorbing romance, which he intersperses with beautiful philosophical thoughts, and in an unobtrusive way points out helpful lessons on almost every page. Indeed, we might say he is as much of a philosopher and a teacher as he is a poet and essayist. He often falls into moralizing on an exalted plane, and, unlike most moralizing in literature, there is never anything dull in his lines. We may not always agree with his views, which are often tentatively advanced and sometimes stated in a clear and clever manner, but the charm of his style, the thoughtfulness evinced, and the sincerity everywhere in evidence will delight us. He appeals to the highest plane of the emotional nature wherever he turns aside from the narrator and becomes the philosopher. His sympathy with Buddhism is at

\*"In Ghostly Japan," by Professor Lafcadio Hearn, Professor of English Literature, Imperial University, Tokyo, Japan; author of "Out of the East," "Exotics and Retrospectives." Illustrated; 12mo; decorated cloth. Price, \$2.00. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.



times quite pronounced. Here is a passage from his delightful chapter on "Silkworms," which will show how the poet and historian can become the philosopher and teacher:

These silkworms have all that they wish for,—even considerably more. Their wants, though very simple, are fundamentally identical with the necessities of mankind,—food, shelter, warmth, safety, and comfort. Our endless social struggle is mainly for these things. Our dream of heaven is the dream of obtaining them free of cost in pain; and the condition of those silkworms is the realization, in a small way, of our imagined paradise. . . . Probably they can feel only very weak sensations; they are certainly incapable of prayer. But, if they were able to pray, they could not ask for anything more than they already receive from the youth who feeds and tends them. He is their providence,—a god of whose existence they can be aware in only the vaguest possible way, but just such a god as they require. And we should foolishly deem ourselves fortunate to be equally well cared for in proportion to our more complex wants. Do not our common forms of prayer prove our desire for like attention? Is not the assertion of our "need of divine love" an involuntary confession that we wish to be treated like silkworms,—to live without pain by the help of gods? Yet if the gods were to treat us as we want, we should presently afford fresh evidence—in the way of what is called "the evidence from degeneration"—that the great evolutionary law is far above the gods.

An early stage of that degeneration would be represented by total incapacity to help ourselves; then we should begin to lose the use of our higher sense organs; later on, the brain would shrink to a vanishing pin-point of matter; still later we should dwindle into mere amorphous sacs, mere blind stomachs. Such would be the physical consequence of that kind of divine love which we so lazily wish for. The longing for perpetual bliss in perpetual peace might well seem a malevolent inspiration from the lords of death and darkness. All life that feels and thinks has been, and can continue to be, only as the product of struggle and pain,—only as the outcome of endless battle with the powers of the universe. And cosmic law is uncompromising. Whatever organ ceases to know pain,—whatever faculty ceases to be used under the stimulus of pain,—must also cease to exist. Let pain and its effort be suspended, and life must shrink back, first into protoplasmic shapelessness, thereafter into dust.

Buddhism—which in its own grand way, is a doctrine of evolution—rationally proclaims its heaven but a higher stage of development through pain, and teaches that even in paradise the cessation of effort produces degradation. . . . The Buddhist

teaching about heaven is in substance eminently logical. The suppression of pain, mental or physical, in any conceivable state of sentient existence, would necessarily involve the suppression also of pleasure; and certainly all progress, whether moral or material, depends upon the power to meet and to master pain. In a silkworm paradise such as our mundane instincts lead us to desire, the seraph freed from the necessity of toil, and able to satisfy his every want of will, would lose his wings at last and sink back to the condition of a grub.

The volume abounds in stories, legends, and folklore which are rich in information which only the painstaking and sympathetic author could obtain; and all his thoughts are clothed in such rare beauty that he who reads one subject here discussed will not rest content until he has enjoyed all that the author has to say. The closing chapter deals with the influence of sound, and especially music, on the human soul; and the author describes the effect which the ocean has exerted over him from early childhood, and from this he passes to some philosophical musings on the influence which music exerts on the individual,—musings so beautifully expressed and so thoughtful in character that I quote them, as illustrating the author's thought, no less than as being a fair example of his style:

But there are sounds that move us much more profoundly than the voice of the sea can do, and in stranger ways,—sounds that also make us serious at times, and very serious,—sounds of music.

Great music is a psychical storm, agitating to unimaginable depth the mystery of the past within us. Or we might say that it is a prodigious incantation, every different instrument of voice making separate appeal to different billions of prenatal memories. There are tones that call up all ghosts of youth and joy and tenderness; there are tones that evoke all phantom pains of perished passion; there are tones that resurrect all dead sensations of majesty and might and glory,—all expired exultations,—all forgotten magnanimities. Well may the influence of music seem inexplicable to the man who idly dreams that his life began less than a hundred years ago! But the mystery lightens for whomsoever learns that the substance of self is older than the sun. He finds that music is a necromancy; he feels that to every ripple of melody, to every billow of harmony, there answers within him, out of the sea of death and birth, some eddying immeasurable of ancient pleasure and pain.

Pleasure and pain,—they commingle always in great music; and therefore it is that music can move us more profoundly than the voice of ocean or any other voice can do. But in music's larger utterance it is ever the sorrow that makes the undertone,—the surf-mutter of the sea of soul. . . . Strange to think how vast the sum of joy and woe that must have been experienced before the sense of music could evolve in the brain of man!

I have never read a volume dealing with legends and folklore that has afforded me such rare pleasure as "In Ghostly Japan."

B. O. FLOWER.

#### "LESSONS OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN."\*

No man who has essayed to write on naval affairs in America, and I think it would be no exaggeration to say that no naval authority of our time, has succeeded in investing his subject with such charm as Captain Alfred Mahan. He is as apt with his pen as he is well versed in the themes to which he has given his life's best thought. In his latest work we have an important contribution to one department of historical literature. One may not agree with many of the author's conclusions, and yet find his work as instructive and suggestive as it is interesting. For example, we may oppose war with all the strength of our being, and yet share the author's views as to the importance, wisdom, and necessity, under present conditions, of adequate coast defenses. I am not of those who believe in a large standing army. I believe it is a menace to popular government, a burden to the people, and a curse to civilization; but I believe that the cause of peace, no less than the dictates of common sense, suggest that our great coast cities should be properly protected, although I believe that the interested communities should bear at least half of the expense of all such defensive measures.

To me the present volume, valuable as it undoubtedly is in its lessons and legitimate inferences drawn from the recent war, and interesting as it is to the historian, possesses a worth far above these excellences in the broad, statesmanlike spirit evinced through-

out its pages, and in the presence of that ethical quality which, unhappily, is far too frequently absent in much of the work which is otherwise strong among our contemporaneous thought. Perhaps I cannot do better than to illustrate these points of excellence by the following somewhat extended and extremely timely and interesting quotation from the author's chapter on "The Moral Aspect of War:"

One of the most unfortunate characteristics of our present age is the disposition to impose by legislative enactment—by external compulsion, that is—restrictions of a moral character, which are either fundamentally unjust, or at least do not carry with them the moral sense of the community as a whole. It is not religious faith alone that in the past has sought to propagate itself by force of law, which ultimately is force of physical coercion. If the religious liberty of the individual has been at last won, as we hope forever, it is sufficiently notorious that the propensity of majorities to control the freedom of minorities, in matters of disputed right and wrong, still exists, as certain and as tyrannical as ever was the will of Philip II. that there should be no heretic within his dominion. Many cannot so much as comprehend the thought of the English bishop that it was better to see England free than England sober.

In matters internal to a state the bare existence of a law imposes an obligation upon the individual citizen, whatever his personal conviction of its rightfulness or its wisdom. Yet is such obligation not absolute. The primary duty, attested alike by the law and the gospel, is submission. The presumption is in favor of the law; and if there lie against it just cause for accusation, on the score either of justice or expediency, the interests of the commonwealth and the precepts of religion alike demand that opposition shall be conducted according to the methods and within the limits which the law of the land itself prescribes. But it may be—it has been, and yet again may be—that the law, however regular in its enactment, and therefore unquestionable on the score of formal authority, either outrages fundamental political right or violates the moral dictates of the individual conscience. Of the former may be cited as an instance the Stamp Act, perfectly regular as regarded statutory validity, which kindled the flame of revolution in America. Of the second, the Fugitive Slave Law, within the memory of many yet living, is a conspicuous illustration. Under such conditions, the moral right of resistance is conceded—nay, is affirmed and emphasized—by the moral consciousness of the races from which the most part of the American people have their origin, and to

\*"Lessons of the War with Spain," by Alfred T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain in U. S. Navy; author of "The Interest of America in Sea Power," "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," etc. Cloth. Pp. 320. Price, \$2.00. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

which, almost wholly, we owe our political and religious traditions. Such resistance may be passive, accepting meekly the penalty for disobedience, as the martyr who for conscience' sake refused the political requirement of sacrificing to the image of Caesar; or it may be active and violent, as when our forefathers repelled taxation without representation, or when men and women, or a generation not wholly passed away, refused to violate their consciences by acquiescing in the return of a slave to his bondage, resorting to evasion or to violence, according to their conditions or temperaments, but in every case deriving the sanction for their unlawful action from the mandate of their personal conscience.

And let it be carefully kept in mind that it is not the absolute right or wrong of the particular act, as seen in the clear light of a later day, that justified men, whether in the particular instances cited, or in other noteworthy incidents in the long series of steps by which the English-speaking races have ascended to their present political development. It is not the demonstrable rightfulness of a particular action, as seen in the dispassionate light of the arbiter, posterity, that has chiefly constituted the merit of the individual rebel against the law in which he beheld iniquity; the saving salt, which has preserved the healthfulness of the body politic, has been the fidelity to conscience, to the faithful, if passionate, arbiter of the moment, whose glorious predominance in the individual or in the nation gives a better assurance of the highest life than does the clearest intellectual perception of the rightfulness or of the expediency of a particular course. One may see now, or think that he sees, as does the writer, with Lincoln, that if slavery is not wrong nothing is wrong. It was not so clear half a century ago; and while no honor is too great for those early heroes, who for this sublime conviction withstood obloquy and persecution, legal and illegal, it should be never forgotten that the then slave States, in their resolute determination to maintain, by arms, if need be, and against superior force, that which they believed to be their constitutional political right, made no small contribution to the record of fidelity to conscience and to duty, which is the highest title of a nation to honor. Be it by action or be it by submission, by action positive or by action negative, whatsoever is not of faith—of conviction—is sin.

The just and necessary exaltation of the law as the guarantee of true liberty, with the consequent accepted submission of the individual to it, and the recognized presumption in favor of such submission, have tended to blind us to the fact that the individual, in our highest consciousness, has never surrendered his moral freedom,—his independence of conscience. No human law overbears that supreme appeal, which carries the matter from the tribunal of man into the pres-

ence of God; nor can human law be pleaded at this bar as the excuse for a violation of conscience. It is a dangerous doctrine, doubtless, to preach that there may be a "higher law" than obedience to law; but truth is not to be rejected because dangerous, and the time is not long past when the phrase voiced a conviction, the forcible assertion of which brought slavery to an end forever.

There are to-day two unhappy extremes obvious in our literature, to say nothing of the pernicious hysterical emotionalism that fills many newspapers, and serves too frequently to lash an unthinking public into a feverish and irrational excitement, in which prejudice and passion blind reason, justice, and sober judgment. One is an unmoral attitude, or the domination of the spirit of expediency over the demands of right. This is the legitimate offspring of the ascendancy of commercialism in social life,—the legitimate result of the materialism of the mart permeating the social organism. The other extreme is the old hydra spirit of intolerance and bigotry, which distrusts freedom and disregards the golden rule; and it is against these two influences of death, against the atrophying effect of a sordid commercialism, and the ancient and savage spirit of intolerance and bigotry, that broad-minded and thoughtful men and women of our time must place the higher concepts of duty, right, and progress, which exalt freedom and morality, and insist at all times on the supremacy of the golden rule over the rule of gold and of expediency, passion, and prejudice. These thoughts may not be entirely relevant to the subject in hand, but they are suggested by the above fine passages from Captain Mahan's work, and they are words of warning which I feel should be given.

The first two hundred pages of the volume are devoted to the lessons to be derived from our war with Spain in 1898, the scope and character of which may be gleaned from the following brief summary of the principal topics discussed:

How the Motive of the War Gave Direction to its Earlier Movements.—Strategic Value of Puerto Rico.—Considerations on the Size and Qualities of Battleships.—Mutual Relations of Coast Defense and Navy.

The Effect of Deficient Coast Defense upon the Movements of the Navy.—The Military and Naval Conditions of Spain at the Outbreak of the War.

Possibilities Open to the Spanish Navy at the Beginning of the War.—The Reasons for Blockading Cuba.—First Movements of the Squadrons under Admirals Sampson and Cervera.

Problems Presented by Cervera's Appearance in West Indian Waters.—Movements of the United States Divisions and of the "Oregon."—Function of Cruisers in a Naval Campaign.

The Guard Set over Cervera.—Influence of Inadequate Numbers upon the Conduct of Naval and Military Operations.—Camara's Rush through the Mediterranean, and Consequent Measures taken by the United States.

The supplementary chapters deal with: The Peace Conference and the Moral Aspect of War; The Relations of the United States to the New Dependencies; Distinguishing Qualities of Ships of War; Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects.

The volume is an important addition to our historic literature, and will prove especially valuable to those who are deeply interested in the United States as a sea power.

B. O. FLOWER.

#### "POCKET ISLAND."\*

What "David Harum" is to New York State "Pocket Island" is to New England,—a revelation of life too little known and rapidly disappearing. It is not after the Mary E. Wilkins order, but quite as interesting and quite as much a study of types. It is dramatic and healthfully exciting, and of more than ordinary literary merit, though the author is a business man and a graduate, as he himself says, of the World's University. Pocket Island, a rocky barren bit broken from the coast of Maine, is the scene of the tragedy. Connecticut furnishes the hero and the heroine, and of course the love story, while the Civil War is an episode. The author knows men, and is a master in the types he describes; but he knows nature, too, and not the least interesting portions of the book are the bits of word painting in which the most delicate parts of his tale are set.

To outline a book of this character is to anticipate a pleasure which reading alone can fulfill. The prologue is concerned with a miserly Jew and a Micmac Indian, who are allied in a nefarious traffic for purposes of gain, and Pocket Island is the storehouse of this ill-gotten wealth. Here the

\*"Pocket Island," by Charles Clark Munn. \$1.00, Abbey Press, New York.

tragedy occurs, and in a way which is unique in story telling. And now the story proper opens with a "boy,"—just an ordinary country lad who reflects the drudgery of the country and its few joys, too. He meets the "girl,"—a step higher in the social plane, and their lives grow together in the long years that follow so naturally and so quietly that we get the very atmosphere of the country life, and all its light and color. The boy passes through the experiences of his first party, where he is for the first time conscious of his outgrown clothes, and feels the first throb of ambition to be "somebody," and a "husking bee," where the unrealized love he bears for "some one," and her undreamed of love for him appears in their mutual disgust for "kissing games." So on to the academy, and then, in the coming of war's dark cloud, out of all the brightness of the simple country life and "her" society, to the front and the red field of carnage. The episode of the war is particularly well done. And, of course, there is a home-coming after the wound and the illness, and life opens once more. But there is still the fight with poverty, and the pride of the "boy" who will not let love provide the way. Just here comes in the visit to a soldier comrade who lives on the Maine coast and near Pocket Island—well, you know the rest. The money hidden long years before is found; but you must read the story to know how unique is the way by which it all comes about. Withal, we have not merely an interesting tale told in a manner fresh and clear, but a book of merit which will be a fit companion for your library shelf of New England folklore tales.

#### "KATE FIELD: A RECORD."\*

The biography, long expected, of the late Kate Field, by her friend, Lillian Whiting, came at last. Great numbers who knew them both were prepared to welcome this book as largely an answer to what the reading public really wanted. The career of Miss Field across our intellectual sky had been somewhat meteoric, and the light intermittent, but was full of great surprises. She generally did what she set out to do, and nobody quite knew what she would attempt

\*"Kate Field: A Record," by Lillian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," "After Her Death," etc. Cloth. Pp. 610. Price, \$2.00. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

next, or what new demonstration of her resources was held in reserve. The intimate friendship and admiration between the biographer and her subject was well known, and was charming flattery, each for the other, which people were very willing to allow them. Certainly we have a right to be judged, in some degree, by the love we inspire, especially if our lives are such as enable us to keep the love to the last. This was the case with these two.

But there are some fine reputations which need a good biography. The "Life of Patrick Henry," by William Wirt, is in part Patrick Henry and in part William Wirt. His only speeches are such as the biographer could construct out of many traditions. Emerson speaks of Socrates and Plato as a "double star." Johnson and Boswell in this way are a "double star," and we do not know how much the ideal of Johnson may be resolved into Boswell. Browning sees this conception of a dual personality, this union of two in one, as illustrated in the poem, "Sordello." Sordello lived nearly a hundred years before Dante. The Italian language was then in a somewhat inchoate condition, made of several elements not yet settled into fitness for good artistic forms. By Dante's time it had become what Dante's great poem found it; and Sordello, Browning thinks, did much to provide a medium for Dante. So he conceives of them as a double star. Sordello "soft and argentine," and Dante a "fierce mate,"—these two are "named now with only one name."

May we not give these two noble women a residence in the chambers of this shining metaphor, and say truly that, hereafter, Kate Field and Lillian Whiting are a "double star?"

We expected good work from Miss Whiting. Her "World Beautiful" and other writings had shown delicate, well trained fingers. She had given grace and beauty to many themes. Is this biography of Kate Field her best achievement? It seems to me better on a second than on a first reading. Books are flowing down upon us like the waters of a Danube or a Mississippi. It is hard to breast the stream and reach back numbers. But few books can hope to gain another chance. I am glad to own this book. It is good reading, wherever you open it. It will stand as literature at a time when criticism

is severe in what it shall choose and retain. Kate Field was a wonderful woman in what may be called social power. She was equal to success in action as well as in words. Her biographer has never tried her own fortunes in this last "form of the divine energy." We should not ask what Kate Field might have accomplished if she had given her powers to the production of a great book. Her conditions in life did not seem to allow such concentration. She depended much upon "occasions," and was equal to them. In her changing roles, part choice, part necessity, she was brave, true, and faithful. It is praise enough that she was worthy of this beautiful memento by one who knew her well, and loved her.

CHARLES MALLOY.

#### "AT THE WIND'S WILL."\*

It is hardly safe, perhaps, to say which is the best of the several books of poems published by Mrs. Moulton; for comparison and choice depend somewhat upon times, moods, and idiosyncrasies on the part of a reader. But for me, at present, none of the books has seemed quite so sweet, so tender, and in every way perfect as this last volume. I have just been reading some of the poems during a ride of ten miles in an electric car, and a power finer than the mysterious motor has wafted me up and along. My ride has been all too short. "At the Wind's Will" is a way of saying that some command more than the writer's will has given the song in each case. And I have no doubt the beautiful forms into which she has been carried by the "wind's will" have always proved a surprise to her as well as to the reader. It is thus that the poet shares the table she spreads for others, and no one has such joy in a song as the singer of the song.

For nothing is so dainty sweet  
As melancholy, lovely melancholy.

This felicity Mrs. Moulton finds in many of her songs. We doubt, however, if she may be called an unhappy woman. Her large, warm heart finds the world full of good things, even here and now, no matter if the past and future mock with a "light that never was on sea or land." That is, our

\*"At the Wind's Will," by Louise Chandler Moulton. Cloth, Pp. 171. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

poet, like the poetical instinct generally, has two worlds, one in memory and one in hope, or the future. This last she gives us in the allegory of "Arcady," where thousands are on the way. Is it quite true, my too happy poet, that you have been there?

#### THE SECRET OF ARCADY.

I hid me off to Arcady,—  
The month it was the month of May,  
And all along the pleasant way  
The morning birds were mad with glee,  
And all the flowers sprang up to see,  
As I went on to Arcady.

But slow I fared to Arcady,—  
The way was long, the winding way;  
Sometimes I watched the children play,  
And then I laid me down to see  
The great white clouds sail over me,—  
I thought they sailed to Arcady.

Then by me sped to Arcady  
Two lovers, each on palfry gray,  
And blithe with love, and blithe with May,  
And they were rich, and held in fee  
The whole round world; and Youth is he  
Who knows the path to Arcady.

I followed on to Arcady,—  
But I was all alone that day,  
And shadows stole along the way,  
And somehow I had lost the key  
That makes an errant mortal free  
Of the dear fields of Arcady.

But still I fared toward Arcady,—  
Until I slept at set of day,  
And in my dreams I found the way;  
And all the Fates were kind to me;  
So that I woke beneath a tree  
In the dear land of Arcady.

What did I find in Arcady?—  
Ah, that I never must betray;  
I learned the secrets of the May,  
And why the winds are fresh and free,  
And all the birds are mad with glee  
That soar and sing in Arcady.

I dwell no more in Arcady;—  
But when the sky is blue with May,  
And flowers spring up along the way,  
And birds are blithe, and winds are free,  
I know what message is for me,—  
For I have been in Arcady.

Some of Mrs. Moulton's best poems, I fear, will never be written; or, at least, they must be written by other poets,—I mean her incomparable Friday receptions. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, in the last twenty-five

years, have found these pleasant occasions the open door to society and conversation, lifting common experiences, ever after, to a higher level and the vision of better aspirations. They have pointed out to many a young man and maiden the road to Arcady.

The following humorous lines, by a certain poet, were once addressed to Mrs. Moulton:

Where do you find sweet songs, O poet?  
How do you capture these wonderful things?  
If they flit by me I do not know it,  
I hear not the rustle they make with their wings.

Do you wait for these little fairy guests?—  
Only watch and wait, and nothing more?  
Or is it sometimes by weary quests?—  
By pain and labor that have gone before?

Are they willing to stay with you, charmed  
by caresses,  
When they come to your hand as they  
pause in their flight?  
And where do you buy the fine silk for their  
dresses?

At Jordan and Marsh's and R. H. White's?  
Some gods in the wood,—they must bring  
you for cover,  
And trust you to weave them, fair, beautiful words.  
Ah, the loom for the web is the heart of a  
lover,  
And there's where you find these invisible  
birds.

CHARLES MALLOY.

#### "NUMA'S VISION."\*

The scene of this book is laid in Rome in the time of King Tarquin. It deals with Junius Brutus, Collatinus, the rape of Lucretia, the revolution dethroning Tarquin, and the treaty of Brutus with ambassadors from Carthage.

The author has a Shakspearian grasp of his subject and a movement like that of a chariot race. He is a master in vivid portrayal, and his stinging satire reminds one of Dean Swift. The diplomats of the day do their best to outwit one another, and coolly discuss the processes of conquest and benevolent assimilation.

One of the characters objects to the hellish schemes of the others, and thus at times expresses himself:

\*"Numa's Vision, an Allegory, Sic Semper Tyrannis," by Nicolai Mikalowitch, author of "The Godhood of Man." Paper. 50 cents. Chicago, Nicholas Michels, Publisher.

You diplomats are always bleating without meaning what you say. And if you find one blade of grass, then you declare war and let the people bleat till they beat each other sore. You, of course, eat the blade of grass, while the dead peasant becomes a hero, and the live one chews his finger-nails.

What do I care for your detestable diplomacy, which is really nothing else than continuous meditation how to dig another's grave, then make believe he dug it, and therefore no one but himself is to blame for his misfortune.

Then let the poor wife in her desolate home cry in vain for the husband killed in battle, starving children for their father, virgins sell their body for a crust of bread, sons in despair may come to be thieves and robbers. What matters it, if the statesman acquires the enemy's gold? The gods have again manifested their goodness to the nation. They willed it so. This was the country's manifest destiny.

In the following bit of biting sarcasm Brutus is speaking of the greed of Tarquin. The modern application cannot be mistaken:

Ardea is rich, the town is filled with spoils, and one-half of the plunder shall go to the soldier. That became the war cry of the Romans. Incidentally the realm of Jupiter and the minor gods might be enlarged by a benevolent assimilation of the Rutuli and their wealth. The pontifices blessed the willing sons of Rome who rushed to arms. The augurs foretold victory from the flight and eating of birds. The gods wanted war and carnage to extend their earthly empire.

The book can scarcely fail to stir the conscience of one not absolutely dead to all sense of truth and justice.

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

#### "CAMPING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE."\*

Amid the profusion of juvenile literature it is a real pleasure to find such a book for boys as "Camping on the St. Lawrence." Dr. Tomlinson's name is always a guarantee of valuable information combined with entertainment and wholesome influence, and he has now more than sustained his reputation in these particulars while working in an entirely different vein from any previous effort. Four intimate friends, just such boys as one likes to know, quick-witted, full of life, and thoroughly up to date, yet always clean and manly, who are to enter college in the fall, are given a summer in camp

\*"Camping on the St. Lawrence; or, On the Trail of the Early Discoverers," by Everett T. Tomlinson. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 412. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

under the care of "Ethan," a former school-mate of the father of one of the boys, who has settled down into a most interesting and typical rural character. All are impressed with the historic association of the scenes about them, and one leading spirit has been especially inspired by the noble narrative of Parkman, so that many an evening by the camp-fire is passed by following in fancy the footsteps of Cartier and others, gaining a great deal of information, yet in so jolly a way that there is never a dull moment. The days are filled with sport and adventure, not always unmingled with peril and anxiety; and a most merry and at the same time profitable summer passes all too quickly. The fun is bright and sparkling, the beauty of description unequaled in any of the other stories by this author, and the whole tone of the book helpful and manly. The fine illustrations and general make-up of the book combine to make it a very attractive volume to any boy.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Kate Field, a Record," by Lillian Whiting. Cloth. Pp. 610. Price, \$2.00. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"Speech Hesitation," by E. J. Ellery Thorpe. Cloth. Pp. 75. Price, 50 cents. New York, E. S. Warner Publishing and Supplying Co.

"The Godhood of Man," by Nicolai Mikalovitch. Cloth. Pp. 150. For sale by all dealers. Published by the author, Chicago, Ill.

"Lessons of the War with Spain, and Other Articles," by Captain A. T. Mahan. Cloth. Pp. 320. Price, \$2.50. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"Christus Victor," by Henry N. Dodge. Cloth. Pp. 186. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Purity and Destiny of Modern Spiritualism," by Thomas Bartlett Hall. Cloth. Pp. 310. Price, \$2.00. Boston, Cupples & Schoenhof.

"In Ghostly Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 241. Price, \$2.00. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"To Alaska for Gold, or The Fortune Hunters of the Yukon," third volume of the "Bound to Succeed" series, by Edward Stratemeyer. Cloth. Illustrated. Price, \$1.00. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

"A Look Upward," by Susie C. Clark. Cloth. Pp. 215. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Banner of Light Publishing Co.

"Grant Burton the Runaway," companion to "Six Young Hunters," by W. Gordon Parker. Cloth. Pp. 382. Illustrated. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

# OUR MONTHLY CHAT

A well-known thinker sends in the following criticism of this magazine, which we believe our friends will enjoy:

The Coming Age is leading its readers into the enjoyment of a broader life, and it seems to me that it is becoming the best educator among the many excellent magazines of our time, because there is a moral quality in The Coming Age that is very necessary; and you are doing a needed work in showing the proper relation of the liberal arts to the coming life.

It is our ever present aim to broaden, enrich, and amplify life. We sincerely desire to make our readers happy by making them wiser and better. We are working to touch the heart as well as stimulate the brain. We do not believe in the dilettantism which preaches "art for art's sake." We have no sympathy with the feeble cry of moral inertia, which wants simply to be amused. Life is real, earnest, and serious; but this fact should not make life somber or dull or gloomy. On the contrary, it is because it is something grand, solemn, and rich in lights and shadows, that it is worth the living. The Coming Age does not expect to please most those who simply wish to be amused, who are striving to pass from the spring-time of early manhood to the grave without having any of the deeper well-springs of being sounded,—without recognizing the responsibilities and obligations which true manhood must face if life is to be nobly lived. But to the upward striving men and women, who have faith in manhood and who believe in a brighter and happier future, it appeals. It is striving to further a higher and nobler civilization.

Our conversation this month is by the brilliant lecturer and writer, Dr. James Hedley, who discusses a subject of general interest to thoughtful people. It is a cause for sincere regret that the lyceum is not a greater educational factor in life to-day than it is. It is not impossible that the time is

again approaching when it will become a real power in molding public sentiment, despite the views of those who hold that the daily press has practically neutralized its influence. We believe there are many signs of an awakening among the thoughtful people of our land, and especially among the younger men and women, and that one of the evidences of that awakening will be found in the formation of clubs, societies, and organizations which will carry on a large amount of educational work through the medium of the platform.

Our brief notice of Mrs. Fiske's interpretation of Becky Sharp is one of a series of short studies of great dramatic creations by American actors and actresses, which will be a feature of The Coming Age during the ensuing months.

I desire to call special attention to the magnificent and thoughtful paper by Dr. Smith Baker, on "The Citizen's Interest in the Kindergarten." This paper is one of our educational series. It is a contribution which merits the thoughtful attention of parents and public-spirited citizens, no less than teachers and instructors of the young.

Our social and economic studies are continued by a suggestive study of the problem of the unemployed, by Leigh H. Irvine, one of the strongest men in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific Coast.

Rev. R. E. Bisbee's paper on "Spokane" is a contribution of more than ordinary excellence, and will be enjoyed by all lovers of our nation who wish to be better acquainted with the different typical localities.

## CONVERSATIONS FOR EARLY ISSUES OF THE COMING AGE.

"The Needs and Demands of the Higher Education," by Professor Thomas Elmer Will, A. M., preceded by biographical sketch of Professor Will.

"The Relation of the Land Question to the Advance of Civilization," by Bolton Hall.



"Personal Reminiscences of Great Actors in the Classic Drama," by Joseph S. Haworth; Illustrated.

"Christianity in the Occident and Orient," by Rev. George Frederick Pentecost, preceded by biographical sketch of Dr. Pentecost.

"The Work of the World's Unity League," by Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert.

"Personal Reminiscences of William Warren," by Rev. James Henry Wiggin, preceded by biographical sketch of Mr. Wiggin.

"The Development of Scenic Art in the History of the Drama," by Walter Wilcox Burridge, with biographical sketch and illustrations.

**A BRILLIANT SERIAL FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.**

We take great pleasure in announcing that the June number of The Coming Age will contain the opening chapter of a brilliant serial story by Miss Will Allen Dromgoole. In this romance the brilliant southern writer, who has no superior in negro dialect, and whose short stories of southern life are justly regarded as inimitable, makes a bold departure, employing Irish dialect, or rather interspersing the dialect through the story, much as she employs the negro dialect in her stories of colored life. This new serial deals with the story of a newspaper boy's stirring and eventful life. The scenes of the story are laid in Tennessee, but it is largely concerned with the "Irish contingent" in the newspaper office, on the police force, and among the railroad employees in a certain southern city. Miss Dromgoole was for years a newspaper woman. Her position as clerk of the house of representatives in Nashville, Tennessee, and her intimate studies of political affairs in more than one city, enable her to handle her story in a masterly manner. There is more than one passage in this story which will doubtless become as popular for public readings and recitations as the author's "Heart of Old Hickory" and other sketches. Here, as in all her previous work, the characters depicted are thoroughly natural, and a deep human sympathy pervades the story. It will, we believe, prove one of the brightest and best stories of the year.

**A WORD FROM A LEADING NEW ENGLAND PHYSICIAN.**

Inclosed find check for Coming Age. I have had time to look the magazine squarely in the face, and I like it. Please continue sending it for another year. I wish you and it all success.

WALTER J. MAROLEY, M. D.

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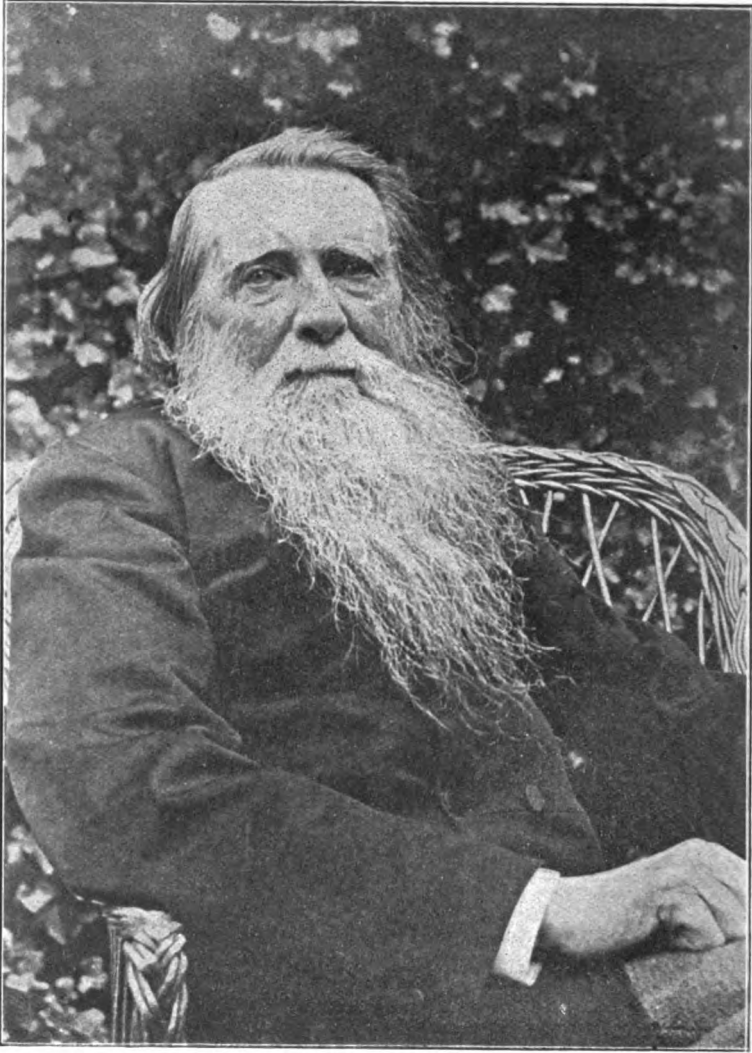
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# THE COMING AGE

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## CONVERSATIONS

I.—CHRISTIANITY IN THE OCCIDENT AND ORIENT, BY GEORGE  
FREDERICK PENTECOST, D. D.

II.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF SCENIC ART, AND ITS RELATION  
TO THE DRAMA, BY WALTER WILCOX BURRIDGE.

### I.—CHRISTIANITY IN THE OCCIDENT AND ORIENT

GEORGE FREDERICK PENTECOST, D. D.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

#### I.

Rev. George Frederick Pentecost is one of the strongest and most commanding personalities among the more stalwart orthodox clergymen of our time. Next to the late Rev. Dwight L. Moody, he has been the most successful evangelist of our time, but he is far more than a great evangelist. He has for many years been recognized as one of the strongest ministers of the present generation, not only as a great pulpit orator and close reasoner, but as a pastor as well. The story of his life will prove interesting and, I think, very help-

ful to thousands of our readers who may differ widely from him in his views of life and religion, for it is the story of a peniless lad who has steadily risen in the world—the record of a wild boy who, from the wine-cup and the gaming table, rose to one of the most honorable positions in society, and who through a long and noble career has lived worthily and conscientiously, ever striving to express in life the convictions which he feels to be the truth; and such a life must be a double inspiration to the poor and tempted youth.

Perhaps, before considering the life of Dr. Pentecost, it will be interesting to notice for a few moments his ancestors, for here, as with Browning and, indeed, so many of our strongest and most versatile

characters, we find the blending of widely different nationalities and races, something which I think tends to increase the resourcefulness, versatility, and forcefulness of the offspring. On the father's side Mr. Pentecost is descended from Huguenot stock, or rather, the first Pentecost of whom we have any record in their family was a Bohemian who emigrated to France during the Reformation. Here he came under the influence of the Huguenot proselyters, who were at that time fired with a zeal born of a deep-rooted conviction, such as is always very compelling in its influence over other minds. After his conversion the Bohemian, who appears to have been a man of some education and much natural ability, became a lay preacher. He, too, believed from the depths of his soul the truth of the message he sought to proclaim, and the result was that he became a power in the new sect. Wherever he went people flocked to hear him. His earnestness, eloquence, and sincerity proved irresistible in their influence over many who came to ridicule, interrupt, or scoff at the despised fanatic. Hence his labors resulted in such accessions to the new faith that the simple people insisted that his coming had resulted in a veritable return of the day of Pentecost. Thus it was that the itinerant preacher came to be called "Old Pentecost," probably because the term was much more pronounceable than the real name he bore. Certain it is that by common consent the family name came to be Pentecost before the Edict of Nantes drove thousands of Huguenots from France. The Pentecosts went to Scarborough, in England, and in the course of a few generations drifted from Calvinism into skepticism, and some became atheists.

The grandparents of the subject of our sketch emigrated to Virginia, and there the father of George, Mr. Hugh L. Pentecost, was born. He appears to have possessed some of the taste for wandering and travel which characterized his ancestors, as while still a young man he left Virginia and wandered over the vast tracts of sparsely settled land lying between his native State and the prairies of Illinois. His journeyings in due time brought him to the then rather famous English settle-

ment at Albion, in the southern part of the Prairie State. This was founded by George Flower and Morris Birbeck in 1818. This settlement, it is interesting to remember, sent the only two antislavery representatives from the southern half of Illinois to the memorable legislature which, in 1823,\* voted on the proposition to make Illinois a slave State. The motion was defeated by two votes. Hence, had it not been for the little band of the friends of freedom in Egypt, as the southern part of Illinois was frequently called, the great Prairie State would have been given over to slavery.

In the large and ever hospitable home of George Flower Mr. Pentecost met, wooed, and won Miss Emma, a brilliant and cultured daughter of the founder of the colony. The mother of the famous divine was a woman of great force of character, strong mentality, and possessed a great, generous, and loving heart. In her veins flowed the mingled blood of England and Judea. Her mother was a Jewess. Her family on her father's side appear at intervals in English history from the days of the Conqueror. A few facts in the life of her ancestors may be useful as illustrating the persistency of certain strong peculiarities in families from generation to generation. In Fox's "Book of Martyrs," folio edition, will be found a picture of one of her ancestors, a William Flower, who was burned at the stake. He is represented as holding forth a handleless arm, from which the blood is gushing. The severed member is elevated on a pike by the side of the man, who is already in the midst of the blazing fagots. The hand had been severed at the request of the martyr, as he felt that with it he had

\*On the death of Mr. Pentecost's grandfather, George Flower, which occurred on March 22, 1862, Dr. Barry, the librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, published an extended notice of the life and work of Mr. Flower. One paragraph thus refers to the interesting contest between the slave and free parties in Illinois:

"In the eventful strife which accompanied the daring attempt in 1823 to legalize African slavery in Illinois, no one enlisted with a truer heroism than he. We of the present day, and amidst the dire commotions of civil war, can but poorly comprehend the ferocity and the gloomy portents of that struggle. So nearly balanced were the contending parties of the State, that the vote of the English colony, ever true to the instincts of freedom, turned the scale,—a handful of sturdy Britons being the forlorn hope to stay the triumph of wrong and oppression, whose success might have sealed forever the doom of republican and constitutional liberty in America."

committed a wrongful act, and in obedience to the New Testament admonition, he asked as a last favor, before he suffered death by fire, that the offending member be cut off.

In the "History of the English Settlement of Southern Illinois,"\* the author thus refers to the family of his mother:

My mother lived some years after my father, at Park House. She was the daughter of Edward Fordham, of Kelshall, a village on the borders of Hertfordshire, near the town of Royston. Clustering around the bleak hills of that district, in the villages of Sandon, Kelshall, and Thirfield, the family of Fordhams have long resided. In the wars of the Protectorate they were as numerous as they are now. With a company of some seventy or eighty men, all blood relations and of one name, they joined Cromwell's army. Ordered to ford a river, there stationed to check the advance of the royal troops, they were all killed but one man, and he left on the field badly wounded. From this one man the seventy-three uncles and cousins—all Fordhams—that made me a farewell visit at my house at Marden, before I sailed for America, all sprang.

Of the grandfather of Mr. Pentecost the late Rev. Isaac Errett, editor of the *Christian Standard*, writes:

Richard Flower, the father of George and the great-grandfather of George E., we have already mentioned as coming to this country, bringing with him a large and costly library. It will give an idea of his wealth when we state that he sold his dwelling and lands in Marden, near Hertford, for £23,000, or \$115,000. Though called a Unitarian, and enjoying intimate relations with the celebrated Dr. Priestley, he was rather an Arian, and accepted Unitarian theology only as less difficult than the Trinitarian. He was never fully satisfied concerning the divinity of Christ. But he was a deeply pious man, and in England had extensive intercourse with ministers and public men of various persuasions. He sacrificed much in the struggle to abolish the slave trade and slavery in the West Indies. . . . He took an active part in opposition to the introduction of slavery into Illinois, and was widely known for his princely hospitality. No better commentary on his reputation for wisdom and integrity is needed than the bare statement of the fact that when George Rapp, the head of the New Harmony settlement of German Lutherans from the kingdom of Wurtemberg, thought of selling out the concern, he sought

the counsel of Richard Flower, and finally commissioned him to go to Europe to offer the entire New Harmony property for sale. Mr. Flower accepted the commission, returned to England, and effected a sale of the property to the celebrated Robert Owen, who, in 1824, purchased the Rapp village and twenty thousand acres of land for \$150,000, and established the colony of New Harmony.

Benjamin Flower, the brother of Richard, was an influential writer in England during the early part of the present century. He was a great admirer of our republic, and an enemy of kingcraft, a foe of slavery, and a trenchant advocate of freedom of mind and body. He owned a large publishing house, and for many years was the editor of the *Cambridge Independent*. Of this remarkable man and his gifted daughters the well-known author, Moncure D. Conway, wrote:\*

The family stock that remained in England showed that all its vigor was not transplanted. In England old Benjamin Flower was a resolute radical in both politics and religion. He was editor of the *Cambridge Independent*, a paper which almost alone ventured to publish in full the persecutions and trials of Hone, Horne Tooke, Richard Carlile, James Watson; inasmuch that the files of that paper are now of historic importance. His daughters, Sarah and Eliza, were nearly the first ladies of culture and refinement who devoted themselves to advanced ideas; Sarah (who married Mr. Adams) wrote some beautiful hymns, among others, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and Eliza set them to music. They were left wards of the celebrated orator, William Johnson Fox, M. P., who was the Theodore Parker of London, and Eliza was the organist in South Place Chapel, for which that famous hymn, and others now widely used, were written.

Edward Fordham, a brother of George Flower, came to America with the rest of the family, but returned to England to be educated in 1824. Of him Mr. Conway wrote:

He was a good speaker, full of shrewd sense, humor, and tact. He was an excellent magistrate in Warwickshire, five times mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, and, if he had not been disgusted at the amount of dirt candidates had to eat, would have sat in Parliament. . . . In the many years of his mayoralty at Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Flower

\*"History of the English Settlement of Southern Illinois," by George Flower. Published by the Chicago Historical Society.

\**Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, March 29, 1883.

and his wife entertained the most eminent Americans, and with some of them—Emerson, J. T. Fields, and others—formed intimate friendships for life. . . . If the visitor to that town now finds the relics of Shakspeare preserved, his house in perfect order, a public-spirited interest in the associations of the place prevailing, a Shakspearian library and museum, he need only inquire into the facts to learn that these things are due originally to the generosity and energy of Edward Fordham Flower and his family.

The late Sir William Flower, one of the queen's surgeons and one of the most famous working naturalists and scientific writers of England, whose able contributions to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and other authoritative publications made his name well known in scientific and educational circles, was a son of Edward Fordham Flower. The grandfather of the clergyman was a man of broad culture, a deep thinker, earnest and conscientious. He had traveled extensively on the continent before coming to the new world, and enjoyed the personal friendship of the Marquis Lafayette and other leading champions of liberty in the old world. While in America he was an intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson, at whose home at Monticello he spent one winter, and with whom he regularly corresponded until shortly before the death of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

The grandmother of Mr. Pentecost, as we have observed, was a Jewess. She was rather tall and queenly in her bearing. Her large, piercing black eyes, which could send forth a command without a word, and were wont to make one pause, were far oftener sparkling with rare good humor than sternly serious. Her maiden name was Andrews. She came from a cultured family and was a very determined character from childhood, ever insisting on carrying out her plans. One incident in her life, related by the Rev. P. C. Headley,\* is thoroughly characteristic:

In early youth, while women were not allowed as spectators in Parliament, she resolved to go with her brothers to hear the famous Irish orator, Sheridan. She cut off her beautiful hair, and clothing herself in man's attire passed unchallenged the guard-

ed doors, and listened with a delight, the keener because of her disguise, to the eloquence which had won the admiration of an empire.

When Morris Birbeck and his daughters, with whom Miss Andrews was on intimate terms, decided to migrate to the prairies of Illinois, Miss Andrews determined to accompany them; and shortly after reaching the new world she met George Flower. The two were soon deeply in love, and their marriage was one of those rare and beautiful unions in which husband and wife grow more and more into the affections of each other as the years pass by. The mother of Dr. Pentecost was one of a numerous family who sprang from this ideal union, and she in turn became the mother of five children,—George F., the subject of this sketch; Hugh O., the well-known radical writer and lecturer; Cora, Emma, and Rose,—all of whom, excepting Cora, are still living.

I have dwelt at length on the ancestry of Mr. Pentecost because in his life, from early boyhood, we see time and again recurring the same perseverance, pluck, determination, loyalty to conscience, and other strong peculiarities which for generations have marked his ancestors; and I believe that the fact that the strength or weakness of parents is always sure to recur in their children, or their children's children, is one of supreme importance for enlightened parenthood to take cognizance of. The law of heredity is very marked in the realm of mental and moral life, though it is well to note that frequently a generation may pass without the tendencies of the parents being exhibited.

## II.

When George was a small boy his father met with business reverses which so completely disheartened him that he was unable to rally and again successfully enter into business life. Hence on the mother devolved the great burden of supporting and educating her family. With her wonted cheerfulness she took up the grave cares and responsibilities which confronted her. Moving to Evansville, Indiana, she placed George in the public schools, and at the same time fostered as much as possible the culture of her chil-

\*"George F. Pentecost: Life, Labors, and Bible Studies," by Rev. P. C. Headley.



dren in her home. In two years, after the boy had made wonderful progress, it became necessary for him to leave school and help earn a livelihood. He entered a printing office, where in a surprisingly short time he became one of the most competent compositors in the office. Thus, when only fifteen years of age, he was receiving journeyman's wages. At this time the Kansas emigrant fever was at its height, and the boy, coming under the spell, as his grandfathers and his father early in the century had been influenced by the desire to push toward the setting sun, determined to go to the territory about which all men were talking. He convinced his mother, after much persuading, that he had a better prospect of succeeding in Kansas than in Indiana, and, after she had taken him to her breast, told him of her fears and hopes for him, of the love she bore him, and how she expected him to become a grand, big-souled, and noble man, she bade him a loving good-bye, and the fifteen-year-old lad set out for Kansas, little dreaming what a hard pathway he would have to travel ere he again clasped his idolized mother in his arms.

On arriving in Kansas he secured a good position in a fellow townsman's grocery store, in the town of Quindaro. In less than a year, however, such business depression settled on the place that the lad had to go forth in search of work. For a time it seemed that every door of opportunity was closed. From store to store, from office to office, from farm to farm, he trudged along searching for work; but no one had anything to give him. Often he slept in barn lofts; more than once he went hungry. At last he obtained work with some Irishmen in making a public highway. Next he secured temporary employment in a saw-mill, and still later obtained work in clearing a forest. At last he reached Leavenworth, and after going to the printing office in the hope of securing employment at his trade, he wandered from place to place without success. He was well-nigh dispirited when he secured a place as a servant in a small hotel. As soon as he had earned sufficient money to pay his fare to Lawrence he took a stage to that

place, hoping there to find work in a printing office. For a time John Brown's Herald of Freedom proved a godsend to the hungry and homeless lad, but that paper was then leading a precarious existence; and all too soon the old cry, "No more work," came, and the boy began another weary tramp. After going from town to town he returned to Lawrence, and this time was successful in obtaining a position which promised to afford permanent work. From early boyhood he had been accustomed to playing practical jokes on the youths with whom he associated, and on one occasion he sought to play a prank on a fellow compositor. The victim, however, happened to be the proprietor of the printing office instead of the boy's co-worker. With a few words, less elegant than emphatic, George was informed that his days of usefulness, so far as that office was concerned, were past. And again he set out in search of work. It was during this second stay in Lawrence that the boy, who up to that time had manfully withstood all temptations, began to fall by the wayside. Hitherto his mother's large, pleading eyes and her tender words of entreaty had been a shield to him, but he had now been out in the world about two years. He was stopping at a small hotel in which there were few comforts. The boarders were in the habit of spending the evenings in the billiard room, to which a bar was attached; and here in the evening the boy was wont to go. Soon he took to playing billiards, and later began to drink. Once on the downward path, he moved with the rapidity that is liable to characterize an intense and whole-souled nature. Hence it is probable that the sudden termination of his engagement in the printing office may have been a veiled blessing.

His search for work was again taken up, but for a long time nothing could be found. The little money he had saved rapidly disappeared. His clothing had become threadbare; he sold his breast-pin and studs, and with the proceeds bought a summer suit of clothes and set out for Lecompton, then the capital of Kansas. On arriving at this town he put up at the hotel, and with his last nickel bought a cigar. As he was sitting on the ve-

rande, wondering how he should earn the money with which to pay for his room and food, a gentleman, who had been eying him for a few moments, accosted him, saying:

"I see by your thumbs that you are a printer."

"I am," was the reply.

"A strapped printer, looking for work," suggested the other.

The boy nodded assent.

"Well," said the stranger, "I am the foreman of the government printing office, and we have a rush of work. I can give you a job."

Never had the youth heard sweeter words from stranger's lips. He immediately entered the office, where his efficiency, industry, and good nature made him a general favorite. At Lecompton Mr. Pentecost came into the society of many men of high culture, who had resided at Washington. They liked the open-hearted, magnetic, and brilliant young man, and in many ways sought to advance him in business. He was a remarkably fine penman, and was soon offered a position in the governor's office. Next he was made deputy clerk of the Supreme Court of the Territory, and from the nation's capital came his appointment as clerk of the United States District Court. As, however, he was not yet of age, he was unable to qualify for this office. This was, however, arranged by another qualifying, and he acting as proxy and receiving the salary. The intercourse with scholarly men made him again take up his books. He read and studied as never before. Unhappily, however, as his worldly conditions improved and his mind became stored with knowledge, his moral nature again retrograded. He had resolved on leaving Lawrence never again to yield to temptation, and for several weeks he held to his resolution; but with prosperity, with hotel life, without the sustaining influence of home, and surrounded by friends who drank and gambled, the young man again gradually came under the spell of those temptations which sap manhood and take from life that which is finest, divinest, and best. The closing of the shutters which looked skyward was not made without many

struggles on the part of conscience, and often, when letters came from home, a dear face and its pleading eyes rose before him, and he would resolve to turn back; but he was already inmeshed, and the half-formed resolutions failed, and each Saturday found him farther from the light that mantles the brow of peace and purity.

In the nation great events were occurring. Kansas had long been a bloody ground, but the conflict between freedom and slavery was now rapidly assuming national proportions. Lincoln had been nominated to the presidency, and each section of the nation was nerving itself for the coming shock, though comparatively few believed that war was impending. Still, the very threat of the election of a Republican to the presidency had aroused the South to fever heat, while the grim shadow of the backwoods statesman, which loomed darkly on the western sky, was extremely disquieting to the peace-loving Whigs and northern Democrats. Mr. Pentecost's father had been a Virginian; his father's family lived in Kentucky. He was now in the closest relationship with the southerners and in the favor of the Democratic administration; yet the traditions of his family had all been on the side of freedom for body, for brain, and for soul. Therefore his position was far from comfortable, as day by day the conviction was forced home to him that soon he must decide with whom to cast his lot. At this juncture a letter arrived from home stating that his mother, who had removed to Henderson, Kentucky, had been taken seriously ill and desired his immediate return. With heart filled with grave forebodings he hastened home as rapidly as the slow methods of travel in those days permitted. On arriving at Henderson he found his mother convalescent, and with the firm resolution to reform, which he made on hearing of her illness, he now set out to secure work, fully determined to make a man of himself. Soon the position of deputy clerk in the district court was tendered him. For a time all went well, but gradually he fell back into the old life, drinking and gaming. He had many hours of bitter remorse, when he almost

cursed himself for his weakness, and also times when the realization of the growing power of the wine-cup terrified him; but he seemed powerless to break the spell. About this time a revival meeting was inaugurated at Henderson, in the Baptist Church. The minister who conducted this service was the Rev. George C. Lorimer, then only twenty-six years of age. Mrs. Pentecost and her daughters urged George to accompany them to church, but he resolutely declined on the plea of night work. During this time he began to drink and gamble more recklessly than ever. It was after a night of dissipation, and when he had run heavily in debt for money to pay the wagers he had lost, that he made a resolution to go to church again; but again he wavered, and though feeling much like the prodigal in the far country, he was some time bringing himself to attend the meeting; and even after he began attending it was some time before the deeper well-springs of nature were profoundly touched. At length, however, he sought the minister, and eventually joined the church.

There are many thoughtful people today who have come to feel that the church and her ministers are so recreant to duty's call, so slothful in the face of great wrongs and injustices, so timid when it comes to demanding the redress of wrongs endured by the poor here and now, that they look askance at the church and the clergy. And yet it would be well if such persons would consider how many young men and women the church is every year snatching from dissipation and changing to lives of rectitude, lighted up with high, fine, and noble deeds. That the church falls far short of carrying out the injunctions of her great Founder; that she often seems to lose his spirit; that she is timid when she should be brave as a lion; that she concerns herself far too little in regard to the duties of man to man, and the larger life of the present, is undeniably true; but is it not, with all its shortcomings, a mighty power for morality and rectitude, even though we leave out all considerations of another life?

Acting on his own feelings, reinforced by the urgent persuasion of many of his friends in the church, Mr. Pentecost de-

termined to enter the ministry, and accordingly matriculated at the Baptist Theological College, at Georgetown, Kentucky, where he remained until June, 1862. At that time Kentucky was in a condition of intense excitement. There was no such thing as peace or rest or feelings of security among her people, while the deepest passions and emotions of every man, woman, and child were stirred to their profoundest depths. Mr. Pentecost, before leaving for school, had joined the Home Guards, a military organization at Henderson, formed to protect the property and lives of the inhabitants from guerrilla bands. While at Georgetown he preached on many occasions, and now he decided to enter the army as a chaplain. He was accordingly ordained and received a commission in a cavalry regiment, under the command of Colonel Shackelford, afterward Brigadier-general, and Lieutenant-colonel Bristow, afterward secretary of the treasury.

While Colonel Bristow and his men were stationed at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, the Baptists tendered their church to the regiment for a service, and Mr. Pentecost officiated. On this occasion Dr. Webber, one of the pillars of the church, said to Colonel Bristow, "Your chaplain seems like a fine young man, but he has lots to learn before he can do much good as a preacher." But there was one member of Dr. Webber's family who saw far more to admire than to criticize in the magnetic and handsome young chaplain. This cultured daughter was drawn to Mr. Pentecost by that strong power which true love weaves between heart and heart. The admiration was mutual, and on the 6th of October, 1862, they were married, and the young chaplain left the army. During his stay, however, he had learned to love the soldier's career more than the clerical calling, and had it not been for the influence of his devoted little wife, he would doubtless have accepted a commission in the regular army which General Shackelford, who had formed a deep attachment for the young man, had proposed to secure for him.

After his marriage Mr. Pentecost removed to Indianapolis, and accepted a position in the office of Provost-marshal

General Baker, afterward Governor Baker, at an excellent salary, and life moved on joyously for the young couple, despite the oft expressed wish of the young wife that her husband would return to the ministry. One day a Macedonian cry came to the young man to go down to Greencastle and preach a few sermons in a little Baptist church that had been riven asunder and almost destroyed by political factions. The church was very poor, and there was no remuneration forthcoming for his services; but the young man felt he could go down the latter part of the week, preach, and return without giving up his other duties. General Baker, who in former years had been his Sunday-school teacher, urged him to accept the call; and it is needless to say that his wife warmly seconded the general. The result was that for three months Mr. Pentecost went down regularly and preached Saturday night and Sunday morning and evening, paying his own expenses each time. After this period the church had become largely reunited, and Mr. Pentecost received a call to come as their pastor, on a salary of \$300 a year. He was then earning \$2500 in Indianapolis, and though he had grown to love his work in the little church, he felt he could not take his young wife, who had been reared in a home of luxury and culture, and who was then living in comfort, to Greencastle, where she would have to cook, eat, and sleep in one room. He expressed this opinion to his wife, when she placed her hands on his shoulders, and looking up into the eyes she loved so well, said:

"Fred, when I married you, you were a minister, and I have been looking forward to the time when you would be settled as a pastor over a church. I don't care how small or obscure. I appreciate all you are doing for my comfort and pleasure; but I would rather go with you and live in one room, on a bare floor, if you will only preach the gospel, than to live in all the luxury you can provide in any other calling."

This speech and her subsequent entreaties led him to accept the call. He settled in Greencastle, and for some time labored without the result he hoped for in reaching other hearts. A severe mental

battle ensued. The shadow of Calvin's austere teachings rested on his mind and filled his heart with doubts, sometimes almost despair. At length, however, he came into the sunshine of peace, and his work prospered. From Greencastle he went to Evansville, and built up a flourishing church in the second city of Indiana. Thence he moved to Covington, Kentucky, where his labors were still more successful. In 1869 he accepted the pastorate of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, New York.

During the summer of 1872 Mr. Pentecost traveled extensively throughout Europe, and on his return to this country entered on his duties as pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, of Boston, a position which he acceptably filled until, at the earnest solicitation of the late Dwight L. Moody and other ministers, he went into the field as an evangelist. Here he became a great positive power. He was not, however, in any sense a sensational or emotional evangelist, but a strong, magnetic speaker, who luminously expounded the biblical texts, and whose sincerity and earnestness carried a sense of conviction which nothing else can supply. After holding a remarkable series of meetings in leading American cities, Dr. Pentecost accepted a pastorate in Brooklyn, over the largest Congregational Church in America. This position he held for seven years, after which he spent three years in evangelistic work, chiefly in England and Scotland; and from Great Britain he journeyed to the far East as a missionary to the educated English-speaking Brahmins and Mohammedans. He spent three years in India, during which time he visited China, Africa, and other countries as well. On his return to England he was called to the Premier Presbyterian Church of London. This position he held for five years. Three years ago he accepted a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers, where in this beautiful suburb of New York, on the picturesque Hudson, he has since resided.

Dr. Pentecost is one of the strongest men among the rigidly orthodox clergymen of our time. In early life he fought a hard battle with skepticism, and since

then he has not allowed the march of events, the wonderful scientific discoveries, or the new and generally accepted philosophical and scientific theories to affect his belief in the theological opinions he accepted when a young man. In the pulpit he is simple, logical, and very magnetic. His earnestness and sincerity are felt by all who hear him. He uses no notes, and employs no flights of rhetoric for effect, but nevertheless he is one of the most impressive pulpit orators in our country.

## CHRISTIANITY IN THE OCCIDENT AND ORIENT.

A CONVERSATION WITH REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST.

Q. Dr. Pentecost, as an evangelist who has traveled not only through our country, but who has also been stationed over important charges from London to the far East, I should like very much to have you tell us something about the drift in public sentiment among the Evangelical churches toward union. Have not the changes in this way been very marked since you were a young man?

A. There has been a very marked change in the relation of the Protestant churches, in respect to their essential unity and fraternal comity, during the past thirty-five or forty years, since my observation began. When I was a young man most of the Protestant Evangelical churches were at daggers drawn, bristling with bitter controversies with regard to doctrinal teachings and ecclesiastical differences. To-day the rule among Protestant Evangelical churches is, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty;" and everywhere the deep fundamental unity, based on union in Christ, is being more and more recognized and manifested. The only church in this connection which is not so distinguished is the Episcopal Church, which during the last generation has grown more and more exclusive and dogmatic and arrogant in her claim to apostolic succession and as sole custodian of the administration of the grace of God.

Q. Do you think the churches are growing in the country at the present time, or

is there a drift away from church organizations?

A. In no previous period in the history of this country has the growth of the Protestant Christian churches been so great as at the present day. There are no less than four to six new Protestant churches being built every day in the year throughout the country; nor were churches ever so well manned ministerially, so active and aggressive in their work, and so high in their demands as to righteousness in living and liberality in giving. The influence of Protestant Christianity upon the whole community was never so great as to-day. This is consistent with the fact that in certain quarters and directions there is an apparent drift away from ecclesiastical organizations, but the drift is more apparent than real, and has reached its ebb and the flood tide is coming in again.

Q. Do you think that the fundamental tenets of the Christian religion are gaining or waning in the hearts of the people throughout the Protestant nations?

A. The fundamental tenets of the Christian religion are gaining every day. Too much attention has been given to the noisy controversies going on in critical and higher critical circles; but among the masses of the people the old Evangelical doctrines of Christ and him crucified, and the reality of the supernatural element in Christianity, are as deeply, and I believe more deeply and tenaciously, held than they were twenty-five years ago. Recent critical and theological controversy has cleared away much superstitious rubbish, only to reveal more and more clearly the eternal foundations of the Christian faith.

Q. Will you give us some of your observations in regard to the religious habits and customs of the far East? Were the more intelligent classes of people friendly or hostile to the Christian religion?

A. With regard to India, few people can understand how vast is the cumulative gain of the Christian religion. There are more genuine converts to Christ in India to-day, after one hundred years of missionary activity, than there were Christians in the world after the first three centuries of Christianity. The impact of Christianity upon the old Hindoo

system of religion has fractured it in a score of directions, so that at the present time the great mass of educated Hindoos are infidel as to their ancient religion, and have moved into a kind of half-way house toward Christianity. The sociological (indirect) work of Christianity is beyond statistics, but it is slowly but surely working the mightiest revolution in the religion of three hundred millions of people that the world has ever seen. Did the Christian churches only realize what is being done in India, China, Japan, and Africa, and would pour in reinforcements and press the battle, India at least would be Christian (nominally) within fifty years; nor would China,

Japan, and Africa be far behind. I regard the whole missionary enterprise as being in the most hopeful condition. We at home are not half awake to the tremendous movements in these ancient lands, and, like the British in Africa, are not furnished for the occasion. The greater mass of the intelligent Hindoos are friendly to Christianity; though of course the leaders (priests and guroos) are opposed. But the Christian colleges have taken hold on the intelligence of the best classes, and the Christian missionary bungalows upon the hearts of the people. I could give hundreds of illustrations of these two facts from my own observation and experience all over India.

## II.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF SCENIC ART, AND ITS RELATION TO THE DRAMA

WALTER WILCOX BURRIDGE.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

In Walter Wilcox Burrige we have an excellent illustration of the self-made man who has succeeded in his chosen profession, in spite of drawbacks and temptations which only manly and courageous natures are able to resist. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1857. At an early age he entered the public schools, but, owing to the demands of life for food and raiment, he was compelled to go out into the world and struggle for a livelihood before he had enjoyed the full benefits bestowed by our magnificent system of free education. Thus, while still quite young, he was apprenticed to a Mr. Baylis, a sign painter of Hoboken, New Jersey, much of whose work was of a refined and decorative character. The boy entered into his labors with the pluck, determination, and enthusiasm which compel success. His aptitude in all kinds of scenic work was a constant and pleasant surprise to the painter, and early attracted the attention of some persons engaged in scenic painting in the theaters of New York and Brooklyn. Among the friends of this period were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chippendale. The former introduced the boy behind the scenes of the old Park

Theater, in Brooklyn,—a veritable fairyland to the boy with an innate love of the beautiful, with a passion for the brush, with an imagination that beheld pictures before they became objective to other minds, and with a burning desire to externalize and express the fair dreams and visions that haunted his mind. Here he came in contact with George Tyrrel, Gabriel Harrison, and others, and later at the Brooklyn Theater he met Harley Merry, to whom he became apprenticed at the age of thirteen. Mr. Merry was then engaged in scenic work in Brooklyn. During the production of the scenery for an important play Mr. Merry was unexpectedly called away, and the boy finally persuaded his master to allow him to paint the scenery for a great waterfall. It was an extremely important piece of work, which, if effectively done, would do a great deal to enhance the attractiveness of the play. It was with reluctance and some misgivings that Mr. Merry finally acquiesced to the urgent entreaties of the youth; and Walter Burrige set to work with more misgivings than he was willing to admit to himself. The incident proved one of those fortunate chances such as at moments come to most of us, though frequently we are unprepared to seize the opportunity and make it a stepping-stone

to higher achievements and greater success. It furnished Walter Burridge with the opportunity he needed to prove his ability, and with his whole heart in the labor he set to work. It was no small undertaking, the painting of a waterfall which should prove realistically effective; but under his brush it grew until, on the return of his master, when it was practically completed, the boy experienced one of the supremely happy moments of life, when faithful labor calls forth the tribute of praise it richly deserves. The lad was warmly congratulated by Mr. Merry. The management also was thoroughly satisfied. The result was, however, far more important to the youth than the commendation of those who had it in their power to further him in life. It gave him confidence in himself. Thenceforth he set to work with a zeal and enthusiasm redoubled by the feeling that he could externalize the beauties he internally conceived.

From Brooklyn the youth accompanied Mr. Merry to Chicago and Philadelphia. These were important days for the young painter, who had set his face toward success and had determined to become a master in his chosen field. From many actors and actresses, as well as fellow craftsmen, the youth received much encouragement. On a recent occasion, in speaking of help from kind words and sympathetic criticism, Mr. Burridge said: "I shall never forget Mrs. Conway, for her kind words were far more to me in those days than she could have imagined. She was indeed a wonderful woman, as admirable off the stage as before the footlights; and few actresses of that time took so lively an interest in not only all the details of the theater proper, but also the people about,—the scenic painters and the workers, whose faithful but humble duties were indispensable to an effective performance. All behind the scenes seemed to her to belong to one great family, and consequently she was a prime favorite. I never saw her lose her temper save on one notable occasion, when she was playing 'Lucretia Borgia,' and I think you will agree that the circumstance warranted it. Among her support was a capable actor, with a weakness. The poor fellow was

addicted to drink. Now, one evening the actor in question came to the theater in an almost maudlin condition, but as he was not talkative his real condition was little suspected. The play progressed smoothly until the last act was reached, in which a supper takes place, and during which Lucretia terrifies her guests by saying in quiet but impressive tones, 'Gentlemen, you are all poisoned;' to which the guests, with blanched faces, are supposed to exclaim, 'What? Poisoned!' And just here the convivial actor to whom I have referred created a diversion by starting out of a semi-conscious doze, and in a thick-tongued, jerky, and gurgling voice exclaimed, 'What? Pizened!' And then, with a hiccough, in a loud tone repeated, 'What? Pizened! Not me. I know what I drink, and with whom I drink.' The effect of this unseemly innovation may have delighted the injudicious in the gallery, but it almost overpowered Mrs. Conway with mortification, and aroused for once her indignation. And yet, as I look back over the years that have swiftly passed into the yesterdays of time, I can call to mind no acquaintance of my early days who possessed so amiable a disposition and who was ever most ready to encourage the aspiring youth or any one striving for success."

I have given Mr. Burridge's pleasant reminiscence of this actress not merely because it is interesting, but to emphasize the fact that kind words and encouragement are never lost. They often prove an incentive to victory, while they live in the human heart as perpetually blooming flowers whose beauty and perfume brighten all after days.

In Philadelphia Mr. Merry and his talented pupil found much to do, and in the Chestnut Street Theater the work proved a splendid educational period to so apt a student as Walter Burridge. That historic house was then famed for the magnificence with which it mounted its attractions. At that time, of course, the stage was not able to boast of anything like the elaborate realism or historically correct scenic effects which have marked many notable productions of recent years; but it was a period of awakening. The drama in America was assuming a commanding place in urban life, and the cult-

ured audiences were quick to show their approval and appreciation when an important play was staged with due regard to the demands of truth and art. The scenic painters, no less than the great actors and managers, had come under the spell of the new awakening, and each vied with the other in striving to eclipse his comrades. The rivalry was for the most part good-natured, but the artists were as deeply in earnest as were the actors in their efforts to excel. With such incentives to good work, young Burrridge was kept on his mettle, while the very atmosphere in which he lived was charged with inspiration and helpful thoughts. Many actors and actresses took a personal interest in the staging of their plays, and were of real assistance from their intimate knowledge of the associations surrounding the story unfolded in the drama to be produced. Among those who proved of real help to Walter Burrridge was Mrs. John Drew. In speaking of her recently the artist dropped into one of his delightful reminiscent moods and said: "Mrs. John Drew was deeply interested in everything around and about her; exacting, it is true, but for one result—a perfect whole. She did much for the American stage. I cherish very pleasant recollections of her. True, she had some peculiarities, one of which was a pronounced dislike for apples. She could detect the odor for miles, I believe. I remember she paid a visit to the paint room nearly every morning, and was intensely interested in all about the scenes,—the color, lights, proportions, etc. It was a part of her life. My engagement by her at the Arch Street Theater will ever be a bright page in my life. We were very careful, for the reason stated, to keep apples out of her sight, but she seemed to know they were there, and would say, 'I smell apples, Mr. Burrridge.' Sometimes I thought she caught the odor of the sizing that was used in mixing our colors, and was misled. One fine old gentleman, Mr. Charles A. Hawthorne, had been with her for years in the capacity of scenic painter, and Mrs. Drew thought a great deal of him and his work. He was a pupil of the elder Telbin, the famous London scenic painter, and spoke of him as one of the greatest artists of the day.

Besides painting scenery he (Telbin) put in the backgrounds for the paintings for the celebrated Herring pictures of Derby Day. Herring was a great horse painter, but could not paint the backgrounds to his pictures."

While in the Chestnut Street Theater Mr. Burrridge formed many pleasant and life-long friends in the members of the admirable stock company, among whom were Al. Canby, Francis Wilson, McKee Rankin, and last, but not least in the place he held in friendship's realm, was Horace Lewis. The latter spent most of the time, when he was not rehearsing or acting, on the paint bridge, though it is probable that at times the painter may have felt that his art would have been furthered had his ever-present friend less frequently disturbed his thoughts; yet he valued his suggestions and greatly enjoyed his society.

Mr. Burrridge at this time did considerable work at the Arch, Broad, and Walnut Street Theaters, in Philadelphia, and later, through the strong recommendation of the famous scenic artist, Russell Smith, now deceased, was called to the Academy of Music, in Baltimore, to execute some important work. From Baltimore he returned to Philadelphia, and thence went to New York, where he accepted an engagement under Colonel McCall and J. H. Haverly, of the Fifth Avenue Theater. He staged Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" when it was first produced on the boards of the Fourteenth Street Theater. I well remember how much the admirable stage setting and scenic effect contributed to the enjoyment of that spirited melodrama, which proved highly successful and was excellently interpreted by a strong company, containing Georgia Cayvan and poor Scanlan in the cast.

In 1882 Mr. Burrridge was engaged by H. L. Hamlin as scenic artist at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. He has since spent the greater part of his time in the western metropolis. In 1890 he accepted an engagement to paint a cyclorama picture of the great volcano, Kalauea; and accordingly he went to the Hawaiian Islands, where he made a faithful reproduction of the awe-inspiring natural phenomenon. It was in the early nineties that he associated himself with two other artists,



Albert and Grover. The three established a studio for scenic painting, but though the firm executed some very superior work, the partnership was not a financial success.\*

We next find Mr. Burrige in the employ of the theatrical combination headed by McVicker, Harry Minor, and J. Brooks; and still later he went to London, under a commission from Margaret Mather to make studies and sketches for her magnificent production of "Cymbeline." Many of the notable scenes whose historic accuracy and artistic excellence have been highly praised in productions of important operas and dramas during the past decade have been executed by Mr. Burrige. Among them one single work which, on account of its fidelity and artistic merit, won much praise was the street scene in "Romeo and Juliet," painted for Miss Julia Arthur's production of that play; and in speaking of Miss Arthur I am reminded of a recent observation of Mr. Burrige's in regard to the outlook for scenic art in America. "Many of our younger actors and actresses are striving," he said, "to produce plays at once so accurate and artistic as greatly to enhance the educational value of the play, while satisfying the growing appreciation for art. Among these friends of progress," said the painter, "I know of no one in America who deserves more credit, among those who are with us to-day, than Miss Arthur. She fortunately is able to afford rich and beautiful stage settings; but to this are added a fine artistic discernment and a keen appreciation of the value, educationally and artistically, of historic accuracy and fidelity to the demands of verity. Hence those who witness her performances enjoy conscientious and faithful work, in the midst of surroundings at once artistic and accurate; and this gives a sense of satisfaction to the auditor, and in a real way educates him. I have small sympathy with those carping critics who think that to criticise is to find fault, and who make a rule of crying, 'Fine clothes plays!' in

derision, while they seek to disparage the acting of those who are faithfully seeking to give the American people thoroughly good dramatic work, so set as to cultivate the artistic tastes and satisfy the natural demands for beauty and consistency in all details of dramatic productions."

Besides his work for the theater, Mr. Burrige has exhibited in oils and water colors, and his illustrations in some of the leading magazines have been greatly admired. At present he is located in Chicago, in the Auditorium Theater, under an engagement with Henry W. Savage, preparing the scenes for the Castle Square Opera Company at the Studebaker Music Hall, and living in charming domesticity, in the midst of pleasant surroundings, with his devoted wife and son, at La Grange, Illinois; and just here I am prompted to quote a paragraph from a recent letter received from Mr. Horace Lewis after he had visited his friend, Walter Burrige. It is, I think, highly probable that Mr. Lewis's partiality for the special sketch he describes arises more from the actor's interest in the unique, and his keen appreciation of anything that suggests the humorous and ridiculous, than from any deep-rooted love for stern realism in art work, such as one would expect from Hamlin Garland: "Last week I had a delightful visit with Walter at his home in La Grange, where every object, from his devoted wife to the pictures upon the walls, and his den in the garret, is indicative of the genial, modest nature and simple poetry of the man who finds his greatest wealth within that home. One picture in particular impressed me, first by its oddity, next by its poetry. It was an oil sketch, eighteen inches high by two and one-half inches wide, the picture painted perpendicularly, or, technically described, an 'upright.' It represented an apparent cave, crossed with telegraph wires and clothes lines, with diversified laundry thereon, between the houses of a city,—in the distance the sun breaking through the clouds. 'What is it?' I asked. 'A view from the window of our metropolitan flat,' was the reply. Only one who has struggled in the midst of adversity, finding hope in each ray of sunshine, can appreciate its simple suggestion, or the

\* Among the many pieces of work that have justly called forth unstinted praise from competent critics, is the drop curtain in the Memorial Theater, at Dowagiac, Michigan, painted by this firm. This theater was erected by Mrs. Lee, daughter of Mr. Beckwith, in memory of her father.

kindly manhood of the painter, who can hand a match to one with the quotation, 'I will be thy torch bearer.' "

Mr. Burridge's life is typical. He stands as a fair representative of thousands of men in America to-day who in early youth have been cast on their own resources by a seemingly unkind fate, but who, instead of waiting for fortunate opportunities to come to them, have set to work in such a way that they have been ready when the opportunity has arrived; and they have thus succeeded while those seemingly much better circumstanced have failed. In him also we find that happy and philosophical nature which bravely and cheerfully faces the present, be it cloaked in darkness or wreathed in sunshine, and this has enabled him to preserve much of the freshness and joyousness of youth. He is a man who loves his art, his friends, and above all, his home.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF SCENIC ART, AND ITS RELATION TO THE DRAMA.

A CONVERSATION WITH WALTER WILCOX BURRIDGE.

Q. Mr. Burridge, we are presenting to the readers of *The Coming Age* a series of papers on dramatic art in America, and I should be pleased if you would give us a conversation on the development of scenic art as it relates to the theater, especially in the new world. We of late have come to enjoy the historically accurate and really artistic settings which so add to the satisfaction of the theater-going public; and yet I imagine that comparatively few in the vast auditoriums pause to consider how much labor and thought and skill have been expended in order to make the illusion so complete that even the dullest imagination is for the time transported. The scenic painter,—how many, I wonder, among the theater-goers give him a moment's thought?

A. Not many, I imagine. They feel a sense of satisfaction as they look upon the beautiful scene. It complements the action and adds materially to the completeness of the production; but the average theater-goer is not analytical, and is not liable to stop and ask how the scenery

is produced, or by whom. I have known some, indeed, who have entertained the idea that the scenic artists belonged to a class of house painters, without the redeeming qualities of the latter class, while as a matter of fact the demand on the scenic painter is no less exacting than that made upon the actor who would succeed. Unceasing toil and incessant study, attention to all details, and the exercise of the imaginative faculties are required. In short, he must paint a picture where he shall have a striking and imposing effect in the aggregate, such as is only possible when every detail has been thought out in reference to a perfect effect when brought into its proper relation with the picture as a whole. This is absolutely essential in all worthy scenic work. The power of invention, or the imaginative quality, is absolutely essential to success in scenic art. It not only enables the painter to conceive and see the picture before it is created, but it also enables him to refine and idealize his work so as to heighten its charm, and thus add to rather than take from its realism and its beauty. The artist of the stage picture must have the capacity to reproduce topographically a copy of a certain place, with the truthful representation of individual objects. He must be assisted by invention, composition, light, shade, and color. He must know how to arrange the whole so as to obtain a balance throughout the entire scene. Nothing must appear harsh or abrupt. In a word, he must understand color, proportion, harmony, breadth. According to a great writer: "Real art is like the essence of life and an escape from the ordinary. All art must be the changing of facts, not copying them, in pursuing the ideal, and not absolute fidelity to nature." And this is the true mission of art, whether it is in the line of portraiture, historical painting, still life, or scenic work. The stage picture should appear true and natural, without being too literal; and this could not be if the hand of the artist were not faithful to the suggestion of sense.

The composition in a good scene should be in fixed repose, as if nothing could be moved from its place without violence to harmony and just proportions. It has

been laid down that no one paints anything but his own character, and the workman is always to be traced in the result. He, then, is the greatest painter who can put the greatest quantity of expression into his work. The artist should not allow any one object to interfere with the simple grandeur and comprehensive magnificence of the whole. The highest perfection of scenic art depends not on separating, but on uniting general truth and effect. Simplicity should be in the result, not in the detail. The art of the theater to-day is full of thought, feeling, invention, imitation, labor, and every quality that can distinguish a great picture by a master hand. What is well done is the consequence of doing much. Perfection is the reward of numberless attempts and failures. Practice makes an artist, not theory of the art.

Q. What would you say are the chief requisites for the scenic artist?

A. In the first place he must love his work. He must be possessed of an active imagination, have a practical hand, an observant eye, and nowhere is it more essential that a man possess taste and good judgment. Otherwise the best effects will be frequently sacrificed by overcrowding with glitter upon glitter, giving a cheap, tawdry effect entirely foreign to the character of the story in hand, and therefore necessarily offensive to all persons of reason and discernment, and especially unpleasant to artists.

Q. Do not scenic painters seek to please the eye rather than the sense?

A. In certain cases, yes,—comic opera and spectacular productions, for example; but the legitimate drama should always be embellished with settings appropriate and in keeping, and when this fundamental demand is properly observed the result is a scene worthy of appreciation,—fine composition, good coloring, and all the accessories in perfect accord with the demands of the drama. Men of reputation should be engaged for certain scenes, and should be retained for their ability, not on account of the lowness of their bids.

Q. How does America compare with Europe in regard to the staging of her great productions?

A. Much claim is made for the excellence of the scenic work on the other side of the Atlantic; but I think it is fair to say that America possesses quite as able masters in scenic art as can be found in the theaters of the old world. It is conceded that the English scene painters are very faithful in the presentation of all the details in their scenes, but with few exceptions the general effect is somber. On the other hand, the American artist leans to brightness in color effects. Of course, as we become more critical scenic art becomes more exacting. Too much care and study cannot be bestowed on scenic art, and there is one grave danger which threatens our profession at the present time, when theaters and managers are increasing in numbers. The artists are frequently forced into hasty productions to satisfy managers, not only capricious and undecided in their desires, but above all anxious to furnish scenery in the shortest possible time, and at a figure so low that it is impossible to obtain good results.

Q. Will you tell us something about the progress of scenic art from the time of the ancient Greek theaters to the present time?

A. The Greek theaters had a wall at the back of the stage, called the *scena*, which was decorated so as to represent, as far as possible, the scene of the action described by the dramatist. There were no wings nor was any use of this sort made of the sides of the stage, the actors entering through doors in the back wall. The Hellenic theaters of later times employed two prism-shaped partitions, moving on pivots which were placed near the front of the stage. On the surface attempts at representations were made, so as to be seen by the audience as circumstances required. Machinery for the production of supernatural effects was used long before scenery. The performances occurred in daylight. These great theaters had enormous seating capacity. Thus, for example, a theater was built by Scaurus, 58 B. C., which seated eighty thousand people. The back wall, or *scena*, was decorated with between two and three thousand statues. There were over three hundred columns, in three stories, of white marble and gilded wood. What would correspond to our orchestra

chairs were in these theaters reserved for senators and other distinguished personages.

Leaving Greece, and coming to France, we find that it was not until the year 1561 that there was any record of scenery being employed in French theaters. In 1618-'19 the modern style of arrangement began to be introduced. In the England of Shakspeare there was no scenery employed but tapestry hangings and curtains. The old Globe Theater, where the greatest plays of any language were first produced, had signs at the back of the stage, indicating where the action was supposed to be taking place; and the floor was strewn with rushes. The first account of any movable scenery in any theater in England was in 1662; and elaborate stage settings, noble historical illustrations which are accurate and educational, and artistic pictures which delight all lovers of the beautiful, are things of comparatively recent date.

At the present time we find that scenery is keeping pace with the dramatic and lyric stage, and is fully recognized as an important adjunct. Indeed, the modern theater-going public demands that the best acting be supplemented by beautiful pictures, involving the most harmonious blending of colors, and showing that great essential in the production of striking scenic effects, perspective.

The artist who has not been a practical scene painter cannot really know the difficulties of the work. What is admirable in nature is not always admirable in art. Much of the art of the scene painter is due to a kind of intuitive taste. He is quite unconscious of his ability. In all his work he shows something of himself; we see the man behind the artist. All scenes are problems, and the most important factor of the solution is taste. It is not enough that he should master the grammar of art and perfect himself in the methods of stage construction and in mechanical skill in all departments at the beginning of his career. He must do this, and more. A course of drawing and hard work must be undergone. Close and constant study of nature in all her moods will be invaluable. Any good scenic art requires prolonged study and training before those most able can hope to produce

anything of merit; and it is also very important that the young beginner should study the works of artists of the first rank.

Q. Can it be said that scenic art has gained?

A. Yes, in every way. It has only been of comparatively recent date that critics have come to consider our work as a serious art. Many of them held it as quite beneath notice, but of late years its importance has been recognized by great geniuses and artists of note. The general disparagement of our work on the part of critics was not altogether without foundation, for there has been, and indeed there is, very much feeble, shoddy, and half-baked work turned out, even in our greatest theaters; and much of the stage scenery that is manually skillful is destitute of mental originality. It is extremely unfortunate that in many instances the artists are compelled to work with great haste to complete scenery which rightfully demands such results as can only come with time and thoughtful contemplation of the subject to be illustrated. And what is still more deplorable is the contract system, by which managers seek to get their plays mounted at the lowest possible price. It is very natural that results following such work should offend the artistic taste of the critical public, no less than the real artist himself. Progress in scenic art will be much more rapid when its merits are more considered, and its difficulties and requirements better understood by the theater-going public. The excellence of stage design depends upon the sense of harmony in the designer. He must feel by a happy instinct the combinations which are called for, that each part may contribute to the perfect whole; and should he decide to modify, he must know what modifications are required in order to preserve consistency throughout the scene, such as period, place, time of day, etc. It is curious how few people give a thought to these matters. They little dream how the artist has been working to produce a consistent picture, one in harmony with historical requirements or the laws of verity; how it is by no means chance that this scene is picturesque, and that is marked by the most severe lines; how this one is delicate and elegant, and

that one is sturdy and massive; or how he has been compelled to study the architecture of an age, the topography of a country, and the interior decorations in keeping with the scenes to be enacted. As a rule, our people go to the theater more for relaxation and pleasure than anything else.

Q. It is quite evident that the competent scenic artist is in a very real way an educator?

A. Yes, and he is becoming more and more so with each succeeding year. As we are growing in knowledge, and as the people are becoming more and more discriminating, the theater is coming to take a very important place as a silent educator in the community. The scenic painter of to-day, when he combines archeological knowledge with needful technical skill, can show us how the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans lived, with a vividness far surpassing the productions of a few years ago, owing to the vast increase in knowledge which the patient investigations of the past fifty years have brought to light. With the knowledge which is now ours we are able to throw ourselves, as it were, into the past, and feel and render the natural characteristics of the country where the scene of the story is laid. Thus we can evoke visions from the past which, if not always absolutely true, are still far nearer the reality than anything the public could imagine without such aid. Out of the art collections and the museums, out of the scattered passages from old books, from old engravings, from photographs of excavations, and the descriptions of travelers who have visited the scenes of plays, the artist reconstructs the vanished past; and his pictures, if they be artistically true, have a very vital educational value for the thousands of people who witness the play. The educational value of scenic art is not alone felt by the public. Perhaps no one is so much benefited by it as the thoughtful artist himself. This is proved by the high degree of intelligence attained by many of our best scenic painters who have received little education outside of their art, but who, in order faithfully to hold up the mirror to the face of truth, have been compelled to delve and search in all directions, and with the result that they are in a way broadly cul-

tured, much more so in many respects than some who boast of the most extended collegiate advantages.

Q. Has our scenic art been materially influenced by that from England or the Continent?

A. It has been very greatly influenced by the English stage. We have had a number of their most conscientious artists visit our shores, and we have gained much in many ways from them, and have also been able in many instances, through our Yankee ingenuity, to add to and develop mechanisms of the stage along lines unthought of by our English cousins. We have not, however, been greatly influenced by continental Europe in stage scenery. This is largely owing to the fact that scenic treatment in France, Germany, and other continental nations is so radically different from that in England and the United States.

Q. Has scenic art in America been furthered in any notable degree by our own artists, or did it wait for our Transatlantic friends to give it an impetus?

A. I do not think our people begin to appreciate how much the development of scenic art in the drama is due to our American actors. There are some people who seem to imagine that prior to the coming of a certain English actor manager we had no good scenery in this country, but that is a great mistake. Edwin Booth's theater, in New York, displayed some very beautiful and artistic stage pictures—pictures that are excelled to-day perhaps, but at the same time this theater had a great influence on American scene painters; and many great scenic productions were made at the Boston Theater, Boston, the Chestnut and Arch Street Theaters, Philadelphia, the Union Square Theater and Niblo's Garden, in New York, and many other well-known houses of amusement. And I must not overlook the beautiful scenery of the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, painted by Russell Smith. Those magnificent stage pictures will live in the history of our drama.

The women of the American stage have done much toward the development of the scenic art in America. Among them I would mention Mrs. F. B. Conway, Mrs. John Drew, and later, Fanny Davenport.

Miss Davenport deserves great credit for the confidence she placed in the American scenic artists, intrusting her ambitious and important productions entirely to their hands, and giving them a freedom and scope by which it was possible for them to do some really fine work,—with this result, that her great stage pictures invariably elicited the enthusiastic praise of all intelligent and critical audiences. Other American actresses who deserve the highest praise in this connection are Mrs. Fiske and Miss Julia Arthur. They possess the artistic temperament and a realization of the importance of fidelity in the presentation of the drama. They recognize that the public appreciates handsome stage settings which are also true, and they possess the means properly to stage their work.

Q. Will you tell us something about the changes which the past thirty years have witnessed in the staging of plays?

A. Well, in the old time, of course, everything was very primitive compared with what is seen to-day. Practically the same sets of scenes were made to do service during the season, although in the days of the stock theater, or combination theater, artists were employed by the season to change the scenes somewhat from time to time. However, as we gained in wealth, and the demand for beautiful and elaborate stage pictures grew apace with the general progress in artistic appreciation among the people and the ability of a large number to enjoy beautiful things, more and more attention was given to the mounting of plays; and, as I have said before, Booth did splendid work in paving the way for all the fine things that have followed in the presentation of Shakspearian productions, by the really fine way in which he mounted the scenes in his great productions at Booth's Theater, in New York. Other managers were quick to follow. Then again, the advent of the traveling company and the gradual disappearance of the stock company produced a great change in stage settings. Plays were placed on the stage in a much more elaborate manner, and entirely different scenery was used for different plays. For several years we had a reign of the spectacle, or spectacular per-

formances. Some of these productions were artistic and worthy of great praise. Almost all of them were expensive. Colonel McCall and J. C. Duff set the pace in the opera world by mounting their musical offerings in an elaborate manner quite unheard of hitherto in America. At the present time the stock company is reappearing in our great cities, and there is consequently a return to the old method of hiring artists by the season; but the meager stage presentations will no longer be tolerated by the public, and many of the stock companies are now mounting their plays in an admirable manner, some of them in a very elaborate way.

Q. Doubtless many amusing incidents have occurred during your long career as a scenic artist?

A. Oh, yes, very many; but as this conversation is already becoming quite long, I think I had better save them for another time. There is one incident, however, which comes to mind just at the present moment. In fact, I never speak of color effects without being reminded of it. A certain actor has been starring for a number of years in Irish drama. In one of these plays, the first act is an exterior, with a wall covered with roses. A very particular piece of business is done here, and a song is also introduced. The drawings for the scenery were sent on as usual; but for some reason the local manager would not have any scenery painted for the play, so it necessitated a "fake" (the using of any old thing in stock). The morning of the rehearsal came around. There was much dissatisfaction over the non-appearance of the appropriate scenery, but the climax came when the wall—a stock wall used a hundred times before—was trotted out and set up in the place of the flowers. Thereon the star gazed for a moment, sent for the manager, and inquired about the roses. Mr. Martin, the stage manager, called my attention to the lack of roses. There were lots of leaves over the wall. I stated that the manager would not buy any more paint; therefore I could not favor him with the decorations desired.

"How much color do you require?" he said.

"Oh, about a quarter of a pound," I replied.

"Just wait a moment," he said, and rushed out to a neighboring drug store and ordered a pound of the best carmine. They put it up and handed it to him with the remark:

"Thirty-two dollars and seventy-five cents, please."

"How much?" he gasped.

"Thirty-two, seventy-five," murmured the clerk.

"Heavens!" ejaculated the stage manager. "Why, there must be some mistake. I—I— Well, I am in a hurry. Let me have fifty cents' worth, and I will escape, as the artist is waiting."

So with a bound he crossed the street, and rushed up to me with an expression I will never forget, and cried, "Here you are!" handing me a package of microscopic dimensions. "If you run out of color for roses, paint buds!"

## LOVE'S UPLIFTING

BY G. DE MANUEL KLEIN

A beautiful flower bloomed all alone

On a cliff by the mountain side,

Like a lovely queen on a rugged throne;

At her feet 'way below surged the tide.

"Oh, could I but reach thee!" said the sea,

"Thou art so lovely, so fair!

If thou would'st only stoop down to me,

I adore thy fragrance rare!

My waves and billows would sing thee a song

As never a bride has heard!"

And the beautiful flower looked up to the sky

As the wind her leaflets stirred;

And then she said: "O sea, I would die

If I followed thy pleading word!

I love thy manly, impulsive heart

With its passionate deep domain;

But I know thou canst rise and come up to me—

Regenerated—as rain."

Then the sea grew still, and the sun came out

And blessed the clear blue tide.

The sea felt his love, in a summer cloud

Was lifted and purified.

And as the new sea love looked from the sky

To pour out sweet tidings of rain,

He saw—the whole country was thirsty and dry,

And the world was hungry for grain.

Then down came his showers, and happy was she—

A rainbow gleamed in the west.

Through the uplifting love of flower and sea

Millions of hearts were blessed.

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## RATIONAL ART EDUCATION

BY PROFESSOR JOHN WARD STIMSON

The subject of beauty and its universal application is to-day seen to be vital to a full civilization, alike for individual character and happiness; for historic appreciation and expression; for general industrial powers and values.

Raw material is of course (to its measure) valuable in mind and matter, but the main secret and object of existence is to advance "raw" material into "cultivated." Now let us look at the theme carefully a moment. What is beauty? It is surely everywhere about us in the Creator's studio, He of the crown of stars and of the seven golden candlesticks, the mighty "Artist-Artisan" of whom great Solomon cries: "Get Wisdom and Understanding! A crown of beauty shall she deliver unto thee; . . . the Lord possessed me (Vision and Beauty) in the beginning of this way, before the works of old! When he established the heavens I was there—then was I by him as a Master Workman."

The very savage stops to wonder at and string the shells; the very animal is found sensitive to color harmonies. Go ask, then, of that sea-shell, that bird of Paradise, that crystal snowflake, that melting rose. They will not turn you away unanswered. But you shall not interrogate them "externally," merely, nor as a mere "externalist" yourself, lest they condescend no reply. David out of poet soul exclaimed, "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God,' " that is, "no soul to things." But the very hen, patiently hatching the brood, laughs to scorn that "fool." For she herself "divines" full well the inner spirit

invisible at the external shell; so she warms, watches, and waits.

The cow and the catfish, possibly, may appreciate little of the "glory" we recognize in mighty oceans, a studded starlight, the sweeping of autumn's robe, the gathering of evening's veil in the blush of twilight. They are satisfied with grass and worm; "their God is their belly" (like to many higher bipeds who descend to their level). But such dispossess themselves only, not the actual reality of the divine presence in nature and beauty. Indeed, their very materialism sets it off, by contrast, and adds strength to its pregnancy and impress. "I called," says God, "and ye would not answer,"—the fault was in their own elections.

"Thou sendest forth thy Spirit and they are created," cries David, "and thou renewest the face of the earth." "Thou makest the grass to grow where no man is." Beauty is beloved of Heaven for its own sake. The Edelweiss upon the inaccessible glacier still glistens in the eye of God.

To the living soul then, as I said, the flower will "answer," but it is the spirit of the lily or rose that must speak to our spirits and summon our intelligence, perception, and sympathy.

Now hearken to what they say. "No atom touches its fellow in life, but is held in a flux of spirit. Crush our bloom to powder in your hand; drive out from between our atoms the mystic ideals we are to behold! You clutch the same quantity of matter in your palm, but does the desiccated and desecrated dust give back to



you our beings? That arid powder is not we (the lily and the rose); yet we were there as living, evolving poems a moment ago,—we were made flesh and dwelt among you, but you drove us out. Our spirits have returned to God who gave us."

Can those spirits be called back? Yes, if their immortal parts have entered into man's own immortality (for nothing was ever "lost"). Was it Emerson who looked over the florist's fence and said, "You own their bodies, I own their souls?" Has Plato's spirit caught the divine beauty of Socrates? We shall indeed resummon him, then, from mighty Erebus. If Sibyl can recall Apollo's lyre or Orpheus's strain, they shall revive. Can artist soul absorb and revisualize the glowing rose, its glory shall burn again upon his canvas. But what is it he must "recall," and "with what body shall it arise?" That which thou holdest of the idle dust was its "earthly" body; that which is reborn to thee will be its "heavenly." The atoms may be wholly different (in the artist's pigments), yet the inner spiritual self of the "rose" will rise again and you will recognize it. The internal ratios and arrangements of the atoms will be there now, for they were wholly intellectual and emotional in God. Their "beauty" in reality never was "material" (as the change of substance shows), but was a revelation through material. The Christ, pointing to the flower, exclaims: "Consider the lily—how it grows!" Yes, that is the very point. It is a live entity, an evolving spiritual organism, not mechanism at all. It is pre-eminently an idea, an ideal, hidden in a "seed," a tiny, almost intangible life germ, "which a man did cast into the earth, and it grew he knew not how." But he may know, for it had character and individuality at the very start. It had faith, energy, and purpose. It dreamed an ideal realization. Its dream was a "lily" and not a rose. It put out its tendril fingers toward the atomic dust about it, and purified those atoms at its own touch of spiritual purity. What did it first manifest? An organic desire to be one with its almighty mother; its roots took hold upon her life. It strove to be one with, and to "arise and go to," its almighty Father; its arms sprang

up and aspired to heaven. What was its hope? To express itself, in both, to both, and to live to the glory of both and to the benefit of attentive man.

Whereby was man first attracted and what first of the heavenly visitors did he behold?

First, their motion, the way in which they "grew." The lily was stalwart and triumphant in its strong, bold force and will to herald the Easter with a spotless trumpet. The honeysuckle was tender and twining, anxious only for the rapture of the ravishing bees. The pink blushing arbutus went creeping through the forest, a wood nymph tiptoeing the pine needles and leaves, fresh as the opening spring from snowy couch and trembling to Apollo's call. How different their intents and actions! How full of character already their "growth!"

Second, whatever of stateliness, or timidity, or passion they may individually display, they all together seek out their personal limitations in measure, and balance their symmetric extensions by delicate gradation and proportion.

Third, they take up form, by beauty of lines, surfaces, and solids. The cylindric or conic stems and outlines, or internal markings of leaves, are not only studied for distinction and style, but the gracious carvings and variegated contrasts of leaf surfaces, and then the whole world of charming fruit and blossom. Now look at any one of those resplendent "blossoms." Are they not studiously "planned" to constant and consistent internal composition full of character? Every one upon its mystic geometric formulae, that it forever knows. What ellipses and ovals, and paraboles and hyperbolas. What concentrics, spirals, tangentials, radiates. Yet what unity, harmony, proportion, elegance; what balanced rhythm, symmetry, and grace. And now, to add attractiveness, exhilaration, and fascination, the Almighty surcharges them with scent as well as sentiment; fragrance so intoxicating yet refined; colors so diaphanous and paradisal; textures so translucent and caressing that an infant's cheek might blush to touch them or a maiden's lip to challenge them.

Fourth, what arrangements in clusters collective (after each petal and flower are

perfected). What play and revel as they dance in the wind together; what distribution upon their stems, what coy concealments and relations; what ravishing loves with the bees; what flirtings with sunbeams and murmuring, humming birds. Now, when we come to ask what fraction is this flower world of the museum of God; how the fairest of the flowers is but a step up from the gems that sparkle and crystallize a mountain, the shells that roll and radiate in the foam—up, up through chanting bird and leaping beast to statuesque artistic and constructive man; what everlasting constancy we discover in the Soul of God to charm and delight us, enchant and educate us, and always to achieve it by the same eternal elements and principles. It is ever his purpose to inspire us by his sentiment, poetry, and taste; to quicken in us perception of vital principles as well as observance of his orderly methods. He increases our power for perceiving these as we rise in the scale of being, and sensitizes our spirit (if we will) by communion with his spirit. Where the lower grades of life embody those elements unconsciously, man is able both to embody and represent them consciously in his person and arts, and has faculties granted especially for that purpose. He not merely possesses higher observation and reason to comprehend law and process, with higher invention and imagination, but discernment and insight to “divine” the spirit, purpose, and principle involved; ideality to raise the quality and sublimity of the imaginations; visualization to revive and reincorporate embodiments; and selection, elimination, adaptation, the better to display noble judgment, preference, control, while enhancing, embellishing, and vivifying life and art expression. But pre-eminent, spirituality, sympathy, and appreciation to extract life’s quintessence and assimilate or suggest her charms.

Now, it is these faculties and forces of a student’s soul that a true “art” teacher should develop, for it is an inherent part of that “Eternal Spirit” in man, that they should be present, latent, and starving for exercise. In a dumb, blind way the cheated soul (like a cheated child, robbed of mother’s milk) strives to feed itself on husks and odds and ends, crumbs that

fall by the wayside, which accounts for much of the sensationalism of papers, popularity of cheap stories and chromos for the masses. It is their crude protest against the sterility of machine existence or education, the stagnation of drudgery, the bleakness of much domesticity.

What a godsend to such is a Christmas window, the rockets and heroes of a military procession, the glory of a country fair or summer excursion. It is the cry of the under for the upper life, the suffocated struggle of the spirit for its inheritance beyond matter. Now, of all schools and classes, an art school should appeal to and stimulate the soul in these directions. The ordinary burdens of “practicality” do enough the other way. We forget that what constitutes true practicality, in the great school of life, is that which best develops a soul for life (now and evermore), and alas we have “practically” forgotten that what gives highest “values” to commodities is ever the taste and skill of spirit.

A great manufacturer once said to me: “What we most need in our sharp competition with world marts is originality and creative taste to ‘lay the good eggs,’ for we have commonplace hens enough to sit on them afterward.” Here truly is the secret of our commercial situation; we have nationally trusted to our “raw” materials and left our workers “raw” also, in much of what is most vitally essential in handling that material. “The Three R’s” were deemed “enough” if they taught children to count and keep tally on products, not improve the quality and salableness of products. It is a fundamental and pitiful error, eating the roots of our civilization and prosperity, that we teach our young to speculate upon production instead of developing themselves by production. Work is not given to man to destroy him, but to elevate him; our children are taught to despise it, drop it, even hate it, to make “capital” and “social pose” out of degrading it and disfranchising it, instead of seizing the opportunity to ennoble themselves by ennobling it. This has come largely from our children’s finding it (and themselves) crude and raw and uninteresting. Lack of capacity (in themselves) to “beautify” labor has made

"labor" itself less beautiful to them. To elevate the taste of skill put into labor is to elevate the idea of labor (where God would have it), as a fine tree may be converted into a pig-pen or a parlor table. It is the same tree, but how different the resulting "values" (alike moral, intellectual, commercial), as well for worker as for the work. A blind, stupid, mistaken "practicality" has prevented our being really practical, in the larger, better, and nobler senses, for our false guides have overlooked the immense benefit, uplift, and emancipation coming through enlightened and heightened beauty, skill, originality.

Grim experience and sad cost have taught Europe and even Asia to value those children who show the artistic and idealistic temperament as fine gold for national wealth, as fertilizers of the common soil, yeast in the dough of life. They have grown cautious against extinguishing the fire of genius, or insulting the sacred gifts of insight, intuition, creative taste, and inspiration. Careful systems, rather, are introduced to discover and protect such light (even in humble hiding), and steadily advance it by systematic care. In France a graded scale of helpful scholarships extends from the remote hamlet to the highest seat of Academy or Legion of Honor. The village contributes to send up the best boys to the canton, the canton compares and sifts and lifts to the department, the department to the national capitol, where state tests approve, reward, and instantly utilize such refined powers, directing them permanently into the best national channels. No wonder French skill is so advanced and periodical exhibitions so attractive. What a contrast this to our crude and cruel mode of neglecting, insulting, tramping out our fairest and finest flowers beneath the hoof of vulgar brutality, blighting the light from their souls and hope from their hearts, by the coarse ridicule of the greedy and avaricious, in the same jealousy at their nobler longings for benefactions higher than the immediate hour that Joseph's brethren showed to their brother, burying him in the dry wells of immaterialism, dappling with blood his coat of "many colors," and selling him to slavery and imprisonment,

forsooth, because the angel of the Lord had dared to speak to him!

Then by shufflings, wire-pullings, nepotisms, and tricks we (disastrously) install the sycophants and incompetents in posts of power and responsibility, for which the Almighty had prepared for us his truer "men of destiny."

A striking comment on these contrasted methods is the recent confession of the New York Commission for a Monument to the Founders of Manhattan, that "after five years' search in our country for a tasteful, original, and appropriate design" they had "been compelled to copy an old statue abroad of William the Silent." And again a similar comment is the award of the New University of California buildings, after a world competition under a world commission, "to a French architect" developed by the process of his "national encouragement." The traveler, there, knows well how scarce a village but has its little museum or collection of beautiful things for the people's education, at least some quaint old church with worthy masterpieces of skill to inspire good execution and waken reverie or imagination. As in India, Japan, Greece, and Italy at her best, the communal family life of the cities was enough more humane and elementally Christian than ours to spare a public hour or spot on the public green to "watch God come down in the May-day blossoms," to worship and dance naively in his innocent sunlight. How many grassy lawns they rescue yet for public use, for breathing spots and nature trysts to save the children of the aged and cheer the weary worker at twilight by a breath of freshness, and perchance a village band. Here, with far larger space and yet unobstructed chances, we suffocate and crush ourselves and toilers in the huddling and hovel making of idolatrous mammon, then hypocritically hide the fault by multiplying "hospitals."

There every city of any size provides its youth good industrial schools. Here (in a "republic" dependent on industry and the vote of the industrial) one must almost bear martyrdom for suggesting such institutions. For twenty years in New York City, after conducting art courses at Princeton College, and with a powerful corps of selected specialists, I built up

crowded and enthusiastic art and artisan departments for the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Artist Artisan Institute, which held successful annual exhibits, obtained abundant prizes and International Fair awards, educated and located thousands of talented pupils whose letters of gratitude pour in daily, from every State, yet I cannot recall one generous contribution correlative with such a philanthropy, much less a single endowment (and this in the face of warmest press indorsement). But ever we encountered the obstruction or obloquy of the importing or monopolistic elements, who either "wanted no American art" or "wanted it all to one's self;" pseudo "aristocrats" (with no inner aristocracy) who wanted art a "fad;" apathetic "patriots" who had "no hope" for "good in Galilee;" "republicans" who "feared the influence of education in labor," lest higher capacities "might ask higher wages," forgetting that higher ability to produce makes higher ability to pay. The fault is, in part, popular misconception that art is "fashion" and "craze" instead of endowing inspiration in nature and necessity in life and labor. Narrow professional art is partly to blame, by its lower representatives pandering to passing "fads" and ephemeral "poses," many of the so-called art schools are "hack mills" merely for petty technicalities and manual dexterities. But probably the worst obstruction of all is the wretchedly mimetic and mechanical "public school art" abortion that penetrates so widely, but is exploited and enslaved by "copy-book syndicates" who murder the innocent and plunder the ignorant with "cheap" and nasty craft, that does not get below the skin or past the elbow joint. A superficial Juggernaut rolled over the necks of the children and backs of the poor teachers (never vitally taught), but "furnished" to "turn the crank," manufacture monkeys, put up pathetic and stilled little "shows," but above all please the principal and pack the pockets of "the trusts." The higher "trust" to God, man, or the nation is totally forgotten.

That national and poetic artist, William Hamilton Gibson, when co-operating with me in my New York work, once emphasized my distress at the conditions by say-

ing: "Yes, heavens; every American is entitled to a vital poetry and art essentially his own, for I would rather be a simple dickey bird and sing my own song than the most accomplished mocking-bird in the coop."

And this is essentially the essence of it all; to take each student, a child, as God brings it to you, full of sincerity, spontaneity, personal life, and imagination, to father them from their own experience (as the Japs do their scholars from recess by the carp-pools), and urge them to record what most interests each. To one the reed nodding at the water edge; to another the dragon-fly flashing o'er his head; to another the fish, its color, form, or movements. Each pupil have his "say," each life its organic self-expression. It is his gift, one after this manner, another after that;" yet "through all worketh the self-same spirit" (of nature) dividing severally as it will. To each his natural "theme." Is it the darting curling of the carp? Help him to arrange those lines effectively, decoratively, as a "pattern" merely, and as the Jap patterns so daintily suggest with scattered leaf or fish tail for variety. If he is a little formalist, charmed by clean-cut form (careful and analytic instead of lively and decorative), show him the structure and analysis of the form, accenting its character and dominant style (sleekness in fish, lightness of grace in dragon-fly). If he is a born colorist and the fold of the fish's side entranced him first, a thousand times sooner let him splash his color box till he finds a tint reviving that vitality than extinguish his own vitality and interest. The first of principles is to meet him half way; satisfy his hunger by the food he can assimilate, not kill him by giving him some other's diet. Perhaps shortly he will grow to welcome both, having first seen somewhat the fulfillment of his dream.

At the close of the lesson (after teacher's help has brought some genuine realization), let them compare sketches and "discover" each other. Next week all will do better for the spontaneous expressions of all, and for the dew and sunlight of the teacher's sympathy, ever organic, ever original, never mechanic, automatic, perfunctory.

Feeding body or soul is similar. The student system absorbs what it craves. When craving enlarges, enlarge diet. The specialists on movement, form, color, or light may interchange by glancing over shoulders. Then is the teacher's opportunity. Then show how nature is all of these and more, but she ever selects and emphasizes for expression, reportioning or arranging for new character and story. The vine may give "line," the lily "form," the sea-shell "color," the peacock "decoration," etc.; over all is the glory of light, scintillating, changing, softening, grading.

A child fresh from heaven is a natural born poet and artist. How he dreams and imagines and loves to create. What tournaments and mighty conquests with tin soldiers and pretty flowers! What cavalcades with trains, what dramatic talent in mother's wardrobe! What palaces with blocks and Noah's arks with scissors, and, oh, what Columbus discoveries in forest and orchard, what Valhallas and fairylands in attic and moonlight!

It is the world with its cruelty and stupidity that kills the light in his soul, grinding out his genius, dragging down his Pegasus! The kind teacher will try to save that "spark of heaven" and keep it aglow, fanning its measure of success, not ridiculing shortcomings or mocking mistakes. I have known insignificant martinets take most of their time and satisfaction in picking flaws and ridiculing the very darkness they were invited to enlighten. An ordinarily bright child has wonderful intuitions, alike on the character of the teacher and the character of things. He will generally seize by instinct the interesting or vital. The Creator is merciful in thus gifting him ahead. A true art teacher will fortify that gift (for it is very vital), and bring out the emphasis nature adds to her ideals, her love of the picturesque, the decorative, the precious, the harmonic, noting her wonderful composing powers, proportion and faculties, embellishments, and "styles."

Don't think the child nature "barren" because "new soil." Those universal properties of spirit lurk latent in all. I have handled hundreds of all ages, both sexes, and many nationalities, but never yet

found one that would not yield to right treatment.

The gardener does not discard in July unripened corn of June, but manures, waters, trusts God and the harvest. The faculties of observation, form memory, form analysis, form experiment, contrast and correlative may come before elaborate composition (though of less esthetic value than selective taste and creative imagination), because he must "have" before he can "handle," possess before he prefer, read before he write, or at least know symbols before arranging them. A wise mother utilizes his curious cravings, to fix names and traits so he may remember and re-employ. She points out interest in things and animals, and riveting attention fixes attributes by literary symbols ("B is for bumble-bee, bouncing, and big," etc.). She quickens his sentiment in them by stories about them, and starts inventive plays to stimulate constructiveness. If now the equally considerate father gives him a garden patch, lets him grow "seed dreams" till he catches nature's method of practical steps for attainment, he has learned her order, perceives her thought and purpose, and is prepared to assist her.

The subjective and objective sides of art must similarly be harmonized; one or the other is constantly ignored or over-estimated, sometimes pitted in petty quarrels. In France I noticed the second overstrained, in England the first; and how often elsewhere have I seen delicate poetic spirits (full of subjective force and ideality) suffocated by mimetic teachers; the mainspring of inspiration destroyed by little "parrots from Paris," their crops full of mannerisms. Objectively expert, they lacked every germ of original feeling, and might have said with those poor "gentiles" to Paul, "We know not whether there so much as be any Holy Spirit," which recalls what a talented Japanese artist wrote me once: "We Japs know it is impossible to literalize nature in her changing moods, movements, and hues, so we try to present her spirit, her essence. We express our own spiritual quality or knowledge of her higher ideals, her image as reflected in our souls, and call this "the beginning of growth."

How admirable this is! And how fundamentally true that if we had more soul we should see more in nature. If we were a less materialized nation, that is, less of that class the Psalmist describes as "greedy of gain, who take away the lives of the owners (real producers) thereof," we would "live" more ourselves and help others to "live more," and not starving the natural soul to stuff the natural body, not grudging the poor the little happiness, hope, or uplift our unselfishness would afford. Still less cover faults with cant and hypocrisy, political hocus-pocus, and fad charity.

We have come to "the latter days," the parting of the ways, but the "meeting of the waters." Our age and civilization are having their essential falsities exposed, but their essential vitalities poured together. Out of that alembic must come a new crys-

tallization which shall be to the sincere in heart a "new heaven and a new earth," in which dwells forever the righteousness alike of beauty, goodness, and truth. We will "feel" God more universally and more visibly and reveal him more vividly and democratically to the starving children of men. In art, as in so much else, they have cried to their leaders for bread and been given back stones; they have implored for fish, and been given the serpent "syndicates." The cry of the Prophet Ezekiel rises o'er the educational and political wastes where the people wander spiritless and broken by ravening wolves, and warns the age anew in the accents of the Most High: "Woe unto the false shepherds that feed themselves and not the sheep. I will destroy those shepherds and will deliver my sheep out of their hands."

## JOHN RUSKIN—CRITIC, PHILOSOPHER, PROPHET, AND PHILANTHROPIST

BY B. O. FLOWER

The nineteenth century has been pre-eminently a period of protest, an era of revolution, not so much in the realm of force as in the domain of thought. Here, along all highways trodden by the searching mind, the past and the present have been challenged, and challenged by giants. Scholars, philosophers, and men of genius have everywhere led the columns of revolt. The interrogation point has everywhere been raised. Literature, music, the drama and art, physical science, psychology, philosophy, religion, sociology, economics, and political economy have been modified where they have not been revolutionized. Hugo, Wagner, Carlyle, Cobden, Darwin, Wallace, Spencer, and Tolstoi are but a few of scores of master minds who have changed the thought of the world. Of the great prophets of freedom and progress, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tolstoi have been primarily the apostles of an austere morality. In each the conscience dominated the intellect, and the spirit of the Puritan or the ascetic has been very much in evidence; but with Ruskin a passionate

love for the beautiful and an enthusiasm for art, born of an appreciation of its potential usefulness in enriching, brightening, and ennobling life, lifted him to a loftier plane than that occupied by either of the other prophet voices. It broadened his vision, which otherwise would have been even narrower than that of Carlyle or Tolstoi.

While Hugo was fighting against blind worship of classical literature, insisting on replacing the effete standard of "art for art's sake" with one bearing the twentieth-century motto of "art for progress," or "the beautiful useful," while Richard Wagner's mighty voice was ringing against the reigning opera, which, to use his words, "ignored the need of the soul, and sought to gratify the eye and ear alone," Ruskin was profoundly stirring the art world with a clarion cry the essence of which was, "Back to nature." He pointed out how art, as then interpreted, was fettered by the limitations of the classic models. He insisted that painters should return to nature and be true in their works instead

of being guided and governed by the old masters. He demanded freedom and truth, and he spoke in such authoritative tones that all England and Europe were compelled to hear, even as Hugo and Wagner compelled their nations and their age to listen to their protests. But Ruskin was far more than a brilliant and profound art critic. In him there was a rare combination of genius, culture, and refinement, blended with a tender concern for all earth's unfortunates. He was at once artist, philosopher, and philanthropist; but he was even more than these. There was much of the austere religious reformer in him, giving a serious gravity to all the utterances of the glad-souled artist,—a mingling of the spirit of a Savonarola with the imagination of a Turner. He was one of the noblest figures that rise against the background of history. He was the most unselfish of the great men who have made our century illustrious in the record of the ages. No man was ever more loyal to the high demands of a sensitive or quickened conscience than he. God and morality were no idle dreams, no fictions to be lightly extolled with the lips, but ignored in the daily practice of life. Endowed by nature with the imagination of a poet, the eye of an artist, the brain of a philosopher, the soul of a prophet, and the heart of a man, he conscientiously employed all his gifts as a sacred trust given to him that he might bless and enlighten his day and ennoble civilization for all time.

He had his limitations. On some subjects he was narrow. At times his conclusions were hasty. He frequently made the mistake of accepting a partial appearance for the rounded whole. This was strikingly illustrated in the failures, or at least the partial failures, of some of his noblest attempts to elevate the condition of earth's unfortunates. He was prone to accept a plausible theory without going deeply into the propositions involving his premises. This was illustrated in an amusing incident which was not overlooked by his critics who possessed a sense of humor. Ruskin was a utilitarian as well as a lover of beauty. True, he hated the steam engine and the great factories of our day, and he sighed for the quiet and

simplicity of the middle ages; but for all this he was a utilitarian at heart, and one day, in noticing a number of grottoes and caves in a certain part of the country, it occurred to him that here nature had wisely provided ready-made ice-houses for the children of men; or at least the grottoes might be advantageously used for this purpose. The theory seemed so plausible to him that he published a communication dealing with the utilization of caves and grottoes for the purpose of keeping ice; and in order to demonstrate the feasibility of the proposition, he forthwith had a cave on his premises filled with ice and closed. In the multitudinous works which engrossed his attention during the succeeding months, he forgot all about his summer supply of ice. Not so his house-keeper, who when the warm season set in sought the natural ice-house, only to find a pond of muddy water.

John Ruskin was also a man of strong and deep-rooted prejudices. After a positive idea took possession of his mind, it was liable to give a strong bias to his thought, and in a degree interfere with that nice sense of proportion so essential to a great critic. On more than one occasion he frankly admitted that his views and opinions were erroneous, owing to being based on partial appearances and early prejudices. A notable illustration of his thought being biased by preconceived ideas is found in the religious opinions put forth in the early edition of *Parts I and II* of "Modern Painters;" and in a preface written in 1871 for a revised edition of his works, the philosopher called attention to his early views, declaring that he was wholly mistaken, and continued: "I had been educated in the narrow doctrine of a narrow sect, and I had read history blindly, as a sectarian necessarily must." A striking illustration of the unfortunate narrowness of religious views and the warping influence of the same on the art critic was seen in his contempt for the work of Japanese artists. The art of Japan, as has been pointed out, displays in a large way that fidelity to detail for which Ruskin contended so valiantly; and one would naturally expect him at least to see some strong points of excellence in the work of the Japanese masters, but his

abhorrence of what he regarded as pagan art blinded his critical vision.

Such are the blemishes which occasionally crept into the work of this master mind. They were, however, merely spots on the sun, which did not appear frequently enough seriously to dim the splendor of the work of one who must be regarded as among the foremost critics and most powerful prophets of our century. Indeed, it is only just to say that, in spite of his limitations, in spite of the fact that he sometimes was hasty in his conclusions, and sometimes allowed his prejudice as well as his heart to govern his brain, few men in like station, even in our wonderful century, have stood in so large a way as representatives of that civilization which I believe is destined to glorify the coming age as did John Ruskin; and to his eternal credit let it be said that all thought of ease, fame, and preferment, all consideration of self, was overmastered by a deep, abiding, and passionate love for others.

He was born in London in February, 1819. His father, a wealthy wine merchant, was a gentleman of culture and a lover of the beautiful in nature and art. On many occasions, when his business called him into distant parts of England, the father would take his wife and boy and journey by easy stages, so as to enjoy to the fullest degree that quiet beauty which abounds throughout rural England. He visited the various points of historic and architectural interest. He never tired of pointing out to his son the beauty with which nature clothes herself—the daisies and other wayside flowers, the blooming trees and shrubs, the rich green carpet that unrolled before them on every hand, in which the streams, roads, hedges, stone walls, cottages, trees, and living objects were ever changing figures of interest and beauty. They visited the hill country, and enjoyed the glory of sunrise and the splendor of night. No object from the cowslip to the rainbow was overlooked by the father who so keenly appreciated the joy and uplift found in beauty that he wished his son also to feel its mystic spell. He took the boy to the old castles and cathedrals, and explained the different kinds of architecture to be found in England, while giving him some of the history and

legends which haunt the massive monuments of Britain and invest each edifice with an interest more compelling in its influence on the imagination than that of a romance woven in the loom of a poet's mind. And thus, while John Ruskin was still a small boy, he came under the witching magic of beauty.

His mother was a woman of deep religious convictions and general culture. She was rather austere in character and a Puritan in spirit. Long she cherished the hope that her boy should become a clergyman, and while devoting some time to cultivating a taste for the finest literature of the world, she chiefly sought to familiarize him with the Bible and the principles of the Christian religion. So positive, strenuous, and dogmatic were the moral and religious ideas implanted in the plastic mind of this impressionable child by an anxious mother that, had it not been for the broadening, softening, and humanizing influence of the beauty he had learned to love in nature and art, it is more than probable that we should have seen in Ruskin a religious enthusiast whose prejudice and narrowness would have warped his mind and impaired his usefulness. Indeed, it is more than probable that had it not been for his father John Ruskin would have eclipsed Carlyle and Tolstoi in austerity.

It was not willed in the book of fate that John Ruskin should enjoy the felicity of married life. Yet when a youth of seventeen it is said that he fell deeply in love with a pretty French maiden of fifteen, Adele Domecq by name, who with her father was visiting the Ruskin home. The girl, however, was not attracted by the awkward and bashful youth. He impressed her as being funny, and never so much so as when he sought to show her how dear she was to him. She laughed at him and went away. That was in 1835. Three years later, in August, 1838, he again saw mademoiselle, as, singularly enough, her father had placed her in school near Chelmsford, in England. During the holidays she visited the Ruskin home, and when the young man came again in contact with this bright French maiden, now almost ready to leave school, he found that the love she had awakened



when a girl of fifteen had grown with the years. He vainly sought to win her heart, but again she laughed at him and went away. Still he did not despair until in September, 1839, when he learned that she had become engaged to a French nobleman. Then he wrote his poem entitled "Farewell," and shortly after was taken down seriously ill. He seemed to go into a decline, and the doctors pronounced him consumptive. For some time he was taken from place to place in quest of health. It is highly probable that the profound depression which took possession of him as a result of this disappointment, more than organic disease, was the occasion of his decline, for as the vision of the past faded from his mind health returned.

In 1843 he wrote the first volume of his great work, "Modern Painters." It was published anonymously, as coming from a graduate of Oxford, and instantly produced a profound sensation. From early childhood he had written verses, and a year after his graduation at Oxford he won the coveted Newdigate prize with a poem entitled "Salsette and Elephanta," descriptive of the dawn of Christianity in Hindustan. Yet rhyming was not his forte. The limitations imposed by the laws of versification fettered the imagination and destroyed that freedom of expression and the flights of fancy which mark the writings of those who are endowed with a rich imagination and the true poet's soul. This fact is frequently noticeable in the works of men of imagination, but I know of no instance where it is so evident as in the work of John Ruskin. His verses may be almost said to be prose, and his prose is poetic, and poetic in a very high degree. Happily for our literature, the brilliant author, who from the age of nine until he was thirty wrote in rhyme, became conscious of the fact that the fetters imposed by the hard and fast rules of poetry seemed to stifle the soul of his message, caged his thought, and robbed it of the rich melody and sweetness which invested his writings when the imagination and emotions were free. In passing it may be interesting to notice some specimens of his verse. The following, from the first part of the poem

which won the Newdigate prize, and the lines which describe the Alps, will serve to illustrate his power in descriptive verse:

'Tis eve,—and o'er the face of parting day  
Quick smiles of summer lightning flit and  
play;  
In pulses of broad light, less seen than felt,  
They mix in heaven, and on the mountains  
melt;  
Their silent transport fills the exulting air,—  
'Tis eve, and where is evening half so fair?  
Oh, deeply, softly sobs the Indian Sea  
O'er thy dark sands, majestic Dharavee,  
When, from each purple hill and polished  
lake,  
The answering voices of the night awake  
The fitful note of many a brilliant bird,—  
The lizard's plunge, o'er distant waters  
heard,—  
The thrill of forest leaves, how soft, how  
swift,  
That floats and follows where the night  
winds drift;  
Or, piercing through the calmness of the  
sky,  
The jungle tiger's sharp and sudden cry.  
Yet all is peace, for these weak voices tell  
How deep the calm they break but not dis-  
pel.

The glory of a cloud—without its wane;  
The stillness of the earth—but not its  
gloom;  
The loveliness of life—without its pain;  
The peace—but not the hunger of the tomb!  
Ye Pyramids of God! around whose bases  
The sea foams noteless in his narrow cup;  
And the unseen movements of the earth  
send up  
A murmur which your lulling snow effaces  
Like the deer's footsteps. Thrones imper-  
ishable!  
About whose adamantine steps the breath  
Of dying generations vanisheth,  
Less cognizable than clouds; and dynasties,  
Less glorious and more feeble than the  
array  
Of your frail glaciers, unregarded rise,  
Totter, and vanish. In the uncounted day,  
When earth shall tremble as the trump un-  
wraps  
Their sheets of slumber from the crumb-  
ling dead,  
And the quick, thirsty fire of judgment laps  
The loud sea from the hollow of his bed—  
Shall not your God spare you, to whom he  
gave  
No share nor shadow of man's crime, or  
fate;  
Nothing to render, nor to explate;  
Untainted by his life—untrusted with his  
grave?

It is a peculiar fact that though Ruskin began to write verses at nine, and all of his rhymes were composed while he was very

young, yet without exception they were all sad or solemn in character. It is in prose, however, that Ruskin will ever be recognized as one of the great masters of the English language. He employed the simplest words, and so marshaled them as to invest his writings with a charm rarely equaled by the masters of the florid style. He was simple, direct, and eloquent. One follows him with increasing delight, and there is no straining after effect,—nothing that is artificial or superfluous. As an example of simplicity in description and directness in characterization I quote his observations on Shakspeare's heroes and heroines, as given in his magnificent lecture on "Of Queen's Gardens."

Note broadly in the outset, Shakspeare has no heroes—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage, and the still slighter Valentine in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice around him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus, Caesar, Antony stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities; Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo, an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in "King Lear," is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved by Rosalind. Whereas, there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose,—Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless, conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe, secondly:

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale—nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error: "Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool do with so good a wife?"

In "Romeo and Juliet" the wise and entirely brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of the husband. In "Winter's Tale," and in "Cymbeline," the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperiled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In "Measure for Measure" the injustice of the judges and the corrupt cowardice of the brother are opposed to the victorious truth and adamant purity of a woman. In "Coriolanus" the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer at last granted saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakspeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she falls Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakspeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counselors—incurably just and pure examples—always strong to sanctify, even when they cannot save. •

The transition from poetry to prose, however, was not without an interruption. From the writing of verses the youth, with brain aglow and imagination vainly struggling for expression, turned to painting. He studied under Copley Fielding

and J. D. Harding, and was making splendid progress when he came under the spell of a young master artist. Turner had spoken the language of the age. He was in open revolt against the blind adoration of the masters who had preceded him. He refused to paint like others simply because they were considered greatest among artists. He saw in nature a wealth of beauty not found on the canvases of the masters. He insisted that the true artist must turn from ancient creations to nature. If Turner sometimes went to extremes, he simply fell into the error which has marked the thought and work of almost every great reformer. When the pendulum which has long been held to one side is first wrested from its false place, it naturally swings to the other side before it finds the golden mean; and even though at times Turner may have erred in his coloring, he not only created rich and glowing masterpieces, but he compelled the artistic world to awaken from its blind servility to a past that was often very untrue. John Ruskin saw the truth of Turner's contention, and in that artist's noble pictures he saw new and glorious results which thrilled him as the tones of some great instrument, under the touch of a master, thrill the soul of the lover of music. Turner was at that time suffering the common fate of the bold iconoclast and reformer. He was the butt of jest and ridicule from ignorant humorists and conventional critics. Ruskin felt that the abused painter was a true prophet in the world of art, and he laid aside his own brush that he might compel the thinking world to hear the other side in this battle of truth against a narrow-visioned and imitative conventionalism.

In 1843 "*Modern Painters*," by a graduate of Oxford, appeared. This was the first volume of Ruskin's greatest masterpiece. Its appearance created a profound impression, revealing to all thoughtful readers the fact that there had appeared in England a critic of art and literature, possessing knowledge, keen penetration, wealth of imagination, and charm of style sufficient to place the author foremost among the contemporary masters of English. The appearance of this work was the signal for a warfare in art such as Hugo's writings

raised in the field of literature when he valiantly led the hosts of Romanticism, and such as later marked the revolutionary theories of Richard Wagner in the realm of music. The writings of Ruskin crystallized the protests that had been made against the old order. His work not only anticipated the Pre-Raphaelitic Brotherhood, but after it was formed, in 1848, he became its most brilliant and successful champion.

After the publication of the first volume of "*Modern Painters*," and while Ruskin was the most talked of man among the brilliant writers, artists, and critics of England, he met at the home of a friend the beautiful and brilliant Miss Chalmers. It is said that the loveliness, the grace and brilliancy of the young lady captivated the heart of the author; and his attractive personality—for he had passed the awkward age—no less than his popularity and the splendid future that seemed opening before the wealthy young man of genius, fascinated Miss Chalmers. As their acquaintance progressed, however, Ruskin frankly explained that if they married he wished it to be with the understanding that theirs was to be a Platonic rather than an emotional union. It is also stated that the young lady for a time had misgivings as to the wisdom of the union, and demurred until her family and friends overpersuaded her. At length they were married. Her beauty of soul and body was a source of joy to the husband perhaps even more than their companionship, for Ruskin's tireless brain, filled with luminous thoughts, was ever urging on his pen.

As the spokesman and champion of the younger artists Ruskin naturally became not only the leader of the revolt in art, but the confidant and friend of many struggling young artists, whom he welcomed to his home and aided with counsel, criticism, and frequently money. Among the number was John Millais. His life story no less than his passion for art, his perseverance and determination, and his splendid personality, drew Ruskin to him as friend, guide, and counselor; and his connection with what we may term the supreme sacrifice of John Ruskin's life is such that it will be interesting in this connection to pause a few moments in con-

templation of the early life of the young painter who through long years of tireless work had earned recognition, and who was soon to become the husband of his friend and patron's wife.

From boyhood John Millais had exhibited a passion for drawing which led his parents to believe that he would some day become a great artist, and indeed before he reached his teens he had received medals and had entered a class in drawing and painting at the Royal Academy. Before this, however, he had ornamented the walls of his father's residence with sketches. He also on more than one occasion, when sent on an errand, had been known to stop, as though transformed, before some object of interest or a beautiful scene for several minutes, and then, when having nothing else at hand, would slip off his coat and with crayon hastily sketch in the outline of the picture on the back of his garment.

On his return the sketch would be transferred to paper or a canvas. His parents, however, made great sacrifices in order to give him such advantages in painting as he received, and by the time he reached his teens they were in straitened circumstances, a condition which grew more aggravated as the years passed. They had great faith in their son's future, however, and John was never idle. He painted canvas after canvas, but at this period of his life he found it much easier to paint pictures than to sell them; later this condition was reversed. Thus in early life the young painter had confidence in his future success; therefore nothing discouraged him. He believed that he would succeed splendidly, but never for one instant dreamed that success would come unsought. His work by no means satisfied him, and each canvas showed marked improvement over its predecessors.

At length he began the creation of a rather ambitious piece of work for a mere boy to undertake. It was a scene from Shakspeare's "Tempest" and into it he threw all the enthusiasm of youth and his passion for art. The picture grew in beauty until all his friends who saw it declared it to be a great work. So encouraged was the youth that he induced a dealer in paintings to come and see it; the

latter declared that it promised well, and intimated that if it pleased him when it was finished he would give him an amount equal to five hundred dollars for it. With new hope and a heart full of joy the boy returned to his work, and day by day the picture grew in loveliness. The young artist, who was naturally sanguine, never doubted but what the dealer would be satisfied with the finished work; but alas for human hopes! When the work was finished, and young Millais had received the congratulations of his friends and his parents, the dealer came. But for some reason the work failed to please him, and with a curt criticism he refused to take it and turned on his heel. The blow was doubly severe to the boy because he had recently been criticised by more than one of the friends of the family for spending his time with paints when his parents were in such urgent need of life's comforts, and indeed the condition of the family was enough to excite apprehension. The father was old and infirm, and their resources were exhausted. It was, therefore, with no light heart that the youth told his parents that the dealer had refused his work. The mother at once saw the bitterness of her son's disappointment; she realized for the first time that he seemed dispirited, and going to him she uttered words that were balm to his aching heart. She told him not to be discouraged; that they would let their best apartments, and in this way be able to eke out a living until he found buyers for his pictures. She could not understand how the dealer could fail to appreciate the merit of the work, but was certain that some one would want it. These words greatly encouraged the boy. He placed the picture toward the wall, took up another canvas, and began working with his old-time zeal on a new creation.

Several days passed, but one morning two gentlemen called to look at the work of the artist. They were strangers, but had heard something of the struggling young painter. One of these men was Ellison, the ever generous patron of art. Both the visitors seemed to take an interest in the young man's work; especially was this true of Ellison, and to him John Millais told the story of his recent disap-

pointment. "Let me see the picture," said the visitor; and on looking at it he said: "It is excellent, but there are yet many things you will have to learn before you become a master of the great art. Now here is a little book," continued Ellison, "containing practical advice to young painters. I shall present it to you if you will promise me to read it." The boy did so, and his visitor requested pen and ink that he might write in it. This done, he handed it to the young artist, and he and his friend departed. John Millais was again in the depths. The interest displayed by the visitors led him to believe they would take one of his canvases or leave an order for a picture, but it seemed they had only given him a book containing advice. In a somewhat disheartened frame of mind he returned to his work, but seeing the book where he had placed it when showing his visitors out, he took it up and opened it, when a little piece of paper fluttered out and fell at his feet. He picked it up, and his eyes sparkled with joy, for it was a check for an amount equal to seven hundred and fifty dollars. A note accompanied the check, saying it was for the picture the dealer had rejected. Ah, who can describe the joy that came into the brave boy's life when, with the check in hand, he rushed into his mother's room to tell her the good news. The weary waiting was over. The night had passed, the dawn had come.

This young man, who was destined to become one of England's greatest artists and win knighthood and international fame, became a frequent and ever welcome guest at Ruskin's fireside. The great author commissioned him to paint the portrait of his wife. The work had not progressed far before each felt in a vague way something that frightened them. A strange spell drew them together. To each the presence of the other meant more than aught else in the world. Each hoped the other did not suspect the passion that had been awakened, and both strove to banish the love that seemed to grow with the passing days. At length Millais felt that he must go away, but ere this resolution had taken form John Ruskin had become aware of the secret which the young people each strove to conceal, and which

they were not even willing to admit to themselves. We can easily understand that the discovery was a terrible blow to the large-hearted man, who in his way deeply loved his beautiful wife; but instead of making a scene, instead of denouncing the painter, he retired to the seclusion of his library and fought the battle with his own heart. His was a great soul. He knew in his heart of hearts that his wife deeply loved the painter. His nature revolted against holding in unwilling bonds the one he held so dear. He called the two together and frankly told them what he had discerned. Then he made the astounding proposition that he would secure a divorce from his wife, and she might marry the man she really loved. Neither the artist nor the wife at first would hear to this sacrifice, but Ruskin had fought the battle in the silence; he was firmly resolved, and insisted on the only course he believed could bring happiness to his wife. He has been severely criticised for not holding her in unwilling bondage, but he was so constituted that it was impossible for him to endure the thought of being directly or indirectly the cause of another's misery.

A divorce was secured by Ruskin, and the painter wedded the wife of the author. The union proved one of the most beautiful in the history of modern life. Children of love came into the home, and until Millais was attacked with cancer of the throat joy and happiness reigned at the ideal fireside.

To John Ruskin the discovery which led to the divorce was a blow more terrible than those who do not possess the delicate organism of the poet and artist can understand. After his wife went away he sought seclusion for a time; a dark cloud had overshadowed his life, and for a season all seemed night in his soul. Let us hope that during these bitter hours he caught no glimpse or hint of another night-time that should come to him ere he reached the tomb. Ruskin's nature craved companionship, and after he had passed into the fifties he came again under the spell of a woman. Francesca, the younger sister of the Rossettis, captivated his imagination and won his affection,—an affection which was warmly reciprocated; but no union followed, owing to the specter of a cold

and narrow religious dogma which rose as an impassable barrier between the two. John Ruskin was one of the most profoundly religious men in England, using the term religion in its broader and nobler sense, but his views had grown since at his mother's knee he was taught the narrow tenets of a narrow sect. He had learned to see God everywhere where love and beauty reigned. He could not longer subscribe to the dogma which limited Deity and made him harsh and small-souled, and essentially ignoble in nature. On the other hand, Francesca was a religionist of the strictest and narrowest kind. She could not see her God in the conception entertained by her lover, and while deeply loving Ruskin, she refused to marry unless he would accept the repugnant and forbidding religious dogmas she held to be divine truth. This the author could not do, for all his life he had been loyal to his conscience, following unquestioningly where he believed truth, love, and justice led. The lady could not understand him. His inability to see through her eyes not only saddened, but amazed and almost terrified her. Indeed, it is said that, owing to the great disappointment which came when she found she could not convert Mr. Ruskin, she passed into a rapid decline. Three years after the two had awakened to the fact that religious dogma was an insurmountable barrier between them, Francesca lay upon her death-bed, and Ruskin sent her an impassioned plea, begging that he might be permitted to see her once more. She replied that, if he could send her word that he loved God better than he loved her, she would see him; if not, she would not consent to receive him. The author and nature lover was unable to say that he loved the God he had only seen in his wonderful works more than the fair-souled child of that God, whose only fault in his eyes was loyalty to a false idea of her Maker; and so Francesca died without seeing her lover, and for the third time the highly wrought and delicate organism of the poet-souled author received one of those blows which shock even when they do not derange the nice adjustment of the emotional nature.

Ruskin's contributions to literature are among the most priceless treasures of the

Victorian age. His "Modern Painters," which is comprised in four volumes, and is justly considered to be one of the greatest critical contributions to the art history of the world, would alone have been sufficient to immortalize its author. Next to this magnificent work "The Stones of Venice" is probably his greatest work, though "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and his numerous other critical works would have been sufficient to give him a front place among the men of letters of our age. Yet Ruskin, the art critic and teacher—for he doubtless has done more toward encouraging the study of art than any other thinker of the nineteenth century—will as the years pass exert far less influence for good than Ruskin the noble teacher of exalted ethics; and such works as "Sesame and Lilies," "The Crown of Wild Olive," and "Queen of the Air" will, in spite of their occasional false notes, be an inspiration to the oncoming generations, for behind those eloquent lines stood a true man, with quickened conscience and a prophetic vision. Indeed, through all his work the reader is made to feel a living, vibrant moral energy seldom present in modern composition. His lines touch the sleeping soul; they fire the spirit and awaken the conscience. They make the reader feel a new love for nature and art alike, and with this pure and inspiring love comes the desire for more knowledge. They appeal to the spiritual aspirations even more than to the artistic impulses or the intellectual apprehension. The moral exaltation which pervades his writings springs from his profoundly philosophical and religious nature. In all his work he was ever moved by an intense desire to uplift and dignify humanity and to impress upon the public mind the subtle but positive effect for good exerted by true art. "I have had," he wrote in "The Two Paths," "but one steady aim in all I have ever tried to teach, namely, to declare that whatever was great in human art was the expression of man's delight in God's work."

With Ruskin life was august; its possibilities for good and evil were never forgotten. "Remember," he urges, "that every day of your life is ordaining irrevocably for good or evil the custom and

practice of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature. . . . You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will in the quickest and delicatest ways improve yourself."

The pleasure which springs from loyalty to duty was strenuously insisted upon by Ruskin, and he, more than any other illustrious man of our time, reached such heights of unselfishness as to enable him fully to appreciate the unalloyed pleasure which flows from a life of sacrifice. If he was austere, he was also very humane. The fountains of pleasure which he ever sought to have his readers drink deeply from could leave no bitter after taste. He delighted in no pseudo-pleasure; faithfulness to the highest ideal, untiring effort at complete self-mastery, a settled determination to work for the good of all and be ever on guard lest by some inadvertence we injure some other living creature,—such were some of the lessons upon which our philosopher insisted as essential to man's happiness.

"If," he urged, when writing for the young, "there is any one point which, in six thousand years of thinking about right and wrong, wise and good men have agreed upon, or successively by experience discovered, it is that God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any others; that his first order is, 'Work while you have light;' and his second, 'Be merciful while you have mercy.' 'Work while you have light,' especially while you have the light of morning. There are few things more wonderful to me than that old people never tell young ones how precious their youth is. . . . Remember, then, that I, at least, have warned you, that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful; but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. There is no solemnity so deep, to a rightly

thinking creature, as that of dawn. . . . You must be to the best of your strength usefully employed during the greater part of the day, so that you may be able at the end of it to say, as proudly as any peasant, that you have not eaten the bread of idleness. Then, secondly, I said, you are not to be cruel. Perhaps you think there is no chance of your being so; and indeed I hope it is not likely that you should be deliberately unkind to any creature; but unless you are deliberately kind to every creature, you will often be cruel to many."

Ruskin was often disquieting to conventionalists; he was too candid to be popular with those who make long prayers and desecant to charity while they ignore justice. He put questions to them which they did not wish to consider themselves, or to have others consider. By insisting on the substitution of justice for charity, and by taking the teachings of Jesus seriously, he offended many who occupied choice pews in the modern palaces of ease dedicated to the lowly Nazarene. Such expressions as the following from the magnificent lecture on "Work" proved far less satisfying to this class than the popular sermons they were accustomed to hear:

It is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That is the one thing constantly reiterated by our master—the order of all others that is given oftenest: "Do justice and judgment." That's your Bible order; that's the "service of God." The one divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that. As much charity as you choose, but no justice. "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice; it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity? You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not, at first, charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with; but you will find all you have got to begin with begins at home, and is essentially love of yourself.

You well-to-do people, for instance, who are here to-night will go to "Divine Service" next Sunday, all nice and tidy, and your little children will have their tight little Sunday boots on, and lovely little Sunday feathers

in their hats; and you'll think, complacently and piously, how lovely they look! and you love them heartily, and you like sticking feathers in their hats. That's all right; that is charity; but it is charity beginning at home. Then you will come to the poor little crossing-sweeper got up also in its Sunday dress—the dirtiest rags it has, that it may be the better; we shall give it a penny, and think how good we are. That's charity going abroad. But what does justice say, walking and watching near us? Christian justice has been strangely mute, and seemingly blind; and, if not blind, decrepit, this many a day; she keeps her accounts still, however—quite steadily—doing them at nights, carefully, with her bandage off, and through acutest spectacles (the only modern scientific invention she cares about). You must put your ear down ever so close to her lips to hear her speak; and then you will start at what she first whispers, for it will certainly be, "Why shouldn't that little crossing-sweeper have a feather on its head, as well as your own child?" Then you may ask justice, in an amazed manner, how she can possibly be so foolish as to think children could sweep crossings with feathers on their heads? Then you stoop again, and justice says, still in her dull, stupid way: "Then, why don't you, every other Sunday, leave your child to sweep the crossing, and take the little sweeper to church in a hat and feather?" Mercy on us (you think), what will she say next? And you answer, of course, that you don't, because everybody ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them.

Ah, my friends, that's the gist of the whole question. Did Providence put them in that position, or did you? You knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain content in the "position in which Providence has placed him." That's modern Christianity. You say, "We did not knock him into the ditch." How do you know what you have done or are doing? That's just what we have all got to know, and what we shall never know until the question with us every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing.

These thoughts suggest to us Ruskin, the social economist, for we must not lose sight of the fact that this greatest of all art critics, this strong, brave ethical philosopher who emphasized so forcibly the possibilities, duties, and responsibilities of the individual in all his complex relations, was also one of the most enlightened and broad-visioned economists of our age. By treatises, essays, and letters he worked for a brighter day for the bread-winners. He sought to elevate the ideals and tastes of all toilers, while he labored unremittingly

to secure for them that meed of justice which is their right, but which has so long been denied them.

So far back as 1868, when few people of position dared advocate so sane a proposition as the governmental ownership of "natural monopolies," John Ruskin published these bold and thoughtful words in the *London Daily Telegraph*:

The ingenious British public seems to be discovering to its cost that the beautiful law of supply and demand does not apply in a pleasant manner to railroad transit. But if they are prepared to submit patiently to the "natural" laws of political economy, what right have they to complain? The railroad belongs to the shareholders; and has not everybody the right to ask the highest he can get for his wares? The public have a perfect right to walk, or to make other opposition railroads for themselves, if they please, but not to abuse the shareholders for asking as much as they think they can get. Will you allow me to put the real rights of the matter before them in a few words?

Neither the roads nor the railroads of any nation should belong to any private persons. All means of public transit should be provided at public expense, by public determination, where such means are needed, and the public should be its shareholder. Neither road, nor railroad, nor canal should ever pay dividends to anybody. They should pay their working expenses, and no more. All dividends are simply a tax on the traveler and the goods, levied by the persons to whom the road or canal belongs, for the right of passing over his property, and this right should at once be purchased by the nation, and the original cost of the roadway—be it of gravel, iron, or adamant—at once defrayed by the nation, and then the whole work of the carriage of persons or goods done for ascertained prices, by salaried officers, as the carriage of letters is done now.

Happily these wise suggestions have already been followed, in part at least, by several enlightened nations. Ruskin's views on money were characteristic of the independence and disinterestedness which marked his thought and life. "The final and best definition of money," he says, "is that it is a documentary promise ratified and guaranteed by the nation to give or find a certain quantity of labor on demand."

In 1873 he carried on a spirited discussion with some conventional economists regarding the money of the rich. One writer undertook to defend the lavish and



reckless expenditures of the wealthy by calling to his aid the well-worn plea that money thus paid out finds its way into the pockets of poor families, and that thus through the bounty of the rich the starving are blessed. Ruskin, in the course of his reply, observed that, were he a poor man instead of a moderately rich one, he would be sure that the paper referred to would suggest the question:

These means of living, which this generous and useful gentleman is so fortunately disposed to bestow on me—where does he get them himself? . . . These are the facts. The laborious poor produce "the means of life" by their labor. Rich persons possess themselves by various expedients of a right to dispense these means of life, and, keeping as much means as they want for themselves, and rather more, dispense the rest usually only in return for more labor from the poor, expended in producing various delights for the rich dispenser. The idea is now gradually entering poor men's minds that they may as well keep in their own hands the right of distributing "the means of life" they produce, and employ themselves, so far as they need extra occupation, for their own entertainment or benefit, rather than that of other people.

The conventional economist replied to the question relating to how the rich man got his wealth by stating that it was obtained by the possessor or his ancestors through a "mutually beneficent partnership" between the rich and the poor, by which the poor had their share of the joint returns advanced to them. Mr. Ruskin in his reply stated the question again, and then proceeded to answer it by a telling personal illustration. He said:

"Where does the rich man get his means of living?" I don't myself see how a more straightforward question could be put,—so straightforward, indeed, that I particularly dislike making a martyr of myself in answering it, as I must this blessed day—a martyr, at least, in the way of witness; for if we rich people don't begin to speak honestly with our tongues, we shall, some day soon, lose them and our heads together, having for some time back, most of us, made false use of the one and none of the other. Well, for the point in question, then, as to the means of living: the most exemplary manner of answer is simply to state how I got my own, or rather how my father got them for me. He and his partners entered into what your correspondent mellifluously styles "a mutually beneficent partnership" with cer-

tain laborers in Spain. These laborers produced from the earth annually a certain number of bottles of wine. These productions were sold by my father and his partners, who kept nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of the price themselves, and gave one-tenth, or thereabouts, to the laborers. In which state of mutual beneficence my father and his partners naturally became rich, and the laborers as naturally remained poor. Then my good father gave all his money to me.

Space forbids a more extended notice of Mr. Ruskin's thoughtful views on economic problems, but before closing this sketch I wish to notice how the life of this great philanthropist has touched and brightened other lives. Many men think noble thoughts and at times are stirred by the loftiest aspirations, but in actual every-day life they sadly fail to live up to their teachings; but he who can and does master himself, he who gives his life for justice and thinks of the welfare of others before he considers himself, has reached a far higher summit than have the most gifted intellects who, while apprehending the beauty of goodness, fail to express that beauty in daily life. John Ruskin's life was at once earnest, pure, and unselfish.

A striking illustration of his unselfishness was seen in the manner in which he disposed of his fortune, which at the time of his father's death amounted to a million dollars. With this money he set about doing good. Poor young men and women who were struggling to obtain an education were helped, homes for working men and women were established, and model apartment-houses were erected. He also promoted a work for reclaiming waste land outside of London. This land was used for the aid of unfortunate men who wished to rise again from the state into which they had fallen through cruel social conditions and their own weaknesses. It is said that this work suggested to General Booth his colonization farms. Ruskin was also ever liberal in aiding poor artists, and did much to encourage the artistic tastes among the young. On one occasion he purchased ten fine water-color paintings by Holman Hunt for three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, to be hung in public schools of London.

By 1877 he had disposed of three-fourths of his inheritance, besides all the

income from his books. But the calls of the poor and the plans which he wished to put in operation looking toward the education and ennobling of the toilers, and giving to their gloomy lives something more of sunshine and joy, were such that he determined to dispose of all the remainder of his wealth except a sum sufficient to yield him fifteen hundred dollars a year on which to live.

Of the illustrious writers of the Victorian age no one has left a more valuable literary legacy than has John Ruskin, but the splendid and voluminous works of his brain are even less priceless than the example of his wonderful life.

For many years he filled chairs in Cambridge and Oxford Universities. Like Richard Wagner, Liszt, and other high-minded and sensitive thinkers of our age, he looked with indescribable abhorrence upon vivisection, and when it was introduced into Oxford he resigned his chair in that institution, refusing to be a teacher in a college which practiced something which he believed to be unnecessary, and distinctly brutalizing in its influence.

John Ruskin, though a communist in theory, was far from cherishing democratic ideas. He used to say, "I prefer king rule to mob rule." He favored a beneficent paternalism, based on justice and brotherhood, but seemed to overlook the fact that such a government was more unlikely of realization than mutualism in government, or a fraternal commonwealth, based on freedom and equal rights. Still his heart was ever with the poor, the oppressed, and those whose lot in life was unfortunate.

More than twelve years before his death, which occurred on the 20th of January of the present year, his reason gave way, and his condition was rendered still more tragic by the fact that he frequently had lucid periods, when he lived in terror of the return of the mental night. Pathetic beyond words were his letters to his intimate friends, showing his realization of his condition and his fear of the return of chaos in his mind. On one occasion he wrote to Professor Max Mueller, saying: "Come and see me before the darkness de-

scends on me again." It is difficult to conceive of anything so essentially tragic as this eclipse of reason in the closing years of a glorious and noble life; and yet it is by no means strange. A nature so sensitive, so finely strung, so keenly alive to the sufferings of others on every hand, necessarily felt what the well-kept and self-engrossed animals around him knew nothing of. Indeed, just here we find the chief reason why the finest natures suffer so keenly in this age of heartless greed, self-absorption, and gold madness, of wanton extravagance and biting poverty, of widespread misery and growing discontent. Sensitive natures who are spiritually alive to the misery around them must suffer while they sow the seed-thoughts of a new day, suffer uncomplainingly until the waiting-time of this great transition period has passed.

In John Ruskin we find great breadth of thought and an intellectual vision of wide range, going hand in hand with a profound philosophical grasp of life's deepest problems; and, what is more, these excellencies were rendered luminous by the influence of an enlightened soul. His life was characterized by nobility of purpose, purity of thought, a passion for nature and art, and an enthusiasm for humanity. John Ruskin was one of the most brilliant stars in the constellation which has made the Victorian age forever glorious in the literature of the world. He had the imagination of a poet, the soul of an artist, the brain of a thinker, and the heart of a man. He was in a real way a builder of the twentieth-century civilization.

Allike are life and death,  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he left behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

# THE HEBREW PHILOSOPHERS: THE PHILOSOPHER AS A CRITIC—ECCLESIASTES

BY PROFESSOR NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, PH. D.

## SECOND PAPER

We catch the last glimpse of Israel's greatest poet, the author of Job, as he stands musing over the marvels in nature that cause forgetfulness of man's sad fate and soothe his lacerated spirit. It is with a naive, open-eyed wonder he looks upon the curious movement of the stars, the measureless resources of snow and rain, the untamed strength of the wild beasts, the play of forces beyond the control of man. One feels instinctively that he is fascinated, bewildered, subdued by the unwonted spectacle. This mighty, penetrating intellect so capable of pursuing with remorseless logic the subtlest fallacies of reasoning, this dauntless spirit so ready to cross-examine the Most High as to the moral administration of man's affairs, is manifestly baffled by the new vistas into the larger life of nature.

How different is the spirit that breathes in the opening words of Ecclesiastes! There is no joy in contemplating this ever rolling wheel of existence. This regularly working, huge machine of nature awakens no enthusiasm. There is no new thing under the sun to give surcease of sorrow. There is no relief for the burdens of thought. Questions of duty and destiny have no urgency in a world held in the iron grip of necessity. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!

Ecclesiastes is not a poet. The bards have sung and left some of their music ringing in his soul. There is a matchless strain of poetry in his closing words, not less true because in the minor key.

Sweet to the eyes is the light,  
Good is the sight of the sun.  
Though the years of his life be many,  
Man should rejoice in them all.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy childhood,  
Let thy heart give thee cheer in thy youth;  
Go forth where thy fancy may lead thee,  
In pursuit of what pleases thine eyes.

Turn worry away from thy mind,  
Bid pain keep aloof from thy body;  
For youth is a vanishing breath,  
The dayspring of life passes quickly.

Ere the days of evil draw nigh,  
The years when pleasure is gone;  
Ere the light of the sun turn to darkness,  
And the clouds reappear after rain.

When the stays of the house are trembling,  
And the stout men of war bend down,  
And the maids at the mill cease their grinding,  
And the light in the windows is dim.

When the doors to the street are shut,  
And the sound of the grinding is low,  
And the chirp of the bird is feeble,  
And the daughters of music are faint.

Ere the almond tree lose all its honor,  
And the grasshopper grow too fat,  
And the caper-berry fail in its power.

Ere the silver cord be broken,  
And the golden bowl be spoiled,  
And the pitcher cracked at the fountain,  
And the wheel destroyed at the well.

Ere the dust return to the earth,  
And the breath return to God,  
For man must go to his everlasting home,  
And the mourners lament in the street.

But it is only a solitary breath of the divine afflatus. There is nothing else of poetry in the whole book. The many interpolations designed to make his work more palatable to ordinary readers have no doubt marred the original production. But it can never have been a work of art. The fiction placing this elegy upon the lips of Solomon is only indifferently carried out.

It is possible that much of the disorder we find throughout the work is due to later insertions and editorial activity. The fact that there is no unity, no orderly arrangement, no rational disposition of the subject matter, has indeed led some recent commentators to the conclusion that Ecclesiastes is not the work of one man.

but a compilation of various writings. Professor Haupt has in a convincing manner pointed out some portions that cannot well have come from the pen of the original writer. Professor Siegfried has gone farthest in this direction. He assumes that the book was written by five different authors, namely, a pessimistic philosopher of the Stoic school, an easy-going Epicurean, a wisdom-worshipping Jewish sage, a pious zealot, and a harmonizing editor.

More than one hand has undoubtedly been busy retouching the original picture. But that even the most thorough-going pessimist, believing that this is the worst possible of all worlds, without a vestige of moral order in it, and that there is no world to come, should by this faith be precluded from basking in the sunshine, finding an old vintage to his taste, or looking into the eyes of a handsome girl, even though his faith in woman be scant, is an assumption that is difficult to maintain in view of the facts of life. It is quite possible for a philosopher to discuss the evils of life over his claret and cigars, and his conclusions as to the inherent worthlessness of the scheme of existence may not prevent him from observing that in the main the wise man fares better in this world than the fool.

His very conviction that the world is but a fleeting show, and that there is no life beyond the grave, may make it appear all the more desirable that such satisfaction as may be gotten out of life shall be enjoyed in youth when the senses are alert and the appetites are keen. The Stoic's resignation and the Epicurean's love of pleasure go finely together in the thinking of thousands of men. This is particularly true of the age when this book was written and the race to which its author belonged. Such a blending of elements drawn from different schools of Greek philosophy with elements derived from the old Jewish faith is the mark of the age. Ecclesiastes is not much stranger than Philo. Such contrasts of belief held together in one consciousness is a characteristic of the race. Heinrich Heine helps us to understand Ecclesiastes. He probably cared as little for consistency as for pretty phrasing. Both were to him a

"chasing after wind," a "vanity of vanities."

Ecclesiastes was the heir of the past. The prophets who denounced the sacrificial cult and insisted upon social righteousness had been followed by legislators who sought to shelter the prophetic spirit within the forms of a purified temple service. After the prophets and the law there had come philosophy, first a eudemonistic wisdom teaching men through interminable maxims and wise saws to be good to themselves, live long in the land, and leave behind a numerous progeny and a respected name; then the storm and stress of Job and the skepticism of Agur.

The foreign influence had naturally increased from age to age. From beyond the Aegean Sea and the Canopic mouth of the Nile breezes had wafted to Ecclesiastes ripe fruits of philosophic thought already flavored with the brooding speculation of the East. He may have lived as late as in the last decades before our era.

We do not know his name. He made no effort to preserve it, deeming even that to be a striving after wind. In this he was probably right. For it is not likely that his work would have come down to us but for its Solomonic guise.

Ecclesiastes was a critic. Herein lies his importance. But he was no clever young fellow, deeming each flying bird his lawful prey, cutting off its wings to see how it flies, breaking its neck to discover how it sings, triumphantly expounding the mystery of its life. He was, no doubt, a kindly old sage who had gone through life burdened with the woe of reflection, forced by nature to the task of weighing the world in the nicely adjusted balances of his thought.

This critic is a philosopher, though he never produced a text-book for academic parrots to learn by rote. There is no system, only insight, in his philosophy. The fires of passion have burned low; only a genial flame survives. The ambitions for great things have consumed themselves; the little things must suffice. The illusions are gone; the naked reality must do. The river of time flows by; but a tearless eye is fastened on its never resting, ever disappearing waves. The hunger for knowledge too deep for man, like the thirst

for mighty accomplishment, belongs to the past; the present is satisfied with a sip of wine and a morsel of bread, a good woman's chat and a peep now and then at the mystery of life.

Ecclesiastes had his moods. Perhaps we have not always been quite fair to them. There are many things that happen between the first page and the last of a book not set down by the author for the elucidation of his inconsistencies. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that, when Ecclesiastes had penned those famous lines apparently so disrespectful to woman, a pair of lustrous eyes looked over his shoulder and a gentle voice exclaimed: "Now, Ecclesiastes, dear, is not that a trifle exaggerated?" Failing to convince this fair companion that he had simply intended it to be a subtle compliment to her, seeing that in any place a good man might be found, but such a treasure as she only after much search, he may well have taken one of those nice clean sheets which according to some critics have since become so woefully mixed up, and written on it his *summum bonum*,—a piece of bread, a drink of wine, a woman who is loved.

But, however his moods may have shifted, his fundamental position remains unchanged. From beginning to end he asserts that there is an unbroken continuity of nature, an order that cannot be violated, an inevitable fate that befalls all men alike. When he speaks of the winds that blow, and the waters that flow, and the seasons that come and go, and the ebb and flow of human events, he voices the consciousness of nature's order that the Stoic philosophy had caused to prevail among thoughtful men.

From this assumption of continuity comes his contention that there is no moral order in the universe, no retributive justice, no system of rewards and punishments. He does not believe there is any future life, and makes the assertion with more vehemence than his philosophy of moderation would seem to warrant. More convincing perhaps than his denial is his question, "Who knows whether the spirit of man goes upward and the spirit of the beast goes downward?" Here he simply riddles the assumption of knowledge.

If the same irrevocable fate in the end befalls all men, good and bad, wise and foolish, it is certainly in vain that they look for retributive justice in the petty fortunes or reversals of this life. With objective justice, subjective duty disappears. Right has no place in the philosophy of Ecclesiastes.

In such a world what function is left for a divinity? Ecclesiastes is without a god. The name, indeed, occurs once or twice in his writings. But it is only a name. There is no vital relation between the actual world, with its myriad problems, and this *nomen et practerea nihil*. The fairest plant that ever blossomed in man's garden exhales no fragrance to refresh the soul of this philosopher. His god is a pressed flower, still preserved in his herbarium, but without life.

It is natural that he should have scant sympathy with popular religion. He is a keen critic of the prevalent forms of religious worship and sentiment. Occasionally his criticism reminds of the tirades of the old prophets. But there is no warmth in it, and the view-point is so totally different. Learning is better than foolish sacrifices. A golden silence or a few well considered words might profitably take the place of long and fervent prayers. Dreams and visions are not to be relied upon; they cause no end of trouble. It is unwise to excite one's self in frantic efforts to be more righteous than one's neighbors, just as it is inexpedient to expose one's self to the natural consequences of deeds of violence or folly.

To this critic the old world of thought has gone to pieces, and the gray dawn of a better day is cold and gives not to his heart the joy of those who watch for the morning. His contemporaries were all eagerness in their hopes, their fears, their pursuits. Many of them expected a miraculous change of the world, the darkening of sun and moon, the descent of the kingdom of heaven, the advent of the Messiah. To him this was an illusion,—there is no new thing under the sun; what will come is what has been. They talked with enthusiasm of miracles that were done. He had ceased marveling; in the iron-bound order of the world there are no miracles to stare at. They looked with

shining eyes to things beyond the veil of sense, to a world where blessed immortals dwelt. To him this was an idle speculation, a vanity of vanities, for the same fate befalls all, the man and the beast, and there is no future life. They looked with horror to a pit of everlasting fire, and in their fear made frenzied efforts to become justified before their god, to keep the minutest demands of righteousness, to find in dreams divine guidance, to please the Most High with long prayers and generous vows and ample sacrifices. This seemed to him a network of selfishness and deception. They followed the wheel of fortune, seeking wealth, pleasure, esoteric wisdom. To him this was a chasing after wind, wealth a burden, the capacity for enjoyment lost in the pursuit of pleasure, wisdom in increase of sorrow, a rushing of the eager spirit against the adamantine walls of the unknowable.

But there is one thing in which he believes. He believes in a well regulated, harmonious life. There must be no excesses. There should be natural delight in simple pleasures. There must be freedom from unnecessary exertion, husbanding of strength, moderation in all things, quiet acceptance of the allotted destiny without rebellion, prudent provision for coming days without anxiety, quiet enjoyment of unsought good without hilarity. There should be a recognition of the limits of what may be known, of the insolubility by finite intellect of the problem of existence, to give to restless minds a pause.

This genial critic is a sympathetic figure. We respect him for his honest, fearless, searching, yet withal kindly criticism of life. His conclusions strongly appeal to us. We, too, believe in the continuity of nature. We have ceased to imagine that the universe is ordered on our shifting principles of social conduct. We freely avow our ignorance of the future. We cannot define ultimate reality. We believe in making the best of life, in moderation, and in harmony.

But as our age is coming into its heritage, the melancholy disposition of Ecclesiastes is yielding to a spirit of fresh joy. Yet we can appreciate his attitude. For when the discoveries of a Darwin and a

Spencer bade men depart from the old conception of the world to contemplate the unrelenting processes of a nature that seemed "red in tooth and claw," they shuddered with cold and cried like orphans for the kindly hand they once had felt in theirs, now bound apparently in iron chains of law. This feeling, however, has largely vanished. It seems no longer strange that the genius of life should work in harmony with eternal law, seeing that creative energy even in man, when at its best and possessed of the liveliest sense of freedom, is most sensitive to nature's order and most clearly manifests it. We are feeling quite at home in this law-bound universe. There is in fact a new-born sense of security inspiring confidence and happiness. Men's thoughts are steadied by the impression of reliability in the conduct of the world. We even ask ourselves in surprise how men could ever have felt safe in a universe where anything might happen any moment.

The unmoral character of the cosmic process does not disturb us. We hail with glad acclaim the sun whose golden light impartially illumines good and bad, and the rain that showers its blessings indiscriminately on the just and the unjust, and the storms that purify the air, and the force that wrecks a structure badly built. For we are willing to retire as fast as possible the law of retaliation, with its clumsily imposed rewards and punishments, to give room for the law of social sympathy and impartiality, breaking down artificial barriers and protecting the weak from the falling towers of a competitive civilization.

Before the mystery of death we bow as reverently as our sires, yet asserting nothing, fearing nothing, calmly trusting, neither in need of hell to frighten us from evil nor of heaven to cajole us into virtue, ready to welcome any light that may shine forth from unknown shores, nothing demurring should we be wrapped in darkness when the day is done.

In turning, like Ecclesiastes, our attention to the life we now live, we seek with him for harmony and commend moderation. But we realize perhaps more clearly that a generous output of energy is as necessary as the husbanding of strength,

that strenuous effort for right or liberty or truth belongs to a rounded manhood as much as calm resignation and placid reflection, that moments of intense life draining the very fountains of vitality, and noble death in cherished cause, may put upon a character the stamp of harmony that many years of happy vegetation cannot bestow.

To know that there are limits to our knowledge is desirable. But it is even more important not to know where those limits are. Only he will make narrower the margins of our ignorance whose eager mind pursues the truth as though there were no limits. It is not only positive achievement in scientific research that counts. That hunger after truth, that yearning after the power of expression, that passion for the right, that worship of the beautiful, so often characteristic of woman's nature, are at least of equal significance.

Most important perhaps is the difference between Ecclesiastes and ourselves that follows from his mental and social isolation. He was a man without a country, a social atom cut loose from his surroundings, an individualist with no thought of anybody but himself. The family, the nation, humanity seem not to have been present in his thought or played a marked part in his life. Such an individualism, though it may create stalwart characters and independent thinkers, can never free itself from pessimism.

A healthy attitude of mind can only come when we learn not to lay up treasures for ourselves but to work for the common welfare of man, not to seek pleasures for ourselves but to provide them for others, not to hoard up knowledge for our own advancement, but to do our part in increasing the world's information and its hunger for truth.

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

SIXTEENTH PAPER

"SAADI."—I.

Saadi, like Merlin, seems to be used as a metaphor or generic name for the poet. There was, as we know, a Persian poet of this name. He may have furnished, in his life and genius, some hints for the conception which bears the title of Saadi in this poem. This can be said of Saadi more truly than of Merlin. But these names seem to have been chosen by Emerson for his ideals of the poet. Merlin gives us the poet more particularly as artist; but Saadi as a man. We have attempted some comments upon "Merlin" in papers for April and May, in *The Coming Age*. "Saadi" should follow next in order, as a complementary poem.

The poem begins with a contrast between society and solitude, with an implication of praises for solitude. Emerson seems to have had a temperamental predisposition to solitude, though loving society and happy in his social relations. A

man head and shoulders above his fellows must inevitably find himself much alone. In his highest Parnassus he sang songs to his own ear,—but who heard them of all he may have counted on most for audience? And his profounder poems. "The Sphinx," "Uriel," "The World Soul," "The Ode to Beauty," "Hermione," "Celestial Love," "Bacchus," who hears them now? Pathetic, almost, was his loneliness as his own words describe it in the character of the "Trismegisti," at the conclusion of his essay on "Intellect." "When, at long intervals, we turn over their abstruse pages, wonderful seems the calm and grand air of these few, these great spiritual lords, who have walked in the world,—these of the old religion,—dwelling in a worship which makes the sanctities of Christianity look parvenues and popular; for 'persuasion is in soul, but necessity is in intellect.' This band of grandees, Hermes, Heraclitus, Em-

pedocles, Plato, Plotinus, Olympiodorus, Proclus, Synesius, and the rest, have somewhat so vast in their logic, so primary in their thinking, that it seems antecedent to all the ordinary distinctions of rhetoric and literature, and to be at once poetry, and music, and dancing, and astronomy, and mathematics. I am present at the sowing of the seed of the world. With a geometry of sunbeams the soul lays the foundations of nature. The truth and grandeur of their thought is proved by its scope and applicability, for it commands the entire schedule and inventory of things for its illustration. But what marks its elevation, and has even a comic look to us, is the innocent serenity with which these babe-like Jupiters sit in their clouds, and from age to age prattle to each other, and to no contemporary."

Trees in groves,  
Kine in droves,  
In ocean sport the scaly herds,  
Wedge-like cleave the air the birds,  
To northern lakes fly wind-borne ducks,  
Browse the mountain sheep in flocks,  
Men consort in camp and town,  
But the poet dwells alone.

The passion and necessity for solitude on the part of the poet may throw light on some otherwise dark sayings which we find here and there in Emerson.

I have no brothers and no peers.  
And the dearest interferes;  
When I would a lonely day,  
Sun and moon are in the way.

These lines indicate a mood when he would be "alone with the alone," to use his words. He says of friends in "Celestial Love:"

When each the other shall avoid  
Shall each by each be most enjoyed.—

evidently in allusion to occasional necessities of the spirit, when a friend could say to his friend, "If you love me, leave me alone. I may need you, but not now." And there are some times when the poet would know only the muse, or when he would write the line the muse had given him. Then let all the world be silent.

"Thoughts let us into realities. Neither miracle, nor magic, nor any religious tra-

dition, not the immortality of the private soul, is incredible after we have experienced an insight, a thought." Then we want society. As Carlyle has said, new truth burns in the mind like new gold in the pocket, and asks to be shed abroad. "A rush of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to us."

Says Emerson in "Inspiration:" "The solitude of nature is not so essential as solitude of habit. I have found my advantage in going in summer to a country inn, in winter to a city hotel, with a task which would not prosper at home. I thus secured a more absolute seclusion; for it is almost impossible for a housekeeper, who is in the country a small farmer, to exclude interruptions, and even necessary orders, though I bag out by system all I can, and resolutely omit, to my constant danger, all that can be omitted. At home the day is cut into short strips. In the hotel I have no hours to keep, no visits to make or receive, and I command an astronomical leisure. I forget rain, wind, cold, and heat."

I could easily forget rain, wind, and heat to a reasonable degree; but should not acquiesce as to cold. And in this same essay on "Inspiration" Emerson says fire must lend its aid, and quotes George Sand as saying, "I have no enthusiasm for nature which the slightest chill will not instantly destroy." But that phrase, "astronomic leisure," is happy. Residence on a star would certainly secure you as to intrusion by callers from other stars and the vast circles, but plenty of time as affirmed of stars would again answer to the idea of "leisure."

Emerson speaks of headache, cold feet, and the fear of interruption as evils incident to the life of a scholar. In his essay on "Social Aims" he gives a very significant and much needed dictum in regard to calls: "'Tis a defect in our manners that they have not yet reached the prescribing a limit to visits. That every well-dressed lady or gentleman should be at liberty to exceed ten minutes in his or her call on serious people shows a civilization still rude." People are gay, lively, happy, apparently. We think they



want us to stay; sometimes they do, but oftener they do not. Let us take no risks.

Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.

'Tis pitiful how often this is true in regard to visits. "Certain localities, as mountain-tops, the seaside, the shores of rivers and rapid brooks, natural parks of oak and pine, where the ground is smooth and unincumbered, are excitants of the muse." "Eminently thoughtful men, from Pythagoras down, have insisted on an hour of solitude every day, to meet their own mind and learn what oracle it has to impart."

God, who gave to him the lyre,  
Of all mortals the desire,  
For all breathing men's behoof,  
Straitly charged him, 'Sit aloof;  
Annexed a warning, poets say,  
To the bright premium,—  
Ever, when twain together play,  
Shall the harp be dumb.

Two poets have sometimes united in the production of a song, as in the case of Beaumont and Fletcher. It may be doubted, however, if each individual note had more than one author. Poets do not like the corrections, or even the suggestions, of another. "Hands off," is the command of the artist, in all forms of art. Songs have always been dear to men, but verses made to be sung are often very poor, and much good verse is never set to music.

Many may come,  
But one shall sing;  
Two touch the string,  
The harp is dumb.  
Though there come a million,  
Wise Saadi dwells alone.

The genius of a great poet is so unique, distinctive, and individual that the work of another is never integral and homogeneous. Critics can detect plagiarisms and interpolations in the dramas of Shakespeare. They pretend that the internal evidence is conclusive; and what can a million do as against Saadi?

Yet Saadi loved the race of men,—  
No churl immured in cave or den.

Half of the power of the poet is moral power. Byron worked up bad passions

into fine effects; but as he did not love men, so men do not love him. "All love is mathematically just." What you give you receive. How much of the charm in the verse of Robert Burns and Walt Whitman lives in their love of "the race of men." It is not enough to love art and nature, or gods even.

In bower and hall  
He wants them all.  
Nor can dispense  
With Persia for his audience;  
They must give ear,  
Grow red with joy and white with fear;  
But he has no companion;  
Come ten, or come a million,  
Good Saadi dwells alone.

Every poet who writes has in mind an ideal audience. A few stand pre-eminent as his especial readers. He cares for the others, but he does not care for them much. Yet in a way he wants Persia—the public—for his audience; but he can do without them. How keen the disappointment if he does not command the few. There is nothing in the life of Browning as sad as his letter to his friend J. Mil-sand:

Dear Friend,—Let this poem, "Sordello," be introduced by your name, and so repay all the trouble it ever cost me. I wrote it twenty-five years ago for only a few, counting in these on somewhat more care about its subject than they really had. My own faults of expression were many; but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted, and without it what avails the faultlessness of either. I blame nobody, least of all myself, who did my best then and since; for I lately gave time and pains to turn my work into what the many might—instead of the few must—like; but after all, I imagined another thing at first, and therefore leave as I find it. The historical decoration was purposely of no more importance than a background requires; and my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul. Little else is worth study. I, at least, always thought so,—you, with many known and unknown to me, think so,—others may one day think so; and whether my attempt remain for them or not, I trust, though away and past it, to continue ever yours, R. B.

Browning confines Fate to the real world. As thus limited, Fate had denied him readers; but in the world of the imagination Fate had no power. In this other world he sought and found his read-

ers. After waiting more than fifty years, "Sordello" now finds good readers, the gift of the reluctant Fate. "Alone with the alone" implies this transcendental kingdom. Rev. Claiborne Addison Young, in the following poem gives a beautiful expression for the inevitable paradox, "alone and not alone:"

#### ALONE.

I saw an eagle cleave the air;  
He flew alone.  
I tracked a lion to his lair;  
He crouched alone.

A river started to the sea;  
It wound alone.  
A mountain rose up haughtily;  
It towered alone.

I looked into eternity,—  
Lo, God was lone.  
And then I sang on cheerily,  
But not alone.

Henry Thoreau said one day, "I have added eight hundred and fifty volumes to my library, all of my own writing." These were returned to him of a thousand volumes of his book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." It contained what he had written in prose and verse up to that time. It was his all as it then appeared. Emerson's little "Nature" he succeeded in giving away in the course of half a dozen years. Now the books sell for twenty-five dollars apiece. These poets all wanted Persia for their audience. Milton had gone through this trial before. Shakspeare did not defer to readers, or care if his books had a market. It was enough if his plays drew an audience when given on the stage.

But he has no companion;  
Come ten, or come a million,  
Good Saadi dwells alone.

The poet when given the applause of the crowd often finds himself in an hour the subject of unspeakable loneliness, dejection, and melancholy.

All great artists testify to these awful revulsions. "The higher the lower," seems to be the law. How sadly Abt Vogler sank to the "common key."

Be thou ware where Saadi dwells;  
Wisdom of the gods is he.

Saadi dwells in his own mind. He does not know time or place. There is eminent fitness in the line,

Wisdom of the gods is he.

Not wisdom of the gods has he. No man is wise until he is wisdom. It is poor psychology which looks upon the mind and its possessions as numerically separate. All we know of the mind is a consciousness of its states and changes. So if a man is wise, he is wisdom. If a man loves, he is love; and inasmuch as he feels the emotion of beauty, he is beauty, and there is no wisdom or love or beauty anywhere else. The wisdom of Saadi,—entertain it reverently.

With what contempt Professor Bowen, in the North American Review, spoke of the poems of Emerson. He did not know the fearful back action of this irreverence. It is the only thing he ever said which will be remembered, and will thus give him an ignoble immortality. Said Willis in a poem, "I have unlearned contempt." If we cannot have reverence, let us be silent.

I hung my verses in the wind;  
Time and tide their faults may find.

"Every good book will take care of its own immortality," says Emerson, in "Spiritual Laws."

Gladly round that golden lamp  
Sylvan deities encamp.

is imagery for what are the eternal proprieties. It expresses what the song is worth; but the "golden lamp" and the "sylvan deities" are subjective furniture, and only in that world

Where Saadi dwells,

And simple maids and noble youth  
Are welcome to the man of truth.

How truly was Emerson his own Saadi in this! How kind and helpful to every aspiring soul!

He said to me, "I want you to read the 'Bhagavat Gita,' and I will lend you the book." I told him as I left him one evening what his books were to me,—that I always had them with me, rode in the cars with them, walked in the woods with them, took them to my bed with me.

"Ah," said he, modestly, "get Goethe, get Goethe." But Goethe could never be to one who had Emerson what he was to Emerson. We have in Emerson a finer Goethe than Goethe. One thing I have regretted all my life. He asked me to write to him. "Write what you think as you read my books, and I will answer your letters." But I never wrote to him. The great man, he was too far above me. "Always do what you are afraid to do," he says. I did not heed this great command. I was afraid and did not write. I didn't dream what a few letters from Emerson would be to me fifty years in the future. And yet they might not have given me anything essential. A "spiritualist," so called, once asked me, "Does Emerson ever come to you?" I said, "No, I do not need him. Everything Emerson is, I find in his books." No man ever wrote himself out in such full and transparent speech as Emerson.

Most welcome they who need him most,  
 Thy feed the spring which they exhaust;  
 For greater need  
 Draws better deed.

These are golden words, and how true. Teaching is the best of all teachers. How often we find a truth while giving it. We are here reminded of a sentence in that early lecture, "The Method of Nature:" "Not thanks, not prayer, seem quite the truest or highest name for our communication with the Infinite, but glad and conspiring reception,—reception that becomes giving in its turn;" and so receiving and giving are two sides of one and the same event.

There is immense momentum in the assurance that your word is wanted. The word is half spoken in that fact alone. You feel, thus, that ears have not to be made before you can be heard; and the prophet often does not know that his word is worth hearing until he gets a reverberation from the hearer. The early Methodists understood this, and the frequently interpolated "Amen" quite carried the preacher along in his discourse.

Concentration is the chief element of successful work or study.

Silence is more eloquent than words. It conquers the rebellious soul.

For greater need  
 Draws better deed.

"A cat may gaze at a king," it is said, and but little mind is required for gibes and laughter even at things most excellent. The strictures of the critic are often but little more than this. Emerson had his full share of discipline and trial in this sort. He was too great to make reply, and the critics have tired themselves out and are silent.

But, critic, spare thy vanity,  
 Nor show thy pompous parts,  
 To vex with odious subtlety  
 The cheerer of men's hearts.

We are most impatient with the critic when we suspect that he speaks not in the interest of truth and true art, but only from vanity and for the exhibition of his own skill or learning. But criticism is not as savage as it used to be. We have learned that a truth will go, in spite of jars in rhythm or even bad grammar, and that severely criticised men sometimes, at last, shame their critics.

Sad-eyed Fakirs swiftly say  
 Endless dirges to decay.

The Fakir, in Mohammedan countries, belonged to a low order of priests, and was employed in burial services and the care of tombs. He cultivated gloom, and made the worst of things and events. The Fakir is therefore the representative of thousands like him in tone and spirit, though not called by that name. We find them in all ranks and places,—Jeremiahs, prophets of evil; not atheists, they do not say there is no God, but they make out the world he has created so very bad that it is a reproach to the Creator. And in this way it is constructive atheism, since there had better be no God, if the Fakirs are believed. The first ten lines of the sixth verse give the Fakirs. The next thirteen lines tell us how the Fakirs preach. But this is not Saadi's way. Saadi was the optimist, and would not acknowledge the reality of evil. But of this we must write another paper.

## FRANCES WILLARD

BY CLARA C. HOFFMAN

For a quarter of a century Frances E. Willard was indeed "the best known and best loved woman in the world." Now that she "has entered into the activities not succeeded by weariness," we ask, "What was the secret of her dominion?"

Men revered her as a saint, while recognizing her perfect womanliness; women in all stations of life loved her with a devotion true and rare. In homes of the lowly, mansions of the rich, and palaces of the titled, her pictured face and her words, written or spoken, were treasured,—still more now that earth has lost her visible presence.

The New York Central Railroad furnished special railway carriage, free of cost, to general officers and white-ribbon friends, when they conveyed their beloved charge from New York, where she died, to Chicago, and thence to Evanston, where burial took place.

We realized Miss Willard's dominion over human hearts as we sat in Willard Hall, Chicago, from ten o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, while more than twenty thousand people,—the elite and the unknown, the rough and the refined, the devout and the dissipated,—passed her uncovered coffin, two by two, to catch the last fleeting look of her pure face. By municipal order teams and traffic were barred from the streets bordering the Temple, where thousands stood in slush and snow, bearing the discomfort of a cold February wind, hoping at last to gain entrance. Flags drooped at half-mast, while the nation mourned for Frances Elizabeth Willard, president of the World's and the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

When the special funeral train reached Evanston, near Chicago, the city was assembled at the station to escort the sad procession to Rest Cottage, Miss Willard's former home. Flags were lowered, business suspended, shops and schools closed, and one voiced the sentiment of all when he said, "Evanston mourns her greatest citizen."

Yet this "greatest citizen," honored and beloved, was born in a humble home, a farmer's daughter, without rank or money, who had spent the first two decades of her life on a lonely farm in Wisconsin, who in her early girlhood, standing with her younger sister in the open barn door, watching father and brother as they drove off to town on election day, had asked in despairing tones, "Shall we ever be anybody, or know anything, or go anywhere?"

Miss Willard had a wise and noble mother, who laid the physical, mental, and spiritual basis of the daughter's character. This great daughter of a truly great mother possessed marvelous versatility of mind, coupled with richness and tenderness of heart. She was a natural leader and a great leader. Without the prestige of party or of pulpit, she drew after her the largest body of women ever associated in one organization, composed of and controlled by women. These hosts of women were to a large extent molded by their leader, while to no appreciable extent was she molded by them. In this she was superior to the majority of pulpit and party leaders. She was broad enough and catholic enough to show the kindest toleration to the bigoted and intolerant pietist often found in her following, but not an iota was she moved by the demand that all should be weighed by this pietist's scales.

Gentle and serene was she amid contradicting tongues and conflicting claims, which were not wanting, because her soul dwelt in the upper atmosphere, above and beyond the clamor and turmoil, where alone the true perspective is obtained. While she was by no means blind to narrowness and littleness, she never for an instant forgot that within every human being seem to abide an angel and a fiend,—hers the effort ever to enthrone the angel. She knew the fiend would then withdraw, as darkness disappears when the light comes in. This recognition of the good in every human being,—rather might

it be said, this seeking the good and seeming not to see the evil,—gave Miss Willard tremendous leverage both with men and women. Thousands left her presence resolved to become what she believed them to be, or capable of becoming. It was this divine alchemy, changing the dross into pure gold, which stimulated every soul within her influence to highest endeavor for themselves and others. She discovered men and women to themselves, and because she expected every creature's best was most successful in calling out every creature's best.

She had the genius of leadership in that no detail was too small for her attention. Her infinitely fine perception knew each chord that should be struck and each tone that should vibrate in the great white-ribbon chorus. As the master of the great orchestra detects instantly the absence of the smallest instrument, or the slightest note of discord, so her sensitive soul felt the inharmony,—fertile brain and loving heart seeking at once to bring perfect accord. Most rarely did she fail. She was a great leader, because within her small hand she held the hearts of those who followed, and drew with irresistible charm those who had not the courage to follow. Humanity gave her almost unbounded love and trust, because first she had given love and trust to humanity. Love begets love, and trust begets trust.

Miss Willard well knew how unpopular was the cause to which she gave her life. She well knew that neither church, nor state, nor society looked with kindly eyes upon the reform which she championed. But as truly to her as to the peasant maid in the woods of Domremy came the call to battle, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, and wickedness in high places. Thus with deepest love and highest devotion she went forth to "wage a peaceful warfare."

It has been charged that she was ambitious, and the charge is true. But what was the nature of that ambition? Was it selfish and sordid? Never by word or act did she seek money, position, or power. Every effort of her long years of labor was the betterment of humanity. She sought to emancipate from the awful bonds of strong drink, a slavery more abject and destruct-

ive than any known on earth; yet she did not confine her effort and thought to this one reform. She had the keenest interest and deepest sympathy with the labor movement, seeing the inevitable tendency of capital to dominate and oppress, the growing tyranny of corporate money as shown in trusts and monopolies. By nature and training she stood with the laborers and producers of the world, sometimes deploring their bungling attempts to free themselves, always grieved and surprised at their ignorance of their own power, ever wishing that a leader, wise to plan and combine, might teach and direct to certain victory.

The colored race had no truer, stauncher friend than Miss Willard, and her soul writhed under every barbarity inflicted upon that race or her own. She was in truth the friend of humanity and the most intense democrat the writer ever knew. Not that she espoused the principles or indorsed the measures of the Democratic party, but that she recognized no difference between human beings because of outward distinctions of class, creed, color, nationality, rank, or money. She believed literally that God had made all of one blood, and that all were his children, the souls of his creation. Thus she became the defender of the oppressed, whether negro or Armenian, whether the victim of military and monarchical intrigue, or the white slave in this "land of the brave, and the home of the free."

More than any and all agencies combined Frances Willard led woman to the discovery of herself. She awakened ambition in thousands of women to develop and use their God-given talents, which under the pernicious teachings of the pulpit and the authority of the law, that she was man's inferior and subordinate, had lain dormant and buried through all the centuries. To the finest fiber of her sensitive nature she felt the loss and hurt to humanity that its motherhood has been held inferior to its fatherhood, and that this deadly and most unjust condition has been maintained and enforced by church and state. To combat this unreasonable and unnatural condition she wrote "Woman in the Pulpit," which so

far has found no one who dared its refutation.

The converts to woman's equality under the law made by Miss Willard from the rostrum and through the press will exceed in numbers those made by any other individual or any society of individuals. Possessing the perpetual youth which is the characteristic of genius, Miss Willard knew how to deal with the young, whether in the school-room or in the wider circles of society. She came quickly into comradeship with them and inspired them to reach up to her own high ideals.

The serious and the humorous were well blended in Miss Willard's nature, and both appeared in conversation, lectures, and writings. Her philosophizing over the simple things in life were frequent and most quaint. For years she had advocated the bicycle because "tens of thousands could never afford to own, feed, and stable a horse, thus enjoying swiftness of motion and a wide outlook over nature with that sense of mastery which is probably the greatest attraction in horseback riding. But the steed that never tires, and is 'mettlesome' in the fullest sense of the word, is full of tricks and capers, and to hold his head steady and make him prance to suit you is no small accomplishment."

After passing her fifty-third year Miss Willard learned to ride the bicycle which was the gift of Lady Henry Somerset. Few women after passing the half-century would venture to ride a bicycle, and especially those of sedentary life little given to outdoor pursuits. Believing it would be the exercise she needed, she resolved to learn, and with her, all through life, the resolve was succeeded by action. In the little volume entitled, "How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle," we find this bit of philosophy: "Since Balaam's beast there has been but little authentic talking done by the four-footed; but that is no reason why the two-wheeled should not speak its mind, and the first utterance I have to chronicle in the softly flowing vocables of my bicycle is to the following purport: 'Behold, I do not fail you; I am not a skittish beast, but a sober, well-conducted roadster. I did not ask you to mount or drive, but since you have done so you must learn the laws of balance and exploitation.

I did not invent these laws, but have been built conformably to them, and you must suit yourself to the unchanging regulations of gravity, general and specific, as illustrated in me. Strange as the paradox may seem, you will do this best by not trying to do it at all. You must make up what you are pleased to call your mind speedily, or you will be cast in yonder mud-puddle, and no blame to me and no thanks to yourself. These two things must occupy your thinking powers to the exclusion of every other thing,—first, the goal; second, the momentum requisite to reach it. Do not look down like an imbecile on the steering wheel in front of you. . . . Look up, and off, and on, and out. Get forehead and foot into line, the latter acting as a rhythmic spur in the flanks of your equilibrated equine; so shall you win, and that right speedily. It was divinely said that the kingdom of God is within you. Some make a mysticism of this declaration, but it is hard common sense; for the lesson you will learn from me is this: Every kingdom over which we reign must be first formed within us or what the psychic people call the astral plane, but what I as a bicycle look upon as the common parade-ground of individual thought."

Later on in her learning to ride she says: "In many curious particulars the bicycle is like the world. When it had thrown me painfully once . . . then for a time it seemed to me the embodiment of misfortune and dread. Even so the world has often seemed in the hour of darkness and despondency; its iron mechanism, its pitiless grind, its swift, silent on-rolling have oppressed to pathos if not to melancholy. How many a fine spirit, to finest issues touched, has been worn and shredded by the world's mill until in desperation it flung itself away. We can easily carp at those who quit the crowded race-course without so much as, 'By your leave,' but 'let him that thinketh that he standeth take heed lest he fall.' We owe it to nature, to nurture, to environment, and most of all to faith in God, that we, too, do not cry, like so many gentle hearts less brave and sturdy, 'Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world.'"

She tells us that she had to learn the location of every screw, spring, spoke and tire, and every beam and bearing before she could get on harmoniously with the wheel. This reminds her of the infelicities so often seen in life and draws from her this conclusion: "These grow out of the lack of time and patience thus to study and adjust the natures that have agreed in the sight of God and man to stand by one another to the last. They will not take the pains; they have not enough specific gravity to balance themselves in their new environment."

Miss Willard had large hope that the general use of the wheel by women would necessitate and hasten the much needed and long delayed reform in woman's dress. She saw that, while man has adapted his dress to modern ideas of comfort and convenience, woman still clings to the customs of the past, versus comfort, health, and common sense. In this connection she says: "If women ride they must when riding dress more rationally than they have been wont to do. If they do this many prejudices as to what they may be allowed to wear will melt away. Reason will gain upon precedent, and ere long the comfortable, sensible, and artistic wardrobe of the riders will make the conventional style of woman's dress absurd to the eye and unendurable to the understanding. A reform often advances most rapidly by indirection. An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory; the graceful and becoming costume of woman on the bicycle will at last convince the world. . . .

A woman with bands hanging on her hips, snug about the waist and chokingly tight at the throat, with long, heavily trimmed skirts dragging down at the back, and numerous folds heating the lower part of the spine, and feet incased in tight shoes ought to be in agony. She ought to be as miserable as a stalwart man would be in the same plight. And the fact that she can coolly and complacently assert that her clothing is perfectly easy, and that she does not want anything more comfortable and convenient, is the most conclusive proof that she is altogether abnormal bodily, and a little so in mind."

Learning to mount the wheel is entitled "a mathematical problem." "You have to balance your system more carefully than you ever did your accounts; not the smallest fraction can be out of the way, or away you go; the treacherous steed forming one-half of an equation and yourself with a bruised knee the other half. You must add a stroke at just the right angle to mount, subtract one to descend, divide them equally to hold your seat, and multiply all these movements in definite ratio and true proportion by the swiftest of all roots, or you will become the most minus of quantities. You must foot up your accounts with strictest regularity; there can be no partial payments in a business like this."

These extended quotations from Miss Willard's latest book are given to show the philosophical tendency of her mind in all the little details of life. This tendency was apparent in all circumstances, but never more so than in the confidential and unrestrained converse with intimate and beloved friends, at which times it was embellished with the very quaintest humor.

As a presiding officer Miss Willard had no superior and few peers. Through the long, wearing days of a national convention, crowded from start to finish with the greatest variety of exercises, music, prayers, reports, speeches, discussions, appeals, and introductions, she held the great audience without seeming effort. Her marvelous versatility, her ready, quaint humor, and fine tact never once failed. In every convention scores of men and women were presented to the audience, and never once was there a failure to bring out in the introduction the very best thing which could be said of the one presented. Often was the question asked, "How does Miss Willard always find out all that is worthy, notable, and flattering?"

Many a time, when the one introduced, because of confusion and embarrassment, had spoken words lame or inopportune, both the blunder and the blunderer were quickly forgotten in the inimitable tact and grace of "Madame President" who with kindest words added what was omitted and made plain what was obscured. The same heavenly kindness was shown to

every new and timid member of the executive committee; indeed, to every one who came into her presence. It was literally the "love that hopeth all things and is kind." To the very highest degree it was the real mother spirit, helping everywhere; it was also the Christ-likeness shown in public and in private, every day. This was the secret of her power—the bond that held all hearts to hers.

Her annual addresses were marvelous productions in breadth and power. We always watched curiously at their reading to find if indeed any subject of real interest had been omitted. T. W. Higginson says, in *Harper's Bazar*:

Her annual reports, which were on a vast scale, were cyclopedias of the world's progress. Written in seclusion, as fast as her pen could go, and often desultory, unmethodical, impetuous, they were something to which future times may turn as a kinesiograph of the motion of the ages. Yet with all their hasty structure there was never an ungenerous word; each paragraph might have been read to the very people she censured, and every one of these, while differing perhaps from her opinions, would acknowledge the candor and generosity of her soul. She had even among her own followers, undoubtedly, the usual proportion of suspicious, fault-finding, even peevish and perhaps jealous persons. Yet it was astonishing how rarely she was called to account or obliged to explain herself.

Miss Willard was a ceaseless worker, and she accomplished much because she knew how to deny herself. During the years of constant travel when she spoke in every city of ten thousand inhabitants in the

United States and the Dominion of Canada, and in hundreds of lesser towns,—during all this time book after book came from her busy hands, while letters, leaflets, and articles were countless. Add to these the care, detail, and wearing responsibility of a vast organization encircling the globe, and we have a little insight into the superabundant energy, vitality, and mentality of this great woman.

As a speaker Miss Willard was most unique and original. She could always win her audience because she could always adapt herself to its requirements, yet lifting it unconsciously to her own high plane of thought. In the homeliest manner she combined eloquence, pathos, and humor, and her hearers, whether cultured and critical, or ignorant and prejudiced, went forth better men and women. They had gained a new view of truth and of themselves, and holier aspirations were struggling within their souls. This is the very acme of oratorical skill and power.

The temperance cause has made great advance during the last half of this closing century, yet in spite of this advance it is still relegated to the shadowy land of unpopular and supposedly impracticable reforms. But when the opposition of state is conquered, the inertia of church and society overcome, when this reform, now on the slow up-grade, shall reach the heights of success, triumphant and victorious,—then in the history of this movement for humanity, in letters of light, like Abou Ben Adhem, Frances Willard's name shall "lead all the rest."

## SCHOOL-ROOM DECORATION

BY WALTER GILMAN PAGE

The keen and intelligent interest which the subject of school-room decoration has awakened in the minds of men and women who have in charge the practical workings of our school systems throughout the country, and the wide-spread development of the idea, lead one to take up the threads by which, through small and modest beginnings, we have strengthened the whole fabric, and are gradually making the placing of works of art in our public

schools almost a necessary adjunct to the scheme of popular education.

Almost forty years ago in Barnard Memorial Chapel, or as it was formerly called Warrenton Street Chapel, in the city of Boston, the founder, Mr. Charles F. Barnard, placed upon the walls a few select examples of engraving and sculpture, rightly judging that art is the handmaid of religion; and the influence of this beginning led to the decoration of the new



Girls' High and Normal School-house in 1871, and in this latter work Mr. James M. Barnard, a brother of the founder of the Warrenton Street Chapel, was one of the most active leaders.

At that time (1871) there were few, if any, collections in the United States which approached in importance this collection in the hall of the Girls' High and Normal School of Boston. The Art Museum in Copley Square had not at that time been opened to the public, and while the Public Library and the Athenæum contained some good examples of art, their influence upon the public was very slight. So in the light of to-day we can look back to the decoration of this high school as a most praiseworthy and in some ways remarkable beginning, fully justifying the remarks made by the speakers upon the occasion of the dedication of the building, April 19, 1871. The President of the Social Science Association, Samuel Elliot, LL. B., presented the collection and in the course of his remarks forecast the present status which school-room decoration occupies. "If they," referring to the teachers and pupils of the school, "value these expressions of art, if they think well of them, if they get that good from them which we believe they will, the ripple which is stirred here to-day will spread far beyond this school and this city to every part of the country; and there will gradually come into the education of the United States an esthetic element which it now wants, but which is as sure to come through this experiment, or through some better experiment, as the sun is sure to rise to-morrow."

This collection of casts, with the details connected with the labor of securing them, was due to the efforts of the American Social Science Association, first proposed to that body by Mr. James M. Barnard, whose sympathy and enthusiasm encouraged the work at every step, and who also gave the frieze of the Parthenon reproduced from the originals in the British Museum. To Mr. Charles C. Perkins was due the selection of the various examples of Greek art, who also added a word at the time of the presentation, a word whose full meaning is more widely appreciated to-day than it was twenty-

nine years ago. "The appetite for beauty nourished here will demand food for its satisfaction at home. Parents and friends will catch the enthusiasm, and like the encircling ripples which break the surface of a lake around the place where a stone has fallen, and widen out until it is everywhere in motion, it will spread until the whole community feels its influence. Now, this small collection of casts may represent to us that beneficent rain of art which is to fall upon this continent. We need it; we thirst for it; and we shall have it. These are the first drops of promise which precede the abundant shower that is to quicken our national life and fertilize the land." These casts were all reproductions of the best of Greek art, and were purchased in Rome, Paris, and London. They were selected with peculiar reference to the place in which they were to stand, and though necessarily few in number combine a great variety of types.

The present time has fully justified the tone of prophetic hopefulness of the speakers upon this interesting occasion, but it must be said that for twenty years no further pronounced effort was made in the direction, so truly, so intelligently mapped out in 1871, for it was not until 1892 that an association was formed whose avowed purpose was to further the decoration of school-rooms. This was the Boston Public School Art League, still in existence, still active, still leading in this praiseworthy work. The league has decorated several schools, has given advice and assistance to other leagues, educators, and individuals throughout the country. Its influence has been wide-spread in the United States and Canada. It comes in touch with the most modern and advanced of the schools in our cities, and it has visited the "district schools" in the hills of New England.

The "ripple" has indeed widened out since 1871, and has covered the entire expanse of the country. Under the broader title of "art in the school-room," it now takes its place with more advanced ideas on the subject of drawing and the introduction of esthetic ideas in the general scheme of educational life; but it led the way, it advanced the banner of light, it has

fulfilled all that was prophesied for it nearly thirty years ago.

The rise and progress of school-room decoration, so far as its history pertains to America, has been briefly touched upon; let us also refer back to some of its beginnings in Europe, which unquestionably belong to the same "ripple" whose effects we now appreciate. In 1861 a report on the subject of art in the schools was presented to the French minister of public instruction. About that time a similar report was made to an English institution in London, of which John Ruskin was president, and Matthew Arnold, Sir Frederick Leighton, and other eminent men vice-presidents. The object of this association was "to bring within the reach of boys and girls in our schools such a measure of art culture as is compatible with their age and studies." The report of this committee as outlined was comprehensive and practical. It included both elementary and superior instruction, and proposed pictorial illustrations for the purpose of familiarizing the town and city bred children with the country scenes, as well as to attract the attention of children to the direct observation of nature. A harmony of thought is apparent in this movement, whether it be in France, England,

or the United States; all agree as to the fundamental ideas, and there is little divergence of opinion as to details. In our own country the proper tinting of school-room walls is being agitated, when a few years ago the bare white plaster was deemed sufficient, and a properly tinted wall is a standing invitation for the hanging of pictures and the placing of reproductions of classic art. We have clung too long to the bare, cold, and uninviting room, so cheerless and depressing and with its prisonlike atmosphere, but a radical change is apparent, and no more hearty welcome has been extended to any innovation, if such it may be termed, than is given to the plan for adorning school-room walls, by public, teachers, and pupils. for in no way can we further the love of the beautiful and the true, both for the present and the future generations, than by surrounding our young people with the best examples of classic and modern art, and no better opportunity is presented to us than is afforded through the public schools, wherein are daily congregated children whose parents come from every clime, for to one and all the beauty of the thought of painter and sculptor appeals in equal degree and in a language universal.

## WORK AND LIFE

BY ADELINE KNAPP

Civilized peoples of every age have sought a universal language, some means by which all human beings can communicate with one another unhindered by the inaccuracies of translation from one tongue to another. As yet we have no such universal language, but we have what comes near to being a universal interpreter of all ages and races in the finished work of each age and race. Into all human work, be it noble or base, enters somewhat of the intimate, informing principle of the life of the worker. All that any language can express of a man's intellectual and spiritual quality a man's work expresses. Words are at best a poor form of expression. Our thought "breaks through language and escapes" ere we

have half given it verbal form; but the work done by a people tells us more of the life and status of that people than do the books which it writes. By our work we stand revealed, and in the daily life of a people everything done quickens and confirms that racial and individual quality determining how and what it shall work.

It is a mistake to suppose that a man works primarily to earn his living. If he does this only, he does not live. Human labor is man's share in the creation; our Father worketh hitherto, and we work, for the perfecting of this earth on which we live. Work is in itself neither a curse nor a blessing; it is human destiny; the human being's reward for its faithful performance is more work to do, and so great

is the informing vitality that sets us to our task, that we cannot honestly labor at it in ever so small a degree without being ourselves the real gainers by the effort. Human labor completes the world by completing the human spirit.

But not all labor is human. That human beings perform a given task does not make it what we mean by human labor. This is labor that is of actual use in promoting the world's growth; all else is a false and arbitrary thing—a sort of horrid merry-go-round circling the outside rim of an equally false and arbitrary thing called "the industrial system." Manhood and womanhood, the human quality that sets men and women above the brutes, is not fed by the results of such labor, no matter what its economic returns may be. It is no special gain to the world; it is nothing especially to a man's credit that he should earn a living spending his life doing that which is not actually useful.

The question of useful labor, however, is something more than a question of surrounding the worker with good conditions, even were we sure what good conditions are. Social righteousness is individual righteousness plus economic good, not the individual plus economic good. Once, in conversation with the late Laurence Gronlund, I ventured to assert that not even good economic conditions will make a good human being of the man who under poor economic conditions has not tried to make a good human being of himself. Mr. Gronlund disputed this idea; he held that to make a better race the prime essential is good external conditions, forgetful of the fact that the conditions which surround a people are, inexorably, the expression of that people's racial character and development. Any change, to be a good one, must work from within outward, else, as William Morris once pointed out, the reforms we strive for are apt to prove, after all, not those which we really intended, so that those who come after must fight the fight over again for the good which we would fain have secured to the race.

Arguments for industrial good that are based upon the methods pursued by any of what are called the sub-human orders are ineffective and misleading. We have not

enough data regarding what we may call the economics of the wild animals to know other than that they are subject to many vicissitudes to meet which the provisions of their different natures seem rather inadequate. In matters of economic provision, of mortality, and of development, the human race, despite the ultra statements of quasi science, makes, as it should, the best showing of any order of animal life, but Mr. Gronlund and others who argue along the general lines which he follows are fond of citing to us the ants and the bees as having built up industrial systems nearly approaching the ideal. Unquestionably the actions of the bees, at least, so nearly approach those of intelligent, reasonable beings, that it is impossible to say, with them, where instinct ends and reason begins. Let us, however, distinctly understand the essential feature of the "system" of each.

Each generation of bees toils, not for itself, but for the next generation. The "queen," so called, is set aside for purposes of reproduction. The drone who encounters her upon her nuptial flight pays with his life for the honor. The other drones are suffered to live on for a season until, usually about mid-summer, they are killed off by the worker bees. Once impregnated, the duty of the "queen" is to lay eggs, which become the charge of the "worker" bees. These are sexless, or neuters, in fact. Essentially they are undeveloped females. They live only to work,—to provide honey for the next generation. To do this they work so that "busy as a bee" has become a standard of industry. The wild bees hoard, they accumulate, they store up beyond any reasonable consideration honey that can never be used. Each succeeding generation emulates this ceaseless, idiotic, unreasoning industry until chance sends a plundering bear or a bee-hunting human to the store, which is then promptly absorbed and made use of in a way never intended by the hoarders. A thousand years of their perfect system of economic industry has not brought the bees to any rational system of labor or enjoyment thereof. As they were in Virgil's time they are to-day, very spendthrifts of effort, toiling senselessly beyond any need therefor.

The case of the ants is worse still; for they not only toil, but even less sensibly than the bees do. Not only do the worker ants, which, like the worker bees, are neuter, toil for the young of the race, but some varieties go to war against others, which they bring home into captivity, not to make them work for their captors, but to be slaved for by them. The so-called "slaves" of the black ants really become, once captured, their masters and drivers. The ants are, with one exception, the only creatures who take no recreation. All young creatures, even the bees, play, except ants, and the young of that most ferocious of known animals, the "Tasmanian devil." The ants were once endowed with wings, and with sight; the few sexed members of the race still retain these for a time, but the workers have gradually lost both, as unnecessary to their toil. The fact of their blindness explains that exhibition of stupidity so often witnessed near an ant-hill, of two workers tugging at opposite ends of a little chip or a kernel of wheat. These are not helping but hindering each other, because neither knows that the other is there until some accident of touch or smell reveals the fact. Then both usually quit the undertaking in disgust, and a chance comer finds the grain or stick and brings it in. These model sub-human communities are blind, rapacious, stupid outside their hoarding and nursing instincts, fierce fighters, with no co-operative instinct of mutual helpfulness, such as humanity possesses, such as, to some extent, the bees possess. Even their accumulative, care-taking instinct is for the young of the species. Moreover, under their peculiar system they have deteriorated, to the extent that they are, as has been said, wingless and sightless where once they were the contrary.

As I have said, there is really very little weight attaching to the arguments for an economic or a governmental policy based upon the lives of the lower animals. They must fail as do those other arguments of that class of physiologists who would have us "observe the beasts" and order our lives from their examples. If, however, an argument drawn from the polity of the ants or the bees has application to human society, such application is little in

accord with the desires of those sociologists who invite our attention to it.

Social righteousness, as I have said, is individual righteousness plus economic good. The oneness of a race is shown in nothing more than in the fact that a nation's constructive and artistic achievement never rises above that nation's spiritual level. No nation in its decadence has ever produced a noble architecture or any noble constructive work. It is not that a nation even in its decadence may not have gifted sons and daughters, but these cannot separate themselves from their age and produce work of the highest nobility when that is base. The kinship of humanity is too real a thing to admit of that. The gifted soul may maintain itself alive in a corrupt age, but the age cannot avail itself to the fullest of the great soul's powers. Nor may the individual rise above the real self within him, and, in his work, surpass that intangible principle informing life, which we call personal character. No man lacking this quality has ever done any sustained worthy work in the world. It is not that men of bad lives have never done great deeds, but no human being has ever lived basely and wrought with consistent nobility. Individual righteousness must be the base upon which social righteousness is built. Good economic conditions are essential to the completion of the structure, but they can only grow out of the righteousness of the majority of a people. They cannot be superimposed upon any existing social fabric.

Social good is not an accretion. It must be a growth. There is something very attractive in the idea that under good economic conditions, legislated into existence, man would logically be at his moral and industrial best. As stated by its believers, this idea seems to promise the moral and economic salvation of the race. The fallacy lies in the fact that economic conditions, whether good or bad, are an expression of the people among whom they prevail, and unsocialized men and women, if placed among the best economic conditions of which we can conceive, would not make of them social conditions.

No great moral movement ever yet had its rise in a mental conception. The hu-

man will, rather than the intellect, is what moves human beings to action. It is possible to have an excellent idea of good social conditions, and to be devoted to its propaganda, without being, one's self, socialized; to be imbued with a lofty veneration for man and race, the while one is but imperfectly inclined to live socially toward man the neighbor. It is the essentially unsocial state of most of us that renders work, to-day, the feeble, inexpressive thing it is. It is not, primarily, because the conditions surrounding our work are bad; it is because of the increasing lack of individual character in ourselves as a nation. This, more than anything else, is the lack throughout the whole system.

This is not saying that the system is good. It is only saying that the system can never be better until it is the genuine expression of better men and women. External conditions can never be equalized until there has been the internal equalization of the human spirit. It is not meet that human beings should be housed worse than beasts of burden are; that men should toil out of hours for that which does not feed manhood, and never come to a knowledge of the fair fields and sweet waters of real human labor. Nevertheless, until we, as a people made up of individuals, are able to lay hold in the social spirit upon economic good, and make of it social good, no external creating of conditions can really help us.

But while the conditions of work, to-day, cannot, even by the most optimistic, be called good, there is no gainsaying the fact that through the right doing of our work, and through it alone, are we to attain to the individual integrity which is our debt to the social integer. Consciously or unconsciously we build for the greater things upon our performance of the lesser ones. We may not say of set purpose, "Go to, now, I will produce a masterpiece of art;" but we may say, "Go to; this room shall be perfectly swept;" or, "This field shall be perfectly plowed,"—and through the work done in such spirit there enters into the nature of the worker somewhat of the rightness and fitness of the doing. There is no other way, in this world wherein we labor, to prepare for the larger tasks, the larger opportunities, the larger good, than to do faithfully the every-day things, loving them because they are useful, and are set before us to do, and by our loving doing of them making them beautiful. All true work is expression, and whether we paint pictures that awaken others to a sense of the world's beauty, or whether we make shoes, or do the daily tasks that make life more bearable for ourselves and those about us, so long as the work expresses the love of human usefulness it is worth while. Without that love the noblest task becomes a sordid grind.

Nothing is truly our own until we earn it.

The man who lacks gratitude cannot be a true friend.

Reflect more than you read. Think more than you speak.

Do not expect to see the sun at midnight, nor the result of your work when it is only half done.

Every man has within himself the seminal principle of great excellence; he alone can develop it.

Light and truth are presented to us in ever varying conditions, but are always the same light and the same truth.

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

During the summer of 1882, while our daughters were visiting their aunt in the East, I dreamed of seeing them at a picnic party of young people. My attention was attracted to a very tall gentleman, with blue eyes, who was paying attention to the elder daughter. I noticed his dress minutely, as I was sure, when I awoke, that I would recognize the gentleman anywhere. In my dream I was impressed with the fact that these young people, though so recently acquainted, were very much in love with each other and would be married. I related the dream to my husband, and described a small body of water near the picnic grounds on which young people were rowing. My husband remarked that there was no such body of water near the town which they were visiting. The dream and the impression that the one daughter had met her future husband caused my husband to visit them very soon. Arriving at their aunt's he was told that the young people were at church. He sat down on the porch awaiting their return. When they did so they were accompanied by the tall young man I had described, and who is to-day our son-in-law.

This may be accounted for on the theory of mental telepathy. Our daughter could easily have impressed a description of her lover upon my mind, but how about the following experience?

About a year after the marriage of these young people, and while they were living in a southern town, I dreamed of being in a small kitchen, very near a river, on the opposite shore of which was a larger city than the one in which I was. I observed everything in this small kitchen very mi-

nutely, and was surprised to see a very handsome gentleman's watch and chain hanging on the wall. One door opened on the street, and by a porch connected with the front door of their sitting-room. The other door opened into the back yard. The window looked out into a vacant lot, which was covered with what appeared to me blackberry bushes. I saw a negro man come to this window, look in, and rivet his eyes upon the watch for a moment, hastily disappear, and come into the room by the front door, or the door on the porch, take the watch, hastily run down to the river and jump on a boat. When I awoke the whole thing was so vivid on my mind that I really felt that I had just returned from a journey to our daughter, but the watch upon the wall appeared absurd. However, I wrote my daughter, telling her the facts of my dream, and in less than a week received a letter from her stating that she had left the watch exactly where I had described seeing it; that it had mysteriously disappeared, and that they had been so positive that the servant girl had stolen it that they had a search warrant issued to search her home, but that they failed to find the watch, and that if the negro had stolen it he would have had to make exactly the movements I described in order to get it without being discovered. This cannot be accounted for by mental telepathy, as no one ever suspected the negro; but the fact that the watch was never recovered, and that the river divided Kentucky and Ohio, leads to the conclusion that the negro had stolen the watch and effected his escape by going into Ohio.

## A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

One June morning Mrs. Middleton awoke at five. She felt a strong desire to rise. She was not an early riser, but on this particular morning she was so wide awake, so rested in body and mind, so keenly alive to a new influence around her, that she arose and began to robe. Before she had finished, a voice, soft, sweet, distinct, and seemingly close to her ear, said: "Read the ninety-first Psalm." She evinced neither surprise nor fear, although no one was visible except Mr. Middleton, who was quietly sleeping—indeed, no one else was in the house, for Mr. and Mrs. Middleton constituted the family and they kept no servant. She evinced no surprise or fear at the sound of the voice, although she intuitively felt it to proceed from an invisible presence; its effect was peaceful and soothing. She finished dressing, took her Bible, and walked out to the back porch. None of her neighbors were astir. She seated herself on the steps and looked around. The solitude was sweetly peaceful. The trees, clouds, birds, flowers, and grasses spoke the ever new language of divine love. She opened the Book at the ninety-first Psalm, and began to read with increasing surprise and delight. Each verse created a more delicious surprise than the preceding one. "It is a wonderful chapter of more wonderful promises!" she mentally exclaimed. Her joy was intense.

Mrs. Middleton had never read the Psalms. She was a Bible reader, it is true, but the historical and prophetic parts of the Old Testament and the Four Gospels had been her study. She did not understand the Psalms, she said, they were so obscure, and the style of changing the pronouns from the first person to the third, and the third to the second, the second to the third annoyed her. But this particular morning she forgot everything disagreeable in the wonder she felt at the promises, and her understanding of them. Her attention was riveted by the first verse: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." She understood that the fulfillment of these prom-

ises depended upon obedience to God's laws in things both temporal and spiritual. She did not question herself as to her obedience, she was too strangely happy; something new, so strong, so sweet, so peaceful, so joyful had come into her life. She could not think, she was resting in the knowledge of this new something to which she had not given a name.

The clock struck six. She arose, entered the kitchen, lighted the fire, and began breakfast. She seemed to walk in the air.

Mr. Middleton appeared at breakfast, and looked at her in loving surprise. He felt the change in her, but did not speak of it, and she did not tell him.

As Mrs. Middleton went about her usual avocations, these words were repeated continuously: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "How shall I get into the secret place of the Most High so that I may always live under his shadow or protection?" she suddenly asked herself. The questioning was intense; her whole soul was in it. Again she heard a voice: "Read the fifteenth Psalm." She sought her Bible and read:

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?  
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh a reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Mrs. Middleton believed God had spoken to her. Her superconscious mind was awakened, her inner self was aroused, her highest spiritual nature sprung into action, and led to a rigorous self-examination. She was now capable of making fine distinctions, she understood the unjustness of condemnation without knowl-

edge, the cowardice of silence at wrongdoing for fear of giving offense to the evil doers, the sin of deception in a trade in order to get the best end of the bargain, the oppression of the poor by that method of gambling practiced by that body known as the board of trade, the usury practiced in the withholding of alms. Every act of her life passed in review before her; she remembered the many times and places she could have benefited others, if she had been less selfish; the full meaning of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God burst upon her. The justness in her nature inquired, "Are you in condition to be called the friend of Christ, or even his servant?" The same justness answered, "No." She measured her life with the Christ life, and, dismayed, shrank in self-abasement, and cried for pardon. The words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," floated through her brain. She accepted the invitation, and ineffable peace filled her soul. She was what an intelligent Methodist would call converted. She accepted her new yoke or knowledge with ease, and to the best of her ability lived up to the light thus given her. So her life "flowed on in peaceful song," when one morning in September she awoke feeling almost ill, and nearly inadequate to the accomplishment of her household duties.

We must here leave Mrs. Middleton for a while to make the acquaintance of two boys who are in trouble in a city in the far West.

The boys in question are runaways from home, and are probably eighteen years old. They are chums, having been associated together in Chicago. This city was the home of one, and the other was visiting his brother, who was pastor of a leading church in this queen of cities. They had been seized with the spirit of adventure and a desire to make a fortune, foolishly believing they could almost pluck money from the trees in the farthest western cities. On counting their resources they found they had sufficient to carry them to a desired point in the West, and they fondly hoped to pay expenses until they could obtain situations. At the time we find them they had proved the futility

of their expectations, and were tramping, begging from door to door. They were ashamed and afraid to write home for aid. These boys were of good families, and had had the advantage of the best schools and of gentle society. One was the son of a high official in Montreal, Canada, but the home discipline had been so rigid that the very thought of meeting his father terrorized him. He knew no mercy would be shown him on his return home. The other was an orphan under the control of a guardian, and had some money, but could not command a penny without the consent of his guardian, and he was afraid to acquaint him with the truth of their condition. However, they recognized the necessity of reaching Chicago, where they had friends, who, they hoped, would employ them and give them an opportunity to make themselves presentable before their nearer relatives could know of their return.

There was no other method, they thought, but to "dead-beat" their way home; therefore, they stole into a box car and were carried to Denver, where they managed to leave the car without detection. After the severest hardships there, which we will not stop to relate, they succeeded in getting on a freight train by paying their all, a charity gift of fifty cents, to a brakeman to let them ride. This individual, after protecting them the distance included in his "run," left them to the tender mercies of his successor, who ejected them, not very gently, when he found they had no money to give him, and one was severely injured by the kicking he received as he was thrust from the car. From this time the task of begging and working their way home devolved on one, and in the true spirit of the fellowship of love, engendered by mutual misfortune, this one did his best. They were not far from a city at the time they were thrown from the car, so the one who escaped injury half carried, half dragged his wounded friend into the outskirts, where a good Samaritan gave him shelter for a day. Here, after much suffering and difficulty in procuring food and shelter, they managed to leave and reach the city in which Mrs. Middleton lived. They were hungry, discouraged, and almost in despair.



It was the day before these boys reached Mrs. Middleton's city that we left her feeling quite ill.

Mrs. Middleton was a woman of strong will power and much force of character; besides, they were too poor to hire much housework done; therefore she determined to do the best she could without help until she was better.

Notwithstanding this resolution, she looked in dismay at a basket of rough-dried clothes to be ironed. She had already put off this task several days. It was now Friday, and she could wait no longer. Some of them must be ironed the following morning, Saturday. That afternoon she selected a few pieces, those most needed, thinking she would iron them, and leave the remainder until Monday, in hopes she would be better or well by that time. She was about to lay them on the ironing board, preparatory to sprinkling, when a voice, seemingly so close to her ear that she could hear the whispering of the breath through the teeth, said: "Can't you trust me?" As we have said, Mrs. Middleton believed God had spoken to her; therefore she answered on the impulse, "Yes, Lord, I can." She removed all the clothes from the basket to the board, cold-starched some, and made all ready to be ironed the following morning, firmly believing she would at that time be well, and was much disappointed when she arose the next morning to find herself no better. However, she prepared breakfast, firm in the belief that strength would come when she would have begun to iron.

After breakfast she stepped into the yard to fill a can with gasoline preparatory to filling the tank attached to the gasoline stove on which she intended to heat the irons.

She had not observed a boy, about eighteen years old and evidently a tramp, enter the porch and approach the kitchen door, and was surprised to hear Mr. Middleton, who was standing near, say: "Can't you get work?" Looking up as she was in the act of pouring the gasoline from the larger can into the smaller one, she saw the boy, and said with a decision that bore down

all opposition: "Mr. Middleton, I intend to give that boy his breakfast."

Mr. Middleton did not believe in encouraging tramps, therefore she was surprised when he met her glance and words with a smile.

Quickly entering the house, she soon had a substantial meal on the table. When the boy had finished the repast, she began rather hastily to clear away the breakfast things, saying, apologetically: "You must excuse me, I have some ironing to do, and am in a hurry." "I can do that ironing," said the boy, "I've worked in a laundry and know how." Mrs. Middleton was startled. She looked at the boy, their eyes met, and a mutual confidence was established. She accepted the offer, and while he was ironing he voluntarily gave her the history of their runaway, hardships, and desire to get back to Chicago. Now, we know she had no money with which to help them, but she immediately prepared a bounteous dinner, which the boy carried to his injured comrade, and returned by her request for his own dinner.

Mr. Middleton procured him work for the afternoon, by which he realized sufficient means to buy them a bed for a few nights, and Mrs. Middleton prepared a box of food to last them over Sunday. As she gave him the box, she said: "Return Monday for your meals, if you can't get work, and if you are in need of food or anything else to which I can help you, be sure to let me know." "What makes you so kind to boys?" he said, as he took the box with thanks. "If I am kind," she replied, "it is the spirit of Christ that bids me be so."

Mrs. Middleton had no secrets from her husband; therefore she told him the whole story about the voices, her inability to do the extra work of ironing, and of the unexpected help from the boy.

Mr. Middleton took a practical business view of the matter, saying: "There's nothing in it; for the money spent in buying the food given the boys you could have hired the ironing, and not had the trouble of them."

"But the boys were to be helped as well as I. It was mutual help, and they needed it more," she replied.

On Wednesday of the following week the boy returned to tell Mrs. Middleton that on leaving her he had plucked up courage to write to his brother, the clergyman already alluded to, and acquaint him

of their distress. He added that he thought if a stranger could be so kind, surely his brother would not repulse him. He had received a reply and assurance that money would be sent to pay their expenses to Chicago on receipt of directions as to what address to forward it.

ERNINE RANOLT.

## SEEN IN THE FIRE-LIGHT

Surely it is to comparatively few this clearer sight is given. Not to any man made of gross worldliness and the too practical ideas of the present day, are the visions sent; but only to those supersensitive natures, those spiritual beings, who dwell with us for a time, unappreciated and often misunderstood. My grandmother was one of such—tender, dreamy, spirituelle.

"What are you smiling at, grandmother?" I have often asked, as we sat before the fire.

"At those gentle eyes," she answered. "See! They smile across the flames."

Then on the night before her spirit left us: "Why, grandmother, you are talking to yourself," I said. She did not seem to hear me. I drew nearer. The room was empty, save for us two.

My grandmother's face wore an ecstatic look, such as one could imagine on the face of a heavenly being. The fire-light flickered to and fro, casting black shadows here, and rosy red beyond. Then my grandmother turned, and taking me by the hand, pulled me toward her.

"It is to-night," she said, happily. "I have had the message, little one, and I have waited long."

"Did some one talk to you, grandmother?" I queried.

"Not talk, child,—no. But old Granny knows. For there came before me just now a coach in splendid colors. The door, wide open, showed cushions of purple. There was room inside for one person only. In front of the coach, and drawing it gently before me, were shining beings, smiling

as I have often beheld them here in my old arm-chair. They looked back at the coach, then into my eyes, and then I knew the meaning of the message."

My mother entered the room at that moment and I stole softly out, overawed, for I was but a child. I think my grandmother must have told the message to my mother, for when I crept quietly in again, some twenty minutes later, she knelt upon the floor, her head in Granny's lap and their hands tightly clasped.

Granny's head lay back and her eyes were closed. Hearing me, my mother rose from her knees and sat on the opposite side of the fire. So they stayed the long night through—those two women. Stayed until the winter sunshine crept gently through the lattice. The fire had died down when I entered the next morning, but grandmother still lay quietly sleeping, while my mother sobbed beside her chair—for the message had come indeed.

Who can say that she had not seen aright? Wonderful, and, indeed, almost incredible, as are many of the things she saw, I know them to be true. Are not those warning spirits the ones we read of in Hebrews: "We also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Such witnesses have prophetic souls, like Joan of Arc, seen leading on to glory. Such witnesses not only hover about the heads of some, but reveal themselves to a few chosen ones. And one of such was my old grandmother, for God had given to her the clearer vision.

GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

# TWO HEARTS FOR ONE\*

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## CHAPTER XIV.

After breakfast Minnie saw Mr. Van Horn walking thoughtfully under the shade trees in the yard, now pausing to examine a leaf or a flower, now raising his head as though to see the birds which sang above. What a grand looking man he was, so tall, so straight, so noble, so princely in his bearing; anybody would be proud of such a friend; but when she thought of his wisdom, his goodness, his ability to straighten out all difficulties that could trouble anybody's mind, she ran straightway to him with all her gratitude and joy speaking in her face.

He did not reach out his hand to her as he was wont to do, but he smiled and his great dark eyes welcomed her.

"I have been enjoying the peace and beauty of the morning. Here in your quiet home, darling, one forgets that war, civil war, exercises our nation; that last night armies were advancing upon each other, that to-day a great and bloody battle may be fought, and that the conflict is only begun, to continue how long, God only knows; for never did two such armies meet before, never was there such a war as this. They come from the stern, cold North, like a moving wall of stone to meet the hot, fierce armies of the South, whose breath is so fiery that men go down before it like metal in a furnace. I am glad my birdie can sing and run amid the flowers and trees, away from sound of cannon and the roll of the drum; that will never come here."

"And yet they will fight for Missouri."

"Oh, yes; the government will not give her up. She is an empire in herself, self-sustaining, for she produces everything,—all the metals, marbles, stone, grain, and cotton."

He would look down the lawn every now and then, the road Hal usually gal-

loped over, as though expecting him, until Minnie said:

"I do not think he will come to-day. Hark! Probably that gun was fired by him."

Mr. Van Horn paused and listened.

"In the wood? Yes, probably it is he;" and telling her he would return at noon, he turned and walked in the direction from which the shot proceeded.

Minnie called to Amy to bring her hat, a book, and a pillow. Then she lay down in the hammock and ordered Amy to sit near by; but she did not read, she looked up into the sky and she listened for a shot, which came again and again on the fresh, flower-laden breeze, always louder, thus indicating an approach. She looked up at the sun; from Amy she had learned to tell the time by it. Hours passed on, no more shots; the sun rose higher,—his beams did not pierce the thick foliage above her as she lay thinking, listening, watching, waiting.

Hal came upon Mr. Van Horn sitting upon a fallen tree, the spot where he had first met Minnie,—the very log on which he sat and opened his mouth for her to study a new lesson in physiology, or rather to confirm the lesson she had read.

Hal did not see him; he had come to the spring to drink. He stood his gun up against a tree, took off his game bag, pushed his broad hat from his damp brow, wiped it with his fingers, and then stooped to slake his thirst.

He reminded Mr. Van Horn of a picture of Absalom that hung in his uncle's picture gallery,—his own gallery now,—and he studied this rebellious son of David.

One must see a man alone to study him to the best advantage, when he thinks no mortal eye is upon him. Mr. Van Horn was glad of this opportunity.

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When Hal rose up from the spring he wiped his lips with a fresh handkerchief that he drew from a pocket in his hunting shirt, and looked up as though to see the time, and then took out his watch as if to compare it with the sun.

He was very fair; this hot southerner looked as though he had grown

lend such hues to manly beauty; those rivers of rich, hot blood that, rising and falling with every heart throb, brought waves of white or red to the lips and cheek.

How tall and straight and square! As he stood among the trees near the gurgling spring, watch in hand, he appeared like a man suddenly immortalized, an emblem of hope and promise to the nation. •

"How strange," murmured Mr. Van Horn, "the two armies seem blended in this man—North and South in a Union indissoluble; he is typical of the hour." And if ever Mr. Van Horn had doubted, looking at Hal he doubted no more; the Union could never be dissolved.

"Hello, Brunetti."

Hal did not start, but, recognizing the voice, said: "Hello."

"You have been successful, I see," said Mr. Van Horn, pointing to his game. "Fairly so; yes."

"It is early yet; sit here and rest." He made room beside himself, and Hal sat down, and somehow, he never knew exactly how, he was soon talking of everything he knew.

"You were not reared in this part of the country?"

"Oh, no. New Orleans is the city of my birth. I am a creole,—mother French and Spanish, father Spaniard. When my father was dying he appointed Major Morgan's brother, of New Orleans, as my guardian and executor. At the surrender

of my native city in April I was just a little imprudent in speech and action; result was my present guardian sent me away and placed me in a Jesuit college, with permission to spend my summer vacation in the country; the Morgans being the only people I knew outside of the city in this



"AND THEN HE TOOK OUT HIS WATCH AS IF TO COMPARE IT WITH THE SUN."

up amid the snows and storms of Minnesota, but he was not cold; we know that white, cold faces and light hair mature in cold climates, but not like this. Only sunny skies could ripen such manhood in one so young; only the luxurious South, God's own country, could

State, and liking them very much, I domiciled myself near by."

"You have known the Morgans always, then?"

"Yes."

"I thought you and Minnie had grown up together."

Hal looked at him quickly, and said:

"Did she ever speak of me to you when you first knew her?"

"Yes, and it seemed to me that you had grown up together."

Hal thought it time to change the subject, and turned it upon another train.

"You are a northerner, are you not?" he asked.

"By no means. Does my appearance indicate it?"

"No, but your manner, your education."

"I was educated in Europe, where I lived many years, and I have some foreign notions, may be, but I am proud to be an American, and a southerner, and yet I have good friends who were born in the North."

"Were you ever married?" asked Hal.

"Certainly not; I may say I have never entertained such a thought."

"Why?"

"First, because I have never loved any one. I have avoided the society of women except of my nearest kin, and elderly married ladies, and children. I was very young when my hopes of happiness in that direction were blighted. I accepted the decree of Providence."

"But you must know that you are a very handsome man, and the very kind of man to win the hearts of women."

"Their sympathy, pity,—not their admiration or love. Women have keen eyes for beauty."

"But they can see it in the soul of man; I know that. I know you have power to win with your grand physique and eloquent eyes. To win where—I could not."

"I might win a confidence and trust such as neither women nor other men might have, but not awaken a conjugal love."

"Do you mean that you never intend to marry? Never want a woman to love you like—"

"Just so."

"If—if you had never been injured," said Hal, delicately, "would you still feel so?"

"Probably not. At your age I might have had all your dreams of wedded bliss. How old are you, Hal?"

"Why," said Hal, "you would call me a boy,—Major Morgan does; I am nineteen, sir."

"We southerners develop very early in life,—too early; and life is not to be measured so much by years as by thought and feeling, passion. One may live a year in a day, an hour, or drink one's life up in one draught of joy or sorrow. At twenty I was an older man than I should have been at forty, and at thirty-eight I am older than I should be at sixty. The bud that opens slowly yields the richest flower, the rarest fruit. Little Minnie, for instance, is a baby at sixteen."

Hal turned his eyes upon him and met his, and they looked each into the other's soul.

"She is very far advanced for her years," Hal said at last.

"In text-books, yes, and she opens her mouth with wisdom, too, at times, and speaks strange truths, but it is the wisdom of the All-Wise that flows into her unconscious mind; but of worldly life she is as ignorant as the birds or flowers. Her heart unfolds but slowly its rare treasures; filial love blooms there, and she meets with lavish hand friendship, and like a copper wire she draws the purest silver ever to herself; but another love lies fast asleep like an embryo in her heart of hearts. No shock, no blight must cause premature birth, else it would be a deformed child, most hideous to her always; though she might cling to it, her life would be wrecked by it for time and for eternity. Hal, let that sleeping love lie still; do not try to rouse it from its heavenly cradle till it is mature. God grant that your love may cradle it in a manly heart first and always."

"Do you mean that, sir?"

"I do; I do, indeed. No one can tell when Minnie may cease to be a baby; there will be one step for her, an awful sorrow or a great joy; a deed of daring that the years, the days, are unfolding



in this war. She could never love but once any more than she could live but once, and that always. How long have you loved her, Hal?"

"Why, I don't know. She is like no other girl. If you notice, she is frank, outspoken as a boy, and yet there is a strange shrinking away from contact with people, as a bird that will hop about and look at you, sing for you, but fly if you come too near. It always seems to me

Mr. Morgan was entertaining a young recruiting officer and a dozen of his recruits. Hal was soon eager and interested.

"Now is your chance, my boy," said Major Morgan, slapping him on the shoulder. "I say, captain, this young man has been waiting for such a chance as this for months."

The captain came forward, and Hal was soon in earnest conversation with him.



"I WAS MAD,—I THOUGHT THAT I SHOULD DIE."

that the Minnie that we see is but an imperfect manifestation of a Minnie we can never see; and what I want to win is, not so much the Minnie I see but the Minnie I don't see; or the Minnie that you see is what I want;" and the blood was flushing and paling his cheek again.

"That I see?"

At the house they found company, who brought news of a battle, and another Confederate victory.

Dinner was served at one. Mammy was the best cook in the State; and it did not take Hal or Mr. Van Horn long to see why the captain could forget Hal or anything else. He was as much in love with Nellie as any man could be with a pretty girl in one day; but while he turned all his attention to Nellie they noticed that others were more interested in Minnie, not as a young lady, of course, but as a winning child.

(To be continued.)

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## THE QUIET HOUR

BY MRS. J. R. KING

A housewife needs more than any other worker to keep her courage high, her heart light and sunny. The daily routine of duties in her circumscribed limits, with little of outside diversion save what may come in to her through the medium of books, or magazines, or the conversation of her friends and family. This isolation from the world of public action and the monotony of little duties are prone to make a housekeeper mentally and spiritually unhealthy. But, because her work is so vital to the family and to society, she above all other workers ought to have the widest horizon, the highest spirituality.

Her family does not come home to her from the world for mere physical comforts, for they may be had at a hotel or boarding house. It is her duty to minister hygienically and scientifically, and even esthetically, to the needs of the body, but her duty does not cease there. It but begins. Her family comes to her to find rest for weary limbs and aching hearts and troubled heads. It is her mission to give heart rest, encouragement, inspiration, reproof, advice, praise, as only the mother heart can give. I like that appellation, the mother, the house mother; and I have known some very young girls to stand in that beautiful relation to a houseful of younger brothers and sisters.

The housewife ought, therefore, to lay up rich treasures of spiritual strength against the time of her own need, or the need of her loved ones. Herein lies the value of the quiet hour.

It should be a time alone, closeted with one's heart, face to face with self. The quiet hour is preferably in the afternoon when the work of the day is in a measure ordered and completed. The hands need not be idle. While the needle flies the soul may see beatific visions.

It is not the time to worry over ways and means. "Count yo' marcies, chile,—count yo' marcies." It is astonishing how much we have to be thankful for, when we come to enumerate our privileges and blessings. Take this helpful thought: "If I do the very best I know, God will bring my life out right, somewhere, some time." Faith often leads the soul on a little way to look back and see what once seemed tangled and meaningless become a part of the pattern, intricate, yet symmetrical and beautiful.

This hour should be a relaxing hour, free from strain or nervous tension. This is sometimes best done by arbitrarily preaching one's self a sermon. Substitute a line of moral reasoning in place of the cares that have worried and harassed the mind all day. If good papers and magazines enter the home, the housewife, more than any other member of the family, needs to read them for germ thoughts, texts for the quiet hour of meditation. The text may be as old and as trite as, "This life is what we make it;" but who is not the better and stronger for a personal application of even that platitude?

This hour may be a period of mental adjustment to the life of that day. The

ethical value of journal keeping to a young girl lies in the formation of habits of introspection, and the consequent understanding and measuring of her relations to others. So the quiet hour should be a time of getting one's self in tune.

Did the string of hope, or patience, or gentleness, or love, twang a little harshly the last time you touched that string? Tune up. Plan some little surprise to counteract that one thing which your heart now regrets, and above all pray for strength and grace to say that hard saying, "I was wrong, forgive me." Tune up; think of some little act of thoughtfulness to fill to overflowing the heart of the loved one.

And just here, it is well to remember that those who come home to us will be full of their own day's happenings, and the way for us to get the key to their feelings is to understand their affairs, through inquiry or intuition, and not recount our own little troubles and vexations. In this way a woman is able to talk and act intelligently and sympathetically the rest of the evening.

That confidential talk relieves and unburdens the husband wonderfully. So often a man comes home with his heart all tight and hard against the world, and a talk with the one who loves and understands is a safety valve for angry, wounded, bitter feelings. The loving, tactful woman taps his mind here and there, as it were, and drains off all the poison, and ache, and fever, and her gentle ministrations place him in a hopeful, restful mood, ready for the next day's conflict.

Often the hour may be spent in dreaming over the days of courtship, that sweet and tender time which began with betrothment, and still continues, and which, please God, will never end, not even with death, but only cease a little while to recommence over yonder. Of a truth, I know that romance does not die at the altar, but it blossoms through all succeeding days into purer and lovelier romances than a girl heart can conceive.

The wife arises from that hour of tender memories with sweetness in her heart and the love light in her eyes, and after that all labor becomes glorified, a labor of love,

indeed. Such memories keep a woman's heart sweet and girlish, for she has in her love a fountain of perpetual youth and happiness.

What if the family life has other foundations than the firm, enduring rock of love? Then it becomes that woman's mission to make a home out of the materials which life has given her, and the more unpromising the materials the greater is her glory and reward if she create the home atmosphere wherever she may abide. If the soil be sterile she must water it with secret tears. The light of her love must quicken the seeds of her sowing, open the flower buds, and ripen the fruits of her life. Abnegation, self-effacement, altruistic love are the only things in the world except divine love, which can bring flowers and fruit to the bare, unblossoming wastes. If I have put the wealth of summer in one sad heart, which, erewhile, was bleak and drear with winter, I ought to count that the best work of my woman's life. If we but enrich the common life by sowing the good wheat of faith where before grew the rank weeds of noxious unbeliefs, we have written our hidden lives worthy the angel's reading.

The quiet hour ought not to be neglected. It were more sane and much better that the family dine on plain, wholesome fare than on the usual indigestible dainties prepared at the expense of the housewife's heart rest and soul culture. We would live simpler, and therefore happier lives, if we asked ourselves seriously at the outset of each undertaking, "Is this an essential or a non-essential? Is it worth my doing? Which counts more for health and happiness, this or that? Will this bed-time story or that ruffle count more in my child's development?" By applying this rule of prayerful common sense to our modern life, we find that much of it falls worthless, the mere husks of true living.

The quiet hour will do miracles in the way of redeeming the nervous, nagging, restless woman. The woman who day by day sits in judgment on her baser self, who daily reflects on her failures, that is the woman who will soon arise above that



baser self, with a heart of grace and joy to vitalize and energize every life that touches her life. These quiet hours will bear the fruits of sanctity and loveliness, and the inner light will shine out through the countenance, changing in time the most unattractive face into a face of beauty. Any woman may become beautiful to those who know her if she will but continue to think on those things which add peace and dignity and glory to the common life. That facial transformation is of itself worth striving for. Of how few women can it be said, "Her heart life is rich; you may read it in her face."

Such reflective, prayerful hours will give a woman a spiritual refinement which is infinitely more rare and precious than all the mental refinement obtainable from collegiate training. No matter what a woman's rank or place in the world, this

spiritual refinement may be hers for the seeking and thinking. There is a throne in the broad empire of truth for every woman who will lift her heart up to that throne. This spiritual poise and graciousness of heart is so restful to those who, all day out in the world, have rubbed against brusque, rasping, restless natures.

"Take time to be holy." You thus idealize the real and realize the ideal. Housework loses its sordidness and drudgery and becomes the holy office of a consecrated priestess. The daily task takes a new meaning. Life has new values. You have been on a Mount of Transfiguration, and when you descend into the vale you carry the glory and the brightness in face and heart. Take time, then, O heart, to be thoughtful and prayerful and holy. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!"

## FRESH AIR MORE IMPORTANT THAN FOOD OR DRINK

Fresh, well oxygenized air is alone health-giving. Breathing consumes about half of its vitalizing properties, besides charging it with carbonic acid gas. About five-sixths of the oxygen inhaled or imbibed is excreted in this gas, which is very poisonous. A good pair of lungs in normal action consumes about two hundred and fifty cubic feet of air every twenty-four hours, and expires about eighteen thousand cubic inches of carbonic acid gas—enough to make five and one-half ounces of solid carbon.

Breathing both oxygenizes and decarbonizes the blood. Arterial blood contains twenty-three per cent and only sixty-three per cent carbonic acid, while the venous blood contains only fifteen per cent of oxygen and seventy-one per cent of carbonic acid. Now, then, it is plain how great is the consumption of the vitalizing properties of the air inhaled, as well as how great its vitiation before it is exhaled.

Every human being ought to understand this fact, and the best method of ventilation. Four or five hours every

day, cold or warm, should be spent in the open air, coupled with bodily action. Four or five hours out-door breathing daily is the very least compatible with health for adults. Children require a greater amount of both, because they have or ought to have a higher temperature and greater circulation, which must build up as well as sustain their system. Never shut a child up in the house even in cold weather; it is murder. Cold air contains more oxygen for its bulk than warm, and is therefore more healthful, for it quickens the blood and stimulates muscular, nervous, and cerebral action. Heated air devitalizes. All the inhabitants of hot climates are indolent, mentally and physically, and the active northerner is rendered inert in the hot climate.

If you would ruin the mental and physical health of your child keep him indoors.

If you have an education educate your own delicate darlings, or hire a tutor, rather than pack them in the heated school-room.

MRS. C. K. R.

## TWO NEW YORKERS

### ONE GIVES THE OTHER A HANDY LIFT

Mr. E. C. Hazard, one of the oldest and best-known wholesale grocers in New York, has for many years given his attention to the preparation of fine food delicacies. He has a farm and experiment station down on Staten Island, where the famous Shrewsbury Ketchup, Burnt Onion Sauce, Shrewsbury Mushrooms and other delicacies are prepared in a most skillful manner.

One evening last autumn while on his way home, Mr. H. sat with one of the officials of the N. J. C. railroad, who seemed to be living with one foot in the grave,—stomach so badly disordered that nothing would digest. It seemed only a question of a few weeks, at most, when death would come.

“Mr. Hazard insisted upon taking the gentleman to his house and giving him a package of Grape-Nuts breakfast food which is manufactured by the Postum Cereal Co., at the pure food factories at Battle Creek, Mich., a food which Mr. Hazard had been using at his own table for a long time, greatly to his benefit.

“He told the gentleman that he could

get well in a few weeks by the use of perfectly prepared food of this sort, and would never forget the day when he first tried Grape-Nuts. The prediction came true; the official is not only alive to-day, but is in better health than he has experienced for many years, all of which he attributes to the use of Grape-Nuts and from the advice of Mr. Hazard.”

There are two reasons for this; in the first place, Grape-Nuts are made from certain selected portions of wheat and barley that contain phosphate of potash and albumen, which nature uses in the human system to make up the gray matter in the brain and nerve centers throughout the body.

The nervous system directly controls the digestive machinery and the brain controls the working and money-making power. Mr. Hazard knows this, from his knowledge of foods and from his own experience with Grape-Nuts. Therefore when he took the railway official in charge, he knew exactly what he was doing, and the result proved the correctness of his knowledge.

## THE CHILD'S INTEREST

Every child likes to feel the superiority of its parents, and wise parents strive to live so that their children can look up to them as superior in wisdom. This does not always signify book-learning, but a wisdom that comes from experience and contact with the world and observation of people and places.

Parents can stay at home too closely, but all must admit this is a lesser evil than to be a gad about. Homes can not be built, nor held together, by the latter practice.

Every one must have noticed the intense interest with which a child listens to incidents in the lives of their parents, or when they were children, and during their school days, courting days, etc.; who was at the wedding; how they begun house-keeping, the fashions in dress and furni-

ture at that period; the friends of their youth, where they are and their children. I have thought often that this interest may spring partly from the manner in which an incident is related. Mother forgets all but the memory of the scene or circumstances she is relating, enters into the recital with the enthusiasm of youth and charms her listeners. They never weary of such stories. “Mother, tell us of the time you had the tea party and built the fire out of doors so close to the house you almost set it on fire, and grandfather come and kicked it down and sent the children home and locked you up. We never did anything half so bad.”

“Father, tell us about crossing the plains with mules. It must have been so much nicer than going on the trains to California.”

# EDITORIALS

## SOME OF LIFE'S LESSONS

It was the habit of the philosopher Seneca to review each day's doings before retiring. What good have I done? What evil have I refrained from committing? What lives have I made brighter and better? Such were the queries he put to himself night by night. It would be well if each of us recognized the august character of life enough to lead to a nightly self-examination, and a daily endeavor to become more unselfish, charitable, earnest, and upright. Our life here bears a logical relation to our life hereafter. Whatsoever we sow that shall we reap. As we build daily and hourly, so will our soul appear in the great to-morrow of life. What a solemn thought, and yet what a powerful incentive to do right, to crush out every unjust, uncharitable, unworthy, and ignoble thought. And this truth is precisely what we should strive to realize, until it becomes so much a part of our thought world that it influences our every act. Do not understand me as teaching that we should go through life with long faces. It is a part of our mission to brighten the lives of those with whom we come in contact, to make joy abound in the homes and laughter reign by the fireside,—laughter in which there is no counterfeit ring, because it bubbles up from the soul, as song comes from the throat of a bird. But, on the other hand, we must not lose sight of the fact that the world has grown largely insensible to the solemnity of life, or rather has not been awakened to it, else would the misery of mankind so touch the human heart-chord that poverty, want, and the trail of crime and disease that follow so closely on the heels of the same would be almost obliterated from the earth; else would our cit-

ies blossom with great industrial and educational institutions, equipping every child with a useful trade, developing the moral nature and schooling the intellect. When humanity becomes sane enough to pursue the just and enlightened course, our towns, villages, and cities will no longer be infested with haunts of temptation, appealing to the basest instincts of man, that the tempter's greed for gold may be gratified. We need a high, strenuous note in our national life to take the place of the dull, prosaic existence which lives in the counting-house atmosphere and fails to hear the chimes of eternal progress and the call of the ages to rise to the higher planes of thought and dwell more upon the eternal verities which have lifted man to the heights.

Duty, principles of right conduct, our responsibilities to our neighbor, to society, and the obligations we already owe to our higher selves,—these are notes which must more and more enter into the life if the jarring voices of civilization are to be changed into a symphony.

Nine-tenths of the crimes of the world to-day are directly traceable to want, ignorance, and the avarice of man in filling the pathway of life with temptations. How much of all this would remain if it were not for the cruel heartlessness chiefly due to the fact that we are not awake to the responsibility of life? Let every child understand that every moment of every day he is building a soul that is to be unveiled the moment he passes beyond the vale, and, moreover, that that unveiled spirit may be supremely fair and well equipped for a splendid existence of eternal progress; while on the other hand, it may be dwarfed, shriveled, and deformed,

the object of pity, clothed in shame, a loathsome spectacle. Impress this truth on the plastic brain, and with it the fact that it is with him to elect how he shall appear in the world to come—that by a pure, unselfish, earnest life toil, filled with charity, toleration, breadth of thought, and magnanimity of soul, his spirit will grow divinely fair. Gerald Massey some years ago, in a lecture delivered in Boston, touched on this same thought in the following language:

"In the olden days when Immortals  
To earth came visibly down,  
There went a youth with an angel  
Through the gate of an eastern town;  
They passed a dog by the roadside,  
Where dead and rotting it lay,  
And the youth, at the ghastly odor,  
Sickened and turned away.  
He gathered his robes about him,  
And hastily hurried thence;  
But naught annoyed the angel's  
Clear, pure, immortal sense.

"By came a lady, lip-luscious,  
On delicate, mincing feet;  
All the place grew glad with her presence  
All the air about her sweet;  
For she came in fragrance floating,  
And her voice most silvery rang;  
And the youth, to embrace her beauty,  
With all his being sprang.

A sweet, delightsome lady;  
And yet the legend saith,  
The angel, while he passed her,  
Shuddered and held his breath!

"Only think," exclaimed the poet, "of a fine lady who in this life has been wooed and flattered, sumptuously clad, and delicately fed; for whom the pure, sweet air of heaven had to be perfumed as incense; and the red rose of health had to fade from many young human faces to blossom in the robes she wore, and every sense had been most daintily feasted, and her whole life summed up in one long thought of self,—think of her finding herself in the next life a spiritual leper, a walking pestilence, a personified disease, a being before whom pure spirits involuntarily shudder. Do you think that if she realized that, as an awful verity, she would continue in the slough of selfishness?" Now, this thought, which the poets and philosophers bring out so vividly, should come home to each of us. In a pure, earnest, thoughtful, and unselfish life lies happiness for each of us and joy for all with whom we are associated, and this pathway leads to spiritual supremacy and endless progress.

B. O. FLOWER.

## THE TRANSFORMATION

An interesting story is told of an artist who, desiring to paint the infant Jesus, found in a humble cottage a child whose face and features answered to the dream that floated in his poetic soul. There was the flush of rosy health, the large, and sympathetic eyes, yet sometimes grave as if their blue depths had caught the shadow of a world's sin, shame, and sorrow, as it floated before the soul's vision. His high, arched brow, and the general contour of his head spoke of dignity and strength coupled with delicacy and refinement of nature. "Ah," cried the artist, "I have found the ideal that has for years haunted my mind." He paints the child, and lo, the canvas glows with the glory of art attempting to portray the infancy of supreme manhood. It is a masterpiece; men come from near and far to see and praise the wonderful production.

A score or more years later, the artist, absorbed in a great painting of the Last Supper, sought one face to complete the group. It was the head of Judas that was wanting. By the grated window of a prison, nigh to the master's studio, sat a murderer condemned to die. The artist beheld the criminal; an inspiration seemed to transfigure his face, as he exclaimed: "I have found my Judas! There are the lines of fear that speak of a craven soul; a cold, stony, stolid expression when in repose, which reveals a heartless, calculating nature; a quick, nervous glance that occasionally flashes from under the eye-lashes, that speaks of a soul trying to hide its real self, seeking to mask its villainy,—a perfect Judas, as I have dreamed him a thousand times."

So spake the master, as he roughly sketched the miserable felon. At length

a change came over the artist's features; he grew very serious; he ceased to work; a troubled perplexity filled his mind. He had seen that face before. Long he gazed; every feature and lineament of the prisoner's face was studied as only an artist studies.

At last he approached the felon, asking,

"Were you not born in ——?"

"I was."

"Was not your father's name ——?"

"Yes," hissed the man, on whose face crime and despair were mingled.

"Then my Christ in infancy is my Judas in manhood!" exclaimed the master, as he sank to the earth overwhelmed by the horrible revelation.

Transformations like unto this, though perhaps not usually so clearly marked, are taking place about us, almost at our own doors. Our cities are teeming with thousands of children who to-day are basking in the sunshine of happy infancy, but who, in a score of years, will help swell the ranks of the criminal classes. Why? Because a combination of causes is pressing them thither.

Let us consider this profound tragedy. Let us trace this frightful descent from the godlike infant to the crime-stained candidate for the gallows.

The child, once so joyous, loving, confiding, and thoughtful, possessing that sensitive nature which responds so quickly to influences which environ life, in the plastic years of early youth might have been developed into a splendid teacher of

life's higher truths. His parents were not necessarily evil or vicious; indeed, it is not presumable they were either, else the child that sprang from their being would scarcely have been so beauteous, but they were neglectful; perhaps poverty forced them to labor early and late. They did not appreciate the responsibility of their sacred charge. They failed to fill the little soul with love, reverence, and admiration for the pure, the great, and the good, and with fear and loathing for that which is vile and debasing. The boy's companions and playmates were poor, and doubtless some were very vicious. He would have shrunk from the latter had his home environment been such as to have impressed his vivid imagination with abhorrence for all that was low and sinful. For it must be remembered that the child whose countenance reflected such truth, beauty, and purity as would lead an artist to see in him an infant Christ could not have inherited (as do tens of thousands of children) a low and vicious nature. Such was the environment of the child, and such with slight variations is the countless throng of whom he is a fair representative. Not until society shall recognize the importance of surrounding every child with conditions which make it easy to do right and hard to do wrong will the progress of a redeemed and ennobled manhood rest as an ever blooming wreath on the brow of civilization.

B. O. FLOWER.

## ETHICAL DEVELOPMENT

That was a beautiful legend of the ancient Greeks by which they accounted for the presence of love in the world. It was a poetic childhood age, and the vivid imagination of man placed behind every emotion and passion a personality. They peopled the heavens with gods and the earth with demigods. They traced every phenomenon in nature to those self-created causes, and thus arose the voluminous mythology of olden times, so rich in legends, so charming in its poetic imagery, and so strong in its hints and suggestions of great truths which we of after ages un-

derstand and appreciate, while they who passed from earth centuries and ages ago only dreamed of. But to return to the Greek tradition accounting for the presence of love among men.

When the gods and goddesses, so runs the story, grew tired of the beautiful earth, and determined to leave it for the more beauteous and ethereal heavenly realms, they gathered up their various treasures and wended their way from earth; but Love remained below, that in this grief-darkened world he might bring joy by entering the heart of man and nestling in

the breast of woman. In truth, there is nothing more truly divine than love; it softens the harshness in life, it makes the strong man kind and the giant gentle; it thinks not of self but of others, and for the loved ones it will endure all things. When it is great enough to extend beyond the small circle of friends, and take in the great, teeming millions who constitute the race, it rises to godlike stature, revealing its divine essence as does no other attribute that dwells in the soul. Love is the soul of religion. Out of love springs art.

We are accustomed to educate the intellect and strengthen the memory, but rarely do we think of cultivating our love nature, although it transcends all else in the make-up of a grand, godlike character. Our moral nature, over which pure and holy love presides, has been neglected throughout all past civilizations, and this is the real reason why they have one and all lacked the essence of enduring progress. This is why each in turn, after flourishing for a time, has vanished, leaving among its colossal ruins little more than a few monuments of intellectual greatness to mark the grandeur of vanished epochs.

In the education of the future, that is to redeem the race and revolutionize society, the instruction of the moral nature will rise paramount, while the intellect

and the physical man will not be neglected. And just at this moment as we are facing a new epoch, which will surely be marked by a nobler manhood, let us urge upon all parents the importance of giving special attention to the development of the moral nature of their children. Teach them to be loving, gentle, and kind. Impress upon them the hardships and agony of the unfortunate, the poor, and wretched in life, and encourage them in every possible effort to alleviate the sufferings or lessen the burdens of the unfortunate.

Teach them to make others happy, and, in so doing, you will make them the happiest of the happy, for you will have given their love nature a proper impetus. So, also, inspire their minds with hope; impress on them the loftiest morality; teach them the beauty in nature and art. This can be done at the fireside and in the home circle, and it will be worth far more to the child than a fortune of millions. The Spartans made their children brave, heroic, and dauntless by instilling courage into their minds when they were still very small, by repeated tales of heroism of their ancestors, by rebuking all manifestations of cowardice and praising every courageous act; so, by acting on this hint and developing the moral natures of your children, you can make them grand, noble, tolerant, and brave.

## SIGNS OF PARALYSIS

### CAN BE DISCOVERED IN TIME

"Numbness of the hands and arms, with premonitions of paralysis, kept by me while I was using coffee. I finally discovered it was caused by coffee; when I quit the coffee and began drinking Postum Food Coffee the numbness ceased entirely and I have been very well ever since. At that time I was unable to sleep, but now I sleep perfectly.

"Husband was also troubled from lack of sleep while he was drinking coffee, but now he uses Postum Food Coffee with me, and we both sleep perfectly.

Our little boy had peculiar nervous spells and I stopped the use of coffee with him and have been giving him all the Postum Food Coffee he cared for. He is perfectly well now.

"My sister was troubled with nervous headaches while she used coffee. She found how greatly improved we were from discontinuing it and using Postum Food Coffee, so she made the change, and is now rid of her nervous headaches. We are naturally strong advocates of Postum." Mrs. J. Walford, Castalia, Erie Co., Ohio.

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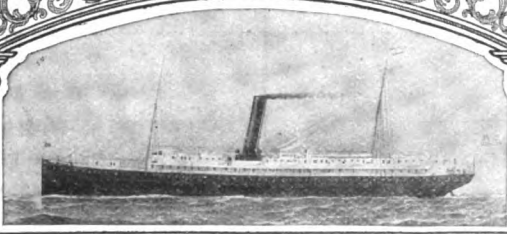
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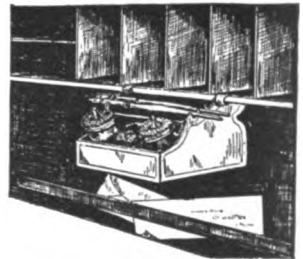
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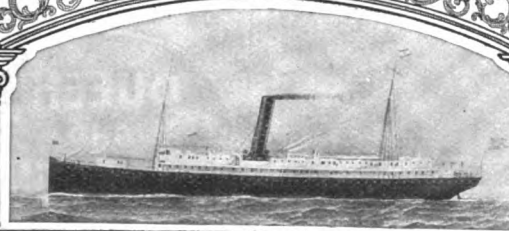
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# 1900 PROSPECTUS 1900



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OF  
*The*  
**Coming Age**

**A Review of Constructive Thought**

EDITED BY

**B. O. FLOWER**

AND

**MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.**



**MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.**

In presenting the prospectus for 1900 we desire to express our appreciation to the magazine-reading public for the cordial welcome extended to THE COMING AGE. Our subscriptions and sales have steadily and rapidly grown since our first issue, and during the recent summer months our increase in circulation has been so phenomenal as to confirm the correctness of our belief that the American people would thoroughly appreciate and liberally support a broad, able magazine of opinion, which should appeal at once to the brain and the heart, and seek to arouse an enthusiasm for that which is just, noble, and true, while broadly educating the mind upon those great and vital issues which intimately relate to the life, progress, and happiness of the individual no less than of society. Before speaking of the coming year, and our plans and purposes, we desire to call the attention of our readers to a partial list of eminent and authoritative thinkers who have contributed to THE COMING AGE during the past nine months, and also to recount some of the principal subjects discussed.

## SOME CONTRIBUTORS DURING 1899.

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**EDWARD E. HALE.**

We invite a comparison of the above staff of contributors with those of any of the other great original reviews of opinion in our land. Our aim has been to give thinking Americans, at a very moderate price, a great original review which should at all times reflect the conscience as well as the intellect of the foremost scholarship in America. We have sought to appeal to the spiritual no less than the mental side of man's nature, while avoiding all narrow dogmatism and creedalism, which pervert the vision and repress



**LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON**



LILIAN WHITING.

the nobler promptings of the soul. We have aimed to make our readers think broadly on all sides of great issues which confront our civilization, and by giving the widest possible scope to important discussions we have sought to supply, in a large measure, the broad culture which is so essential for the higher enjoyment no less than the best service of enlightened manhood. Something of the range and scope of thought treated will be found in the following:

### PARTIAL RECORD OF NINE MONTHS.

**FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS RELATING TO THE WELFARE OF THE STATE.** Relating to the fundamental social, economic, and ethical problems which intimately affect the progress of humanity in its collective capacity, we desire to call attention to the following contributions:

"Municipal Progress," three papers; "Some Tendencies of Democracy in the United States;" "The Example of Switzerland;" "Co-operation in England;" "The Land and the People;" "Peace and International Arbitration," three papers; "The Railway Department of the Y. M. C. A.;" "Co-operative Experiments in the United States," three papers; "A Study in Social Evolution;" "Social-Democratic Ideals and the Church;" "The Post-Office the Citadel of American Liberty;" "Social Salvation, or What the Church Can Do in the Slums;" Laurence Gronlund's "The New Economy;" "The Kingdom of Heaven."

"The Democracy of Childhood;" "The New Education," two papers; **THE NEW EDUCATION**  
 "The Brookline Educational Society;" "True Versus False Education;" **AND**  
 "Humane Education for the Young;" "Academic Freedom;" **CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT.**  
 "The College and the College Man."

#### ART, MUSIC,

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#### THE DRAMA.

for the American Drama;" "Glory Quayle" and "The Christian;" "Forty Years Before the Footlights."

"Count Tolstol at Home;" "Ed- **CHARACTER STUDIES**  
 ward Bellamy;" "Count Tolstol at **AND CONVERSATIONS ON**  
 Seventy;" "Savonarola;" "Edwin **FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN**  
 Markham;" "Emanuel Swedenborg;" **AND THEIR WORK.**  
 "Reminiscences of Famous Men and Women of Europe;" "The Men and Thought that Made the Boston of the Forties Famous."

#### OTHER LANDS

#### AND

#### PEOPLE.

Garden in the Pacific;" "The Frozen North;" "Mental Characteristics of the Native Hawaiian;" "Peculiarities and Characteristics of the Mountaineers of East Tennessee and the Negroes of the South."

"The Kind of Universe in Which We **SCIENTIFIC AND SOCIO-**  
 Live;" "Scientific and Mechanical **LOGICAL DISCUSSIONS.**  
 Progress of the Nineteenth Century;"

"The Family and Civilization;" "Social Significance of the Discovery of America;" "Do Physicians and Pharmacists Live on the Misfortunes of Humanity;" "The Sociological Aspect of the Dreyfus Case."

#### PHILOSOPHIC AND

#### LITERARY STUDIES.

"The Poems of Emerson," interpreted by the President of the Emerson Society of Boston," eight papers; "Harriet Martineau in America;" "Concerning the Sanity of Napoleon;" "How to Enjoy Browning;" "Poems of Richard Realf;" "Browning's Service to Civilization;" "An Indian Chief in Literature."

"The Progress of Fifty Years;" "Hopeful Signs of the Times;" **THE MESSAGE OF THE PAST**  
 "The Boston of 1830 and the Boston of To-day." **AND THE**

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#### RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

"The Teachings of Jesus," five papers; "The World's Indebtedness to the Jew;" "The Unfulfilled Ideal of Unitarianism;" "Why I Am a Baptist;" "Why I Am a Methodist;" "Why I Am a Congregationalist;" "Why I Am a Disciple;" "The Work of the Boston Evangelical Alliance."

#### INDIVIDUAL

#### DEVELOPMENT.

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#### SERIAL. "Who Hath Sinned, the

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The above is merely a partial table of contents of our conversations, original essays and fiction. Besides these, our readers have enjoyed the exceptionally valuable monthly installments of practical information relating to health through rational living, our editorials, book reviews and Passing Day. In these departments about one hundred timely topics have been discussed.

The record of the past nine months is only an earnest of what we propose to do in the future. Our plans are such as to warrant us in promising that THE COMING AGE for 1900 shall be stronger, abler, and more attractive than during the past. No pains will be spared in our effort to make this review the leading periodical of constructive and progressive thought in the Anglo-Saxon world. We are now giving our readers a review as large as the three and five-dollar publications, and filled with the best thought of our ablest constructive thinkers, at the low price of two dollars a year.



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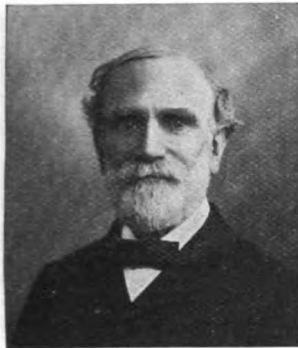
It is pre-eminently constructive in character. It stands for progress, in the truest sense of that over-worked term. It is a magazine with a mission, working for a nobler civilization. It appeals to the heart and the head. It teaches how to enjoy health through rational living, how to think broadly, and how to live nobly, thus affording that triple cultivation so much demanded at the present time.

There are scores of magazines which cater merely to the intellect, seeking to entertain, amuse, and incidentally instruct. THE COMING AGE appeals pre-eminently to the spiritual or moral energies of its readers. It believes that the elevation and happiness of the individual can be best conserved by stimulating life on the higher planes of emotion. While ever keeping in view its high and responsible mission, this magazine is also at all times bright, entertaining, and thoroughly up-to-date. It appeals to every member of the home circle.

**SPECIAL FEATURES.**

**ORIGINAL ESSAYS.**

Each issue contains a number of Original Essays from leading thinkers of the new world, on problems of living interest and subjects which are intimately connected with the higher development of humanity and the needs of the broader life of the on-coming day. These essays alone occupy space which would represent a large magazine, and contain the best thought of the master-minds on those profoundly interesting subjects which are engaging the thoughtful consideration of earnest men and women of our time. Hence this department of the magazine renders it indispensable for students and



DR. JOHN T. CODMAN.

live thinkers who would keep abreast of the times.

Our monthly Conversations, preceded by editorial sketches, sprang into instant favor with the reading public. "It is," writes a well-known thinker, "one of several original features which stamp THE COMING AGE with a distinctive individuality." Among those who have gathered around the Round Table of THE COMING AGE, during our first year, are leading statesmen, poets, clergymen, historians, educators, actors, scientists, artists, and persons prominent in the forwarding of the great works for the up-building of a worthier civilization. During 1900 the Conversations will be one of the strongest and most attractive features of this review. Our method of procedure enables us to secure the best thought of the representative thinkers, in that easy, off-hand manner so enjoyable to the general reader. The questions are prepared and submitted some days before the conversation occurs. This enables the person interviewed to mature his thoughts and present the best ideas he has to offer. After they are taken down in shorthand and typewritten, they are resubmitted to him for revision. In this manner, while the reader has the advantage of the ease and grace of a conversation, he also enjoys the benefit of the carefully prepared thought which is only found in essays.

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has, at the request of Dr. Hodgson, been given the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research. During next year no pains will be spared to make this department of psychical science indispensable to all thoughtful persons interested in the investigations of those phenomena which are now engaging the thoughtful attention of many of the greatest living scientists in Europe and America. We shall also have a number of papers of special value prepared by leading thinkers, discussing various phenomena which have stood the most severe tests of modern critical research.

Probably no feature of THE COMING AGE has proved more popular than our monthly studies of notable books, in which a digest or the kernel of the work is given to the reader, who is thus made acquainted with the contents or principal facts, even though he may not have the time to peruse, even if he has access to, the volume. One similar study will be a feature of each issue of THE COMING AGE during the whole of next year, as also will be our Books of the Day, in which reviews of the brightest and best new publications will be presented in such a manner as to inform the reader exactly as to the character of the books noticed.

#### AUTHENTIC DREAMS AND VISIONS.

Dreams and Visions, under the able management of Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider. The evidence of the verity of these dreams and visions

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### FICTION.

A Brilliant Romance of American Life, by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, will open in our January issue and continue throughout the year. This story, which is entitled "Two Hearts for One," is an exceptionally strong tale of life and love. The characters are drawn with power and vividness; the action is well sustained, and the romance is characterized by great dramatic strength. The interest awakened in the opening chapters will increase with each installment to the end of the romance.



SAM WALTER FOSS.

A MODERN MINISTER. I know of no purposeful romance of recent years more exalted and essentially ennobling than Mr. George Sanford Eddy's striking story, entitled "A Modern Minister," which will be a feature of our January, February, and March numbers. It is a story of absorbing interest, dealing with a minister who, by living the Christ life in the truest sense, not only carried "the white plume of a blameless life," but shed abroad a radiant influence which transformed a community and glorified human life. It is a moving story of the life which the present calls for, and cannot fail to prove a powerful inspiration to every man or woman who peruses it. The interest is of so absorbing a character that those who read the opening chapter will follow the hero and heroine to the closing page.

It is our purpose to give our readers a short story each month by some popular writer. These in the course of a year would make a volume that alone would cost more than half the annual subscription to THE COMING AGE.

#### SHORT STORIES BY POPULAR WRITERS.



VIOLA ALLEN.

HEALTH THROUGH RATIONAL LIVING. Another feature of practical importance and real value has been our department on Health by Right Living, ably conducted by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, with the assistance of leading practical hygienists. No pains will be spared in the coming year to make this department indispensable to thoughtful people. More and more are we coming to understand the importance of rational, temperate living. On every hand hundreds of leading men, in various walks of life, are falling into untimely graves through indiscretion and carelessness in regard to the care of the body. It will be our purpose, in the future, as in the past, to make the Health Department of the utmost practical value to all readers.

Each issue of THE COMING AGE will contain one or more full-page portraits and autographs of prominent thinkers, and, while it is not our purpose to make THE COM-

#### PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

ING AGE an illustrated magazine in the popular sense of the word, from time to time, when special articles would seem to require illustrations for the better understanding of the same, it is our purpose to employ them.

We shall take special pains to make the Editorial Department and the Passing Day two of the most valuable features of THE COMING AGE, by touching upon those questions which seem to be of the utmost timeliness and importance in a manner which we trust will be helpful to all our friends.

In a word, we propose to make THE COMING AGE a LIBRARY OF BRIGHT, INTERESTING, AND VIRILE THOUGHT which will appeal to every member of the home circle, and prove indispensable to all those who wish to keep abreast of the best ideas of the wonderful incoming age.

## A Few Strong Features of Early Issues.

In the nature of the case it is impossible to give anything like a detailed announcement of our programme for the future. We, however, desire to mention below a few of a number of brilliant papers which, beginning with October, will be features of EARLY ISSUES OF THE COMING AGE:

"THE REPUBLIC OF MAN," . . . . . PROF. NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, of Cornell University.  
 "THE SOCIAL SITUATION IN CANADA," . . . . . REV. CHARLES AUBREY EATON, of Toronto.  
 "THE NATURAL LAW OF PERMANENT PEACE," . . . . . SAMUEL RICHARD FULLER, M. D.  
 "THE CITIZEN'S INTEREST IN THE KINDERGARTEN," . . . . . SMITH BAKER, M. D.  
 "THE IDEAL PHILOSOPHY OF LEIBNITZ,"



PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.

PROF. E. M. CHESLEY.  
 "THE NEW PHILOSOPHY" (two papers), . . . . . PROF. J. R. MOSLEY.  
 "THE POET AND THE COMMON LIFE,"

Conversation with SAM WALTER FOSS.  
 "PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATIONS," . . . . . Conversation with LILIAN WHITING.  
 "THE SCHOLAR IN SOCIAL SERVICE,"

REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER.  
 "MUSICAL THERAPEUTICS," . . . . . HENRY W. STRATTON.  
 "THE FEW GREAT POEMS OF INDIA," . . . . . MARIE B. SMITH.  
 "THE DEMANDS OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION,"

Conversation with PROF. THOMAS E. WILL, M. A.  
 "HAPPY HOURS IN MIRTHLESS CHILDHOOD,"  
 ALMA CALDER JOHNSTON.

PROF. DANIEL BATCHELOR.  
 "THE SUPREME SPHERE ABOVE HUMANITY AND ITS DOMAINS," . . . . . PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.  
 "TURGOT—A STATESMAN EVER TRUE TO HIS IDEALS,"

B. O. FLOWER.  
 "THAT VISIT TO AUNT MARGARET'S," a Short Story, . . . . . MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.  
 "THE NEW THERAPEUTICS," . . . . . R. OSGOOD MASON, M. D.  
 "EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR LIBERTY," . . . . . BOLTON HALL.  
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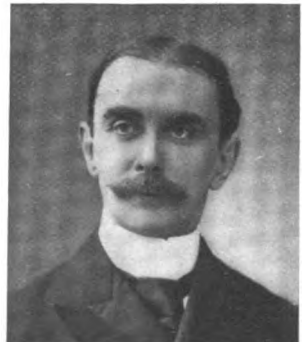
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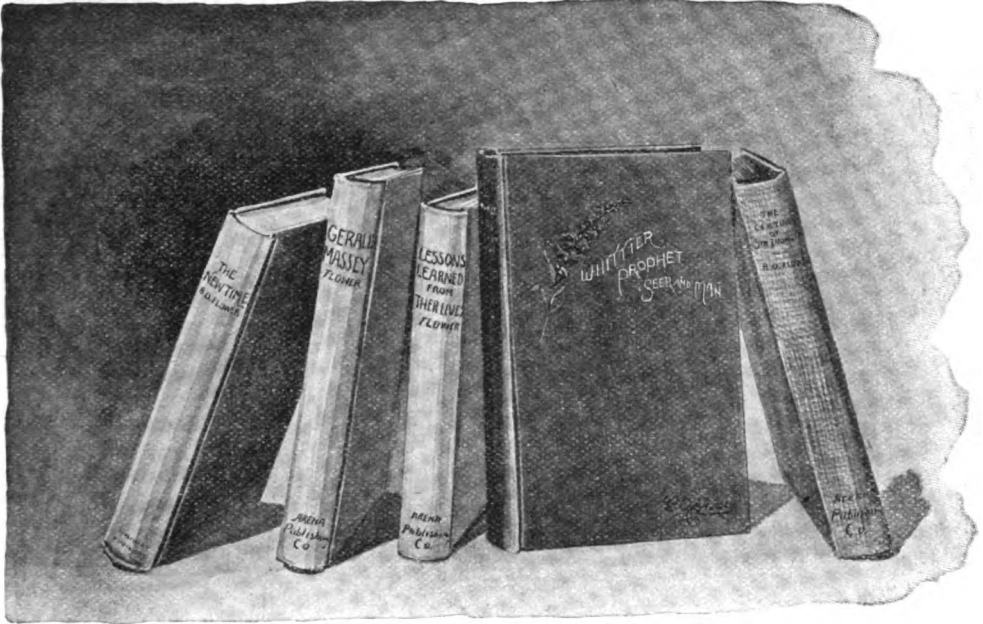
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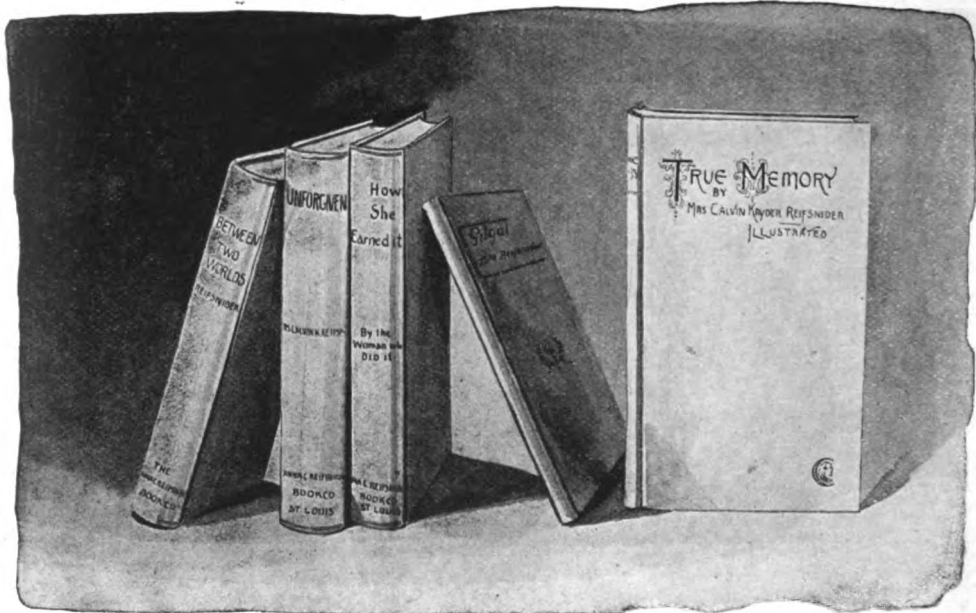
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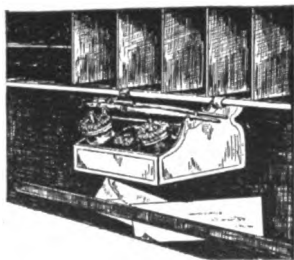
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